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BOSTON, November 26, 1893.

THE second of the Adamowski Quartet concerts was given in Chickering Hall last Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Arthur Whiting, pianist, assisted. The program was as follows:

Quartet in D minor, No. 2.....Joseph Miroslav Weber
Allegro—Minuetto moderato—Comodo—Allegro furioso.
This quartet, given for the first time in America, was awarded the first prize at the recent international concours at St. Petersburg.

Andante Cantabile con variazioni from.....Beethoven
quartet, op. 18, No. 5.....
Quintet for piano and strings, in A major, op. 81.....Dvorák

The feature of this concert was the quartet by Weber. It is said to be a prize composition; and yet, *mirabile dictu*, the work is interesting. The very idea of writing for a quartet seems to hamper the skill or chill the invention of many a good musician. How many works that won the "prix de Rome" at Paris or Brussels are now remembered, although the composers themselves may be famous? The young musician strains himself to be original, to say something new; or he feels himself obliged to show solidity, to please a pedagogue who may examine. Do you remember Raff's long winded symphony that took a prize? What is it to the "Leonore" or the "Im Walde?"

Weber's quartet is tuneful and fluent. There is no marked originality, but there are charming passages, and the composer is always well bred and amiable. I have said that the work is fluent, but the slow movement as a whole seems an exception; it is labored. The quartet suffers from lack of contrasts; the movements strike the hearer as being in the same vein. Still it is a proof of the composer's present skill, and it holds out promise for the future.

The ensemble was at times disturbed by Mr. Joseph Adamowski, the cellist, who has a habit of pumping his instrument to gain expression, just as a poor singer attacks an upper tone by shoveling a misunderstood and impertinent portamento. Nor was the viola player always to be praised.

The first concert of the Apollo Club was given last Wednesday evening in Music Hall. Mr. Lang conducted. The club sang with the purity of tone, beauty of phrasing, steadiness and security of attack that characterize its best performances. The program was:

"Mahomet's Song".....Esser
"Bedouin's Song".....Arthur Foote
"The Whole Earth Is at Rest".....Sullivan
Part songs—
"Serenade".....De Koven
"My Native Land".....Meyerbeer
"Wake Not".....L. S. Thompson
"Is John Smith Within?".....Rutenber
"The Poet's Joy".....Gade
"The Lotus Flower".....Schumann
"The Old Folks at Home".....Foster

The success of the evening was Van der Stucken's arrangement of "Old Folks at Home." Mrs. Emil Paur made her first appearance in the city as a solo pianist. She played Beethoven's variations in C minor; two "Songs without words," by Mendelssohn; "Delibes' "Passe pied" and a mazurka by Godard. She played calmly, coldly and precisely.

Miss Marguerite Hall gave the second of her song recitals in Steinert Hall Thursday evening. The program was as follows:

"O del mio dolce Ardor".....Gluck
"Loch Lomond".....Old Scotch
"Phyllis".....Dr. Arne
"Trockne Blumen".....Schubert
"Der Leierman".....Schubert
"Rastlose Liebe".....Schubert
"Das Mädchen Spricht".....Brahms
"Maienkatzen".....Brahms
"Ständchen".....Henschel
"There was an Ancient King".....Henschel
"My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose".....Henschel
"L'Idéal".....Chaminade
"Viens Mon Bien-Aimé".....Chaminade
"L'Amour Captif".....Chaminade
"Amoroso".....Chaminade

I was unable to be present. As the concert was of musical importance I quote Mr. B. E. Woolf's criticism in the current number of the "Saturday Evening Gazette":

This entertainment gave fully as much pleasure as attended its precursor in the group. The fervor of the artist's singing, her strength, which she was displaying, her perfectness and the

wholly delightful one. Miss Hall, as will be seen, sang in Italian, German, French and English, and in each and all of these tongues the clearness and beauty of her enunciation were conspicuous. The Scotch song, "Loch Lomond," and Arne's graceful "Phyllis" were perfectly read and sung. The group by Brahms, decidedly three of the most tuneful, pleasing and piquant songs we have as yet heard by him, were given with charming effect, to which result the tasteful playing of the accompaniment by Mrs. Field contributed not a little. Chaminade's "L'Amour Captif," a fascinating trifle, was exquisitely phrased and emphasized and beautifully sung, and was encored. The first song in the Henschel group is dramatic, and was sympathetically and effectively rendered. The other song is far inferior to the original melody with which the words are popularly associated. The recital was a complete artistic success, and the applause was frequent, enthusiastic and appreciative.

It was unfortunate that the concerts given by Miss Hall and Emma Eames were the same evening.

This was the program of the latter:

"Prière".....Gounod
"Nina".....Pergolesi
"Boléro".....Delibes
"La feuille de Peuplier".....Saint-Saëns
"La Cloche".....Saint-Saëns
"Chanson d'Avril".....A. Goring Thomas
"Le Baiser".....Tchaikowsky
"Toujours à Toi".....Liszt
"Comment, disaient-ils?".....Delibes
"Arioso".....Schubert
"Marguerite".....Schubert

This was a delightful concert. Mrs. Eames-Story, or Madame Eames, as you like it, sang with great taste, and she displayed unusual passion in the great climax of "La Cloche" and in the "Marguerite." Indeed, in the latter, she rose to tragic intensity. Only in Delibes' noble arioso did she fail to rise to the dramatic pitch.

She was heard to the best advantage in the "Boléro," the "Chanson d'Avril," "La Cloche" and "Marguerite," although there was much to praise in other numbers. I have heard singers who turned the "Boléro" into the song of a punk. I have heard others who turned the girl of Cadiz into a maiden of prunes and prisms. Mrs. Eames was the girl of Cadiz; if once or twice there was a suspicion of a saucy jade it was suggested most piquantly, as in the lines

"Dites-moi, voisin,
Si j'ai bonne mine."

The audience at \$3 a head (\$1.50 in the little balcony) was enthusiastic, and even the heart of Mr. Apthorp, who professes to disapprove of modern French songs in bulk, even the heart of Mr. Apthorp was touched, and he found comfort for an evening in melodies that are certainly charming, although they were not written by the late Robert Franz, and possibly not known to the late Otto Dresel, who seem to be the sun and the moon of Mr. Apthorp's musical desire.

The stern critic who is not moved by beauty might have justly said: "But your friend, Mrs. Eames, should look to her tone production which occasionally is at fault. When she sings sustained tones piano, the tones seem weak and wavering."

The accompaniments of Mr. Victor Harris added in a large measure to the pleasure of the evening.

The Cecilia gave Tinel's "Franciscus" Friday evening. That is to say, portions of it were given, for the work was cut as by a wildly directed ax. No doubt the work is too long. Modern audiences are impatient. But there should be some skill displayed in the surgery. Cuts were everywhere. The prelude was cut. The first fifty pages (edition for voice and piano) were omitted in a lump; the second part of the work therefore seemed amorphous.

And, think of it! The greater portion of the funeral march with the chorus of monks and nuns was left out, an inexcusable, outrageous—I had almost written blasphemous—cut. Under the circumstances the audience had but a slight opportunity of becoming acquainted with this remarkable composition.

It will be recorded in some year book that Tinel's "Franciscus" was performed in Boston for the first time in that city November 24, 1893, by the Cecilia under the direction of Mr. B. J. Lang. And thus do even year books lie; for such mutilation is not a performance.

I am told by a musician who stands in the foremost rank of American composers that he heard two performances in New York and the one here last week; and he added that although more, much more was omitted here, the performance lasted longer than in New York. From this you can gain some idea of the eccentricity of the tempo frequently chosen by Mr. Lang.

You have reviewed the work so admirably in THE MUSICAL COURIER that I have no desire to add to that discriminating tribute; besides all the conditions here were unfavorable to any just estimate of musical merits. The female choruses were sung in exquisite fashion. The mixed choruses were at times effective; at other times there was male hesitation and male timidity. The orchestra had not had sufficient rehearsal, and Mr. Lang, not unnaturally, did not effect the chorus as well as the players. The solo singers were Miss Chalker, Misses E. and M. Eames.

The edition of "Franciscus" that was published yesterday was quite different.

MUSIC.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

The third concert of the Knesei Quartetto was given in Chickering Hall last evening. The programme was as follows:

Quartetto, D major, op. 11.....Mozart
Quintetto, E major, op. 11.....D. Albert
Quintetto, C major, op. 163.....Schubert

The quartetto by D'Albert was played for the first time in this country. It is a singular and strong work. In singularity it approaches at times the grotesque; its strength is at times harsh, almost rank.

The first movement, an andante con moto, brings the thought that D'Albert attempted to paint too broadly on a very small canvas. The contrasted emotions have little room in which to play; there is nothing; there is so much material that after one hearing the result is a vague impression of power. The second movement, an allegro vivace, is an extraordinary piece of work. Here D'Albert hunts color. They that delight to find in music everything but music may look at this scherzo in different ways. One may hear the whirling of a spinning-wheel, a spectral spinning-wheel worked by some one unseen. Another may find the music fit as an accompaniment to the suit of the fly by young Pierrot in "L'Enfance Prodigue." A third may be reminded of gathering of witches at midnight, when hags and reckless women of beauty dance to Old Nick's strange tune played on the violin. It is not likely that D'Albert had any particular idea in his head when he planned this movement. It is more likely that he tried to gain novel effects from four conventional instruments. In this he was eminently successful, and ingenious rhythm and surprising harmonies, added to unexpected appeals to peculiar registers of the instruments, unite in producing a most suggestive and haunting movement. It may be said that here, as in other places, he defies the schools and thinks alternately of the piano and the orchestra. It would be very easy to say, "Look at the purity and the frankness of the quartetto that preceded, and look at the melodic beauty of the quintetto that followed."

But D'Albert is a man of to-day. It would be absurd to demand of him that he should write in the spirit of former generations, even if it were in his power. Each generation has its own form of expression. A genius arises in his own generation, his music will survive in spite of the form. Contemporaries of lesser talent will be forgotten in spite of their form. D'Albert takes four instruments, and his first thought is, "What can I get out of them? Now it does not follow necessarily that D'Albert is a genius, or that this quartetto will live. But let the man have the right press himself as he pleases.

The question then comes up, is the composition of such a movement honest; or is he a rogue or a juggler; or a man who builds coolly and then really worships it. I believe Scherzo to be a sincere piece of work; as sincere as it is remarkable, and yet the sincerity of D'Albert may not be the sincerity of Mozart, or the sincerity of Verdi.

In the slow movement, there are symptoms of an eagerness to be profound. The real or mock profundity is suddenly abandoned for a passionate melody for first violin, with a throbbing accompaniment; this melody rises to a dramatic height; there is a convulsive spasm. This scene of passion is introduced suddenly. It is an episode. The episode is the one thing remembered in the movement.

The finale is not without passages of beauty and nobility, but the impression made by it is inferior to the scherzo.

It is not to be denied that certain measures of this quartetto seem unnecessarily brutal. There is scraping and there is growling. Heavily tone is not infrequently sacrificed in the attempt to be dramatic. The musical speech of D'Albert is often guttural or sibilant with consonants, and one longs for a sprinkling of vowels.

If D'Albert builds on the foundation of man, that man is Johannes Brahms; building raised shows the individual builder. It is easy to find fault with passages. It is impossible to deny the originality, and the dramatic force, portions of the work. The quartetto is superbly, and it was received with equal admiration as the perfect of the immortal quartetto of Mozart. In the quartetto the second violin was played by Mr. Leo Schulz. The quartetto is a sample of the strength and the work of Schubert in works of long breath. The melodic charm, the exquisite grace of motion; there is also the fatal fluency, the ingenuity to take leave; so that the composition is a guest who, hat in hand, like unto a guest who, hat in hand, is a patient; but the guest apparently has that there is a door in the room.

The fourth concert will be Jan. 1.

PHILIP

Mr. T. H. Bartlett, the celebrated on art, writes the Journal the following of a bust now on exhibition in "Those who are interested in simple sculpture will examine with unusual the bronze bust of Gov. Russell, now gallery of Doll & Richards. While it as true now as it was fifty years ago that bust sculpture—and all portraiture for that matter—is never been regarded anything but a sort of delineation of human face and head, it is a satisfaction the minority of observers of art to see a piece of modeling as this bust represents honest, unpretentious, clean work. Not touch with that is not in place and that not content with a complete representation of the man."

The grandson of William Russell is

Letting

copy of

...the man-
in which let children
edited. It is in a note to
or the Young Savage Dog—An
incident. This is a note to Mrs.
Wordsworth's brother. The story is
true. This is a note that must
harm a child: "Wordsworth speaks of a
utterly as if it had no knowledge of
himself, and herein it shows himself in sym-
pathy with the lower forms of life." It is
better to let children read the original text
than to stuff them with such annotation.

Mr. William D. Howells's autobiography
will be entitled "My Literary Passions."
But is not "passion" a strong word for a
man of Mr. Howells's pale temperament;
does it not seem even indecent?

Joseph Hatton tells the following story of
James Albery. One day an excited stranger
met Albery at the door of the Savage Club.
"I beg your pardon, but is there a gentleman
in the club with one eye named Houghton?"
"I will find out," said Albery. "If you can
tell me the name of the other eye."

It was during the season of Advent that
farmers of Normandy bade their children to
set fire to bundles of hay in fields and straw
placed under trees, that they might thus
destroy vermin. This fire had the marvelous
property of not burning anything but the
field plagues. And the children sang as they
set the torch, "Mice, caterpillars, and moles,
get out, get out of my field, or I'll burn you,
beard and bone. Trees and shrubs give me
apples in plenty."

Although the word "Advent" dates back
in our language to the beginning of the
twelfth century, the word is not found in
Shakespeare; but there are several refer-
ences to Lent, as in "Henry IV.," "Romeo
and Juliet," "Hamlet," and "Twelfth
Night."

Dr. Johnson once wrote in his diary,
"Advent Sunday. I considered that this
day, being the beginning of the ecclesiastical
year, was a proper time for a new course of
life." And how old was Johnson when he
made this entry? He was almost 66.

MUSIC.

The First Concert of the Boston Trio Club in Miller Hall.

The Boston Trio Club, made up of Mr. Carl
Stasny, pianist, Mr. Emil Mann, violinist, Mr.
Leo Schulz, cellist, gave the first of three con-
certs last evening in Miller Hall. The pro-
gramme was as follows:

Trio, in minor, op. 92.....Saint-Saens
Trio, in major, op. 97.....Beethoven

Mr. Percy Goetschius read an essay before
each number. The essay was of a semi-analyti-
cal nature. There is no need of discussing the
points made by Goetschius concerning the na-
tional character of Saint-Saens's music; and
there is no apparent need of such lectures in
the concert hall. To the musician such a lec-
ture is of little value; nor will the amateur en-
joy the music more on account of the prelimi-
nary exposition. Let music itself be heard with-
out word or comment; let it tell its own story,
if it has a story.

The trio by Saint-Saens is a work of much in-
terest and little inspiration. It is poor in
character, as Mr. Goetschius warned his hearers;
and the successful working out of deliberately
rhythmic or contrapuntal problems is
not worth the candle, unless the emo-
tional is well made in some unexpected fashion.
The trio is well made in not surprising
points of technique. From
point of pleasure pure and simple, the
trio is of more worth than the other
trios put together.

The trios were characterized chiefly by
a conscious consciousness. The piano was
too much in evidence, and Mr.
Schulz's inexorable rigidity and profes-
sionalism.

At the close of the storm there was a small
concert. The next concert will be given Jan.
The programme will include Dvorak's
trio, op. 65, and Schubert's trio, B
flat, op. 99.

PHILIP HALE.

...is the day of St. Nicholas, the patron
of girls, boys and sailors. In European
countries where the imagination is warm,
were, and may be now, odd honors
to memory. In convents each nun or
put a silk stocking on the door of
room of the abbess, with a note to "great
the day of her chamber." The next day
stocking was found full of sweetmeats.
St. Nicholas who went about at night
hrew purses in at the windows of mal-
wedded a marriage portion.

There are queer legends about the Saint.
The most famous is his restoring to
long boys who had been cut into pieces
by a knavish innkeeper who in-
dented to recommend his pork. There is a
story of the good Saint looking at the boys
getting out of the urine tub. Long after, in
medieval towns in England, was seen on
day of the month the election of a boy
who ruled until the 28th. But why
"Nicholas's clerks" a slang term for
waymen?

It is needless to say that "Old Nick" came
from a family. Perhaps the name
derived from the evil genius of the
"Nicken or Neckur." Hunters after
new names were talked of the first name of
regarded once by the English as

When it was announced that Garner had
brought from Africa two "Lulus" of pleas-
ing conversation and affable demeanor, there
was mirth, and the paragraphers were busy.
But the animals, according to Garner, are
not "Lulus;" they are "Kulu Kumbas."
"Kulu" signifies sounds which the natives
say the animals make; "Kumba" means "to
talk," or "the thing which talks;" so "Kulu
Kumba" means "the animal which talks
Kulu." As yet the animals have not denied
their name.

Mr. John Aubrey once saw—two centuries
ago—an antique prayer-book in manuscript.
At the beginning of this book was a list of
unlucky days of the month. The 7th of De-
cember was there recorded as a day of ill
omen, though the 10th was more to be
dreaded, "a day of violence and terror." And
yet no doubt Mr. John Aubrey went cheer-
fully about his business, and collected anec-
dotes concerning omens, and listened to
stories about dreams, apparitions and second-
sighted men, on the 7th as well as on the 6th.

Even now there is consulting of oracles.
There are men, sane to outward view, who
buy or sell according to an appointed day.
There are men who have a right to call a cer-
tain period of 24 hours unlucky; for from
one getting out of bed to another, there is a
series of accidents, blunders; there is the
perversity of inanimate things that hinders
the plan of the mind, and even sleep does
not repair the breach made by external irri-
tation.

Probably each one of us has a pet super-
stition. Mr. Brown may prefer to speak of
it as a prejudice. Mr. Jones may ascribe it
to his peculiar education. Mr. Robinson,
who wishes that his friends should enjoy
with him his education, alludes carelessly to
heredity. Only honest Mr. Smith puts his
feet down firmly and admits that wild
horses could not drag him under a ladder;
only poor old Smith is outwardly uncom-
fortable if the moon cuts a sinister curve in
the sky over his left shoulder.

A man at a concert the other evening was
heard to say: "Listen to the viola; it
keeps saying 'W-W, W.'"

The antidote to the desolation of the snow
storm in the country is the "tumultuous
privacy," to use the phrase coined by Emers-
on. This peculiar privacy is unknown to
dwellers in city houses. There can be no
ravishing sense of isolation, of remoteness
from man, machinery and other works of
his. Friends and disguised enemies are not
shut out; and to the housemates the steam
radiator is a wretched substitute for the
"radiant fireplace."

Why is it that when a man is put on a com-
mittee he so often undergoes a complete
transformation? The timid becomes a
blusterer; the spring of generosity is sud-
denly choked up; the soul of honor is blind
to a petty meanness; or the courageous in
opinion stammers a "yes" to any colleague.
Is it that as one of several a man discloses
his real nature and allows or approves that
which would offend him as an individual?
On the other hand, does the active individual
relish the thought of putting aside the mask
and joining in natural and collective laziness?
Does not man, like unto a feathered
thing, change color in environment?

While there is still dispute here and in
England concerning the advantages of
cremation, why not recall the memory of
Chrysippus, who made his sect odious by in-
sisting that men should eat the bodies of the
dead? Moab was punished for burning the
bones of the King of Edom into lime; and
yet the gentle Sir Thomas Browne, who saw
"passionate prodigality" in drinking of the
ashes of dead relations, saw no irrational
barbarity in the action of Moab.

According to the ancients, to-day is the
natural commencement of the winter season.

Exit Harvard Annex. Enter Radcliffe
College.

The Pall Mall Gazette speaks of the sports
that once characterized this season and pre-
vented "that gross dullness in the village of
which so much has been heard. The men
and the times have both changed. The sim-
ple clodpole of two generations ago was quite
content with this primitive amusement; his
more instructed successor prefers to argue
about local politics. He is more intelligent
than his forefathers, but it is doubtful if he
obtains half the pleasure out of life that they
did." In other words, does not civilization,
pal or chrome, kill the simple joy of life?

To Correspondent: Melba, the singer,
took her name from Melbourne, her home
before she studied in Paris.

It appears that there is a new race of poets
who first invent a mystic title and then write
verses to it. This is not unlike the action
of the late poets architect of Magado, who
always kept his horses from the roof down

dec 8 93.
In his tribute to the memory of Francis
Parkman President Eliot recalled the fact
that neither Darwin nor Parkman could
sudy over half an hour at a time. The in-
ference goes with the statement. It is not so
much the length of time given to a subject as
the complete concentration of the moment
that brings enduring results.

To the humorist—in the Elizabethan sense
of the word—there is something indescribably
pathetic in the story of song-and-dance men
stranded in a neighboring town and rescued
by the generosity of a stranger. Song and
dance seem incongruous in this weather;
they belong by tradition to summer. Wit-
ness the old fable of the grasshopper and the
ant. And in this fable is not the grasshop-
per treated harshly? Was he not a victim of
his own natural and destined occupation?
To many real and human grasshoppers the
year should be one summer.

Crystal Lake, in the Newton district, is dis-
appearing. Years ago strange causes would
have been attributed; the vengeance of an
offended goddess; the freak of a malicious
fairy; or premonition of impending evil.
The lake would have been described in com-
pany with the spring at Rhodes that was
sick once in nine years, with the lake near
Babylon that was blood-red eleven days in
the summer, with the sheet of water near the
Euxine that was so shy in cold weather. We
live in more prosaic times. It appears that
Crystal Lake is disappearing down a drain.

Such bequests as that of the late Judge
Billings to establish and maintain a pro-
fessorship of English literature at Yale can-
not be too highly praised. In too many col-
leges English is the one language neglected.

The fact that Mr. Harry M'Glenn, a Mex-
ican war veteran, was present at the celebra-
tion in honor of Gen. Shields suggests the ques-
tion, why does not Mr. M'Glenn write his
reminiscences? They would be interesting and
valuable. A history of the Boston Theatre
would also be of great benefit to all students
of opera and drama in America.

It's cold weather for the sea serpent, but
he's been seen again. This time the mate
declares that the snake was turkish brown,
and it also appears that he has not given up
the habit of "lashing the water into foam."
Now does the color of the stimulant previ-
ously taken by the observer affect the hue of
the serpent? Would a Dutchman somewhat
heated by the glory of Schiedam see anything
but a light-colored frolicker in the water?

This may be said of the "Hazaribagh" in
aid of the Consumptives Home: Repeated
pronunciation of the mysterious word will
undoubtedly strengthen weak lungs.

Mr. Klein of Harvard, whose strength in
kilograms is 1445, should change his name to
Rlesco.

The calcium light has often killed com-
plexions; now, at Albany, it has taken
human life.

The phrase "dead letters" is of ominous
import, but there is more gloomy meaning in
the fact that letters here in Boston, addressed
to the crew of the Jason, will never be read
by those to whom they were sent. Jests,
details of home life, words of love were
written carefully, anxiously, and in vain.

If you restrict your diet to fish and rlee,
your manners will be exquisite, and you can-
not say a harsh word. At least such is the
argument of Mrs. Ernest Hart in The Hos-
pital. She cites the Japanese. Do canned
meats, then, inelude to wrath and bloody
deeds? And what would be the effect of a
squash diet on an irritable character?

Lamp shades must fit the complexion; so
women are warned by fashionable decree.
If your face is muddy, use green; if it is
tired, choose pink; and no woman over thirty
should think of heliotrope. Nothing is said
about the adaptability of the shade to the
convenience of the reader, which is indeed a
minor matter.

The latest burglary in the Back Bay is only
one of many. It is true that some of these
thefts and burglaries are not brought into
public notice. Servants' rooms in the base-
ment are not infrequently entered and their
trunks broken into. The police admit the
existence of "flat workers," but they "have
no clue." Meanwhile, in Huntington Avenue
and in the adjacent streets there is a general
feeling of insecurity.

Mr. John L. Sullivan's rescue of Mrs.
John Drew from pecuniary distress is a sub-
ject for an historical painter. It is of greater
local and contemporaneous interest than
"Una and the Lion," or "Perseus and
Andromache." Never mind, John; it was a
decent, kindly deed, and your remark, "We
are all members of the profession and must
help one another," might bear a wider appli-
cation.

Common, or in the history of Nihilism, or in police courts where the question of maltreatment of children is brought before the public, it is woman that plays the most horrid part.

Philosophers of old argued concerning this paradox. They admitted the tenderness; they knew of the sanguinary and ferocious possibilities bound up with this tenderness. Some ascribed the cause to hysteria, as did Democritus, the physician. Others, as de la Mothe le Vayer, argued on each side and could not frame a final answer. It was reserved for an Englishman, who of all men had probably studied most thoroughly the manners and customs of humanity, barbarous and civilized—it was reserved for Sir Richard Burton to advance the theory that, even the love of women for nursing the sick at home and in hospital arose from the fascination exerted over her by blood and cruelty, and the sight of bodily or mental anguish. According to this theory, Florence Nightingale, the Amazon of Dahome, the *pétroleuse*, and Goncourt's Paustyn studying the agony of Lord Annandale, stood on the same platform. A monstrous theory! But history, unfortunately, furnishes in support of it illustrations from the earliest records to the chapter as yet unfinished.

It is not at all improbable that a key to this paradox is supplied by the experiments of Professors Nicholls and Browne, who try to demonstrate that the senses are less keen in woman than in man. They began with the sense of smell. They took odoriferous substances, such as garlic and prussic acid. These were diluted in a growing proportion, until in the last set there was one part of the test substance to 2,000,000 parts of water. Then 44 men and 38 women, young and healthy, were told to rearrange these bottles, which had been put in disorder, and by the sense of smell to arrange each set by itself, garlic with garlic, essence of cloves with cloves. The women failed. They could not distinguish the lemon beyond 100,000 parts; while the men told it at 250,000. The women could not trace prussic acid beyond the dilution of 20,000 parts to one; the men, or nearly all of them, distinguished it up to 100,000 parts.

It is argued that similar results must follow from the experiments on the perception of every other sense; that woman does not require, as the male, such keenness. And the conclusion is drawn that "nicety of the senses on woman's part would be a grave disadvantage to the race. It is her lot to perform, without repugnance, and even with pleasure, a thousand functions against which man would revolt." Here is a humane answer to the paradox of Burton.

But will women, if they first of all agree to the paradox, be content with the answer? Will they be willing to remember that there is here no talk considering intellectuality or morality? Will they admit that "the senses belong to the animal structure of humanity, and reasoning beings do not dispute that the male is the superior animal?" If they protest against this position, pray what other answer can they make to the Burtonian paradox?

Whether it is the duty of the police or the landlords to protect the dwellers in flats is no doubt an interesting question. During the discussion the tenant is insecure.

Why is it that in so many cases the landlord and the tenant regard each other as natural enemies? Is the feud centuries old? Had it an arboreal origin, when one set of ancestors controlled the trees, and another could only secure a branch by monthly payments of nuts and fruit?

Some talk of the establishment of the concierge system. But Dionysius himself was not such a tyrant as is this species of janitor. Not only is there no entrance to stranger or visitor without his permission, but the dwellers are at his mercy.

Take the concierge in Vienna, for instance, where he is found in purse-swollen and proud condition. Each tenant in a Viennese apartment house, when he wishes to go out or come in after 10 P. M., pays the concierge a sum of money, for no tenant is allowed a pass-key to the main door. And, without jesting, the habits and amusements of the people of Vienna are therefore regulated to a great extent by this outrageous institution.

Even the most amiable concierge in Paris regards it as his duty to tax all provisions that enter the house of which he is guardian. Why should he not be sleek? Why should he not be amiable.

No. The concierge would not be welcome in the Back Bay district. But while there is talk of such an institution; while the police think the tenants are careless; while the landlords ask the tenants to speak to the police; while all this goes on, the tenant feels insecure.



BOSTON, December 10, 1893.

THE third concert of the series given by the Kneisel Quartet took place Monday evening, the 4th, in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows:

Quartet, D minor.....Mozart
Quartet, E flat major, op. 11.....D'Albert
(First time in America.)
Quintet, C major, op. 163.....Schubert.

The second 'cello in the quintet was played by Mr. Leo Schultz. D'Albert's personality was to me ever displeasing; I mean his stage personality, for otherwise I do not know him. I heard him about ten years ago in Berlin, when he seemed to be the gnome of the piano. His behavior toward "perfidious Albion," because certain Englishmen did not approve of one of his compositions would have been childish and absurd had it not revealed an utter absence of gratitude; and it then looked as though he were wanting in humor. Nor were sundry performances over here, performances non-musical, calculated to win to him respect or affection.

Now, singularly enough to anyone who still persists in the belief that the character of a man dwells in his music, the quartet by D'Albert is conspicuous first of all for its humor. And yet may not this humor be the Elizabethan word?

The scherzo is a marvelous piece of saturnine humor. This humor is fantastic, not human. To describe the manner in which D'Albert gains his peculiar effects would be to the effects as a mere sketch to the completed work ready for the frame, the jury, the hanging and the final criticism.

In this scherzo there is whistling and buzzing, whizzing and rustling and whirring, but it is all subdued, as the foul suggestions whispered by invisible things in the ears of a pure and radiant maiden. There are chuckles of cruel laughter—laughter such as moved the muscles of Parysatis when she relished her portion of the delicate bird as she saw her daughter-in-law eating the half that had touched the poisoned side of the carving knife. There is mockery in the laugh; the sense of superiority, the delight in destruction, the gratified cunning. Or what means this whirring? Is it a spectral spinning wheel, such as enlarges the reputation of a plantation house in Virginia? Or do witches gather at night, and young, voluptuous, restless, dissatisfied women leave their marriage beds and fly by night to hear Satan play that wild tune on his fiddle? For in the midst of this strange buzzing and whirring, sought out by D'Albert, comes a stranger tune for the first violin. And it is as though there were no apparent harmonic relation between the accompaniment and the solo; yet the effect is entrancing.

In the scherzo D'Albert goes gunning for color, and his aim is sure. The first movement, an andante con moto, is not as successful. He tried to crowd too much into one movement. His ideas jostle each other; there is an incongruous gathering in a small reception room.

Next me at this concert sat a poet of no mean reputation; not a Bostonian; not a New Yorker; largely Parisian in thought and make up; an acquaintance of the Sar. After the first movement he said: "Did you hear the viola keep saying 'W— W— W— W—'?" I remember the remark; I have forgotten the movement.

In the slow movement there is something that is not easily forgotten, and that is a tune for the first violin, a passionate tune with a convulsive, hysterical accompaniment; there is a rise to the highest pitch of nervous intensity; there is a spasmodic shock, and the pulses of the instruments flag; they are slow and languid. Yet this tune is an episode. The rest of the movement is barren labor, profundity that baffles conjecture. The finale is strong, with strength that is not always free from rankness.

But these are only impressions after one hearing. I believe the quartet to be a work that will repay earnest attention. One may say that it is thought out for other instruments. D'Albert seemed to say to himself, "Here are four instruments that have said in different generations the same things: let's see what we can get out of them." In his fierce eagerness to be dramatic there are sacrifices to beauty of tone, and there is a sardonic brutality which finds vent in guttural or sibilant speech. There are more consonants than vowels in D'Albert's language, and the consonants are accentuated in ugliness when there is a de-

sire to be very original. But what noble music there is in this same quartet!

The performance by the members of the quartet was superb throughout the evening.

About a dozen people listened the evening of December 5 to the Boston Trio Club. The first concert of a series of three was then given in Miller Hall. The Boston Trio Club is a new organization. The members are Mr. Carl Stasny, pianist; Mr. Emil Mahr, violinist; Mr. Leo Schultz, 'cellist. The program was:

Trio, E minor, op. 92.....Saint-Saëns
Trio, B flat major, op. 97.....Beethoven

Mr. Percy Goetschius gave before each number an analytical essay. The essay on Saint-Saëns contained nothing that was new or valuable. Such lectures in a concert hall are an impertinence to the musician and an annoyance to the amateur, who simply wishes to hear the music and indulge in thoughts suggested by it.

The performance was cold, hard and accurate. Mr. Schultz is a 'cellist of excellent parts, but he is only one of three. Mr. Mahr is earnest, terribly in earnest, and therefore perhaps to be taken in moderate doses and at long intervals. A violin in his hands gives forth certain and often accurate sounds. Mr. Stasny is equally in earnest. He, too, is a professor, and he plays in a professorial manner. I regret to say that the trio by Saint-Saëns appeared to be a geometrical problem drawn on a blackboard with a piece of chalk, and explained by a professor with a rasping untiring voice, with a long white stick held firmly by pale wiry fingers.

It is true that the small audience, due no doubt to the stormy weather, did not encourage any display of temperament; nor did the trio by Saint-Saëns seem to be a work of inspiration or thematic beauty.

The program of the Symphony concert of last evening was as follows:

Overture, "Manfred".....Schumann
Variations on a theme of Haydn.....Brahms
Symphony No. 4, D minor.....Rubinstein

A friend told me the other day that his pleasure at the Symphony concerts was disturbed greatly by a habit of Mr. Paur. Our new conductor, as you know, is a man of action. He cuts with his arms all manner of figures in the air, he is a series of living diagrams, he is an animated conductorial chart. With his fingers he picks effects off the players.

And, ah! his foot!

You remember perhaps in your earlier days the church choir in the country, where the most earnest man had the loudest voice and the heaviest foot.

Well, Mr Paur is so in earnest that he cannot control his foot. It beats with his arm. As a result the sitters near the stage, just as they are ready to enjoy the proper emotion,

Hear a foot begin to stomp

Thump! lump!

Lump! thump!

Like the spectre in "Don Giovanni."

Mr. Paur is undoubtedly unconscious of the trick. His foot moves without express desire, as would the members of Adam have moved, according to St. Augustine, if the fruit tree had not proved irresistible.

But what can be done?

Why should not Mr. Paur be presented with a pair of thick fur boots with felt soles? There might be a subscription list, with the motto, "Suaviter in modo."

I would not advise that he conduct in rubber boots, although such a gift would be less costly to the patronesses of art; but such boots would chafe Mr. Paur in his more impassioned moments; they smell unpleasantly; they have an offensive noise of their own.

The overture to "Manfred" was played finely, and the impression left was one of unalloyed satisfaction.

The "Dramatic" symphony has not been heard here for some time. Do you remember Stépan Trophimovitch in Dostoevsky's "Les Possédés?" Stépan who when aroused to any marked degree of emotion suffered from cholera! Rubinstein in this symphony reminds me of him. There is such terrible diffuseness. Strength is suddenly weakness just when it should be strongest. Yet there is no denying the ingenuity or the power of certain passages. The scherzo is captivating throughout, but it is as long as a three volume Russian novel. There are beautiful moments in the slow movements, and yet the composer spoke lightly of it when in 1883 he conducted it in Berlin.

As an organic whole the symphony escapes greatness. There are so many people in the drama who have nothing to do with the development of the plot; and how they chatter and take up time! Nor is the instrumentation, in spite of the infinite pains of the composer, always effective. There is figuration in the woodwind that is utterly ineffective, although to the reader of the score it would appear of marked import. But with all its faults the symphony contains glorious moments, and the hearer is conscious that it is the creation of a Man, a man with imagination that is perhaps uncombed, ragged, careless, at times brutal; but it is imagination.

PHILIP HALE.

There is no doubt of the existence of small-pox in the city. While there is no cause for alarm, or even general alarm, it is certainly a part of prudence to undergo vaccination. It is true that the blind, unreasoning dread of the disease is at present chiefly confined to the filthy and the extremely ignorant; but it is not, at its best, an agreeable experience to undergo, and the patient is apt to be extremely uncomfortable.

It is interesting to note the prejudice that still exists against vaccination; nor is the prejudice always the prejudice of ignorance. Perhaps no one now, even among the ignorant, believes the fables that attended the introduction of vaccination into England. Thomas Hood in that amusing fragment "Our Family" refers to some of the absurd stories. "Narratives were gravely repeated, and swallowed, of horns that sprouted from human heads; of human feet that hardened into parted hoofs; of human bodies that became pitted or brindled with dappled hair; in short, the ancient metamorphosis of Io seemed to have been only an extreme case of vaccination."

We are most of us far from such beliefs, as far as we are from any lively interest in Dr. John Freind's treatise in Latin concerning a peculiar treatment in the second fever of the confluent kind of the small-pox; and yet this treatise awakened loud discussion over one hundred and fifty years ago. Still, there is in some quarters a prejudice against vaccination.

The books are full of strange superstitions and strange treatments. Centuries ago in Arabia there was a rude form of inoculation—the mother pricked the child's arm with a thorn. To-day the small-pox, as in former years, rages in that sultry land, but among the Badawin adults are rarely victims. Here is an Arabian treatment, which may provoke a smile in Boston; but the patient so treated rarely dies. Let the treatment have a separate paragraph. It is Burton that speaks, not old Robert, but Richard.

"The nurse closes up the room whilst the sun is up, and carefully excludes the night air, believing that, as the disease is 'hot,' a breath of wind will kill the patient. During the hours of darkness, a lighted candle or lamp is always placed by the side of the bed, or the sufferer would die of madness, brought on by evil spirits or fright. Sheep's wool is burnt in the sick room, as death would follow the inhaling of any perfume. The only remedy I have heard of is powdered Kohl (antimony) drunk in water, and the same is drawn along the breadth of the eyelid to prevent blindness. The diet is lentils and a peculiar kind of date. On the 21st day the patient is washed with salt and tepid water."

Walter Damrosch did well to resign from the Musical Protective Union. What future is there for American music when such organizations are allowed to control the character of the personnel of an orchestra?

"One-sided, lop-sided and squint-eyed," when applied to the judgment of a man, reads as though it were an example of advanced journalism in New York. It is only an expression of Mr. Swinburne concerning Macaulay.

AN ATHLETIC INFLUENCE.

They that labor for the return of the brilliant artificial pliancy of man look with dismay on the effort in certain quarters to reach the glory of athletics in open air, and for this reason: They argue that a desirable costume is bound up closely with the public sight of athletes.

Now, nearly every thoughtful man, who has a sense of proper pride—call it not vanity, vanity—mourns the conventionality of modern dress. There is no individuality in it. A man may seek distinction by wearing a shocking hat, but the distinction is due to the weather and time, not to the material, or to the personal taste; for the tall, with merely in glory from another hat, it differeth not in form: one slouch hat is as "fashionable" as another; it is still a slouch hat, a type dear to many, as poets, politicians, Indian doctors, and members of the West shows. So, too, is the case of waist coats and trousers, or the disposition of linen on the human frame.

It is true there have been attempts at a return to the brilliant costumes of the past; but docking of coat-tails, a pride in colored shirts, a borrowing from woman's goods for neckties—all these experiments have been feeble, and they have been frowned on by those that should lend support. For the eyes of the average looker-on are con-

But the spectacle in our streets and public places of athletes in athletic costumes will, it is claimed, educate, broaden these narrow eyes. The constant sight of knickerbockers must inevitably teach even the most hardened or superficial that trousers are a folly; a dream for only a day, and then a thing of bags, humbling the pride and the ambition of the wearer. The objection that there are ill-favored kins among men, whose legs are immaterial, is not a valid one. A physical disadvantage is often to the one affected a personal pride; such is the distortion of judgment by vanity. Nearly every man is to himself a physical hero. And to every loving woman the object of her love is an Apollo.

The sight of garments of varied colors which serve as the hue of a party and the signal for a battle cry must lead to the reflection that black is best adapted to men of grave professions, such as are concerned with the care of human life from the cradle to the grave. Few would perhaps admit of a surgeon who wore a flaming red vest as he operated; the suggestion would be unpleasant. But why should an amusement hunter wear the emblem of mourning, or why should a dealer in precious stones be clad in jet?

The player of foot ball is undoubtedly the hero of the day. In the arrangement of his hair he is Absalom. His plume is his natural adornment, untrimmed and unannointed. It is a defiance to the enemy, an assurance to his friend. And why should men be doomed to the commonness of a barber's chair? Why should the strength of man be clipped and that which might be characteristic leveled by a comb?

And as long as there is open encouragement to the athletes, there will be the opportunity of seeing openly the flagrant enormity of starch. Starch is the first obstacle to dress reform. It is the only survival of the coat of mail; but unlike mail it is worn by night and by day.

There is discussion now concerning the best manner of moving the books from the old building of the Public Library to the new. Some advocate the hiring of men who cannot read; a singular discrimination, unless there is fear that the laborers open their load and stand riveted in intellectual enjoyment. Inasmuch as the great royal library at Berlin was moved in one day by soldiers, who kept step to brass band music, it might be a good idea to engage the services of our Symphony Orchestra to cheer the workers. Our Public Library moving through the streets to the strain of a Brahms symphony would indeed be an intellectual feast to the eye and the ear.

All lovers of foot ball should not fail to read the remarkable article in the last Nineteenth Century on the benefits of that sport and the logical reasons for the disrepute into which it has fallen in the eyes of a certain Englishman. Although no reference is made to the American game, many of the author's views may be applied to foot ball as played in our colleges.

It is pleasant to learn that the West End Company is experimenting in the heating of street cars. Straw for the comfort of the feet is a primitive device, and a red-hot stove, as used in certain street cars in New York State, is a dangerous joy. Yankee ingenuity should surely find the safe and economical method.

Mr. Richard Mansfield's attempt to raise the character of theatre music deserves warm praise. Too often the music of such a nature that men, during the waits, are not to be blamed for hurriedly seeking the night air and the comparative peace of the vestibule.

The Russian waltz would undoubtedly find favor here in Massachusetts, where the sexes have been so unfairly distributed. For in this species of waltz, which is said to be "particularly spirited," one man dances with twelve partners instead of keeping to one.

The genuine courage of the Emperor of Germany is again shown by the fact that he dares to design his wife's dresses.

A woman in heliotrope silk should never be surprised in the act of munching red candy.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Predicament of Young Mr. Rhadamanthus.

How He Found Himself Handicapped in His Labors.

And How Judgment Is Often Warped by a Friendly Tie.

Let us look for a moment at the case of our friend, young Rhadamanthus.

He is known as a man of fair mental equipment who enjoyed unusual advantages in preparing for the office of pronouncing judgment. He traveled extensively. He studied in various countries and languages. And by nature he is an honest fellow, as becomes a descendant of the man who was long ago so highly honored by Plato.

Now Rhadamanthus is of sociable disposition. Not only is he delightful and loyal to his friends, he enjoys the dispensing of unbounded hospitality to all those that are presented favorably to his esteemed consideration.

He therefore is apt to consort with men singers and women singers and players upon all manner of musical instruments. As such followers of art have usually a Brobdingnagian hunger and a Garzantuan thirst, they haunt his house. They, wise in their day, are courteous to Mrs. Rhadamanthus, who in turn welcomes them, for do not they entertain other guests less fit by nature or art to dispel dulness? They inquire affectionately after the health of the little Rhadamantuses, they often bring the children toothsome candy and ingenious toys. For these musicians of high and low degree know that sooner or later their host will by the necessity of his calling sit in judgment on their works and their performance, and they dread the sight of a black cap.

But during sport and revelry, and quip and jest, and eating of meat, and clinking of glasses and delight in the low laughter of woman, and the rustling of silk there must come suddenly a chill to the heart of Rhadamanthus, as he looks up at the portrait of his ancestor in flame colored robe and with severe and noble face, and then realizes that he must during the season see his guests brought before him for the pronouncing of judgment.

How can he say to his familiar friend, the friend of his household, his open admirer, the trumpeter of his ability, "The Court finds that you murdered piano pieces and in cold blood."

How can he say to the fair woman who pledged his health before the company, "The Court finds that you have absolutely no sense of pure intonation."

Or how can he say anything that seems like blame even when the guest takes advantage of social relations and commits musical crimes in the sight of people gathered together by the fact that Rhadamanthus and the guest are friends?

For bread and salt have been eaten by judge and criminal together. Should the American be inferior to the Arabian in delicate sense of the obligations of hospitality?

And so Rhadamanthus considers carefully the ties of friendship; he bows to the fetich of hospitality, and Art is thereby flouted.

Yet, I believe, that when the grateful guests are out of the house, and it is quiet, and it is time to turn out the lights, the face of old Rhadamanthus looks down at his descendant and wears a strange, a singular, a very marvelous expression, so that our friend, the young Rhadamanthus, the victim of harassing domesticity, the fly caught in the web of social obligations, is uncomfortable and thinks seriously of removing the portrait to another room, a room which he seldom enters.

For surely Rhadamanthus knew in his heart the worthlessness of that which he called good.

In other words, can he that associates intimately with sincere, player or composer pronounce an honest judgment on the work of such a companion?

William Archer once discussed the question whether a dramatic critic should be on intimate terms with play actor and playwright, and he argued as follows: "Striking genius and utter incompetence I can recognize as well as another, but in the vast debatable land of respectable mediocrity I am very much astray. My judgment changes from time to time; what pleased me last year may here or shock me to-day; therefore I avoid the society of actors, while as regards authors I have no such scruple. My judgment of plays errs on the side of dogmatism; it will formulate and express itself rightly or wrongly, in spite of all possible friendship or enmity."

Hazlitt, too, wrote on this subject; witness his essay on "Whether Actors Ought to Sit in the Boxes." Hazlitt declared "The only person on the stage with whom I have ever had any intercourse is Mr. Liston, and of him I have not spoken with the malice of a friend."

"The malice of a friend." There is infinite meaning in this phrase. And yet the malice may not be deliberate. In reviewing for the public the work of a companion there is the fear of erring from kindness, of putting too high a value on commonplace, of seeming to be blind to faults of omission or commission;

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always looking his houses from the roof down

ell, Eliot Hubbard, Clifford. With the exception of Mr. Ashnell of your town, they were inadequate.

Patti was here last week with her company. Tuesday evening there was a miscellaneous concert in Music Hall; the concert was followed by a performance of the third act of "Faust." These musical affairs do not now call for extended criticism. But yesterday afternoon Pizzi's new opera, "Gabriella," was produced for the first time on any stage.

The time of mailing this letter is close at hand, and I have no other alternative than to quote the article that appeared in the Boston "Journal" this morning signed by me.

"Gabriella," an opera in one act, text by Charles Alfred Byrne and music by Emilio Pizzi, was produced for the first time on any stage in Music Hall yesterday afternoon by the Patti company. Mr. Arditi was conductor. The cast was as follows:

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|---------------------------|---------------|
| Comte de Chateauroux..... | Novara |
| Louis XIII..... | Galassi |
| Marquis de Quimper..... | Lely |
| Madame d'Autriche..... | Miss Fabber |
| Gabriella de Merven..... | Adelina Patti |

"Gabriella" is not Pizzi's operatic first born.

Pizzi, a pupil of Ponchielli, in one composition at Bologna took the prize for opera, orchestral composition and string quartet. Mascagni was then a rival. The opera, "William Ratcliff," in four acts, was first produced in Bologna, October 31, 1879. When Salvini, the younger, appeared here in the play "Cavalleria Rusticana," the incidental music was by Pizzi.

Through some misunderstanding the libretto of "Gabriella" was not ready for distribution yesterday, and so I am debarred from the pleasure of commenting on Mr. Byrne's book, which seems to tell a pretty and simple story in an unaffected manner. The story runs as follows. It is Patti who related it to a reporter:

"The character I have to play is a charming one—that of a young nun, who is compelled to take vows through the machinations of a wicked uncle, who desires to become possessed of her large estates. She rebels against this treatment and escapes from the convent with her lover. The uncle, who has great influence with the 'King,' causes her arrest and that of her lover. She is brought before the 'King' and he is ordered to execution, it being then a death penalty to abduct a nun or a novice. As 'Gabriella' is about leaving the palace of the Louvre she is met at the foot of the stairs by 'Anne of Austria,' wife of the 'King' and godmother of 'Gabriella.' The 'Queen' immediately resolves to intercede in favor of 'Gabriella,' knowing the plot that has been formed against her happiness. The 'King' learns the story with perturbation, and without going into further details the 'Duke' is ultimately unmasked, the lovers are brought together and the 'Queen' is triumphant."

Three operas at least were written for Patti, with special reference to her abilities and limitations: "Esmeralda," "Gelmira," "Velleda." No one of these was successful.

Mr. Pizzi is an Italian of the new school; his sympathies are evidently with Mascagni, Leoncavallo et al; but in writing an opera for Patti he was forced unquestionably to adapt himself to her vein, and it seems from the music written for her that he was hampered, that he restrained himself, keeping within somewhat narrow bounds, suppressing passion that he would fain express. The least characteristic portions of Pizzi's music, as well as the least striking, are those written for the prima donna. The duet between the soprano and the tenor will no doubt be a popular number, for there is a tune that is pleasing and easily retained, but it is the most conventional number in the work.

The prelude is well written, and it contains good stuff. It is not merely music to prepare for the rising of a curtain; it is music that suggests, and it would arrest the attention were it played without reference to the music drama. Here, as throughout the opera, the instrumentation is effective, modern, often ingenious. The duet between the baritone and the bass is the strongest number, and it shows Pizzi as he is, and not Pizzi under comparative restraint. It is not necessary to speak of each number, though the finale is worthy of respectful consideration.

The music given to the soprano is not trivial, it is not commonplace, but it is more after the manner of the old school, and it does not display fully the genuine dramatic instinct of the composer. This instinct and the ability of expression are seen in many details of the instrumentation. Pizzi does not use a clarinet, for instance, merely as a stop-gap; he uses it at a particular time for a particular effect, and his imagination rarely leads him astray.

Patti did not insist on passages of bravura; she apparently wished affecting melody within a narrow range, say an octave, for her artistic abilities were never more strongly shown than in thus protecting herself publicly against the ravages of time. Pizzi evidently would have desired a greater compass and more sharply defined emotion. In a word, while he wrote for a lyric soprano, he longed for a dramatic singer.

And so the opera is one more of promise than a summing up. The next time Pizzi writes a dramatic work let him give his imagination the reins. He has already shown that

he can write intelligently and with effect for voices and instruments. He has shown dramatic feeling and imagination. Now let him devote himself to a work of passion.

The performance does not call for extended remark. Patti sang with care and with evident fondness for the work. Galassi was effective and Lely was satisfactory in the duet. Arditi conducted with spirit and with discretion. The orchestra played in a creditable manner, when the fact that there were few rehearsals is taken into consideration.

At the end of the opera the singers were called two or three times before the curtain, as were the composer and the librettist. Mr. Byrne made a short speech in excellent taste.

There was a large audience. The love duet was repeated, and there was hearty applause after the prelude and the male duet. A concert preceded the performance of the opera, and Patti, who seemed to be in excellent spirits, sang three numbers. It is perhaps needless to say that one of them was "Home, Sweet Home."

The program of the sixth Symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall was as follows:

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| Three movements from the "Romeo and Juliet" symphony..... | Berlioz |
| Grand fantasia in C major, "Wanderer"..... | Schubert |
| (Symphonically rearranged for piano and orchestra by Franz Liszt.) | |

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----------|
| Symphony No. 1, in B flat major..... | Schumann |
|--------------------------------------|----------|

The orchestra played exceedingly well. The movements from the Berlioz' symphony were read artistically by the conductor. His love for carefulness in detail did not here cause him to forget the poetry of the composer that found expression in music.

Mrs. Emil Paur was the pianist. Her tone, while it was agreeable and lady-like, was not full enough for the hall. She displayed the results of careful instruction in the decorum of piano playing.

It is said here that Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau will not bring their opera company to Boston this season.

The program of the Symphony concert next Saturday is as follows:

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|-------------------------------|--------------|
| Symphony, C minor, No. 1..... | Brahms |
| Overture, "Magic Flute"..... | Mozart |
| Concerto for violin..... | Tschaikowsky |
| Symphonic poem, "Vitava"..... | Smetana |

Mr. T. Adamowski will be the soloist.

PHILIP HALE.

Mantegazza, the anthropologist, says the Spanish woman is the most beautiful in the world. Then he adds: "She is very religious, very ignorant, very jealous, sensitive, idle, and proud." Are such characteristics exclusively Spanish?

TWO MEN ON AMBIDEXTERY

The Journal published lately interesting letters on the subject of ambidexterity, a subject that is ignored singularly by parents and teachers. For why should civilized mankind be practically lop-sided?

Let us confine our attention for the moment to man. According to Hippocrates, a woman cannot be an ambidexter; but there's many a female gymnast who would laugh in the beard of the learned leech.

The subject of ambidexterity has been treated at considerable length by two men of generations apart. Sir Thomas Browne wrote a chapter "Of the Right and Left Hand," which may be found in the fourth book of his Pseudodoxia Epidemica; the chapter is quaint and learned. Sir Thomas does not believe that man naturally favors either side. He looks at other animals and finds no natural or educated preference for the right. "That there is also in men a natural prepotency in the right, we cannot with constancy affirm, if we make observation in children, who, permitted the freedom of both, do oftentimes confine unto the left, and are not without great difficulty restrained from it." He finds no satisfactory reason for the choice of the right, either in fact, history or mere superstition. He also disputes our accuracy in defining right and left, as we may mistake one side for another. According to some of the Fathers, Adam, a being perfectly formed, was ambidextrous. Some men are ambilevous, or left-handed on both sides. "Now in these there is no right hand; of this constitution are many women and some men, who, though they accustom themselves unto either hand, do dextrously make use of neither." Nor to Sir Thomas Browne is there any substantial reason for the belief that the left eye of a hedgehog fried in oil procures sleep and the right foot of a frog in a deer's skin subdues gout.

The humorist will read this whimsical chapter with delight; but the more practical will turn to "The Coming Man," by Charles

In Reade's most Reade-like vein. He pours out vials, nay, rather tuns of wrath on all that are not as hot as he for the rehabilitation of the left hand. Here is the text of his sermon. "In a word, I believe that 'The Coming Man' is the 'Either-Handed Man,' that is to say neither 'right-handed' nor 'left-handed,' but a man rescued in time from parroted mothers, cuckoo nurses and stalling nursing maids, with their 'Pa an nursery rhymes, and their Pagan prejudices against the left hand; in short, a man as perfect in his limbs as his Creator intended, who has been a deal kinder to man than man has been to himself; for it is all man's own doing, that he is any more Semiplegiac, or lop-limbed, than a lion, a racoon, a fox, a tiger, or an ape."

Reade treats his subject from the historical standpoint; shows the folly of tradition; digresses on the criminal wickedness of female dress; cites the ambidexterity of pugilists, as that of Mr. Ward, "the best fighter in his day, except when wicked people conveyed a hundred-pound note into his manly palm;" gives illustrations from gymnasts, male and female, Farini, Nathalie and Madame Senyah, "a grand Anglo-Saxon, whose name is Haynes;" he points at cricketers, surgeons, steam loom weavers, savages; he spurs gallantly at hide-bound physicians; he shoots arrows of sarcasm, he deals out generously common sense. A delightful book, a healthy book. Alas! is it not well-nigh forgotten? Or did it ever make a convert?

ABOUT MUSIC.

Concerning the Foot as a Means of Beating the Time.

Should Not Earnest Conductors Wear Boots of Fur?

The Cause of Much Sentimentality in Church Music.

A most estimable acquaintance told me the other day that his pleasure at the Symphony Concerts was often disturbed by Mr. Paur. It seems that the new Conductor, a man of sincerity, one who puts his soul in the appointed task, is inclined to show openly his earnestness and zeal in the service of his employer by beating time lustily with his foot. As a result, the sitters in the front seats hear the creaking of the orchestral machine, and one of them, my friend, is likely to be a siter in the seat of the scornful, for, just as he is prepared to dilate with the proper emotion,

"He hears a foot begin to stamp,
Thump! thump!
Thump! thump!
Like the spectre in 'Don Giovanni!'"

And yet nothing could more clearly show the honesty of Mr. Paur than this same beating the floor with a foot. It is not his fault if the players go astray. With his arms he cuts all manner of geometric figures in the air until he becomes a series of living diagrams; he is an atlas of conductorial charts; with his fingers he picks nuances off the orchestra; his face is constantly in action; and then there is his foot! Stolid and sodden must the musician be who can fail to understand the sign boards, admonitory, prohibitive, encouraging, that are thus set up before him.

Then, too, there is a simplicity about this manner of marking time that commends the man. Years ago in our choir lofts, perhaps even now in some, the man with the strongest voice beat time with the heaviest foot.

Mr. Paur would certainly be horrified if he knew that his habit disturbed anyone prepared to admire him. The habit, if unconscious, is probably confirmed. Now what shall be done?

When Mr. Nikisch was here great pains were taken for his comfort. He was exalted on high by the aid of platforms, and rugs of texture and design that suited his Oriental fancy did homage to his noble feet.

Why should not Mr. Paur be presented with a pair of thick fur boots with felt soles? With them might be given the subscription list of "patrons and patronesses of music;" and the list might be headed with the motto, "Nuncius in modo," or "Do good by stealth." Felted boots are cheap; but they would clatter the conductor in his more impassioned moments; they yield an unsavory smell; they have a cold, wet noise of their own, even when they are perfectly dry.

Or there might be a return to a habit long ago in Italy, where the conductor beat time with a handkerchief.

Beating with the foot was a well-established practice years ago in many countries. Among the ancients the Corypheus wore sandals made heavy by wood or iron, and as he stamped, he struck the hollow of his left hand with his right hand. Sometimes he clashed together shells. Before Lullu ruled in France, a roll of paper served as a balon.

It was Lullu, by the way, who struck his foot violently with the conductor's stick and died from the resulting wound—an awful warning to all magnetic and fiery leaders of orchestras. Lullu's stick is said to have been five feet long.



BOSTON, December 3, 1893.

THE Blumenberg Concert Company, assisted by the Lutteman Male Sextet, appeared the evening of the 29th ult. in Music Hall, and the entertainment was the Fourth Suffolk Musicales. The program was long and varied, and applause which brought recalls in its train nearly doubled the length of the concert. You see it was an old-fashioned concert that is still dear to the great bulk of people who enjoy indiscriminately lectures, stereopticon shows and music.

Why should such a sight stir the bile of many otherwise amiable persons? This may be said at least of applause at such concerts: it is honest. It may not be discriminating, but it is an honest expression of enjoyment. This cannot be said, I fear, of certain of our solemn musical shows here that are in the nature of a social function. Take the sixth Symphony concert for instance. The orchestra under Mr. Paur played the noble love scene from "Romeo and Juliet" so that Berlioz himself would have been stirred. The applause that followed was only a polite expression of genteel approval. Then Mrs. Paur gave a pale and delicate performance of the Schubert-Liszt "Wanderer" fantasia, and the audience recalled her twice.

Mrs. Caroline Oestberg sang the waltz from "Romeo and Juliet," by Gounod, and other numbers, and she was received enthusiastically. Miss Mallie E. Beck chose the great air from "Samson and Delilah," and she was obliged to sing again. Mr. Louis Blumenberg, the 'cellist, played Thomé's "A Simple Avowal," Dunkler's "Spinning Wheel," and Popper's "Vito." He pleased the audience by the sweetness of his cantabile and the dash of his bravura. Mr. David G. Henderson also won the affection of the audience.

I am not able to find out whether a pedal piano was ever heard in concert in this city before the apparition Tuesday evening of Mrs. Lucie Palicot. If we believe the Belgians the organ pedal goes back to Ludwig von Valbeck in the fourteenth century, long before the time of Bernhard, the German who is supposed popularly to have been the inventor; but who first arranged the clavecin with pedals? There is the tradition that Bach wrote his passacaglia and other pieces for a clavecin with two keyboards and pedals, and we know of the compositions by Schumann and Alkan for the modern piano pédalier. It is my impression that Delaborde played on this machine in London. Here in Boston we know the instrument chiefly as an aid in the practice of organ students.

This Lucie Palicot must be the Marie Schneckenburger who married Georges Palicot. She was a pupil of Guilmant and Delaborde, and Gounod in his later years became interested in her. Pagnierre said of her: "Before appearing in concerts in France and abroad she had played publicly the organs of St. Marie des Batignolles and the Trinité. An excellent musician, she did not wish to be lost in the crowd of piano virtuosos; so she made for herself a specialty by playing with undeniable talent the piano pédalier."

Gounod wrote for her these pieces for orchestra and pédalier: "Danse Roumaine," "Hymne national russe" and "Suite concertante;" for pédalier alone: "Canzonetta" and "Choral and toccata." Then there is a "Scherzo valse," by Gounod, dedicated to her.

Mrs. Palicot played with skill and grace. But there is little musical pleasure in listening to her performance. The pedal tones seem brutal, and Tuesday evening in the Bach "Toccata in F" the overtones were disagreeably prominent.

The Lutteman Sextet sang numbers in Swedish and in English with various degrees of success. The performance of "Olav Trygvason" by Reissiger was conspicuous for false intonation, but in a part song that demanded one long crescendo and diminuendo, a species of Swedish patrol, the sextet showed no ordinary skill.

Mr. Floris A. Landsman, a young 'cellist, a pupil of Mr. Fritz Giess, sails soon for Europe, where he will study in either Paris or Brussels. Tuesday night he gave a concert in Steinert Hall, and he was assisted by Mrs. Barnard, with Messrs. Max Heinrich, C. N. Allen, Foote, Whelp-

ley, Sabin and Van Raalte. The program included three movements from the piano trio, B flat major, op. 52, by Rubinstein; Servais' "Souvenir de Spa" and Mozart's string quartet, D minor. As I could not be present, I quote from Mr. Apthorp's article in the "Transcript," of the 29th:

Mr. Landsman is a young 'cellist who has already made good headway in the mastery of his instrument. Last evening he played his part bravely in the Rubinstein trio, the Mozart quartet and the obligato to Mr. Foote's "Won!" In Servais' "Souvenir de Spa," too, no trifle in its way, he showed generally pure intonation, facile bowing and sympathetic cantabile. His playing is honest, free from tricks, and he steers clear of that Charybdis of many a young player, "growling" on the C string.

The German military bands, "which played in the German Village at the World's Fair," gave concerts the 30th ult. and the 1st and 2nd inst. in Music Hall. The Infantry Band of fifty-five men was under the baton of Mr. Ed. Ruscheweyh, and the Cavalry Band of twenty-six was led by Mr. Gustav Herold. I admit that I share fully in the joy of the small boy when a good brass band marches in the street, and I would gladly follow for a block or two; but put the same band in a hall and let it play arrangements of orchestral music and the matter is different. The visitors made flattering appeals to our patriotism Thanksgiving Day by delivering "Hail Columbia," "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner" with the full strength of lungs and instruments. But looking at their efforts in cool blood, I fail to see the superiority of these bands over certain similar domestic organizations, and I would gladly exchange all these German programs for one of Sousa's marches played by the men under his control.

Do you blame the Emperor William for irritability if he is obliged to listen frequently to the "Kaisergruss" as thundered forth by "mediæval valveless trumpets and drums?"

To-night the bands give a farewell concert at the Globe Theatre.

The program of the seventh Symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall was as follows:

Symphony C minor, No. 1.....Brahms
Overture, "Magic Flute".....Mozart
Concerto for violin.....Tchaikowsky
(Second and first movements.)
Symphonic poem, "Vivava".....Smetana

Mr. T. Adamowski was the violinist.

Perhaps it is a case of imperfect sympathies, and that I am the "veriest thrall to sympathies, apathies, antipathies;" but I do not like and I cannot like the C minor symphony of Brahms. I admit beforehand anything you may say about it. It is possibly a grand and rugged

mountain; but there are such mountains, particularly in Switzerland, toward which I have a feeling of personal hostility; "Les Diablerets," for instance. I admit that the mountains are all that they should be; they are well equipped with rock and snow and ice, and stunted vegetation and a glacier track; they are high enough; they satisfy probably the demands of any reasonable person; but I should not like to meet the mountains again, suddenly, without a word of preparation.

I am willing to admit without argument that the symphony is grand and impressive and all that. So is a Channel fog.

The singular feeling that this symphony inspired was not wholly intelligible to me until I read yesterday for the first time the description of Brahms given by Beatty-Kingston in "Music and Manners." Remember that the book appeared in 1887, and the writer's acquaintance with Brahms dated back eighteen years. The account may be unjust, or Brahms may have changed with time and fame, and an Englishman is still apt to view all foreigners with an insular eye. But, just or unjust, the description of Brahms the man puts in bitter words the no doubt absurdly hostile feeling I entertain for Brahms the composer of this particular symphony, the C minor. Now let's listen to Beatty-Kingston a moment:

"Of this intellectually and artistically luminous circle Johannes Brahms, whenever he joined it, became at once the central point and chief personage, partly in virtue of the prestige earned for him by his indisputable genius and partly by reason of his own innate masterfulness of disposition, which enabled him, in eleven cases out of twelve, to take and keep the lead in society, no matter of what class. An imperious man, restrained from self assertion by no reluctance to wound his neighbor's sensibilities if he be endowed with real talent, and have done things universally acknowledged to be great, finds little difficulty in establishing himself as a social despot among people of average brains and courage. Having a rough side to his tongue, and being quite unscrupulous with respect to his use of it, his domineering is frequently submitted to by those who are his equals in intelligence and his superiors in breeding, but either too timid or too indolent to resist his assumption of superiority. Such a one was Johannes Brahms—loud, dictatorial, a little too obviously penetrated with a sense of his surpassing greatness, violently intolerant of opinions differing from his own, curiously blunt of speech and 'burschikos.' * * * As long as he was allowed to have his own way without let or hindrance, whether in an oracular or anecdotal mood, he was an exceedingly amusing companion, being extremely well read, clear headed and humorous.

After Lull, conductors used a thick word, and they hammered the desk. Grimm compared the conductor at the desk to a wool-chopper. Rousseau claimed without this noise the time could not be determined; "the ears are shocked," said Rousseau, "by this disagreeable and continuous noise but the evil is inevitable." In this connection read the story by Berlioz, "Une victime de tact."

One of those learned men, who apparently have nothing else to do save writing to the newspapers, which serves them as a "wastepipe to the intellect," claimed lately that the stick dated back only to the end of the 18th century. But in Dom Le Clerc's treatise on Plain Song, 1673, we find an allusion to the churches of the East and the West, in which the directors of the music employed a stick for the proper performance of the mass.

Deldevez, excellent musician and conductor of the Société des Concerts at the Paris Conservatory for at least a dozen years, believed that the ideal conductor should be a violinist and should direct with a fiddle-bow, not with a stick.

Choirmasters are even now at work in preparation of the Christmas music. I understand that Mr. O'Shea's new mass will be sung at the Immaculate Conception. Mr. Kotoff's mass will not be sung at St. James until Easter.

The choirmasters of Protestant churches should examine Mr. H. W. Parker's "The Holy Child," a cantata for Christmas. Many churches persist unfortunately in the use of a quartet without chorus; portions of this cantata will not therefore be available. But the "Cradle Hymn," a duet for soprano and tenor, will undoubtedly be heard Christmas and enjoyed by many congregations.

Much music appears yearly for the Christmas service, but how little of it is really worthy of serious attention. The English composers of to-day are apt to echo the Christmas music in "The Messiah," and when there is originally the anthems of the past five or six years are not equal in dignity or beauty to the music written by men of the last generation. The American composers are inclined to err in the direction of sentimentality. Then, here and in England, there is so much music composed for Christmas that seems perfunctory, round-ous, manufactured, and paid for by the page.

In Unitarian churches the organists would apparently be restricted in the choice of texts. Yet, to their relief, more license is granted at Christmas, and words are then sung that refer directly to Trinitarian beliefs.

It is not to be denied that the story of the Incarnation, the Passion, and the Resurrection furnishes richer material to the composer of imagination than do the ethical teachings of modern philosophers and the abstract principles of morality. I sincerely state a fact. Glorious anthems with words taken from the Old Testament have been written; but the emotions of the hearer are stirred more deeply by a musical recital or description of the circumstances attending the birth or the death of the Holy One. The element of mysticism that must inevitably enter into such music is a most potent stimulant to the composer of fine or quick temperament.

I spoke a moment ago of sentimentality in music for Christmas. Sentimentality is the one great curse of nine-tenths of music written to-day for religious service in the Protestant churches of this country. The composers who write it and the choirmasters who choose it are not to be condemned ruthlessly; nor are the publishers largely at fault. The chief offender in the whole matter is the congregation. Religious music, as it is understood by many churchgoers, is something which they would describe as "sweet and soft." They would not admit that dramatic expression has any place in the choir loft. Joyful music that accentuates the exultation of a psalm of praise is to them a stumbling block. It disturbs their meditation on divine, or, possibly, worldly things. An unexpected harmonic progression, or a striking rhythmic device that italicizes some particular emotion of the hymn writer startles them, and they talk of the "operatic tastes of the choir."

The "love of personal display shown by singers." When they are aroused to sarcasm, they say, "We are not educated up to that kind of music. Give us something we understand." The choirmaster does not wish to lose his position. The publisher wishes to sell to the choirmaster. The composer must sell to the publisher. The ignorance, or the false, wretched, irrelevant taste of a congregation is thus responsible for the musical crimes that are applauded only by those who instigate them. There are few choirmasters in the town who do not have cause to blush or laugh at the selections they are thus obliged to make.

There are churches of one Protestant denomination, the Episcopalians, where far better music is sung and appreciated. In the latter churches of this denomination the music is almost always dignified, and appropriate to the particular occasion.

Organists suffer in a similar fashion. Do they not often play pieces by the great masters of the organ solely for their own pleasure? Do they not find that an arrangement of some such familiar tune as, say, Braga's "Serenata" gives genuine satisfaction to the people down stairs, while the same people can see nothing in the exquisite slow movement from Salome's sonata, and nothing in a moving choral setting by Bach?

I know of a church in this town where the organist was accused of a lack of religious feeling because on a festival occasion he played the B minor prelude and fugue of Sebastian Bach; and yet in that same church an arrangement of rather a disarrangement for quartet of a well-known operatic tune excited lively delight, although the music was suggestive in a necessary of sensuous thoughts, recalling as it did to any opera-goer an amorous scene.

PHILIP HALE.

We are so fond of German musicians and German music, it seems odd that we have not imported with them a German custom of afternoon entertainment. There is in Germany a passionate devotion for omelettes at four o'clock of the afternoon. At present the guests at afternoon tea or musicale are stayed with light and mocking refreshments. Now an omelette, say with ham or run, would fortify a guest in his pursuit of pleasure, and enable him to endure with equanimity the most aggravated case of amateur singing.

MUSIC.

Eighth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Program of the Symphony concert of Monday evening was as follows:

"Manfred".....Schumann
Symphony No. 4, D minor.....Brahms
Overture to "Manfred" was played with a full appreciation of its passion, despair. The variations by Brahms were carefully, but the work was sand-judiciously between the overture and the symphony. Mr. Paor has yet to prove that master of the difficult art of arranging music.

Beethoven's "Dramatic" symphony has not been heard here for some time. The composer of it. When he played the E flat major of Beethoven in Berlin in November, he was asked by Wuehner, the conductor, which of his symphonies he would direct the same concert, and he chose the without hesitation. There is no denying ingenuity or the power of certain of this work. The scherzo is ringing throughout. There is tender in the slow movement, and alas! there is sentimentality. But as an organic the symphony cannot be called complete. Too many people are introduced into the drama who have no connection with the development of the plot, and they are a waste of time with their chatter. Many of the figures of the orchestra are ineffective against the strings, and they are unheard. Indeed, it may be that this instrumentation appeals often to the reader of the score than to the ear of the instruments. At the time there are many striking effects, the strange chromatic progression of the strings and bassoons shortly after the beginning of the first allegro. The symphony is long, and it is as unequal as one of Dostoevsky's novels. But with all its faults, and they are many, the work is a masterpiece. The orchestra, which swarms with technical skill, was played with spirit and accuracy. Mr. Paor was inclined in the first movement to speed up the tempo, when any instrument played solo; but in the main his reading was very satisfactory. There will be no concert this week. The program for the 23d will be Beethoven's "First Symphony," Mozart's Serenade, Schubert's "Wanderer" overture.

PHILIP HALE.

There have been invented and are said to be in Western towns. The guest who ate himself with iced tea, Russian champagne, Chinese tea in infinite varieties of tea cloths and tea tables; everything is adapted to the pursuits of a T.

women, as well as all men, will be led to learn that dusting is condemned as a woman's task. The deadly bacillus of the sight of the duster, which stirs malignant activity.

DEC 12-93
S. CARLLSMITH'S RECITAL.
William Carlsmith gave a song recital in the Music Hall last evening. Mr. Arthur Foote was accompanist. The program was as follows:

Christmas Songs.....Cornelius
Viens' "Ave".....Saint-Saens
"Up from Richmond".....Foote
Folk Song.....
No. 2.....
Suzon.....Pessard
"The Song".....Mrs. Beach
"The Song".....Cole
"The Song".....T. Linley, Jr.
"The Song".....Rubinstein
"The Song".....Moszkowski

"The Song".....Miss Lang
"The Song".....Felton
"The Song".....Chadwick
"The Song".....N. G. Bach
"The Song".....Dalekarlin Dance
The program was too long, nor was it skillfully arranged. There was a long stretch of it at the start. One or two of the songs by Cornelius might have been a pinch, but five in a row seemed like a season. The aria from "Samson and Delilah" is beyond the present capacity of the singer, and it displayed thoroughly her limitations.

Miss Carlsmith paid homage to local artists, some of whom enjoy only a passing reputation. Mr. Foote does not know his own spirit of "Coming up from the South" escaped him. The words of "An Irish Song" are by Gilbert Parker, and the song is so that it is difficult to see any reference to that nationality in the song unless the refrain be borrowed from the harper of Erin. Rayton Johns went a-gyping in Roumania, but he went in full evening dress, and the Roumanians were so suspicious of him that they did not sing their songs to him. The song is a pleasant melody, but the singer's performance is not always satisfactory. "If" should be at once changed to "dear, isn't this queer?" Mr. Felton's performance was ineffective. Miss Lang is singing "for the first time" are not new, and the composer spent much time in affecting nothing. In the three songs as a whole, there was a lack of color. There was not one touch of simplicity.

Carlsmith has undoubtedly improved in the last two years. Her intonation is better; her attack is more direct; her enunciation is excellent. Her phrasing is not always perfect, and she has an unmusical habit of italicizing unimportant words in a song for the purpose of displaying a note; this naturally good tone she is

But he could not stand competition; a shared social throne had no charms for him, and other people's brilliancy put him out. When by any extraordinary accident he found himself relegated to the position of 'the other lion' who 'thought the first a bore,' his irritation too often betrayed him into actual rudeness toward people for whom he had the highest regard."

This C minor symphony seems to me the apotheosis of arrogance. Brahms said: "I purpose to be so crabbed in style, so high in thought that the approach to the musical unintelligible will be applauded frantically by all who find their intellectuality flattered by the stating of this problem in a concert hall." Brahms perhaps did not say it; but the music sounds as though he thought it.

Or let the symphony be treated in symbolism.

The musicians are in a forest.

The forest is dark. It is high noon. The sky is clear.

The forest is dark.

No birds are in this forest save birds that do not sing.

There are no wild flowers in this forest. In this forest there is brushwood.

In this forest there is no tree of beauty. The trees are dream trees; they are knotted and gnarled; their height is lost above; others are dwarfs.

The players wander. They grope as though they were eyeless. Alarmed, they call to each other; frightened, they shout together. It seems that obscene, winged things listen and mock the lost.

The players would fain weep. Terror forbids tears. They would fain be gay; but the laugh will not follow the jest.

In the forest the air is dull. There is the thought of perturbation in Nature.

Suddenly the players are in a clearing. They see close to them a canal. The water of the canal is green, and diseased purple and yellow plants grow on the banks of the canal.

Beyond there is a hospital. Pale people and people with scarlet faces look out of the windows. The people point at the players.

A swan with filthy plumage and twisted neck bobs up and down in the green water of the canal.

And then a boat is dragged toward the players. The boat is crowded with queerly dressed men and women and children, who sing a tune that sounds something like the hymn in Beethoven's ninth symphony.

Darkness seizes the scene.

The players pinch themselves. They hope it is all a dream.

But they do not awaken. For they were not asleep.

The tempo of the allegro of "The Magic Flute" overture was to my mind taken at too fast a pace. The woodwind, notably the bassoons, suffered in consequence. Certain musicians present, men of acknowledged authority, thought the tempo too slow. I cannot agree with them. If a pace kills the beauty of singable passages and haste makes muddy that which is naturally clear, that pace is too fast.

Mr. Adamowski played two movements of the Tchaikowsky concerto with considerable skill, and in sentimental passages he was happy. The work, however, admits of a more heroic delivery.

As a whole the concert was tedious. Mr. Paor conducted with infinite labor. After the symphony he was recalled. Mr. Adamowski was applauded heartily. PHILIP HALE.

inclined to spoil by forcing it. She is not a singer of marked imagination; and her sentiment is often as artificial as her coquetry. At times she did not understand the meaning of the composer; as in her delivery of the third verse of "The King's" in which she introduced cheap and inappropriate sentimentalism. And why did she sing occasionally in French, when she cannot pronounce correctly simple words in that language? She abused the sob, as in the numbers by Saint-Saens and Johns. Nor was her performance always free from the reproach of musical affectation and insincerity. In the more delicate passages the varnish of refinement was thin. She was applauded heartily after each number, and she was obliged to repeat the song by Mrs. Beach and the delightful melody by Pessard.

In the accompaniments Mr. Foote displayed earnestness and a ligneous touch. His performance of the solo numbers was hard, not always rhythmical, and at times slovenly. PHILIP HALE.

William, the Emperor, keeps haranguing his officers and men against gambling, which is an old German vice. Tacitus told us long ago: "What is marvelous, playing at dice is one of their most serious employments, and even sober they are gamblers; nay, so desperately do they venture upon the chance of winning or losing that, when their whole substance is played away, they stake their liberty and their persons upon one and the last throw. The loser goes calmly into voluntary bondage."

THE CLANGOR OF THE BELLS.

An effort is now making to have the more famous bells of this city put in order and rung in the interest of the musical education of the people. But is this effort to be encouraged or praised without reserve?

It is true that the bell is never to be mentioned without respect. Campanology is a most fascinating study. There is no need of peering about in the faint dawn of the world, but it may be said that the bell is old, very old. Barbarians and Romans, Greeks and Syrians, temples and battle fields knew its use. They were in the religious services of the Chinese and the Japanese, wherever, in fact, Buddhists worshipped, before the start of the Christian calendar. Jewish high priests wore bells. Capt. Burton tells us that there was a symbolical meaning of the bell, as shown in the sistrum of Isis, "the movement and mixture of the elements, which is denoted by clattering noise." But the strict Moslem will not endure the bell, or its modifications; and so last Sunday morning the sweet cry of the Mu'ezzin calling men to prayer was heard in New York, even in Union Square.

Then think of the sound of the bell in literature—treatises on campanology from the "De Tintinnabulis" of Hieronymus Maghus (1608) to the great work, "La Cloche," by J. D. Blavignac of Geneva (1877); poems or poetic allusions by Schiller, Father Prout, Tennyson, Poe, Ingelow, Longfellow, Cowper, Southey, Moore; the list is endless; nor should Hood's "Evening Bells," which tell

"Of Yorkshire cakes and crumpets prime,
And letters only just in time!"

be forgotten. What would Hugo's "Notre Dame" be without its bells? Then there is that ghastly, weird tale by Herman Melville.

Or think of its note in history, in fable, and in tradition that is often more real than history. The bells cheered Whittington; they perplexed Pannurge. The bell added terror to the scene of bloody slaughter in Paris that wild night. The King of Spain heard the great bell of the Cathedral of Saragossa, in Arragon, toll of its own will, and he then knew that Death was at the door.

Our predecessors in New England heard the village bell at noon and at 9 o'clock of the evening and they were comforted thereby. A heavy house bell sounded the hours of meals. We are a more nervous people. To many of us the bell is merely an irritant, whether it be in crowded street car or in church steeple, whether it be jabbed viciously in our own house by impatient messenger or touched cautiously by questioning sneak thief. Happy is that home in which no bell is rung so that the dweller suffers thereby. Never should a human being be summoned to life from sleep by the clanging of reproach. Let him awaken naturally or let him hear with half-shut eyes, as Montaigne in his infancy, sweet music played without.

Nor is it to be disputed that church bells in active exercise are a source of torment to many in a crowded city. Not without reason have physicians in certain towns protested against chimes and other busy bells. To the sick person, to the one tormented by nervous depression and to the student, the people—"ah, the people—they that dwell in the steeple"—are truly "neither man nor woman, neither brute nor human; they are ghouls."

For some reason or other chimes do not thrive in our climate. Like singers, their throats need constant attention; their vocal chords are strained; their intonation is impure. Let the bells be treated properly, and let the chimes be tuned, so that the suffering of humanity may be alleviated. But to encourage more frequent ringing, to introduce the full system of rounds, grandsires, major and royal bobs, triples, caters and cinquies—that is a different matter.

The Fifth of the Suffolk Musicales in Music Hall.

Miss Grace Dyer, mezzo-soprano; Dr. C. B. Davis, tenor; Mr. J. T. Thomas, bass; Mr. Gordon, violinist; Miss Margaret Agnew, pianist, and the Harvard Male Quartette appeared at the Suffolk Musicales given in Music Hall last evening.

Miss Grace Dyer, it is said, is fresh from study in Europe. It would be unfair to judge of her vocal ability from her performance last evening, as she was evidently not in her normal physical condition, and undoubtedly was suffering from a severe cold. Nor do the efforts of the other singers and the players call for comment. The most pleasing feature of the concert was the appearance of the Harvard Male Quartette.

Such concerts give little pleasure and are of very little educational value. Mr. Flower, the manager, was disappointed by the refusal of Mr. Jo-off to keep his engagement; but Mr. Flower should not in turn have disappointed his audience by inviting it to be present at a musical exhibition that was for the most part amateurish to the last degree.

PHILIP HALE.

Another case of burglary in the Back Bay district is reported. Here there was no apparent carelessness on the part of the occupants of the flat. Late in the afternoon the door was forced open a front door by means of a chisel and then helped themselves to property as they saw fit.

These robberies are becoming so frequent that dwellers in Huntington Avenue and the adjacent streets are in a state of uneasiness. Hardly a week passes without an instance of entrance into a servant's basement room. These rooms are naturally unprotected much of the day, and the locks are often of the flimsiest. Then, too, in many of the apartment houses, one key will fit many locks. The keys are of simple device. The entrance of the thief is easy.

But where are the police? They admit the existence of the thieves; they say with nods and winks that "They know thieves are at work." But they do not catch them. In some cases they content themselves with saying to the tenants, "You had better put new locks on your doors."

Are there enough policemen in this district?

How often is a policeman seen in either Huntington Avenue or West Chester Park?

Owners of the houses should furnish their tenants with proper fortification. Tenants are careless in allowing unknown persons to enter the house without first finding out their business. But when all this is granted, why should the police be powerless in the matter?

In New York State you can't fish in your own brook or pond on a Sunday. Now let there be national legislation against plebeian mendacity.

If Mr. Winby of London brings about a race between his four-cylinder locomotive and the New York Central "999," how many will be willing to pay an extra price or the regular passenger fare to be able to say "I was there?"

The sight of a drunken, blaspheming woman of 200 pounds weight dragged through a street of the City Point district by four stalwart policemen at the rate of three blocks an hour is not of advantage to public morals. There is evident need of another patrol wagon.

Now that Mr. Richard Watson Gilder approves of Lincoln's literary style we all may admire unreservedly the Gettysburg oration.

The failure of the banking house of Quary and Hooker of Rome and Florence will be heard with regret by the many Bostonians who have been so courteously treated by the firm in the past.

In discussion of the Anarchistic problem

it never be forgotten that a Socialist is not an Anarchist. The European Socialist is a thoughtful man who seeks a remedy for existing evils by prudent and peaceable means. An Anarchist is a wild beast.

Would it not be ironical if the Fogg Art Museum at Harvard should be devoted to the exposition of works of the believers in *plein air*.

They now dispute whether Greeley's illegible manuscript made him suffer at the hands of the compositor. There is an old saying that the man who furnishes painfully accurate and clear copy is treated by compositors with less consideration than that shown the careless scrawler.

The boys welcomed the ice in the Public Garden, but it was ice that would have been feared by the country boy, who, like Mr. Russell's pine tree on Kataldin, knows the pleasures of winter. For true enjoyment in skating there must be a sense of loneliness, of isolation. So, too, there is an awful pleasure in coasting down a long hill, when all is so quiet and so unhuman that you can feel the light of the earth through space, a pleasure utterly unknown to the merry crowd at a suburban race.

It is said that Sandow of to-day is not in perfect physical condition of the Sandow of last summer. Is it possible that our rare athlete, here and the fret of our American life have told unconsciously on his strength? Or is it another instance of Chicago?

Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau sensibly refuse the privilege of passing flowers over the foot-boards to slavers in their company. As a general rule, the poorer the singer the greater the profusion of flowers.

"Applied Christianity" is an excellent, a noble thing, and would there were more of it. But the phrase seems peculiar. Yet there is applied logic, and applied mechanics, and applied sciences in general, including, no doubt, plumbing; so why not, applied Christianity?

Silence is golden, and Mr. Hinkey was re-elected unanimously.

The news of the serious sickness of Rosina Vokes will be heard with sincere regret by all lovers of the drama and of womanhood. If she is obliged to leave the stage, life will seem to lose much of its gaiety, for she, the apparent incarnation of vitality, has amused thousands on both sides of the Atlantic. And in the midst of her frolic, the good and the generous woman was always seen.

It appears that Congressman Champ Clark was prevented from striking Mr. West by the local prejudice against the use of white fists against a negro. So he tried to carve his adversary's neck with a knife. It is surprising that Mr. Clark did not employ the old expedient of gouging, once so popular in the Southwest. For in gouging there was, by the code, no distinction in color.

Emerson once said that Punch, the comic paper, printed one good joke every week. But that was long ago.

And here is Mr. Rawlins of Utah talking of burning witches in New England. "Hanging" and "burning" are not synonymous words.

It sounds incredible, but even in this weather, that ranges from slush to ice, women with low shoes and clocked stockings are in evidence in our streets.

Oscar Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance," known to scoffers as "A play of No Importance," is pronounced, after its performance in New York, as an "intellectual success." But the examples of wit given are chiefly examples of insincerity and flippancy. "The world," says one of the characters, "was made for man, not for woman." This was known to the cave dwellers and the mound builders. The history of the world is one long commentary. And you, Oscar, have just discovered the text? Why, where have you been all these years?

And so Bjornson, the probable idol of the next cult, the earnest Republican, has accepted the grand cordon and star of the Order of St. Olaf from King Oscar. It is hard for any Republican, European or American, to refuse a decoration. Wagner, with all his faults, was in this respect an exception.

Whether Mrs. Zella Nicolans is on the Atlantic or in New York, she bears a striking resemblance to a woman once well known in this town who was at one time a lobbyist in Washington.

Some surprise is expressed that a man who died the other day at Attleboro' should have changed his name often and without sinister intent. But what one of mortal men has not at some time in his life desired another name. The causes of such desire are various: disgrace, or fancied disgrace, brought by another of the name; the inability to live up to the meaning of the name, which must have retarded the younger Mozarts or any of the sons of Dickens; the boredom of constantly being at the mercy of a punster, as when your name is Swett, or Hand, or Lord, or Hart, or Brown, or Beard. Why should not a man change his name with his skin every seven years?

Women have here an advantage. Here possibly is a solution of their willingness to wed. Often a woman of sonorous or enchanting name, of fragrant or polysyllabic name, will jump eagerly at a male whose name is without distinction, without charm, sometimes associated with unpleasant or repulsive ideas.

The name of Gladstone's valet, Zadoc Outram, suggests a melodramatic mystery, and it might have been invented by Wilkie Collins.

Ignorant dispensers of drugs and compounders of prescriptions should be punished to the full extent of the law. It is bad enough to be obliged to take draughts and pills; and there should not be the possibility of privileged poisoning.

A little street in the Back Bay district is known as St. Germain. What a lovely name! It is not necessary perhaps to inquire into its appropriateness. The authorities apparently have exhausted the roll of English aristocrats and are now plunging madly into France. Apartment houses will soon spring up, and the Louvre, the Tuileries, the Tuilleries will be in selling places of honest or dishonest Yankee.

He is an instance of the initiative faculty to be observed in apes and children. A woman crossing the street raises her dress, often awkwardly by clutching it behind her as though she feared it was about to leave her, instead of catching it coquettishly at the side. The little girl with her clutches her little dress, although it is far removed from her ankles.

A TOXOLOGICAL SKETCH.

The trial of a celebrated case in New York brings to the mind the thought that whether the accused be innocent or guilty, the art of poisoning in these days is not cultivated with zest or skill. Even in modern romantic and melodramatic literature the poisoner works in a crude fashion; his one idea is to get the poison into the stomach of the victim. Detection is almost inevitable, and punishment follows. To be sure there is "Rappaccini's Daughter," and the heroine in "Armada" made an ingenious attempt; but, as a rule, there is no toxological finesse in present fiction or life.

There is no denying that Locusta was an experienced artist; that the banks of the Nile were, and some say are, infamous for poisonous cunning; that the wise men of Asia were very wonderful in making deadly all that is naturally for the benefit of humanity. There are many wild tales, such as that of the Sultan who had fed on poisons until he killed insects by letting them prick his skin, and men and women by breathing on them.

But the Italians of the fifteenth, sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century showed the most surprising skill. Italian removers of enemies were welcome at many a foreign court, for they were subtle, sure and, at the same time, well bred.

Let us look for a moment at some famous instances, without particular reference to exactitude of date. There was the attempt to kill Louis XI. by rubbing an ointment on the corner of the altar step on which he was wont to kneel. Gloves and bouquets removed mighty men and delicate women. Valets pricked their masters as they served them in their toilet. Nails steeped in aconite put an end to petty quarrels. Henry of Castile wore boots one day, and never took them off again. A King of Granada should have refused the adornment of a variegated royal jacket. There was a jealous woman who smiled as she saw her rival eat the half of a delicious bird that had touched the poisoned side of the knife used by a kissable hand. A torch borne before a Cardinal lighted him to dusty death. Perfumed ducats slew a creditor before he could sign the receipt. There was poison in the pommel of the saddle that bore a powerful queen. It is said that Henry the Emperor and Pope Clement XIV. were poisoned in a draught of the holy Eucharist. There were still more subtle devices, too horrible to tell; but searchers into the dark yet splendid history of the Renaissance and students of the Elizabethan drama may find therein many a shudder.

Are these secrets to many now secrets to all? Is there yet such toxological skill in venerable Asia? Here, at least, there is crudeness. Here there are remedies. But of what avail would stomach-pump or mustard have been when jealousy had extended fresh roses to a rival? Would tariyak, the great counter-poison of the East, have been of any use?

Yet there is subtle poisoning even in these degenerate days. The careless plumber or the greedy landlord is, in his way, a lessener of the race. There are wall papers as efficacious as the deathly books told of in the "Arabian Nights" or by Dumas, the elder. There are public rooms where foul air induces diseases. But these methods are slow and bungling—not in keeping with our boasted civilization. The smooth, the subtle Italian was more merciful—that is, when he merely accommodated a master and did not work for his own pleasure.

A PARADOX OF BURTON.

Woman is a paradox and the mother of paradoxes. A careful study of the history of the world will convince any man of judicial mind that Bayle did not go too far, perhaps did not go far enough when he observed, apropos of the treatment of Ardeus and Eurydice by Olympias, "that if, on one side, women are generally more tender than men; it is certain, on the other, that those who are fired with a spirit of cruelty and ambition go greater lengths than men in those two vicissitudes." Bayle did not go far enough. For if in a savage state the female warrior is most to be dreaded by a foe, and if the female has been and is first in scenes of bloody worship and torture; so in popular uprisings, as in the French Revolution, and, in our day, the

...a recent. The desire to be known, I think, led to intemperance in fault-finding, as though to writer said to the public: "You see this singer or composer. He is my friend. You think therefore will blow the horn of praise. Will you please observe the dexterity with which I insert a knife under his fifth rib? You will admit now that I am honest."

Just as a soprano of entrancing beauty may not receive public and full acknowledgment of the glory of her art simply because the reviewer shuts his eyes and thinks "Come, come; this will never do. That one attack was not direct; that one tone was below the true pitch." And the woman's beauty thus possibly warped a judgment in an unexpected manner.

Let us see another view of the situation. Should the reviewer consider the fact that Mr. Sledge, who mauls the piano as a butcher his chopping block, is personally a delightful companion, ready to assist the unfortunate, amiable to his wife and devoted to his mother? Certainly not. Yet if the reviewer is in close communion with Mr. Sledge he is likely to tell the truth about the latter's musical awkwardness? So, as a rule, Mr. Sledge escapes severity; in certain, although incredible, cases he is openly, fulsomely praised. Brethren, these things should not be.

Is not the reviewer better prepared for his task when he knows nothing about the personality of the performer or the composer? Does he not derive greater musical enjoyment when the able performer is known to him only across the footlights? Is it any real pleasure to learn by personal acquaintance that a great pianist is passionately addicted to mineral water, or has "an unpleasant habit of turning up the knave from the bottom of the pack?" I once saw Malton, who is regarded by certain impressionable Americans as an admirable singer, scraping the gravy off a plate by means of a plain, ordinary table knife of commerce. She scraped till the glazing shrieked; she then swallowed for a moment the knife, and she smacked her lips. She survived the feat. But when I saw her afterward as I saw I saw that knife, and there was the sickening smell of the gravy that accompanies German boiled beef.

Nor do I wish to learn by direct communication that the composer of rare musical fancy is a brute at home; or envious, suspicious, a back-biter; or a parasite, a treacher-friend; or dull in speech; or disinclined to pay his washer-woman; or even a man of refinement and an exploder of verbal fireworks.

Let the performer be an atheist or a pedobaptist; an abstainer or a toss-pot; in conversation a Boetian or an Athenian; let him be clad in Jaeger flannels or in silk, or let him play without underclothing; what, pray, is all that? The one question is this: Is the performance good or bad? Whether he be a Bostonian or a Poruvian, heralded or unheralded, a social pet, or unrecognized in society, there remains at this one question. Otherwise reviewing, as unto kissing, goes by favor.

It is reported that Mr. Emil Paur, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will play

the solo part of Beethoven's E flat concerto for piano at a Symphony concert to be given in this city in January.

A concert was given at the Mozarteum in Salzburg, in memory of the 102d anniversary of the death of Mozart. Among the pieces played were MacDowell's "Danse Andalouse" from "Les Orientales" and Brahms's "Tragic Overture."

The news that Mr. Ethelbert Nevin, a composer of genuine fancy who is felicitous in the expression of his fancy, suffers from nervous prostration, will be received by very many with unfeigned regret.

Mr. Jerome Buck of New York complains of his next door neighbor on account of incessant piano, organ and banjo playing in the neighbor's house. It appears that the neighbor's wife is passionately devoted to music, and she plays for scales without the necessary intermission the proper digestion of food. At times she gives her scales, and attacks pieces by Paderewski, selections from "Poor Jonathan" and "The Last Hope." Mr. Buck is described by the pianist as a "very violent tempered person." According to Miss Buck, "poor papa is desperate," and is not surprising that he has appealed to the Board of Health. The question before the board whether the immediate playing of pianos, organs and banjos can be defined legally as dangerous to life and detrimental to health.

Buck, it appears, is reasonably fond of music, when there is music in his house the neighbors stop their own musical labors and throw bottles and things into Mr. Buck's yard.

PHILIP HALE.

Why should one of our local poets have been so disturbed when he was accidentally taken on an ocean steamer for a second-class passenger? The poet should be the epitome of humanity. His poetry should be first class, but he should sympathize with the dwellers in steerage and stoke-hole.

Capt. Richard Burton over twenty years ago used the word "elephant" to describe the man who has charge of an elephant. But the word does not appear in the great English dictionary of Murray.

"THE MESSIAH."

"The Messiah" was given by the Handel and Haydn last evening in Music Hall. The solo parts were sung by Mrs. Annie Burch, soprano, Miss Carlotta Desvignes, alto, Mr. George Simpson, tenor, and Mr. Carl Dufft, bass. Mr. Zerrahn conducted.

The choruses were given with the accuracy, sonority and expression that characterize the performances of Handel's favorite oratorio by our honored and venerable society.

The appearance of Mr. Simpson recalls many pleasant events in the history of the Handel and Haydn. He first sang for the society in Music Hall at the festival of 1857, when he was first heard, May 21, in a morning performance of "The Creation." Mr. John S. Dwight then described him as "a very young singer from New York," who won favor chiefly "by a very sweet, pure, easy flowing voice." Our fellow-townsmen, Charles R. Adams, also sang at this festival, as did Mrs. J. H. Long, Mr. de Ribas, who is now living, played an obnoxious fantasia and Mr. William Mason appeared as a pianist. Mr. Simpson was also heard in concert, in "The Messiah" and in "Elijah" at this festival. Other appearances of Mr. Simpson with the Handel and Haydn were in 1862, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1871, 1875.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Simpson was persuaded to appear last evening, for present memories were disturbed by present inadequacy. Neither in voice, nor style, nor spirit, nor accuracy was he equal to the appointed task.

And it may be said that, with the exception of Mr. Dufft, no one of the soloists was worthy of the occasion.

Mrs. Burch has a small voice, with no strength in the middle register. Her upper tones last evening were above the true pitch. Her performance was disfigured by a constant tremolo. Miss Desvignes came to grief in her arias, and indeed committed unpardonable mistakes.

Mr. Dufft is not well known in this city; the more's the pity. He has a baritone voice of sympathetic quality, and his voice is well poised. He sang in good, honest, manly style, without affectation, and with artistic appreciation of the music. The only enthusiastic or spontaneous applause awarded a solo singer was given generously to him.

The work of the orchestra was, in the main, good. Occasionally, as in "For unto us," there was a lack of precision. Mr. Mueller played the trumpet obbligato to Mr. Dufft's solo admirably.

The remarkable behavior of the members of the Damrosch Orchestra Sunday night in New York will remind the student of music of the scene when Haydn's "Farewell" symphony was played. It is to be deeply regretted that Mr. Damrosch is so absurdly thwarted in his endeavors to give the people of New York good orchestral music.

Overheard in a shop: Young girl to clerk—"Have you a pretty smoking jacket?" Clerk—"Lady's or gent's?" Surely a sign of the times.

MUSIC.

The Third of the Adamowski Quartette Concerts in Chickering Hall.

The Adamowski Quartette gave the third concert of the sixth season yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows:

Quartette, F minor, op. 95.....Beethoven

Quartette, D major, op. 11.....Tschaiakowsky

If it had not been for Mr. Adamowski the memory of Tschaiakowsky would not have been honored publicly in this city. Mr. Paur ignored the death of the great Russian, although his old friends at the Gewandhaus in Leipzig showed greater musical appreciation and better taste. But Mr. Adamowski, as soloist in a Symphony concert and as leader of a string quartette, remembered that one of the few great living composers was removed suddenly from the earth, killed by a glass of water, and as in the twinkling of an eye.

The program announced the F major quartette by Tschaiakowsky; the op. 22, with the famous scherzo of the odd rhythm. But it was the D major quartette that was played; the one with the andante of unearthly beauty, the andante that is so familiar, yet custom has not staled its charm. This andante might well have served as the requiem of the composer.

The F minor quartette by Beethoven has been described fantastically as a bridge thrown from the second to the third style. Beethoven himself called it a "quintet, serioso." It was written in the fall of 1810, after the composer had passed through a more or less mysterious love affair, which embittered him for a time, and it was dedicated to the Zmeskall of the amusing "looking-glass correspondence." For in the every day life of Beethoven, as well as in his music, the grotesque often stands close to the passionate and the pathetic. But there is more of the second than of the third style in this quartette. Nothing can be more frankly passionate, more intensely Beethovenian than the opening allegro; and, indeed, not until we come to the *allegretto* do we find the later Beethoven of dark and fantastical corners.

Now, the prouder, the completely satisfactory performance of such music as this quartette of Beethoven makes the severest demands on four players. It is true that the quartette, which in Vienna played this opus first in 1814, was given to scratching, false intonation and general roughness. If tradition may be believed, but there are organizations to-day that are more fortunate in their performance. Perhaps it is too much to say that such music is beyond the present capabilities of the Adamowski Quartette, but although yesterday the players were sincere in their efforts, it cannot be said justly that the ensemble was immaculate or the conception of the musical ideas above criticism. There was improvement, however, in one respect: the cellist did not usurp constantly attention, as has too often been his habit. In the Tschaiakowsky quartette the players were heard to better advantage.

The next concert will be given Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 16.

PHILIP HALE.

Remember that vaccination is free.

Is it possible that there are still intelligent people who echo the tirades of Rowley, Mosely and Ferdinand Smyth Stuart, anti-vaccinists? If such there be, let them consider the case of the Morrison family right in this city. The three vaccinated members have thus far escaped small-pox. Of the other nine, one has died of the disease and eight are now in the small-pox hospital.

The insane talk in certain quarters against vaccination may be compared to Dr. Smyth's celebrated description of the sweet little child who after inoculation "ran upon all fours, bellowing like a cow, and butting with its head like a bull."

Yet such wild opposers as Benjamin Mosely were ridiculed at the beginning of this century. Witness these lines of a father of a family:

"O Mosely! thy books, mighty phantasies rousing,
Full oft make me quake for my heart's dearest treasures;
For fancy, in dreams, oft presents them all browsing
On commons, just like little Nebuchadnezzars.
There, nibbling at thistles, stand Jen, Joe and Mary;
On their foreheads, oh, horrible! crumpled horns bud.
Here, Tom with a tail, and poor William all hairy,
Reclined in a corner, are chewing the cud."

At a time like this there should be no concealment of the disease. Such concealment is not only unpardonable negligence in the household; it is criminal action against the health of the citizens of the town.

And again, let it be remembered that vaccination is free.

"Glover" or "Radcliffe," what's in a name? Somehow or other, "Annex" had a deeper signification, for the one word summed up the history of women for centuries.

The conservative action of the United States Supreme Court in wishing to keep their simple rooms recalls the predicament of the New York Court of Appeals when they were moved into their elegant quarters in the new Capitol at Albany. The Judges were at once obliged to live up to the rooms, and they, as a first step, donned gowns. Thus the extravagance of a State forced judicial dignity in dress.

Two hundred and forty-four years ago today some stage players "were apprehended in London by troopers, their clothes taken away, and themselves carried to prison." We do not know their offence. Perhaps they were guilty of singing a topical song (for topical songs were undoubtedly known to former generations, and even to the Egyptians and the Chinese, who invented everything). More likely the arrest followed an ordinance of Parliament in which it was said that "public sports do not well agree with public calamities, nor public stage plays with the seasons of humiliation." These, too, are hard times. But, while we bewail them and pity the poor, theatre tickets at \$2.50 find ready purchasers; and Mr. Irving will command a higher price.

Crabb's "Synonymes" is now recommended by certain authorities to women who are apt to be vague and hysterical in the use of adjectives. But Crabb's book is deficient. It gives no clue to the phrase "She's a smooth girl," nor does it throw any light on the exact meaning of the word "corker."

It is to be regretted that psychologists at Yale propose to incense, as with a yard stick and test as with a tube, dreams and hallucinations. Let us still have some pleasure in life. And why disturb the joy of a delusion?

This is St. Thomas's Day; St. Thomas, the patron saint of architects and builders. The saint was a great traveler, and he knew the countries of the Medes, Persians, Bactrians, Ethiopians. 'Twas in the Indies that he met death at the hands of the Brahmins.

On this day in England there was for many years a general asking of alms by the poor. The gifts ranged from corn to flannel petticoats. The day was on account of this practice called "Doleing Day" or "Mumping Day." The poor that asked farmers for corn went "a coming."

When staid people in town meeting forgot the dignity of the occasion and apply the words "Judas" and "traitor" to each other, it would seem that they should submit themselves to a city government.

Let there be discrimination in the matter of minors playing or dancing on the stage. If a healthy, happy child under the age of 15 is able to support her mother who would otherwise be without means, should the child be condemned by any society to idleness and poverty? It is an indisputable fact that the average stage child is better nourished, better protected, and is happier and better enabled to earn her living in the future than hundreds of children in this city who are let alone by any regularly organized society.

Miss Mathilde Ruediger and the Von Janko-Keyboards.

Miss Mathilde Ruediger, assisted by an orchestra under the direction of Mr. B. J. Lang, gave a concert in Bunde Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows:

March in G minor..... Bach
 Transcription of the Chorus of Pilgrims from Tannhäuser..... Wagner-Janko
 Nocturne in G major..... Chopin
 Spinning Song from the "Flying Dutchman"..... Wagner-Liszt
 Concerto in E-flat major..... Liszt

The object of this concert was to show to the audience the alleged merits of the Janko-keyboard. Miss Ruediger first read an essay on "The Advantages and Possibilities" of the said keyboard, but her speech was inaudible to all those who were not seated near her. Many things are claimed for this invention: That small hands can now perform easily feats that were before impossible; that technical difficulties are smoothed for all; that, in a word, the labor of learning to play the piano is much lessened.

Now those claims remain to be proved. Even if they are true, I am not prepared as yet to admit that the possible results would make for musical righteousness. The statement that the piano can be arranged so that anyone and everybody can play difficult pieces with comparative ease is not calculated to inspire the musician or the true lover of music with instantaneous and wild enthusiasm.

We are too apt to forget that the musician, as well as the poet, is born, not made. All the mechanical devices in the world, all the laborious instruction of patient pedagogues will not make a race of pianists with sympathetic fingers, which are the servants of the soul. It is not given to everyone to go to Corinth; nor are twenty-five, nor are a dozen out of a hundred, predestinate pianists.

On the other hand, is it not possible that a rigorous use of this keyboard may assist in cultivating a mechanism that is cater-cousin to that which brings the auto-harp within the artistic reach of many? Is this keyboard admirably designed for the purpose of cultivating the legato, which is so neglected in these days? Would this keyboard allow a player of temperament full room for the display of temperament?

Unfortunately for the keyboard, we can at present only judge of it by the exhibition of yesterday. Unfortunately for the pianist, we can only judge of her abilities as displayed in connection with this keyboard.

These things, then, may be said justly, after the performance of yesterday. There was little cantabile of tender or passionate beauty. There was no display of strength. Difficult passages, as in the concerto, did not seem the easier, as played on this keyboard, to either the ear or the eye. There were ragged runs, there were uneven arpeggios. Throughout the whole performance there was neither brilliancy nor sensuousness. Nor was there that mathematical precision that is supposed to be a characteristic of such labor-saving machines and "safe" and short roads to technique.

This keyboard, manipulated by others, might give more satisfactory results. Miss Ruediger might appear to far better advantage if she played on the ordinary keyboard.

PHILIP HALE.

DEC 22

Christmas as now observed in this country is more or less of a grand gift enterprise. It is no longer a day of innocent revelry and honest rejoicing, the English day of frolic and good cheer so lovingly described by Irving. Perhaps it is better to say that Christmas is no longer a day; it is rather a season of the presentation and the acceptance of presents, seldom adapted to the want of the receiver and often beyond the means of the giver.

What child now really believes in Santa Claus? Has not education come to such a pass that your little girl can tell the origin of the myth? What are the holly and the ivy and the mistletoe to this degenerate race? The girl who would stand beneath the mistletoe in these days would interrupt the lover in his receiving of the forfeit by explaining at length the derivation of the custom from Druidic worship, and it is possible that she would refer to the Mound Builders and Mylitta.

Have we not lost largely the heartiness of the old English stock? Too many of us come in direct line from the lank quarrelers with mine'd ples and disparagers of plum porridge. Then, it is apparently easier to plunge into a shop and buy at random something to give a friend than it is to entertain him for a day.

The perplexed father, as he now stands looking at the windows of a toy store, is a sad sight. Does he foresee the early evening of the 25th? Little Jane will then have sucked off the paint from the pretty toy pump. Manly little Henry will have a smarting thumb from injudicious use of the chisel taken from the new box of tools. Sweet Alice will hawl incessantly over a broken doll's head. The results of the money spent in toys and candy are too often, before cock-crow of the 26th, nothing but disappoinment, fretfulness and suggestions of colic.

And then the incongruity in gifts. There is the book that is never appreciated by the receiver. There is the box of cigars, fragrant, moist cigars which would have melted the heart of King James I., and they are given to the man who is allowed to smoke only in the kitchen after the cook has abandoned the scene of her daily sway. A pair of handsome sleeve buttons sometimes leads the receiver to extravagance, just as the downfall of Samuel Titmarsh dated from his wearing the great Hogarty diamond.

Or Mrs. Smith says to Mrs. Brown, "What would your dear husband like for Christmas? I wish to give him something." The Browns talk over the possible pecuniary extent of Smithian generosity and they settle on something that will cost, say \$3.70. Then Mrs. Brown sees Mrs. Smith and names the gift. And then the Browns feel that they must make the Smiths a present, and there is talk of bargain counters or something of their own they no longer care for. There is an exchange. Often one of the negotiators in the transaction feels that the other is in from .15 to \$1.50. Then there's coolness.

Why should there not be a General Exchange for Christmas presents, so that after the holiday misfits can be put in a common pool or traded away?

Are we a truly civilized people when there is a demand for novels stuffed with illustrations? Is not one of the chief charms in novel reading the imagining how the hero, the heroine and the genteel villain looked? In these new editions you cannot go a page without running against some impertinent drawing of a commonplace scene or accurate reproduction of an uninteresting room. Then the novel is put up in a box, as though it were a "fry."

Do women really believe that the coats with flaring capes, now in fashion, are in many cases becoming?

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Suicides from despondency occasioned by lack of work are reported. It is not our intention to point a moral by citing cases where poor mortals availed themselves of the open door of Epictetus. Moralists from the earliest times to the present have argued the question of suicide. Saint Augustine and the author of "L'Anti-Hegesias" have advanced singular views. It is by the great majority, however, determined that it is the part of a brave man to bear up against all ills of body and mind.

But were you ever out of work? Do you know that strange feeling when you realize that no money is likely to come in that you may in turn pay it out for food, clothes and shelter?

Let us leave out of the question all sentimentalism, all thought of dependent mother, or wife, or children. Take one case, and unfortunately it is not one that is uncommon. A man of education, with simple tastes, is obliged to earn his living by spinning thoughts from his brain. He sells the thoughts expressed in language to a publisher, say, once a week or once a day, and in return he receives money. Suddenly, through no fault of his own, he is told that his services are no longer wanted. A small salary did not allow of saving. He practically has nothing.

But you say he can easily find another position. Where? In times like these retrenchment is the motto in the counting room. Shall another be displaced to make room for him? The unfortunate one goes from friend to friend, from office to office. Nobody disputes his ability; there seems to be no place for him. Once out of the ranks, they seem closed against him.

Let him try manual labor, you say? He may be physically unfitted for it. He is willing, however; for does he not now envy the man with the shovel or the pick? But how many laborers, better fitted than he is, are now without work?

What wonder that, finding friends grow shy of his approach, acquaintances flee from his face, and all doors but one are shut to him, he finally, morbid, despairing, convinced of the cruelty of life, turns to the one open door, the door of Epictetus? The bystander, who knows the struggles of life, may say in such an event, "I do not approve the deed, but I understand it."

If it is thought that The Players Club honors Mr. Francis Wilson by choosing him as Director to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Jefferson's call to the Presidency, the club is also honored by Mr. Wilson's acceptance. For he is more than a fun maker, an eccentric comedian. He is of sweet and generous disposition. He is a man of cultivated tastes; he is a passionate collector of books. And in his profession, he is an individuality. Among raisers of laughter, he stands apart; he is indeed a "merry monarch."

Weston, the pedestrian, beat the scheduled time, and there will be a shout "Another triumph for vegetarianism." But if he relished well his backsteak, might he not surpass his own records?

It was a cow that burned Chicago, and here in Union Park a light between a dog and a cat called out the fire department. Are animals pyromaniacs? Do they enjoy the blaze and the confusion? The inner consciousness of the so-called brute is as yet imperfectly understood.

A poet gives us a hint. Let us not say "collect a bill," but that you should say "collect a bill." But as we see, Mr. Hett, a writer of the space of "discovery" a bill. It is that the phrase is "collect a bill" as called by Sala in his "American" for 1853 we find the phrase "collecting a bill." After all, the main thing in these days is to secure the money, whether you "collect" it, or "collect the bill."

And if a person spoke unequivocally and absolutely by the card, so that the Professor of Rhetoric could conscientiously give him a perfect mark, whether the conversation were in shop, pulpit, court room, kitchen, street, or club, would not that same person be an unendurable prig, a most unwholesome companion?

In this connection it may be observed that in the Central Wheat Market of London an animal that has "been killed to save its life" is now called a "croker;" that is to say, a "croker" is a beast which has been afflicted with some of the many diseases to which cattle are liable, and whose flesh, for that reason, fetches a much smaller price than does good, wholesome beef. But what is the origin of "croker?" The word in the sixteenth century meant a cultivator or seller of saffron; and in that sense it is now obsolete. In slang of the last century, "croker" meant a great, or four pence. Perhaps there may be some reference to cheapness of flesh in the revived usage of the word.

A NEW BACONIAN.

The victim of the Baconian theory is well known; not the believer in the experimental and inductive system of natural philosophy taught by Bacon, but the believer in the theory that Bacon wrote the plays attributed generally to Shakspeare. The argument of such Baconians is practically this: Shakspeare did not know enough to write his plays; Bacon was a learned, a very learned man; therefore, Bacon wrote "King Lear," "Othello" and the other plays that are known to the common herd as Shakspeare's.

It is not to be denied that apparently rational human beings have believed in this monstrous theory. Some have gone so far as to find a cryptogram in the plays, a belief that presupposes remarkable accuracy in the proof readers of those early days, when the works of all playwrights were pirated and unaltered, when, to use Heywood's apology,

"Some by stonography drew

The plot, put it in print (scarce one word true), And in that lameness it hath limped so long."

But without discussing the arguments urged on either side, let us consider for a moment the case of Orville W. Owen, M. D., who is the author of "Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story, Discovered and Deciphered." We learn from an appreciative article published in the Detroit Journal, for Detroit claims proudly the doctor as a citizen, that this is Dr. Owen's "first venture in the field of letters, and he is a man who has reached middle age; that he has never shown the slightest sign of possessing unusual or extraordinary literary skill or genius." The claim of the doctor that he has discovered a cipher in the works of Bacon and the plays of Shakspeare is therefore fully established.

But the doctor is not content with unmasking Shakspeare. He revolutionizes history. According to his story Bacon was the author of the plays and poems of Green, Peel, Marlowe (whose name, by the way, he spells without the final e); all the works of Spenser, and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." This, however, is mere sport, a trifle, to the doctor's graver discovery, which is this: "Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester by a secret marriage, and therefore the rightful heir to the throne; Elizabeth, in her last sickness, acknowledged Bacon as her son to the doctor who attended her; Elizabeth was poisoned, and afterward strangled in her bed by Robert Cecil, and various other startling things which historians of the Elizabethan era have never set down in the books."

All this is published "in cheap and substantial form that it may reach those who might otherwise be debarr'd from indulgence in a literary luxury." In other words, there is revolutionized history to be had at a price.

There can be no doubt of the doctor's assertions, for Sir Francis Bacon gave him the information in a letter written in hysterical pen dated "London, 123," and beginning "My dear Sir."

The doctor is difficult in convincing the world that the truth of these discoveries is established by Mr. George P. Goodale, who "points out to the world his opinion of the matter." The objection is this: "No man has the right to pass judgment on this matter who has not first read the book." It is a small task, a task more onerous than writing of all the alleged works of Shakspeare, and the "Anatomy of Melancholy," and the first volume is only a small part of the "revolutionized history" published "in the style of the present writing."

MUSIC IN THE BOSTON

BOSTON, December 17, 1893.

MISS LILIAN CARLLSMITH gave a song recital in Chickering Hall Monday evening, the 11th. She was assisted by Mr. Arthur Foote, pianist. The program was as follows:

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------|
| Chorus of Christmas songs..... | Cornelius |
| "Amour! viens aider"..... | Saint-Saëns |
| "Coming up from Richmond"..... | Foote |
| "An Irish folk song"..... | Foote |
| "Rumanian Gypsy song, No. 2"..... | Johns |
| "Bon jour, Suzon"..... | Pessard |
| "Ecstasy"..... | Mrs. Beach |
| "O, bid your faithful Ariel fly"..... | Cole |
| "Carcarolle, F minor, for piano"..... | T. Linley, Jr. |
| "Valse, E major, for piano"..... | Rubinstein |
| "My true love lies asleep"..... | Moszkowsky |
| "Ye Scuttle Hatt"..... | Miss Lang |
| "The Garden of Roses"..... | Felton |
| "April Weather"..... | Miss Lang |
| "Egyptian song"..... | Chadwick |
| "J'ai perdu celle"..... | N. G. Bach |
| "Song from a Dalekarian dance"..... | Anon. |

A long program, as you see; and indeed it was a long one to hear.

Miss Carllsmith has, it is true, improved in certain respects during the last three years. Her intonation is surer, although it is not yet faultless. Her attack is leaner and more precise. Her enunciation is, as a rule, excellent. She is evidently ambitious, and I have no doubt but that she is diligent in her work. Unfortunately her voice is not properly placed. If Scalchi is a quartet, Miss Carllsmith is a sextet, possibly an octet. When Miss Carllsmith wishes to produce a great effect she forces one; and when certain notes in a song afford display for her better tones she italicizes those notes without regard to their position in the musical sentence, careless of the accompanying words. Her emotions as a singer smack of insincerity. She seems to be without imagination. And whatever she does there is an absence of native musical refinement.

Although the songs by Saint Saëns, Pessard and N. G. Bach are provided with translations into English, which were indeed printed in the program book Miss Carllsmith indulged herself in a display of French, I am sure it was French, for by paying close attention I made out such words as "Amour" and "Bon jour" and "J'ai." But it was the French of Chaucer's nonne, a prioress,

After the scold of Stratford atte Bowe,
For French of Parys was to hire unknowe.

Miss Carllsmith was applauded heartily by a large audience. She was recalled, and twice was she obliged to repeat a number.

Mr. Foote played the accompaniments earnestly and with a dry, wooden touch. His solo numbers were delivered without charm of tone, and at times his technic was inadequate.

In this connection let me quote from an eminently sensible editorial article in THE MUSICAL COURIER of the 13th inst.

"But first and foremost a pianist must have a musical touch. It is born, not made. Mr. Lang or Mr. Ehrlich may preach about the 'phrase' and the 'intellectual coloring' from now to doomsday. The proof of the touch is the sound thereof." Amen, with all my heart!

Some of the songs chosen by Miss Carllsmith were sung in Boston, it is said, for the first time. Let us now leave the singer and consider, for a moment, the subject of the songs.

Gautier once apologized for writing a book by saying in the preface that it was then considered as indecent for a young man to appear in society without his book as it would be for him to appear without his trousers.

Here in Boston nearly every composer feels it a solemn duty to burst forth into song.

But there are many varieties of song.

A well-known composer told me the other afternoon that the ideal song was the one written for a first-class singer and an audience of three. He did not state whether the composer should have the privilege of picking out the three, "the most senseless and fit."

It is a question in my mind whether the definition will stand fire. But evidently some of our local composers adopt it as a working hypothesis. I here add that the composer of the "Song of the Sun" among

songs are

Too many of these local composers forget the great saying of Walt Whitman, the summing up of the wisdom of the Greeks: "The art of art, the glory of expression and the sunshine of the light of letters is simplicity. Nothing is better than simplicity. Nothing can make up for excess or for the lack of definiteness. *** To speak in literature with the perfect rectitude and insouciance of the movements of animals and the unimpeachableness of the sentiment of trees in the woods and grass by the roadside is the flawless triumph of art. If you have looked on him who has achieved it you have looked on one of the masters of the artists of all nations and times. You shall not contemplate the flight of the gray gull over the bay, or the mettlesome action of the blood horse, or the tall leaning of sunflowers on their stalk, or the appearance of the sun journeying through heaven, or the appearance of the moon afterward with any more satisfaction than you shall contemplate him." And how hard a thing is this simplicity!

Let me take some examples.

Here is Ethelbert Nevin, who, I regret to say, is now a victim of nervous prostration. A volume of ten songs by him has just appeared. Each song bears the familiar hallmark of Nevin. When I hear a melody by him I think of William Blake's

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee.

And by the way, Nevin could write the music for Blake's "Chimney Sweeper," if anyone could.

Take, for instance, Nevin's setting of Stevenson's "Ev'ry night my pray'r I say." It is a song of only a page and it was written four years ago. Is it not simplicity itself? There is no puerility, there is no triviality; there is no affectation, as though the composer said aloud: "Come now, I unbend and show you how simple I can be." The music is as frank as is the text.

Or take the charming setting of Orsola's song from "Par le Glaive;" or in fact any one at random. You find

first of all a melody apparently spontaneous; you find harmonies that support, enrich, but do not call the attention away from the singer; and the results of faithful technical study do not obtrude. The appeal is direct; there is no attempt to create merely a *stimmung*; and indeed for that in a simple song there is hardly time or room. I do not say that this music is great or wonderful or unapproachable; I do not say that it is always absolutely original. I do say that Mr. Nevin's songs have a peculiar fragrance; that they charm; that they at times move. Do you remember "Little Boy Blue?"

But there are some of our song writers who begin at the other end. They are ambitious. They wish to continue the work of Brahms, the song writer, even before he is dead. They search first of all to be deep, to create a mood, to suggest, to hint; they work problems; they do everything but sing frankly and from the heart. They have studied enough; they are industrious, and sometimes one almost wishes that they were lazy. Some of them have shown occasionally that they could write without affectation, and then they appeared to best advantage.

They forget that a short song is not a cantata. Better a simple melody for three simple verses with variety only in the accompaniment than this fretting and fuming to put in colored setting each word of each verse.

Or is a song really a song when it demands the sweat of an imaginative singer to make it intelligible or endurable? Is Delsarte's "Job," a vague thing of thirty-two measures twice repeated, a song?

Has not Mr. Lynes written pretty tunes, and are they to be condemned because they are simple and singable? Have not Messrs. MacDowell and Chadwick written tunes that appeal to any simple minded hearer, and will anyone deny them contrapuntal facility or the ability to splash color all over the page if they are so inclined?

Now, take the case of Miss Lang, who has written a few pleasing melodies, that pleased chiefly on account of their simplicity. The songs that were sung by Miss Carllsmith are presumably among her latest compositions, and they are smirched with affectation. She sets Marion Crawford to music, and please listen to the first sentence: "There is a garden of roses far away to the East, where a maiden lies asleep; the roses have no thorns in that garden; and they grow softly about her, to make a pillow for her fair head."

Why would not an extract from "Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story, Discovered and Deciphered by Orville W. Owen, M. D." serve as well? Let us take the very opening:

Thus leaning on my elbow I begin the letter scroll wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division,
As it spreads around in the widest circle,
Admits the mingling of the four great guides we use,
So that we have no need of any minute rule
To make the opening of our device
Appear as plainly to you as the sun.
Bring us to thy soul's good."

The Jews of Mr. D. V. H. 's residence were received with unfeigned regret those that know him as a Librarian man. His withdrawal is a public loss places are not easily filled.

So poverty has driven Louis Kossoff his library, and book collectors will prize with him, particularly when the that he only received \$600 for the sale of a lifetime. But even a great price console a man for parting with such a rare folio or pamphlet is no more the sale of a wife.

There has been wild enthusiasm in the musical circle in New York of fact that we have at last an "American symphony, the work of Mr. Dvorak, will be remembered, was imported into the country by Mrs. Thurber, and at considerable expense. It is on this account the painful to observe that other musicians call this "Americanism," and claim that tunes are as much Celtic or Bohemian negro. More than this, there is now debate as to whether a burlesque of "Doodle" was introduced in the Symphony by accident or with deliberate malice.

In this connection, the remarks of Musical Courier are of pertinency: "The rak's is an American symphony: Themes from negro melodies; composed by a Hungarian; conducted by a Hungarian; played by Germans in a hall built by a Scotchman. About one-third of the audience were Americans and so were the rest of it was anything but can."

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THE GIFT OF UGLINESS.

If a mother were allowed to wander in the kingdom of wishes she would peradventure return with the gift of for the Christmas enrichment of her The mother's choice may well be part if she has a daughter, for in spite of a philosophic treatise, beauty is of incalculable advantage to a woman. A man like may give it as his opinion that "Beauty without the charms of wit and conversation is of no great force; and if it makes quests it does so in the manner of brave Generals who immediately subvert a province, but know not how to keep it, but, ironically enough, this common found in a long and learned essay on beauty of Helen, and if she had been favored the essay would not have been written. But how about this beauty man?

It is not to be denied that popular opinion has always been on the side of the handsome man. Moses, for instance, was so beautiful, according to tradition, that passers-by fixed to look at him when he was working. The beauty of Alcibiades made him a tyrant. The books and contemporaneous life are full of such instances. But let us consider moment the advantages of ugliness.

By ugliness we do not mean a deformity such as characterized Pherecrates, never had a tooth, or the young man bus, who had a triple row of teeth. We mean the ugliness of Meglin's, who so fascinated the lady at Leith.

"One of his eyes was bottle-green,
And the other eye was out, my dear,
And the calves of his wicked legs
Were more than two feet above the ground."

We mean the plain, ordinary ugliness of more than half of the men who wait on the surface of the earth.

Why does the mother wish for beauty for her son? That he may find it of use in wooing; for the mother views her children as future wives and husbands. It is that she may afterward be jealous of a woman that her son takes as wife, but cannot endure the thought that no woman could possibly be fascinated by him. Then, true that beauty in man is as potent a talisman or love-potion?

Let us listen to the voice of a Hindu the Orientals, of all people, have studied these subjects most deeply. The would probably answer the inquirer as follows: "Beautiful men begin well

women, who do all they can to attract love them as the apple of their eyes, cover them to be fools, and tell them to be equal, and needily despise them. It is wise in the end, man, to be ugly."

Thomas Eve. It was a full, benignant moon—full, strange and wonderful. Did it remember the star of Bethlehem?

...one order...

Miss Gertrude Franklin will give a song
at Hall Tuesday evening, January 16.

Let us not give up the observance of one old tradition—that Christmas tide is the season of charity.

Take up a copy of "The Messiah." Say
are 208 pages in all. The mic that
directly on Christmas Day includes the
page. If you stretch a point and
overturn with the rest of the messiah.
messiah eats about one-third of the
"The Messiah" might will let wi
messiah given Easter or Gor
And yet it is to messiah

...from the three parts of "The Messiah" was first given by the Handel and Haydn Society in April, 1817. It is true that the first performance of the work was Christmas, 1818. But in 1820 the oratorio was given in March; it was not given again as a whole until 1832, and then in Christmas week. There were no performances of "The Messiah" in 1846, 1847, 1849, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1853.

Not only is "The Messiah" now a regular Boston Christmas institution, but there are some who, looking upon the performance as a religious function, would not have their worship disturbed by applause or criticism. Mr. C. C. Perkins, in considering the popularity of this oratorio "during the many years of probation," when the chorus was untrained, wrote as follows: "This can only be explained by supposing that Handel's music, and the Scripture texts to which it is set, had become so much a unit in the minds of our forefathers, that however performed, they accepted it as an integral part of the revealed truth." This explanation is undoubtedly the true one. It may be said with equal truth that nowhere is mediocre, or even bad singing of solos, more readily pardoned than at a performance of "The Messiah" by the Handel and Haydn in our own day.

But how about Christmas and "The Messiah?" The first direct reference to Christmas is the alto recitative, "Behold! a Virgin." Thence here is the following air, the chorus "For Unto Us," the pastoral symphony. There are four soprano recitatives and the chorus, "Glory to God." Let it be granted that "Rejoice greatly" may be applied appropriately to Christmas. Pray, what other numbers are peculiar to Christmas?

What is the noblest music in "The Messiah?" The few stupendous measures, "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." These few measures are grander than all those of the "Hallelujah" chorus.

Which air in "The Messiah" is the most poignant, the most passionate? The tenor air, "Behold and see if there be any sorrow."

Neither the short chorus nor the air is bound up inseparably with the thought of Christmas. They, as well as "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "Behold the Lamb of God" and "He was despised" are infinitely more in sympathy with the thoughts suggested by Passion Week and Easter.

It is not necessary perhaps to go as far as did Edward Fitzgerald when he called Handel "a good old Pagan at heart," but when Fitzgerald added that Handel "till he had to yield to the fashionable Picty of England) stuck to opera and cantatas" where he would revel and plunge and frolic without being tied down to Orthodoxy," he spoke the truth.

There are airs in "The Messiah" that might have been written originally for any one of Handel's now forgotten operas, as "Rejoice greatly," "But who may abide," and I am tempted to add "O, Thou that tellest."

The music of "He was despised" was set originally to very worldly words. The opening measures of "Lift up your heads" are found in instrumental compositions by Handel.

Apropos of the operatic tendency shown in nearly all of Handel's so-called sacred works, it is interesting to observe that the Pall Mall Gazette, in commenting upon a recent performance of "Jephthah" in London, spoke as follows: "It is a little pathetic to note that, though it ('Jephthah') was Handel's last important composition, he returned in it for the most part to his earlier and more operatic style."

For the most part the melody here is of a far more florid and conventional (or shall we say contemporary?) character. Here and there, indeed, are signs of a development of musical thought even in the last of "The Messiah." Though there are many compositions more purely beautiful, more exquisitely inspired in that oratorio than "Scenes of horror" from "Jephthah," there is nothing there of so purely appropriate a character: it is so startlingly and piercingly dramatic that you are reminded very forcibly of that scene in Hades, not yet performed, of the "Orpheus" which is among the most vitally dramatic musical scenes of its period.

Mrs. Henschel, wisely recognizing the operatic nature of her songs, sang them operatically with brilliant success. Her hearers seemed taken back at a happy audacity that was in every way justified.

This remark on Mrs. Henschel leads us to inquire if there are not airs in "The Messiah" that should be sung in purely operatic fashion.

How absolutely free from mystic tenderness, or, in fact, any expression of mysticism is this same music of Handel that tells of that "strange night when shepherds and their flocks saw the glory of the Lord and were sore afraid."

There was not much thought of mysticism or symbolism in those days of pompous wigs. Is it not sheer musical fustian to find any wonderful sacred or profane beauty in the Handel recitative that tell the story of the vision of the shepherds?

These recitatives are frank; and frankness is an excellent thing, worthy of the highest praise; they are not baldly frank?

Let us put the question in another way. Has the birth of the Saviour ever been—I dare not say equated, but even suggestively treated? Now, whether the star that guided the Wise Men was some supernatural apparition, or, as older and older thought, a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn, is here immaterial. But has the idea of this beckoning star inspired finely or powerfully any musician of any age? Dubois written a pretty little organ march, in which he introduced the star, but his march would be out of place in any operetta of an Eastern sect.

In the Bible there are many stories that are only thumb-nail sketches. There are hints, there are suggestions, there is the allusion to some long chain of events known to the immediate readers, but to us it is as though there never were such events.

There is the visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. Was her name Nicaule, Balkis or Makoda? Did she come from Yemen or from Meccae? What was the name of the son born to her, the son who called Solomon father? And what were the hard questions with which she proved the conqueror of the Afreets and Jians?

What was the life of Tamar after the birth of Pharez and Zerah?

And there is Pharaoh's daughter? Was her name Thominthis, Merhiss or Asiat? Is it true that she was a childless wife? What became of her after the ungrateful Moses refused to be called her son? Or was he perhaps her son?

These are only a few of many instances.

Here is the story of the Mazi who came from the East to Jerusalem; who saw Bethlehem and the young child with Mary, his mother; who worshipped, and then were guided away by a dream.

Were they astrologers, dream readers, fire worshippers?

Were they Chaldeans, Arabians, Egyptians, or Persians?

What wonder that tradition has filled the gaps and made them chief actors in the Drama of the Nativity, prophets in a prologue to the Divine Tragedy? Gaspar, Melchior and Balthazar started on their journey with 8000 men, after their ancestors had watched for generations for the Star, which finally appeared, and in it was the form of a young child bearing the Cross. They traveled for two years. After they returned to their own country they gave themselves up to contemplation and prayer. They were buried at first in the East; then they were taken to Constantinople, then to Milan, then to Cologne. As patron saints of travelers they gave a name to inns. Their names were also a charm against epilepsy.

And, pray, by what musician has the story of the Three Kings been gorgeously and romantically and spiritually treated in music?

There are many illustrious names: Handel, Bach, Berlioz; lesser names, as Saint-Saens, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Gade; but the great music of Christmas has yet to be written. Perhaps it is not to be written.

The Marvelous Birth was rude and simple, awful in its simplicity. And just as Handel approached the nearest to Bethlehem in his "Pastoral Symphony," so, perhaps, the old carols of French and English are the most fitting musical expression of the Nativity.

Let us take, for example, the carol sung by women years ago in the "Taylors and Shearmens Pageant" at Coventry:

"Lully, lulla, thou little tiny child,
By, by, lully, lulla,
Thou little tiny child
By, by, lully, lulla,
O sisters too how may we do
For to preserve this day
This poor youngling for whom we do sing
By, by, lully, lulla.

Herod the King in his raging,
Charged he hath this day
His men of might in his own sight
All young children to slay.

That woe is mine, poor child, for thee,
And ever mourn and say,
For thy parting neither say nor sing
By, by, lully, lulla.

Here is another carol from the same Pageant:

"Down from heaven, from heaven so high,
Of angels there came a great company
With mirth and joy and great solemnity.
They sang, 'Tis joy, tis joy,
So merrily the shepherds their pipes can blow."

Or listen to this old carol once sung in London streets:

"As Joseph was a walking,
He heard an angel sing—
'Thy night shall be born
Our heavenly King.
He neither shall be born
In houses, nor in halls,
Nor in the place of Paradise
But in an ox's stall;
He neither shall be clothed,
In purple nor in pall,
But all in fair linen,
As were babies all.
He neither shall be rocked
In silver, nor in gold,
But in a wooden cradle
'Tis rocks on the mold."

In many churches in England such quaint words were sung to perhaps quaint tunes. According to Gilbert Davies, "on Christmas Day these carols took the place of psalms in all the churches, especially at afternoon service, the whole congregation joining, and at the end it was usual for the parish clerk to declare in a loud voice his wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

There are modern carols set to modern music, but the result is, as a rule, sentimentalism, or an elaborate exposition of a peculiar theology.

Two carols at least have been written in late days that smack of the old spirit. One is by William Morris, and here are a few verses:

"O ye shepherds what have ye seen,
The snow in the street, and the wind on the door,
To say your sorrow and heal your teen?
At inns and inns stand forth on the floor.
In an ox-stall this night we saw
A babe and a child without a flaw.
There was an old man there beside;
His hair was white, and his hood was wide.
And as we gazed this thing arose,
Those twain knelt down to the little One."

The other is Swinburne's "Christmas Carol," which was suggested by a drawing of Rossetti's. Unfortunately there is only room for two verses.

"Christ was born upon this wise,
It fell on such a night,
Neither with sounds of psalteries
Nor with fire for light,
Mary that is God's spouse,
Bring us to thy Son's house.

The star came out upon the east
With a great sound and sweet;
Kings gave gold to make him feast,
And myrrh for him to eat,
Mary, O Mary sweet mood,
Bring us to thy Son's good."

...from the old days when simple words of faith and joy and worship were sung in front of village or city house at night. It is not improbable that waits or minstrels to-day in Boston would be regarded with suspicion by the police, would be called disturbers of peace, although they sang of peace.

Christmas means to-day an exchange of gifts—a perfunctory expression, in many cases, of good feeling that in other relations of life is lukewarm or non-existent. Christmas to-day means a more elaborate dinner than on other days. And it means a performance of an oratorio that is not peculiar to Christmas.

Perhaps the mysterious significance of the Nativity would strike home more deeply if each one would say to himself next Tuesday morning with Alexander Smith: "And I think that there is one Christmas the less between me and my grave."

PHILIP HALE.

Dec 25. 93
MUSIC.

Handel's "Messiah," as Given by the Handel and Haydn.

"The Messiah" was given Sunday evening in Music Hall by the Handel and Haydn Society. Mr. Zerrahn was the conductor; Mr. Lang was the organist. The solo parts were sung by Miss Elizabeth C. Hamlin, Mrs. Katharine Fisk, Mr. George J. Parker and Mr. Heinrich Meyn. There was a large audience.

It would not be profitable now to enter into a discussion concerning Handelian traditions. "The Messiah" as understood by Handel and performed under his direction was undoubtedly a very different thing from "The Messiah" as understood by Mozart and Robert Franz and performed at the present day. Tradition at its best is too often a gray-bearded liar. Modern improvements are too often at variance with the spirit of the original. In Handel's day the chorus was small, and the pace of certain numbers was without question not the same as the pace demanded by a bulky chorus. It would be an interesting experiment to give "The Messiah" with a choir of 60 or even 40 singers.

But we have only to do with the performance of last evening. It may be said, and justly, that the choruses were given admirably, with purity of tone, with general sharpness of attack, and with intelligence. Whether there should not be from a chorus of such size a greater volume of tone is another matter. Possibly there would not be in that case as satisfactory phrasing; possibly the creaking of the machine would be too audible.

Miss Hamlin did much that was eminently satisfactory throughout the evening, and little that was weak or inadequate. In "I know that my Redeemer Liveth," she showed her full strength as a singer. Seldom in these days is this famous song sung with such purity of feeling, absence of sentimentalism, breadth of style and unexaggerated conviction. Furthermore, in her admirably contrived climax, the hearer was conscious that the singer had not exhausted herself; there was reserve strength; and so the beauty of her final phrase became the natural follower of the climax, and not a piling and climax. Miss Hamlin learned her Handel in the best of schools, in the school of the dramatic, the intelligent, the passionate Rudersdorff. There is no reason why with her natural advantages and her training Miss Hamlin should not stand easily in the front rank of oratorio singers.

It is always a pleasure to hear Mr. Parker, for he is a singer of marked skill and intelligence. He not only knows how to attack a musical sentence; he also knows how to punctuate and finish it. And here is a singer that understands the meaning of the word legato.

Mrs. Fisk has apparently neither the voice nor the skill to appear at present in oratorio. Mr. Meyn was earnest and vigorous.

The work of the orchestra was in the main excellent. Mr. Schnitzler was concert master, and the trumpet solo was played by Mr. Mueller.

PHILIP HALE.

The French "Prodigal Son" pantomime company has met with pecuniary loss in this country, in spite of the unstinted and universal praise of critics of the drama; and it now ends its season. What is the cause of this failure? Not the fact that the company is foreign, for there was no speech on the stage. Not the hard times, for actors who demand a higher admission price are well supported by the public. In France and England this pantomime made a sensation. Are not the simple pathos and the delicacy of the pantomimic play too fine for audiences that relish farce-comedies, burlesque operettas, mawkish society plays and melodramas in which the stage carpenter is the chief actor? Or are the Americans and the Canadians right in opinion, and Paris and London all wrong?

Here is an instance of the disadvantage of being able to read. A conductor on a French railway became interested in the realistic school. He read one day "Crime and Punishment" by Dostoevsky. The grim novel so depressed him that he choked himself with charcoal.

Dec 26. 93

Apropos of the precise date of the Nativity discussed in yesterday's Journal. The learned Joseph Scaliger, who danced nimble in his doctor's robes before his Emperor, and to the great amazement and pleasure of his onlookers, proved, at least to his own gratification, that our Lord was born in the month of April.

It was a marvelous moon that rose on the town this Christmas Eve. It was a mellow, benignant moon—full, strange and wonderful. Did it remember the star of Bethlehem?

...see, once owner of the Broad-
at this late day has been telling
Edgar Allan Poe, in which the
is represented as having, in his
quarreled with Thomas Dunn
now a Congressman from New Jer-
knocked his adversary down and
on him. That isn't the only time
Congressman has been jumped on,
it may be the chief accomplishment
English will leave behind him. To
it might seem better to go down to
as having been jumped on by the
whom the future is likely to be just
to go down at all. But it's all a
taste.

Woodberry, in his admirable life of
the cause of the quarrel. Poe first
force fun of "Thomas Dunn Brown."
then accused Poe of many things,
then forgery. The charge was un-
l. Mr. Woodberry does not mention
"jumping" business, if our memory is
et.

was born in Boston. Does anyone
in what house or in what street?

Prince of Wales is concerned with a
y having for its object "the carrying
of historical researches concerning old
ish families." Let us see. How long
was it that the ancestors of the Prince
trated from Germany? And does not
ert Edward speak with a rich, fruity
man accent? Here, surely, is a princely
ilege ex-officio, and without fitness.

These sudden changes in the weather
or pneumonia and la grippe, diseases that
e prevalent. Now is the time to practice
rtitude of leisure in locomotion. Do not
after a car and then contract a chill.
that the feet are properly protected.
de precautions may save weeks of sick-

THE SIXTH SUFFOLK MUSICAL.
he feature of the sixth Suffolk musicale,
en last evening in Music Hall, was the ap-
rance of Mr. Henri Marteau.

r. Marteau has rained apparently in breadth
virility since he was here last season, and
familiar characteristics of his playing give
reat a pleasure as before. It is not only as
rtuoso—in the shallow meaning of the term
at Mr. Marteau is admirable; he has the
of the true artist, for he is entirely free
affectation; he does not try to catch his
ience, he obeys the wishes of the composer.
to be hoped that he will appear at a Sym-
y concert this season.

...ning Mr. Marteau played Saint-Saens's
oduction and rondo, Beethoven's romanza
Paganini's "Perpetual Movement," and
Liszt's "Faust" fantasia. He was an-
ed enthusiastically, recalled again and
n, and obliged to play two or three addi-
tional numbers, which were given in a charm-
manner.

...a Rosa Linde did not appear, and Mr.
bert Johnson sang, at short notice, in her
... Mr. Edward F. Brizham sang an air
... "Queen of Sheba," and songs.
Mr. E. M. Shonert played piano pieces.

X. X. X. A Christmas box is a species
of quasi-compulsory Christmas gift. Its
nature is thus defined by Murray:
Great Britain, usually confined to
it is given to those who are supposed
to have a vague claim upon the donor for
services rendered to him as one of the general
public by whom they are employed and
d, or as a customer of their legal employ-
ment; the undefined theory being that as
they have done offices for this person, for
another he has not directly paid them, some
acknowledgment is becoming at
times."

...box itself was in olden times of earth-
... was carried by apprentices, etc.;
... the box was full, it was broken, and
... were shared.

...though the term "Christmas
... was also used in olden times for the
... ."

...there was then a now grumbling over
... that vexed. Mr. Pepys noted
... that dream and true sets and
... "the money" that Christ-
... the Christmas box did not welcome
... thing but was the cheap gift of
... .

...the gifts are descendants of the
... taken by Romans at the
... of the Samnites. They are of pagan
... as are nearly all of the characteris-
... that are still main-
... or are not etc.

...St. Stephen's Day, when
... first well galloped,
... blood, to inure them
... in the course of the following

And to-day is St. John's festival. Super-
stition enjoyed this day. If you partake
St. John's Day, say the old worthies, of
battered wine, you will be safe from poison
through the year.

"The men upon this solemn day,
Do take this holy wine
To make them strong, so do the maydes
To make them true and true."

Dec 28th 93

To-day is the festival of the Holy Inno-
cents or Childermas. It is the anniversary
of the bloody deed of Herod, who, however,
did not escape punishment; for "this catifo
was tormented with sundrio intolerable
griefes, and at last devoured by an horrible
and most fearefull death." And is not the
record of this frightful death, with ghastly
details, preserved in "The Theatre of God's
Judgements," the grim book written by that
"painful" preacher, Thomas Beard, the
schoolmaster of Oliver Cromwell?

This is probably the most unlucky day of
the year. No one should put on new clothes,
or pare the nails, or marry, or undertake
anything of moment. Children should be
whipped, in order that "the memorial of
Herod's murder of the Innocents might stick
the closer." Louis XI. would not even talk
of business, and Edward IV. was delayed in
his coronation. Women should not scour or
scrub. It would have been appropriate if
Malthus had died on Herod's day, but he
postponed it for 24 hours.

We smile, perhaps, at olden superstitions,
but are not the Innocents tormented in our
own times? Landlords and summer exiles
do not welcome the approach of children.
There are flats that will not allow children
or dogs. There are mothers, fond of society,
who neglect the innocents or ruin their
health. There are stern mothers who force
their little minds and refuse them the illu-
sions of Elf-land, Giant-land and Fairy-
world. Think of it! There are children
who have never read that marvelous book,
"The Arabian Nights."

Bad penmanship has given rise to innumerable anecdotes, both grave and gay, and occasionally to a bit of history. It remains for this column to chronicle the newest, and one of the funniest, achievements in this line. The Boston correspondent of one of the New York newspapers filed a long dispatch last night addressed to his journal, but his handwriting is so eccentric that the telegraph people read it "To the Chicago So and So," and sent it across the country and into the office in the Windy City before a fortunate occurrence at this end of the wire led to the discovery of the mistake. Then the dispatch was rewired to the metropolis; and, thanks to the swiftness of electricity, it got there in time to find its place in the columns of the New York This and That.

Mr. T. C. Platt, the Receiver of the New York and New England, is well known. He's the man who defined his proper voting place as "the place where I have my washing done."

Is it not possible that Christmas will in a few years be regarded as a movable feast? Not only are presents exchanged before the day; Christmas editions of newspapers and magazines are published before the 25th, and in some cases long before. There is a hurried anticipation of the festival. Perhaps this is better than being behindhand, as was the case of the well-known gentleman whose "breakfast was afternoon tea, and he dined the following day."

In a new poem, "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers," published in the Pall Mall Gazette, Mr. Rudyard Kipling thus proclaims his opinion on the Sealing question:

"But since our women must walk gay and money buys their gear,
The sealing-boats they fish that way at hazard year by year.

English they be and Japanese that hang on the Brown Bear's flank,
And some be Scot, but worst God wot, and the boldest thieves be Yank!"

Is it thus that Mr. Kipling endears himself to his townspeople in Brattleboro', Vermont.

So the great opera company is coming here after all. We shall have an opportunity of hearing the passionate Calvé and the accomplished Melba. But what a pity that there is in this city, which plumes itself on its musical culture, no opera house that is the fit home of such singers. Mighty indeed must be the passion that shakes Mechanics' Hall.

If the Hurtado syndicate could afford to pay \$23,000 for two fighting bulls, it will undoubtedly be able to secure Corbett and Mitchell as another attraction for the season in Havana.

Poor de Bebeyran! A famous dancer and famous teacher of dancing, his heart was broken when a leg was amputated. The man was one of an illustrious line, Dupré, Noverre, Gardel, Vestris.

In these days physicians prosper. In these days physicians are familiar friends. Now the chief quality of a physician is success-fulness.

POE IN BOSTON.

The story of Poe's quarrel with Thomas Dunn English has been revived, and allusions have been made incidentally in newspapers of this town to an unfortunate visit of the master of color and rhythm to Boston. It may be of interest to review concisely the acquaintance of the poet with this city, though let it first be said that Poe sued the Mirror, which published English's libel, and in 1847 he was adjudged damages in the sum of \$225, with costs to the defendant.

Poe was born Jan. 19, 1809. Does anyone know in what house, or even in what street? His parents were regular members of the company then engaged at the Federal Street Theatre. In 1810, at the end of the theatrical season, the family left the city. "On the back of a painting from her own hand" Mrs. Poe "charged her son to love Boston, the place of his birth, and where his mother found her best and most sympathetic friends."

It was in 1827 that Edgar Allan Poe again saw this city. There was then living here a young printer, Calvin F. S. Thomas, whose place of business was 70 Washington Street. Him Poe persuaded to publish "Tamarlane and other poems. By a Bostonian." Now, curious to relate, Mr. Thomas, who lived until 1876, never mentioned the fact that he published Poe's verses; and Mr. Woodberry, whose biography of the poet is probably the final one, infers that Thomas never identified his author with Poe, and that the latter lived here under an assumed name.

It was here that Poe enlisted, May 26, 1827, in the United States Army, as a private soldier, under the name of Edgar A. Perry. He first served in the harbor at Fort Independence.

In 1829 Poe, then living in the South, corresponded with John Neal, who was editing the "Yankee" at Boston. In 1842 he corresponded with Lowell, who was about to start his "Pioneer" in this city. To the "Pioneer," which saw three numbers, he contributed "The Tell-Tale Heart," "Lenore," and "Notes Upon English Verse." He mourned the death of the magazine; he, in a delicate manner, told Lowell not to worry about "the few dollars" that were due him for his articles. In 1844 he wrote Lowell a letter, in which he referred to the need of an International Copyright Law.

But Poe did not visit Boston until 1845. He was here in the summer, and he was invited to give a poem before the Boston Lyceum. Let us quote Mr. Woodberry's account:

"On the evening appointed, Oct. 16th, a lecture, which was the second of the course, having been given by Caleb Cushing, Poe came forward on the platform of the Odeon, and after some prefatory remarks about the foolishness of didacticism read 'Al Aaraaf.' The audience, the hour being late, began to disperse, but enough persons remained to enjoy his recitation of 'The Raven,' with which the entertainment closed. Whatever was the cause, Poe disappointed his audience. * * * Poe, when he returned to New York, declared that he had acted of malice prepense. 'It would scarcely be supposed that we would put ourselves to the trouble of composing for the Bostonians anything in the shape of an original poem.'"

The poet claimed that he confessed the trick to Messrs. Cushing, Whipple, Hudson, Field and others the night of the lecture, and "over a bottle of champagne." But it is to be observed that Mr. Woodberry does not charge Poe with drunkenness before the lecture, a charge made in a newspaper of this city only this week.

In November, 1848, Poe was here again, but the visit was in passing, and the story is one of alcohol and landanum. In 1849 "Hop-Frog," "To Annie" and "To My Mother" appeared here in the "Flag of Our Union." And it was in 1849 that Poe died the death he, of all men, could most fitly have described.

A local contemporary devotes considerable space to a review of the Borden case and its "lessons." Now, let us have a discussion concerning the Tichborne case, and then we may take up the trial of Queen Caroline. Or there might be digressions about the probable fate of Charley Ross and the inscrutable mystery that shrouds the fate of Mr. Billy Patterson.

Ought there not to be a civil service examination for horse car conductors in the sacred precincts of the Back Bay? There are conductors at present there who insist on calling out "Arlington Streets," "Berkeley Streets," etc. Not only do they thus give false information; they wound the susceptibilities of the cultured. Then, too, there should not be such painful confusion as to the pronunciation of "Gloucester" and "Hereford." Let these streets have two or three syllables, according to a majority vote; but let there be uniformity in the pronunciation.

...it would be a relief to
...in his late deca-
...although some of the patrons and the
...of the road are strongly in favor
...Vandyck beards. No, no. The conduc-
...should be allowed to indulge his fancy,
...whether it take the shape of goatee, Galways
...or the beard known as the two days' growth.

Mr. Irving might, with peculiarly dramatic
fitness, have opened his engagement here this
evening; for 723 years ago Thomas a Becket
was killed "cruelly, close to the altar of St.
Bennet." It was 723 years ago the evening
of the guilty knights riding away on horse-
back, looking over their shoulders at the dim
Cathedral, and remembering what they had
left inside."

Why would not the romantic story of the
"Saracen lady" seeking Gilbert a Becket in
the streets of London make a pretty one-act
play?

Four women got into a street car here the
other day, and after they were seated com-
fortably there was one simultaneous yet
quadruple exclamation: "Well, she was a
lady." Then there was silence. Lovers of
cryptograms, riddles, psychic puzzles and all
admirers of the late Sherlock Holmes are in-
vited respectfully to solve these problems:
Who was she? What had she done?

Great is the joy of many good people who
are ready to palpitate with emotion at the
sight of Coquelin or Hading, when they hear
such familiar words as "oui," "jamais," or
such phrases as "je t'aime." The sound of
such words is to them as the sight of a life-
preserver to a despairing swimmer.

Lombroso of Turin, the famous anthro-
pologist, has finished an exhaustive book on
Criminal Woman. He claims to have laid
down on a sure basis certain rules that, to
the amateur at least, seem provocative of
discussion: as that immoral or criminal
women "are shorter in the arms, longer in
the hands and feet, heavier in the body,
smaller in the head, larger in the face, darker
in the hair and eyes, etc., than normal
women. White hair also is twice as common
among them as it is among normal women."
Lombroso also claims that tattooing is an in-
fallible indication of criminal tendencies.

Apocryphal of tattooing, it is against the
Russian law to mutilate the body from any
religious motive. The other day a most re-
spectable Russian banker, out of pure caprice
tattooed a small cross on his niece. They
were indicted, and they denied any motive
but fun. The uncle was sentenced to 15
years hard labor; the tattooed niece must
serve 10 years. This story is said to be true;
but, first, where was the cross worn; and,
again, how was it discovered?

Dec 3 1900

"Tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying."

It is now apparent that success with chess-
men stirreth up strife that appeals to the
newspaper as well as to the board. Breth-
ren, these things should not be. Let old ex-
perience smile on brave experiment. There
is more than one laurel bush in the world.

Our chess players, young and old, should
remember Gioachino Greco, known as the
Calabrian, who visited all the courts of Eu-
rope, "and signalized himself by playing at
chess in a surprising manner." We hear of
no unseemly discussion provoked by his
skill. On the contrary, a gentleman de-
scribed, perhaps, too eulogistically as "a
man of wit," wrote verses about it which,
translated, run as follows: "You scarce
make one step against me in the game but
all my schemes prove abortive. When you
advance, all my defence fails, my champions
give way; and king, knight, rook and queen
are more insignificant than even pawns."

Neither do we hear of any unpleasantness
arising from the mental agility displayed by
Boi, the Syracusan, who moved his Bishops
so cunningly that Pope Urban VIII. offered
him a Bishopric. Even cruel and savage
Corsairs treated Boi gently when they dis-
covered his accomplishment, and they asked
as sole ransom the instruction of a few
months in the game.

The students now at chess-play should re-
member that this exercise of the mind may
be as dangerous as foot ball. Did not Henry
I. before his accession to England's throne
beat lustily the pate of Louis de Cros with the
board, just because Louis, pricked by the
loss of money, had thrown the chessmen in
Henry's face? They tell a like story of
William, the Conqueror. And so Robert
Burton pronounces chess a "testy cholerie
game, and very offensive to him that loseth
the mate."



BOSTON, December 24, 1893.

THE third of the Adamowski Quartet Con-
certs was given in Chickering Hall, Tuesday after-
noon, the 19th. The program was as follows:

Quartet, F minor, op. 95.....Beethoven
Quartet, D major.....Tschaiakowsky

Mr. Adamowski has twice paid his tribute to the memory
of Tschaiakowsky. He played movements from a violin
concerto at a Symphony concert, and, as leader of a string
quartet, he chose the quartet with the andante of unearthly
beauty, the andante that even custom has not staled.

In the quartet by Beethoven the ensemble was not always
impeccable, although the 'cellist was not so much in evi-
dence as on former occasions. The treatment of the Tschai-
kowsky quartet was sympathetic.

* * *

Miss Mathilde Rüdiger, assisted by an orchestra under
Mr. Lang, gave a Jankó keyboard recital in Bumstead Hall,
Wednesday afternoon, the 20th. There were many musi-
cians present. Miss Rüdiger played these pieces:

Fugue, in C minor.....Bach
Transcription of Pilgrim Chorus.....Wagner-Jankó
Nocturne, G major.....Chopin
"Spinning Song," from the "Flying Dutchman".....Wagner-Liszt
Concerto, E flat major.....Liszt

The object of this concert was to show the alleged merits
of the Jankó keyboard. Miss Rüdiger's preliminary essay
was read in such low tones that I could not hear it.

If the chief aim of the keyboard were to make the play-
ing of difficult pieces a light task to any comer, I should be
inclined to be "agin" it. All the mechanical devices in the
world, all the laborious instruction of patient pedagogues
will not make a race of pianists with sympathetic fingers,
which are the servants of the soul. But I understand that
this keyboard has higher claims.

Unfortunately I can only now judge of the Jankó key-
board from the performance of last week. In this per-
formance there was neither brilliancy nor sensuousness.
There was no display of strength. Runs were ragged and
arpeggios were indeed broken.

I should prefer to hear the keyboard exhibited perhaps
to better advantage, and I should prefer to judge of Miss
Rüdiger after hearing her play on a different keyboard.

The "Boston Globe" informed the world the next day
that Miss Rüdiger was so overcome by approbation from
Sir Hubert Stanley Lang that, all trembling, she kissed
his hand. I missed this sight. Nor am I able to tell you
whether the hand was the left or right. I make no com-
ment on a scene that might inspire an historical painter.
As a chronicle, I send you a proof of the cultivation of the
emotions in Boston.

* * *

The program of the Symphony concert given last even-
ing was as follows:

Symphony, No. 1.....Beethoven
Serenade No. 7 ("Hafner").....Mozart
Concerto for piano, G major.....Beethoven
Overture, "Rosamunde".....Schubert

Once on a time there lived in Salzburg a man named
Sigmund Hafner. He was a wholesale merchant and a
burgomaster. He was fond of music, and when there were
festivals in his house he summoned the musicians of the
town. This "worthy and public spirited" citizen had a
daughter, known as Elizabeth, who, after the manner of
her sex, fell in love, and with a certain Mr. Spaeth.

In Germany a betrothment is a serious matter, as fickle-
minded Americans have found to their surprise and cost.
Some say that for the betrothment of Miss Hafner the
great Mozart wrote the serenade played here last evening.
Others say that the serenade was composed for the joyous
celebration of her marriage. For a later festal gathering
in the house of Hafner, Mozart wrote a symphony in D
major, a work well worth hearing to-day.

Now the word serenade in Mozart's time was loosely
applied to evening music. The lover who sang beneath a
balcony, and turned about only to see the pale face of a
rival with drawn sword or dagger sang a serenade. Sere-
nades were played or sung on Venetian canals. Serenades
accompanied the clinking of glasses and the low laughter
of coquettes. Serenades tickled the vanity of illustrious
visitors, whose fine plumage glittered in the light of
torches. And Elisabeth Hafner looked at her lover and
pondered her fate while the musicians played the serenade
of Mozart.

There are eight movements in this particular serenade,
and they were not all played last evening. The first
might have given the pitch to rejoicing or to the play of
knife and fork. The andante, with the charming obligato
bligato, was for tenderer moments, moments of confiding
vows and promises. And the other numbers were for
rejoicing and pledging of toasts.

It is delightful music this serenade of Mozart; old-
fashioned, quaint, at times formal, at times full of a
and courtly tenderness unknown in these days of nervous
depression or exaltation. And it was played by orchestra
and Mr. Kneisel delightfully.

There are some who only recognize one Beethoven, the
strange giant of the mysterious latter musical years. They
look askew at the young Beethoven. They do not find the
lion. But it is a pleasure to see the cub at play.

In the First symphony of Beethoven, there is no marked de-
parture from the symphony of the time. Perhaps in the men-
uetto there are suggestions of the future scherzo; but there
is nothing revolutionary in the symphony. There are the
voices of Haydn and of Mozart; but although we recognize
them—see, for instance, how Figaro enters in the final—they
somehow speak with an accent that seems a little foreign.

But the Beethoven of the G major concerto is another
man. In the concerto there is but one voice, and that is
the voice of Beethoven.

Mr. Carl Baermann gave an admirable performance of
the solo part. It was pure, without exaggeration, without
caprice, without the slightest symptom of the feverish
desire for personal display. The concerto, with Mr. Baer-
mann at the piano, was a homogeneous work. There was
no apparent rivalry between orchestra and piano. The
hearer thought of Beethoven, and not of the pianist, and
after all this is the highest praise. But after the last
chord sounded through the hall there was spontaneous and
grateful thought of the pianist who had assisted so artis-
tically in giving unalloyed pleasure, and he was applauded
most heartily.

Such concerts as that of last evening are at times a mu-
sical delight. It is well, it is indeed necessary that modern
works of every school and nationality should receive prompt
and due attention. But it is also well to escape from the
hot air of the modern Palace of Art and meditate calmly and
serenely in the temple of the ancient masters. There were
brave men before Agamemnon. There were great com-
posers before Brahms and Wagner.

* * *

"The Messiah" was given by the Händel and Haydn in
Music Hall last Monday evening. It was an "extra" per-
formance. The "regular" performance is this evening.

Last Monday the solo parts were taken by Mrs. Anna
Burch, Miss Carlotta Desvignes, Mr. George Simpson and
Mr. Carl Dufft.

I was not at the concert. Excellent judges of singing
spoke unfavorably of the soloists, with the exception of
Mr. Dufft. Let me quote a few extracts from Mr. Warren
Davenport's review in the Boston "Traveller" of the 20th:

Of the soloists on this occasion little can be said in their praise, if
Mr. Carl Dufft be excepted. Mr. Dufft has a good baritone voice
and he sang the bass recitatives and arias with commendable effect.
His voice is not strong upon the lower notes, and it was a little stiff
and sombre in the production of the upper tones, but he gave a good
rhythmic swing to his work, was confident in the execution of his
roulades, sang in tune, and for his admirable performance gained the
only spontaneous applause of the evening, as far as the solo singing
was concerned. With a little more acuteness in the articulation of
the consonants, and an exact maintenance of the vowel form
throughout prolonged passages, Mr. Dufft can justly lay claim to an
honorable position among our best oratorio basses.

And in passing it is well to say that this applause of the members
of the chorus in any society is a thing that should be discouraged. It
is almost always ill timed and often evoked because of some per-
sonal reason. There are motives that induce it when the perform-
ance of the soloist should not command it. How simply ridiculous
it would be for the chorus of an opera company to applaud a prin-
cipal singer, or the supernumerary force or other members of the cast
upon the dramatic stage to applaud the efforts of one of the principals
engaged. It would be denounced at once as the effort of the claqueur
behind the footlights. It is just as reasonable to ask for its absence
in a concert performance, for the chorus is but a part of the force en-
gaged, and, like the soloists, are performing for the audience which
has paid its money to hear them sing and not to lead or join in ap-
plause.

If my readers will calmly regard this matter, I am sure they will
see the justice of my remarks upon the subject. Let the manage-
ments of the Händel and Haydn, the Cecilia and the Apollo Club ask
the members of their organizations to desist from such applause. A
sense of propriety alone should demand that this custom be abolished.
There are times when an audience will rise as one person in raptur-
ous applause because of a supreme effort of an eminent performer.
On such an occasion the chorus and orchestra might be justified in
joining in the ovation, but such occasions are very rare, and even
then the audience should initiate the applause.

It remains now to speak of the chorus, and it is a pleasure to praise
so highly as one can the superb performance of this fine body of
singers. The tone of the tenors was not quite as strong as that of
the other parts, but they did good service and came out strong at
critical moments. The society has never in its singing excelled the
precision, the definition in the execution, the shading and the good
intonation that was observed last evening. The audience recognized
this excellence and warmly applauded many of the numbers. The
playing of the orchestra was slowly sometimes in the running pas-
sages that occur in the violins, but otherwise the accompaniment
was admirably rendered.

Mr. Muller played the trumpet obligato in a sure and artistic
manner.

It is needless to say that Mr. Zerrahn held the performance well in

and accompanied the soloists with fine judgment and discretion, adroitly managing the bad breaks that occurred in two of the soloists' parts.

I know that you are interested in Mr. MacDowell's "Sonata Tragica" for piano. Here are passages about it from an interview with Mr. MacDowell published in the Boston "Journal" this morning.

"It is rather difficult for me to say," answered Mr. MacDowell, when his interviewer from the "Journal" asked him to which one of his own compositions he would give preference, "but," he remarked, smiling, "I will tell you now that there are two which I thoroughly detest—one in particular, the 'Hexentanz,' which has been played from Dan to Beersheba.

I can hardly select one of my orchestral works, because here in America a composer has little chance to hear his own works. The orchestras are so few that the opportunity is wanting, and the composer cannot study his works as they are played, viva voce, so to speak. In Europe the opportunities are more numerous.

"In regard to my compositions for piano, an answer is almost equally as difficult. Perhaps my favorite ones are those which are least played: for, you know, a composer, like a father, often most loves his lame child.

"I may say, though," continued the musician after a moment's reflection, "that as a serious work I prefer my 'Sonata Tragica.' It is one of my latest writings and was played first by myself at a Kneisel concert last season.

"The sonata is rather a peculiar composition, and it's hard to say if it's really a pleasure to play it. I like it very much myself. As for my other works—well, they are so many that it is impossible for me to choose."

But this 'Sonata Tragica,' Mr. MacDowell. There must be some story connected with it—some story, I mean, that is interesting, perhaps tragic, as the title suggests. Is there not?"

"I—I can hardly say now. I have never told the story which led up to it," Mr. MacDowell became silent and smiled undecidedly before he went on.

"I had finished a suite for piano when the first thing occurred which led up to it. I had intended to dedicate the suite to Raff, but four or five days after it was finished he suddenly died. Of course I felt that I could not carry out my original intentions, so I dedicated the suite to his wife.

"Then began a work which I had often contemplated. I had long desired to make something worthy of a man like Raff. He had led an unhappy life. He had sacrificed that life to music, for his disease was aggravated by his work at the conservatory at Frankfurt. So, in an idealized fashion, I tried to write what I thought—to translate into music that struggling life and its overpowering at the moment of success. This I would dedicate to Raff. Then was begun the 'Sonata Tragica.'

"I admired Raff tremendously. He was, I knew, so really different from what he appeared superficially. Some said that he wrote music for the market. But he often told me that he could not live without writing for the market, the proceeds from his teaching were so small."

"And that was when Raff was well known, sir?"

"Yes," hurried on Raff's admiring pupil, vehemently, "that was long after he had written his opera of 'King Alfred.' Why, when he was in Frankfurt everyone knew him as 'the great Raff.'"

Raff got 6,000 marks, or \$7,500 a year. Not only that, but when he had put the Conservatory on a paying basis the directors gave him whatever surplus money there was. But he refused to take this money from his private purse, and with it had a stage built in the Conservatory, so that operas might be presented. He used to spend most of his hours at the Conservatory. Where he found time to write nobody knows. The Lord knows, I don't.

"During my first year at the Conservatory I was a pupil of his. After that year I used to go to his home and there study with him. Many a time, when he was busiest, he'd stop to look over my writings. He treated me as if he were my father.

"I remember all the time of Raff's death. The day before it came he had finished the examinations. That year they were excellent. On the evening of examination day I walked home with him. He was pleased with the results of the day and poked fondly of his work. I noticed that he was pale and looked worn. I spoke of his health to him, but he laughed and replied that he was well enough. The next morning his death was reported.

That is the story of my 'Sonata Tragica.'"

PHILIP HALE.

The news that "A. L. O. E." is dead will revive for memory to many Sunday School scholars of 25 years ago. Has taste changed in the world of literature? Are the works of "A. L. O. E." still read eagerly? Are "Irish Army" and "Tim, the Scissors Grinder," still in honored position on the shelf?

It is this evening that musical Boston will first hear in concert the "American" symphony by Dvorak, which certain enthusiasts regard as of national importance, while others regard the symphony only excellent music written by an imported Bohemian.

This resolution to request the Superintendent of Public Grounds to deliver to Mr. Cogswell the fountain revives ancient history. Mr. Cogswell believes that fountain will be "appreciated" in California, and he proposes to take it there. Its arrival will undoubtedly lead to the organization of a vigilance committee.

Mr. Stead has a peculiar faculty of saying the wrong thing whenever he is allowed an opportunity.

The vintage in France is so generous that wine growers offer wine at two cents a quart. It is to be hoped that some of this good wine will find its way across the ocean. Much of the claret that is sold here at a so-called reasonable price is sharper than a serpent's tooth or a battle axe. And there is plenty of bad wine in Paris, wine that never knew the grape.

It is pleasant to learn that the Meionaon is carefully considered in the new Tremont Temple. The Meionaon has been a "sweet boon" to the city. Its name puzzled many, and so did its entrance. The hall was admirably adapted to the use of chamber concerts, so far as the acoustic properties were concerned. Mr. Heuschel, who in the arrangement of a recital is as shrewd as any Yankee, always favored the Meionaon.

The new Tremont Temple will be let "for any moral or educational purpose." It is interesting in this connection to note that political conventions will be welcomed.

It is also an interesting symptom of our social condition to learn that delegates to the said conventions "must not spit or smoke" in the Temple.

The new organ in this new Temple will be placed "in a sort of fireproof room or hood by itself." Such an arrangement should not be allowed to muffle or stifle tone. An organ is built with the primary intention that it may sound, not that it cannot be burned. And let us hope that the instrument may be a fine one, so that the next time a famous organist visits us he will not be obliged to seek shelter in a church.

DEC 3

What respect is there for law and order when the Governor of Florida is dubbed an "old moss-back" because he strives to prevent a prize-fight?

Even the Opposition paid glad tribute to Gladstone's courage and strength. For in their adversary the opponents of Home Rule recognize the personal qualities that made England great.

The Mackay-Colonna trouble is another warning to American girls. Put not your trust in princes.

The only ducks brought back by President Cleveland were those lame ones, his two chief Secretaries.

MUSIC.

The Tenth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The program of the Symphony Concert given last evening in Music Hall was as follows:

Symphony No. 5, E minor (MSS).....Dvorak
Concerto for violin.....Beethoven
Overture "1812".....Tchaikowsky

The question is not: Where did Dvorak find the thematic material for this new symphony?

The question is this: What did Dvorak do with the material after he found or invented it?

It is immaterial whether this symphony "From the New World" is American, Bohemian or Celtic. The question is this: Is the music good or bad?

Dvorak has here written a pleasing work, a work that abounds in melody, that shows the ingenuity of the trained musician, that is brilliant in color. It is a work that will undoubtedly be popular, and deservedly popular. He has succeeded in the main task and he has thus won glory enough.

But what is all this wild talk about the invention at last of "American" music?

Here is an excellent Bohemian composer. He is imported by the patronage of a music school, and at considerable expense. His dwelling in our country is undoubtedly, in a certain sense, an honor to us. He suddenly makes the discovery that "American" music must be built on negro and Indian airs. He writes this symphony to prove his theory and found "American" music.

But let us ask a few questions.

If this symphony were played without any advance and explanatory notice in any European city, would a German, or Italian, or Russian, or Scot, or Frenchman say at once, "Why, this is American music?"

Would he not find any and all music but American?

Would he not find Scandinavian hints, Hungarian rhythm, Bohemian thought, Scotch melody, would he not find attributes to all nations? Would he not admit the workmanlike and clever concert but without a thought of originality, and an original born white chicken?

The rhythm of the phrase of the first movement is partly suggestive of the Southern steamboat and the plantation; but two rhythms are also partly European. The Larchetto is full of Scotch and Scandinavian suggestion. The scherzo is anything you please; but, this may be said, as an exhibition of American characteristics, real or alleged, as a musical exhibition of dash, "smariness," lack of reverence, and general devil-me-care, it is not to be named in the same breath with Mr. Chadwick's symphonic scherzo. As for the finale, that, too, is what you will; there is a hint at "Yankee Doodle," but the temporary use of a transplanted tune does not make an "American" symphony.

Nor can you expect a Bohemian composer to throw off suddenly his nationality and forget it when he writes.

But there is much that is beautiful in this same symphony. First of all, it is cheerful and agreeable music. There is no touch of pessimism. There is no struggle with the Infinite. The composer has the simple faith of a healthy child. There is the spirit of Nature. There is a thought of woods and fields. Simple and pleasing thoughts are expressed intelligibly. At times the thoughts are clad gorgeously in instrumental colors; but the beauty of the thoughts does not suffer thereby, nor is it puffed up or distorted. After one hearing, the slow movement seems to me the gem of the work.

The overture of Tchaikowsky abounds in "stairways within and without." The plaintive church hymn is at first frightened by the triumphant March, but the French conquer only for a moment. Cossacks scour the plain. There is the Russian General with the terrible name. There is the fire; there is the snow. The March is heard no more. There is the exultation of a delivered nation. Such music as this overture of Tchaikowsky is perhaps panoramic, or even cycloramic. It would not do as a weekly dose. But it is a good thing to hear such music once in a while, to have the pulse stirred, to feel the consciousness of the raging

animal that is in the body of even the most smug and exemplary citizen, although he may not know it.

Mr. Kneisel played his part in the concerto by Beethoven with infinite care and taste. The fine characteristics of his performance have always received full praise in this city. While it is only justice to this admirable violinist to praise, at length, his accuracy, his usually faultless intonation, his elegance and general finish, it may also be said that his temperament is such that he does not appear to complete advantage in such a work as the Beethoven concerto, which demands a player of more heroic mold.

The playing of the orchestra was excellent. Mr. Faur conducted with authority, sympathy and skill. The program was too long. The second and third movements, or at least the third movement of the concerto, might well have been omitted.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Hurrying Expedition of Antonin Dvorak.

How He Went A-Gunning After Genuine American Music.

What Certain People Think of His Musical Game Tag.

INASMUCH as Mr. Dvorak's symphony "From the New World" is considered by some as "an historical event," let us look at its origin.

According to the New York Herald, it was Mrs. Thurber's "fixed plan to persuade the composer to attempt a bold exploration into the musical material of America and lay the foundations for a national school of composition.

For this exploration and for incidental services as Director of the National Conservatory Mrs. Thurber agreed to pay Mr. Dvorak \$15,000 a year.

And what did Mr. Dvorak do?

According to the New York Herald, the said Mr. Dvorak began to study native music after his arrival in New York. Unfortunately for the future historian, we are not told how he studied it, or whether he disguised himself in his exploration so that the music would not become suspicious, frightened, and then escape. It would be a pleasure to read of his wanderings in the jungles of the Bowery and in the deserts of Central Park. It would be interesting to know precisely his first thought on seeing the Harlem goat, an animal now rare. The composer is a modest man, and he has not even hinted at his perilous trips on the elevated railway or the Belt Line.

But what a book he could write! For, according to the New York Herald, "there is no more impressionable man in the world than Dvorak. His moods vary with the hours. He is as sensitive as a child. His imagination will take fire instantly. He absorbs color, form, sentiment, everything from his surroundings."

At the end of his first year in America the intrepid explorer determined to visit Spillville, Ia., not for the purpose of seeing or shooting national music. He wished to take a vacation in this Bohemian village. Besides, he had made up his mind; he had bagged his game. Just before his departure he gave his conclusions to the New York Herald. The conclusions were as follows:

"I am now satisfied," he said, "that the future music of this country must be founded

...the foundation of a serious and original... of romances to be developed in the... States. When I first came here I was... with this idea, and it has developed... into a settled conviction. These beautiful and... varied themes are the product of the soil. They are American. They are the folk songs of America, and your composers must turn to them. All of the great musicians have borrowed from the songs of the common people. Beethoven's most charming scherzo is based upon what might now be considered a skillfully handled negro melody. I have myself gone to the sunble, half forgotten tunes of the Bohemian peasants for hints in my serious work. Only in this way can a musician express the true sentiment of a people. He gets into touch with the common humanity of the country. In the negro melodies of America I discover all that is needed for a great and noble school of music. They are pathetic, tender, passionate, melancholy, solemn, religious, bold, merry, gay, gracious, or what you will. It is music that suits itself to any mood or any purpose. There is nothing in the whole range of composition that cannot find a thematic source here."

Now, strange to relate, the American composer did not cut out at once this Dvorakian paragraph and paste it in his hat. As a rule, he was inclined to contradict the eminent Bohemian. There was loathing for a time. The views of celebrated Europeans who knew little or nothing about America were cabled over at considerable expense and read at length by the idle of cultivated taste.

Then Mr. Dvorak went to work on his opus 95. He first took the precaution of announcing, and it was in the New York Herald, that he would write a symphony based upon American negro and Indian melodies "to prove that his position was sound and sincere."

Mr. Krehbiel states that this symphony, the fifth, was written in New York last spring, but revised and probably completed in its orchestration in the course of the composer's summer vacation, which he spent in Spillville, Ia.

The symphony was first played at the second public rehearsal and second concert of the Philharmonic Society, New York, Dec. 15 and 16, under the direction of Mr. Seidl.

It is of interest to note that the title on the manuscript of this American symphony is in Bohemian.

This American Symphony is conducted in Boston by a German, who speaks little or no English.

And how many men in the orchestra that plays here this American Symphony were born in this country?

It will be observed that the folk-songs of America are, according to Mr. Dvorak, peculiar to either the negro or the Indian. The American, as an American, has no national music, no folk-song.

Why should not this symphony then be called "The Negro-Indian Symphony," if it must have a special name.

Mr. Krehbiel is now inclined to believe that at last we really have a great national piece of music. In an interesting article, published lately in the New York Tribune, he reviewed the symphony from the standpoint of nationality, and, although he finds many things in the symphony, he finds also large quantities of Americanism.

But hold! How does Mr. Krehbiel deal with the fact that the American, in the modern sense of the word, is without folk-song? Hear him:

"He (Dvorak) recognized, too, what his critics forgot, that that music is entitled to be characteristic of a people which gives the greatest pleasure to the largest fraction of a people."

By this process of reasoning either Irish or German folk-song might be called properly the characteristic music of the city of New York.

Mr. Krehbiel finds an American tune in a phrase of four measures announced by the horn in the first allegro. It is "American," because it has a rhythmical construction "characteristic of the music which has a popular charm in this country;" and this rhythmical construction is what? Why, the Scotch snap, "a device common in Scottish music," and "it is found in Hungarian music, too." Therefore, it is American.

The phrase, this American phrase, "is built on the pentatonic, or five-note, scale, which omits the fourth and seventh tones of our ordinary diatonic series." Now, this scale, according to Mr. Krehbiel, is Scotch, Irish, Chinese, "for the old music of these peoples and many others is marked by this peculiarity." Therefore, it is American.

Then the subsidiary melody "gives a somewhat Oriental tinge to the movement." Therefore it is American.

Let us quote again from Mr. Krehbiel: "Here is the melody which will cling most pertinaciously to the memory of those who hear the symphony, and which they will most quickly recognize as containing the spirit of the music which the people, as a whole, like best. It is Irish, it is Scotch, it is American."

The next specimen of Americanism discovered by Mr. Krehbiel is in the lullaby where, to use his language, "we are estopped from seeking forms that are naive and thrown wholly upon a study of the spirit. It is Dr. Dvorak's proclamation of the mood which he found in the story of Hiawatha's wooing, as set forth in Longfellow's poem." Hiawatha was an Indian. Therefore the symphony is American.

In the finale Mr. Krehbiel finds a paraphrase of

"Yankee Doodle." Here at last the conclusion is something American. But the tune "Yankee Doodle" is of English origin.

Somewhat with Mr. Krehbiel, regard this symphony as an "American" work. Others, with that brilliant and accomplished writer, Mr. James G. Hume, think that the symphony is delightful and not "American."

But let Mr. Hume speak for himself concerning the symphony:

"The themes are simple and understandable, their exposition enjoyable, and the lustre and brilliancy of the instrumentation, the many delightful rhythms, all conspire toward making the symphony a popular work. And it has that unmistakable ring of the folk song which will endear it to all nationalities. Yet the American symphony, like too American novel, has yet to be written. And when it is, it will have been composed by an American. This is said with all due deference to the commanding genius of Dr. Dvorak. * * * Its (the symphony's) extremely Celtic character was patent to numerous people, and the general opinion seemed to be that Dvorak had not been long in discovering what a paramount factor the Irish were in the political life of this country. Said one: 'Why not call it the "Tammany Hall" Symphony? That is, Indian and Irish, and are not Indian and Irish American?'"

The discussion of other topics suggested by this work "American" in connection with music must be deferred for the present. A review of the symphony as performed last evening in Music Hall will be found in another column of this Journal.

PHILIP HALE.

THE BARONESS MUNCHAUSEN.

In a late number of the Pall Mall Gazette, "a London Girl" gives her first impressions of Boston. She allows that she visited us without prejudice; and in the first sentence she tells her readers that "she had never heard of the famous brew of tea in Boston Harbor in seventeen-hundred and something," but she now regards it as "a punishment for that shameful waste that America has never succeeded in brewing good tea." It is in this same sentence, by the way, that she refers to Crispus Attucks, whose elegant statue stands in Boston Park. What would she have said if she had only seen the Cogswell fountain?

Let us consider some of her experiences. Boston landladies speak in a "New England" soprano. They allude to their servants as "help." In the boarding house

where our visitor first stopped, the Irish "help" brought at a late hour a "jug of 'ice water' and some 'crackers' and asked her if she would like some lunch. "I afterwards learnt that any meal served after 10 P. M. is termed lunch."

The revelations of the following day were still more harrowing. She found an "ice-cream and drug store" opposite her window, and a sign read "Black eyes mended here." A negro bootblack at the corner wore a "tall pearl Derby hat and a frock-coat;" he was reading Town Topics. Let us not question the veracity of the sight-seer or the excellence of her eye-sight; our visitor was unfortunate, for the greater number of Boston bootblacks read Emerson while waiting for the publication of "A Knight Errant."

At the boarding house the visitor became acquainted with the daughter of a "mumma," and as the daughter "could not come out till 'half past three,'" she studied the "local paper." "The local paper!" There's a deadly blow to the boasted journalistic enterprise of this city. And in the one paper read by the inhabitants of Boston, our visitor found "mark downs," such as that of the "Remnant Pants & Co."

The first visit to any one of the attractions of this town was paid to a dry-goods store. This was not the store so familiar to us all, and spoken of by this writer: "Mothers taking their babies there can have them checked on entering along with their umbrellas and rubbers, and leave them in good hands in a large room arranged for the purpose. When the mothers have finished, on showing the number of the cheek the baby is produced."

The visitor in returning to the boarding house "noticed that one bright, sunny street was almost devoted to 'candy stores;' over these tempting stores, almost every window showed a dentist's chair and his sign." A sign board in a restaurant caught her eye. "Meal, 25 cents; square meal, 75 cents; gorge, \$1." And an undertaker's ran thus: "You kick the bucket, we do the rest."

But it seems to us that these last stories have a familiar ring.

Now these comments on Boston, and others as wonderful, appeared in the Pall Mall Gazette Dec. 15. Is the article a skit of Mr. Astor on the female correspondent? It is more likely that the article was written in good faith. In this case the Baroness Munchausen, masquerading as "an English girl," has been among us.

An interesting sketch of the history of the Union Club has just been published. It was prepared at the request of the Executive Committee. How strange to the younger generation seems the story of the foundation of the Club in "the darkest times of the struggle for the Union." The Club was founded by believers in the Union and Lincoln. "We want," said one of its founders, "a place where gentlemen may pass an evening without hearing copperhead talk."

The street car is our market place, our salon, our Rialto. All national and private affairs are there discussed democratically and to the educational advantage of bystanders and by-sitters. The practice of speaking in a foreign language in a crowded street car is therefore to be discouraged; for the other passengers understand the conversation with difficulty and do not receive full compensation for their five cents.

It is a pathetic and yet grotesque sight to see a woman, caught in a sudden shower or unexpected snow squall, removed from cab or car, endeavoring to protect her bonnet by a handkerchief. The adorning flowers do not endure wetting, and natural thirst brings ruin. If we were really a practical people, our women would ornament their bonnets with a leaf or two of the rubber plant.

The Louisiana Lottery died yesterday, to the great benefit of the nation. Its heir will live in Honduras, and it should be obliged to remain there.

Lovelace is dead. 'Twas only the Earl, not the immortal hero of Richardson's romance.

A dog in a flat is not a well-spring of pleasure.

Jan 1 - 1894

Was—hallel!

"There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door."

This is the feast day of St. Fulgentius, who never undressed nor ate flesh.

"Then came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quail,
And blow his hayles to warm them if he may."

Jan 2 - 94

The 2d of January is reputed to be an unlucky day. It is "perilous, for to take any sickness in, or to be hurt in, or to be wedded in, or to take any journey upon, or to begin any work on, that he would well speed." Yet after this catalogue of fears and quakings, the unknown writer added, and in a brave fist, "But, notwithstanding, I will trust in the Lord."

The 2d is not alone, as a black sheep in a well-favored flock, or a bruised thumb on a comely hand. Other equally unlucky days are the 1st, 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th, 15th. Here are seven excuses for laziness.

In olden times this month was known as the Wolfmonth, because the wolves of the forest were hungry, and, as they could not find enough smaller and possibly less juicy animals to satisfy their abnormal appetite, they left their homes, attacked and often ate men and women." May we all be spared the howl of the wolf before the door.

This is the day of St. Macarins, whose memory should be cherished by vegetarians and all detesters of cruelty to animals. He lived for seven years on nothing but raw herbs and pulse. It was this good man who once accidentally killed a gnat that was feeding on him as he was sunk in contemplation. Such was the saint's remorse that he went to a marsh and exposed himself for six months to monstrous insects with horrid bills. And when the saint came home, he was to be recognized only by his voice.

Solin assures us that the Arcadian year was of three months. Thus, New Year's vows were not exacting, nor were the Arcadians as liable to make and break promises as are the victims of our calendar.

Little else, however, might have been attributed to nervousness and therefore forgiven easily, but in these days models expected of a pianist than a lukewarm, colorless performance. No one has the right to condemn harshly a pianist because she knows her limitations and confines herself to pieces that are of worth and within her ability; when, however, such pieces are played without any manifestation of emotion and without unflinching accuracy, the judgment must be unfavorable.

Mr. Parker gave pleasure by his singing. He showed by his delivery of the "Legend of the Grail" that English is not necessarily a barbarous language, fit only for commercial purposes. The songs by local composers were sung with taste. PHILIP HALE.

January 5, 1914
It looks now as though "cremation parties" would be a distinctive feature of our social life.

We read in the newspapers that "representatives of the press will witness a cremation;" and on another occasion the "stockholders of the society" will be the invited guests.

Without any reference to the question of the advisability of burning the bodies of the dead, may it not be justly said that such publicity and, in certain cases, the gratification of morbid curiosity are well calculated to turn many sensitive and reverent people against cremation itself?

This is the day of St. Simeon Stylites, best known to us all by Tennyson's poem.

"Then, that I might be more alone with Thee,
Three years I lived upon a pillar, high
Six cubits, and three years on one of twelve;
And twice three years I crouched on one that rose
Twenty by measure; last of all, I grew
Twice ten long, weary weary years to this,
That numbers forty cubits from the soil."

Pillar saints were found almost exclusively in warm climates.

And it is Twelfth-Day Eve, when farmers in England used to drink to the health of apple trees. In wheat fields master and men would build twelve fires in a row with straw, and drink a "cheerful glass of cider," that smut might not blight.

Is not throwing a bomb in an opera house a coup de théâtre?

There is still hope for Harvard. Mr. DeLand is not among the six dismissed instructors.

This discussion concerning the "hump" of the wheelman reads at first as though it were a new and disguised form of a familiar advertisement.

Mr. Atkinson believes that "a combination of cheap veal, hominy soup, tomato sauce and cheese, cooked for five hours, makes an especially fine dish." And so there are people who revel in lobster and milk, and crown mince pie with a welsh rarebit.

Miss Alt, the actress who walloped a press agent in Denver, and "with cruel effect," did not belle her name. She was evidently way up—in G.

Lowell co-operative milk will not dissolve.

The emotion of the audience in theatre or concert hall now finds vent in coughing.

Oliver Sumner Teall is the Figaro of New York. It's "Teall" here, and it's "Teall" there; and if there are no cries for his services, Teall is not slow in reminding the public of his existence.

Thousands dance for the benefit of the poor. The fable is reversed. It is now the ant that dances.

Mr. Frank Wilson, a student in the Garrett Bible Institute, followed the example of Eutychus (Acts, xx.) and reflected directly on the minister by falling, while in church, into a sleep. The sleep lasted four days, but Mr. Wilson should not plume himself therefor. History is full of more extraordinary instances. There's Rip Van Winkle. Epimenides, a philosopher of parts, slept 57 years, although some historians say this fact is a lie. Then there's the great and ancient German Emperor, who is believed by many to be asleep, not dead.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Mr. de Pachmann's First Miscellaneous Program of the Season.

Mr. de Pachmann gave the first of three concerts yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. This was the program:

| | |
|---------------------------|-----------|
| Sonata op. 57 | Beethoven |
| Im. romanza, B flat | Schubert |
| Nocturne op. 9, No. 2 | Chopin |
| Polonaise op. 10, No. 2 | Chopin |
| Mazurkas op. 7, Nos. 1, 2 | Chopin |
| Etudes op. 10, Nos. 8, 10 | Chopin |
| Scherzo op. 20 | Chopin |
| Etudes Symphoniques | Schumann |

Mr. de Pachmann yesterday not only exhibited fully the peculiar characteristics that make his playing of Chopin so delightful and unique; he showed a versatility and a strength that have in times past been denied him by certain judges. He rose in the Beethoven sonata to a great height. Udd

of the sonata was eminently varied, broad, unspoiled by caprice or affectation. And so the grace and the tender beauty of Schubert were not related to the grace and beauty of Chopin. In a word, the pianist did not play Chopin when the text was by Beethoven, Schubert or Raff.

The Chopin smaller numbers were given delightfully, and the Scherzo was played superbly, with amazing brilliancy and fire. All in all, Mr. de Pachmann's performance of yesterday was not only the finest piano playing of the season; it was not surpassed by any pianist of last season.

The next one of these recitals will be given Thursday, Jan. 11. The program will include von Weber's sonata, op. 39, and pieces by Schumann, Henselt, Mendelssohn and Chopin. PHILIP HALE.

Twelfth Day, the day of remembering the three Magi, Gaspar, Melchior, Balthazar. Twelfth Night, once the night of revels and splendid shows. But what associations have we modern Yankees with these twenty-four hours? Not the finding of the bean in the cake and the kingdom of a night; not the thought of his Majesty Charles II., throwing dice, while Mr. Evelyn observed "the wicked folly and monstrous excess of passion amongst some losers;" but the recollection of famous actors in Shakspeare's charming comedy. Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew enter arm in arm; Maria laughs at Malvollo, and Viola, in the body of Adelaide Neilson, tells again the story of a broken heart.

Seekers after "American" folk songs should note the death of Harry Kennedy. If negro and Indian tunes, real or alleged, are worthy of the attention of our composers, such songs as "I Owe Ten Dollars to O'Grady," and "I had Fifteen Dollars in My Inside Pocket," are more characteristic of daily life in the Northern cities of the United States.

It seems now determined that Mr. W. T. W. Ball, remembering the theatre of Shakspeare and Burbage, gave the name "The Globe" to the building burned here this week. And the name is an excellent one for a theatre, which, when used as was Mr. Stetson's, is a microcosm of this round earth, tragic and wildly comic, passionate and spectacular. It will be remembered that the Globe Theatre of London was burned and rebuilt.

If Langtry's novel, with the suggestive title of "The Jersey Lily," is as personal as its name, it will be rich reading for some people.

Sensible and kindly in these hard times was the action of the South Boston Citizens' Association in subscribing the money usually used for a dinner to the fund for the unemployed of the city.

Is a housekeeper a servant? This is a question now discussed in court. Much depends on the housekeeper. There are families in which the housekeeper is absolute mistress, and neither wife nor mother-in-law can prevail against her. She is not only entitled to ride on the lift, she is the lift.

Here is a true and singular story of contemporaneous human interest. A young man in a village near Utrecht kissed a young woman whom he did not know in the street, and against her wish. She complained to the Burgomaster. He fined the offender one florin or imprisonment for one day. There was an appeal, and the "Appeal Court" at Amsterdam dismissed the case. The Judges declared that "to kiss a person cannot be an offence, as it is in the nature of a warm mark of sympathy."

This decision recalls curious customs that long prevailed in the low countries as well as in other lands. It was a universal habit for years for strangers to kiss "other men's wives, widows and maidens, when they made them ceremonious visits;" although there were ancient sages who condemned it. Kornmanus assures us that there were many places in Germany "where it would be looked upon as great unpoliteness for a young man to meet with a maiden without embracing and kissing her." Erasmus was delighted with a similar English custom: "Whithersoever you come, they all receive you with kisses; and whenever you go away, you are dismissed in the same manner. Do you meet with them anywhere you feast upon kisses."

But let us ponder the reasonable words of the philosopher de Saint Evremont. "See how the manner of saluting, which is peculiar to our nation, lessens the pleasure of kissing, by making it too common. * * * Nor do we men get much by it for as the world stands divided, we must kiss fifty old and ugly women, if we have a mind to kiss two or three who are handsome. And to a weak stomach, as those of my age generally have, one disagreeable kiss overpays a delicious one."

Here is a pleasing extract from Astor's English newspaper of the 11th. "There is something remarkable in the American women. A man goes to a country till he gets an American wife, and then he gives half the world to get rid of her."

Would it be better for our courts to follow the criminal procedure of the Scots, as again brought to notice by the Monson case—to allow the defence the last appeal to the jury and to admit the possible verdict of "No proven?"

To Gov. Mitchell, Florida: Capt. Burton in his notes to "Ultram and the Vampire" (1870), says that "Thugs" or "Phansigars" wear their fatal kerchiefs round their necks and "Thugs" in modern India means simply "rascals." Another note is as follows: "Every Hindu is in a manner born to a certain line of life, virtuous or vicious, honest or dishonest; and his Dharma, or religious duty, consists in conforming to the practice and the worship of his profession. The 'Thug,' for instance, worships Bhavani, who enables him to murder successfully, and his remorse would arise from neglecting to murder." Therefore, O excellent officer of the State, in preventing Mitchell and Co. from fighting, you may plunge them into the depths of remorse; or, as John Randolph put it, a stranger will call on them and present his card, "R. E. Morse."

Nor should it be forgotten by you that at the "splendid public dinner" given by the Club of Connoisseurs of Murder—the dinner reported by De Quincey—the final toast, the toast of the day, was "Thugdom in all its branches."

PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN.

There is now in Boston and in New York discussion of these questions: "Have the negroes of the United States a music peculiarly their own," and "Should the composer that wishes to write peculiarly American music take the real or alleged negro tunes for his themes?" To some this discussion may seem stupid; to others it may seem fruitless; but that there is such discussion, or, in fact, any discussion at all over the weightier matters of the musical law is a healthy symptom of an artistic condition. For it is a turning away, if only for a moment, from the petty consideration of the personal appearance and habits of players and singers.

For some time the personality of the performer has been the thing; not that which was played or sung by him. An unknown pianist rises above the American horizon. What are the questions at once asked and answered? They are chiefly concerning his face, hirsute decoration, figure, and diurnal and nocturnal habits. After his appearance the average newspaper gives cheerfully space to gossip about him, no matter how trivial or silly it may be, and too often grudges the space necessary to a proper and judicial passing of opinion on his musical merits or faults. So, too, there is plenty of room in a newspaper for a minute description of a singer's boudoir, but the opera in which she sings, even though it be new and possibly epoch-making, is regarded as of minor consequence. Yet the opera may live when the singer will be speechless and forgotten.

The newspaper would not thus make a false standard of values, were it not convinced that the public would read the gossip with delight and pass by the judicial opinion. But are there not many intelligent people, interested seriously in music, who would gladly read opinions on the art of the performer and the character of the work performed, and would not go to bed unhappy because they did not know whether the singer drank tea or tokay, or what were the "favorite authors" and the "fads" of the pianist or fiddler?

It is not to be denied that in all ages the personality of a prominent man or woman has excited the curiosity of the gaping crowd. But while there was gossip in Paris about Gluck, the man, there was also a fierce dispute about Gluck, the musician; while in London the news was hawked in the street that "Madam Faustina, the rare singing woman, has been taken hoarse," there were also hot arguments between the admirers of Handel and Bononcini. In this country, where Art is a late arrival, the public curiosity about the performer has not been accompanied often with a serious discussion of an artistic matter. Read, for instance, the lives of Jenny Lind published in New York and in Philadelphia in 1851. The reader is told how she took her first "country walk" in "Boston Highlands," how Genin, a hatter in New York, paid \$225 for a ticket and sold many hats thereby; but compare these books of gossip with Quicherat's "Nourrit" or Wolzogen's "Schroeder-Devrient" and the difference in the tastes of foreigners and Americans will be apparent.

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of consideration of
the entire one to

So, too, dancing, light gymnastics and reasonable visits to a skating rink will lend grace of movement to the most awkward. A like course in science would show the folly of lighting a fire with kerosene or blowing on the gas. An evening a week spent in the enjoyment of the legitimate drama would be a valuable object lesson in conversation, in action, and in repose of manner. The study of the dead languages must be regarded by thoughtful person as a waste of time. Fencing would be superfluous, unless the flat in a district exposed to burglars.

"But," to use the language of the solver of the problem, "let every housewife who take upon her this noble task of mothering an untalented or friendless little maid renounce all thought of earning gratitude for it." We suggest the paltry consideration of gratitude. Should any high-minded woman shrink from the task because the maid, when fully accomplished, might not say "Thank you, Madam," with emotion?

Jan 8-74
If an intelligent foreigner should see in Boston an advertisement in a tailor's window "Bushelers wanted," or if he should receive from a tailor a bill for "trousers busheled," of what advantage to his imperfect acquaintance with our language would even the greatest dictionary be? He would naturally derive the word from bushel, a measure of capacity, and think of trousers of abnormally generous proportions, which flap against the leg; and, indeed, there is the phrase "bushel-breeches." But the foreigner's trousers may be of tight fit, and he would again conjecture.

Then there is a verb "to bushel," used figuratively, "to hide under a bushel." And again the foreigner would ponder the case, for his trousers certainly are not hid from sight.

He would finally learn in the dictionary that "busheler" or "busheller," or bushelman, is "one who repairs garments for tailors," and the word is said to have first appeared in 1847. But what is the origin of this noun, as well as the verb wrenched from the noun?

If he consulted Grose he would find bushel used in an odd sense, and in Cheshire, Eng., a bushel when applied to oats means five ordinary bushels. The tailor's word "busheler" is said to be peculiar to certain districts in the United States, and Murray's Dictionary suggests that the word comes from the German "bosseln"—"to do odd jobs of repairing." Bartlett also derives "bushel" from a German word. But how was "bushel" introduced into this country?

Jan 9-74
To-day is the anniversary of seven saints, who, apparently, did or said little that the world thought worthy of remembrance. Happy is the man who has no history.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Richard Hovey, who is passing the winter in Boston, will be prevailed on to recite extracts from his striking tragedy "Gandolfo" at the "Author's Reading" at the Hollis.

"The proposition to substitute 'gasocentration' for 'electrocution' excites attention even in conservative England, and there is discussion concerning relative merits. One writer suggests the following trial: "They should put George Westinghouse, Jr., astride of his own dynamo, and each of the gasocutionists in a lethal chamber of his particular fancy should press a button and time the results." This would also confirm the tradition that they who invent machines for the destruction of their fellows perish by their own contrivance.

Does any one to-day read William Maginn's essays on boxing, suggested by the death of Sir Daniel Donnelly? Donnelly was the Irish prize fighter who defeated Cooper and Oliver of England. Yet, according to Blackwood's, his pugilistic education had been irregular, and he struck as though in a crowd at Donnybrook Fair. "There were Iricisms in his style, but the native vigor of the man prevailed over the imperfect institutions of his country."

The death of Donnelly was characteristic of the man. After he retired from the ring, he became landlord of "The Shining Daisy." Money and friends came to him; but in February, 1870, "having drank an most incredible number of tumblers of brandy at one sitting (out of mere bravado), he swallowed half a bucket of cold water, and in a state of profuse perspiration, the aforesaid tumblers, he burst a blood vessel and departed this life in the 44th year

How strange to modern philanthropists and refiners must be the writings of such men as Wilson, Lockhart, Maginn and Hazlitt about the prize ring. There is Maginn with his dirges in Greek, Latin and Hebrew, inspired by Donnelly's death. There's Hazlitt with his famous description of the fight between the Gas man and Bill Neate. And was it not in Blackwood's that the decision was pronounced solemnly, "In the ball room, a waltzing match is a more indecent exhibition than a boxing match."

Look out for your cat. The cat, irrespective of sex, is a communicator of diphtheria.

No article at the sale of de Maupassant's furniture was "so feverishly bid for as the white-handled razor with which he tried to commit suicide. A stain on the handle gave it the value of a personal relic." This reads

as though it were the motive of a characteristically grim story by the dead master.

"When the funeral pyre was out, and the last valediction over, men took a lasting adieu of their interred friends, little expecting the curiosity of future ages should comment upon their ashes." So wrote Sir Thomas Browne, not knowing that at the end of the 19th century curiosity would attend the very putting of the body on the pyre.

Orders have already been sent to Japan for the importation of cremation-vases.

Here is a delightful contribution by a contemporary to the literature of cremation. The reporter, in describing the spectators at the burning of a body, wrote as follows: "The undertone of speech was noticeable." Is boisterous conversation or general hilarity characteristic, then, of burial ceremonies?

It looks as though Boston was at last to have a Music Hall worthy of its musical reputation. Safety, acoustic enjoyment and comfort seem to have been most carefully provided for in the plan submitted. But what will the Handel and Haydn do? The stage will hold only 350 singers in addition to a large orchestra. This is the number declared "by the authorities to be the limit which can be advantageously employed." And the "authorities" are right in this opinion.

MUSIC.

The First Appearance of Josef Slivinski, Pianist, in Boston.

Mr. Joseph Slivinski made his first appearance in Boston last evening in Music Hall. The program was as follows:

Fantasia in C, Op. 17.....Schumann
Two Preludes—Op. 28, No. 3 and 4.....
Mazurka in A minor.....Chopin
Valse—Op. 64, No. 2.....
Ballade—Op. 62.....Gluck, Spambati
Melodie.....Hummel
Rondo.....Liszt
Barcarolle.....Liszt
Spheneried, "The Flying Dutchman".....Wagner-Liszt
Taraniele, "Venezia E Napoli".....Liszt

Mr. Slivinski is a tall, thin, nervous man, with black hair and a mou-tache that at each end rises in air. It is said that he was born in Warsaw in 1860, and first educated in music at the Warsaw Conservatory. He studied afterward under Leschetizky. I believe that in 1891 he made his first appearance in Berlin and in London.

These are impressions after hearing Mr. Slivinski last evening. He has well-trained fingers. His technique is fine—even polished. Perhaps it is too genteel, too well adapted to the salon. But in the salon Mr. Slivinski is a welcome guest. His conversation is smooth, and he murmurs conventionalities in a well-bred manner. His behavior there is impeccable. To display emotion of any sort might disconcert the hostess and the other guests. Nor would it do for him to breathe hard, or smelt of tobacco, or enter heated by the chase or any joy of nature. Nor would it be of advantage to him to utter an original thought; nor would he so forget himself as to betray marked individuality.

Fine and well bred as is his technique, he apparently lacks a sense of color. Seldom, if ever, did he gain a charming effect by the use of the pedals. His song is in white tones. This song is not passion to it does not even draw you to him. You listen, and when the song is the expression of superficial or merely polite feeling, you admire and say "He does that well." Once on y, last evening, did he show a palatable idea of color, and that was in the barcarolle. In the Schumann fantasia he groped for color, as though he were playing blind-man's-buff; but color eluded and mocked him.

Mr. Slivinski seems to be without marked personality or individuality. When he first appeared in European cities he was reproached for smiling mercenly at the keys. Last night the story of such reproach seemed incredible. What, this man with the soft and delicate touch, this man a slagger?

In the Schumann Fantasia he appeared to least advantage, for here were the severest demands on his temperament. But let us leave temperament out of the question for a moment. He did not solve successfully all the rhythmic problems of the composer; nay, more, he seemed at times oblivious of the fact that a sixteenth note and an eighth note are not of equal worth, and by this violation of a rudimentary principle the rhythm suffered and the passion of Schumann stuttered. Nor was he always accurate. That he was disturbed in the second movement by the late arrival of many who

persisted in achieving their seats while he was playing; but there were other passages where the confusion was of his own making, and he gave rise to the suspicion that he was more of the virtuoso in the obnoxious meaning of the word than the true musician.

In the selections from Chopin's works he was inclined to abuse the rubato, and that which was robbed was not restored. The first of the preludes was gracefully played.

The Rondo displayed a cold and brilliant technique. The little Melodie was given with much taste, as was the familiar Spinning Song from "The Flying Dutchman." But in the latter part of the program, except in the Barcarolle, Mr. Slivinski approached dangerously near the perfection of a fully equipped and expensive music-box of Geneva.

Now here is an interesting pianist who paradoxically is without personal interest. The hearer admires certain mechanical characteristics of the player, but he wonders if the player has ever sounded the depths of passion. Certainly the performance of last evening lacked color, passion, subdued or demouine, mysticism, and that characteristic which is described vaguely and queerly as intellectuality. I doubt if any woman that was in Music Hall last evening heard in her dreams a song Slivinski sang or thought of the player the moment she opened her eyes this morning. I doubt if any man was called away for a moment from the hustle and the cares of daily life by any spell woven by those nimble fingers. And yet Mr. Slivinski often played exceedingly well.

There was a large audience, and the applause was frequent and hearty. The pianist was recalled after the last number of the program, and he played two pieces to the evident delight of those who waited. He will play again in Music Hall Jan. 23 at 8 o'clock.

PHILIP HALE.

There must have been a sudden improvement in the financial condition of Harvard. Prof. "Tim" Keefe has been called to the chair of Drops and Curves.

"I want to know a spade, when I see it, and to call it a spade." So said Henry Waterson. No one doubts his ability to pick out the said agricultural implement in a hardware store; but Henry never was contented with calling the tool a spade; he qualifies his nouns with sulphurous adjectives.

Some liken the roof of the proposed Music Hall to the back of the horseshoe crab. And how are the acoustic properties of the said crab?

Let no one protest against the entrance into a "stately, curving Ambulatory." The word is 270 years old in English, and it means simply a place for walking in, especially a covered way.

But the introduction of the word "baignoire" into familiar use in Falmouth Street is not to be commended, although the fact that Browning uses this French word as an English one in "Red Cotton Night Cap, etc.," will endear the adaptation to our most advanced thinkers. The average concert-goer will be likely to translate "baignoire" when he sees it on a ticket: "Baths on the premises." He will look in vain for faucets, soap and a sponge.

Yet if perfect sympathy between orchestra and audience is desirable, submerged spectators (that is, of course, submerged to the neck), might relish more keenly passages of the "Rhinegold" music and the "Melusina" overture.

Until the Music Hall is ready for use there will be much gratuitous advice and shedding of ink. They that wish to speak to their neighbors with some show of learning should begin with a simple and cheap text book, say T. Roger Smith's "Rudimentary Treatise on the Acoustics of Public Buildings." The works of Lachéz, Rhode, Chladni, Saunders and Scott Russell (not Clarke Russell) may be also turned over.

The man that marries "just for a lark" finds generally that he has secured a crow.

There is a Neapolitan institution that should not be imported here, and that is Mafia.

I asked a little Back Bay maid,
In neatest fending togs arrayed,
A question of no great import,
But simply how she found the sport.
She blushed enchantingly, and said:
"I like it, hence no end, you know,
But dear me, it does tickle so!"
—[The Swordsman.

The Waltham ghost holds a red light in its hand. Its thoughtfulness in thus displaying a danger signal cannot be too highly commended.

"When Prof. Finnerty of the Metropole Club tossed the towel, Falvey's head went over on his breast and he walked about covered with blood and in a very weak condition. The referee, the seconds and a crowd of excited spectators engaged in a free fight." And where did all this happen? In Florida, or Louisiana, or in some mining and slugging town of the wild West? O, no. The action was in the Sanitary Gymnasium, Providence, R. I.

Mr. W. D. MacKnight, whose fantastic studies in omelets are now exhibited at the S. Botolph

is a startling report made by Chief
May it prevent the reports of burst-
bottles.

the newspaper men that will be obliged to
their offices after any entertainment in
proposed Music Hall already look askew
the location.

at us consult the wisdom of the ancients.
Sedocles gave as the cause of winter that
air is predominant in thickness, and is
forced upward." On account of this satis-
factory explanation, he has been known for
centuries as a wise man.

There is no bear in the story of "Adonis"
related by Mr. Dixey.

ere seems to be much pother over a
affair at the Boston University. There
ances that are really only marches; such
the torchlight dances at the wedding
ony of certain European monarchs.

is reported that the Baptists propose to
erge" themselves in the Christians. Is
"su merge" the proper word?

be fits' branch of Christians arose in
ginta and North Carolina. These Chris-
ians were seceders from the Methodists.
e Northern branch started in New Eng-
d. The first Christian ministers here
rated themselves from Baptist churches.

ty years ago, in Boston, there were 6
ist churches (one of them African), 4
odist (one Reformed and one African)
1 Christian.

A well-known poet and novelist of this
was asked his opinion of a picture by
W. D. MacKnight, "Maize." The
wer came quickly: "I thought it was
picture of a Welsh rabbit warren."

ere are modern paintings that remind
of Mr. Sammel Huxter's trousers: they
with a loud voice "Come look at me."

he original of Sherlock Holmes is said to
Dr. Joseph Bell. Now what did Conan
le have in mind when he described the
on and the deeds of Prof. Moriarty?

ey have had cold weather in England
this. During the winter of 1739-40
e Thames was frozen so solidly that a fair
as held on the ice for three weeks, and an
was roasted whole; theatres were closed,
d as late in the winter as February a
eatre announcement read as follows:
Particular care has been taken to have the
se survey'd and secured against the cold,
having curtains placed before every door,
d constant fire will be kept in the House
all the time of performance."

slivinski's strength, unlike that of Samson
d Padlewski, does not lie in his hair.
en his carefully cultivated moustache has
real pull in it. Mr. Slivinski should re-
mber that a wild hirsute arrangement at
excites popular confidence. A doctor
th a full beard and spectacles has won half
battle.

W. When that freeze in flats on account of
stupidity of janitors or the avarice of
odgers should follow the example of Lady
Berkeley of blessed memory. She
when Henry III. ruled England, and it
her habit "to say billets and sticks in
chamber, for which purpose she bought
ain fine hand saws." Such exercise
be better than the introduction of the
io or the revival of the foot-warmer.

ther blow to personal liberty. Har-
aw students are no longer allowed to
y in their reading room the coat-of-
aimed by Abraham Lincoln.

redos has been in time past a wedge
a church. *Abail omen!* Perhaps it
from the god of this that the Duchess of
thoright broke her contract with Bishop
mr. And yet the letter in which she
aised a handsome gift lies buried in the
ner stone of his cathedral, and to her was
porary glory without expense. But the
case was made before she had achieved
cess.

ry Ita an on arrival at this port should
ented with a safety razor.

It is Gov. Mitchell who is challenged.
oyal Club. It named after Claude
thru the gauntlet at his feet."
nothing for the Governor to do but
dow his old family shotgun.

ret tale or recastment that induces
e Cleburns, the convalescent
to appear in a new play called "The

era, great and small, join at last in
an ab-

Is it really necessary to the welfare of the
people of Boston that a public telescope
should shoot toward Heaven from the Com-
mon? And must each newspaper have its
astronomical editor? Are there not things
enough on earth? Must copy be secured by
prying into the affairs in the sky?

MUSIC.

The Second Miscellaneous Concert by De Pachmann in Chickering Hall.

Mr. de Pachmann gave a concert in Chick-
ering Hall yesterday afternoon. The program
was as follows:

| | |
|--|-------------|
| Sonata, op. 39..... | Weber |
| From "Walden," op. 82..... | |
| a. "Vogel als Prophet,"..... | Schumann |
| b. Jagdlied..... | |
| c. Abschied..... | |
| Phantasie-tueck, "Grillen," op. 12, No. 4..... | Henselt |
| Wiegand..... | |
| Capriccio, op. 16, No. 2..... | Mendelssohn |
| Fantaisie, op. 49..... | |
| Etudes, op. 25, No. 5, 6, 7..... | Chopin |
| Mazurka, op. 38, No. 4..... | |
| Valse brillante, op. 34, No. 1..... | |

Mr. de Pachmann was in high spirits yester-
day, in good humor with the composers, the
audience, the world at large and himself. The
result was a performance of great merit and
peculiar fascination.

When Mr. de Pachmann is not in the vein;
when his collar chafes his neck or his seat is not
to his fancy; when his lunch was not tooth-
some; or when he sees some one in the audience
whom he suspects as a man of evil eye, he sulks;
and then the notes are played as a lesson re-
quired by an unwilling school boy.

But when he is in radiant humor, who has the
heart to chide him for the occasional ebullitions
of enthusiasm? It is to be noticed that he does
not call the attention of the audience to the
beauty or the agility of his performance; he in-
vites his hearers to share with him his musical
delight at a ravishing melody or a surprising
modulation. He has said openly that he plays
best when a few friends late at night are close
to the piano. Then there is intimate relation-
ship between player and hearer. Then the
musical fluid is irresistible. The time may
come when piano recitals will not be solemn
functions; when a hearer will be permitted to
cry aloud in his joy, "Wonderful! Beautiful!
Just play that passage over again, please!"

When that time comes, the sonata may have
disappeared as an organic whole and an organic
musical duty. Movements from sonatas may be
allowed and enjoyed. Who knows? Fifty years
from today some white-haired pianist may be
pointed out to young music students as the man
who played publicly the whole of a sonata for
the last time in Boston.

Not even de Pachmann could make the sonata
by Weber interesting as a whole; yet how the
critics raved about it in 1816-17. How the
learned Dr. Marx a terward praised it to the
ski s. Weber was a great virtuoso, if we may
believe the testimony of his day, and he de-
veloped the technique of the pianist. There are
passages in this sonata that undoubtedly caused
astonishment when they were first heard;
there are passages of romantic feeling that are
stamped with the hall mark of the maker of
"Der Freischuetz," but, with the exception of
the menuetto, the sonata sounds old fashioned to
the younger, nervous and irreverent gen-
eration of to-day.

There is no need of reviewing serialism the
numbers played yesterday, but the astonishing
performance of the Mendelssohn capriccio must
not be dismissed without notice. As played by
Mr. de Pachmann, it was a capriccio; while in the
hands of too many pianists a capriccio becomes
the laborious expression of rigid formalism.

Let it be said, in a word, that the pianist gave
a remarkably fine exhibition of his peculiar
abilities. Such piano playing as that of yester-
day is seldom heard in this country or in
Europe.

The last concert of this series will be given
Thursday afternoon, Jan. 18. The program will
include the Schumann fantasia; the "Moon-
light" sonata (so-called) of Beethoven; Noe-
turne, op. 15, No. 1; Barcarole op. 60; Preludes
op. 28, Nos. 17, 12, and Valse, op. 34, No. 3, by
Chopin; and those pieces by Liszt: Sonnet de
Petrarque No. 5; "Harmonie du Soir;" Bal-
lade No. 2, B minor, and Mazurka brillante.

The audience of yesterday was enthusiastic.
Mr. de Pachmann was recalled, and he impro-
vised a piece "in the style of Liszt."

PHILIP MALE.

THE DARTMOUTH GLEE CLUB.

The Dartmouth Glee, Banjo and Guitar Clubs
gave a concert last evening in Horticultural
Hall. It was a delightful entertainment. The
program was varied, and the performance of the
different numbers was excellent. The chorus
sang with purity of tone, agreeable sonority and
unexaggerated expression. The pieces for the
instruments were played with spirit and
precision. The different solo numbers
were given in a creditable manner, and
Mr. Barrows showed himself to be a
comedian of considerable mimetic ability and
flexible anatomy. There were encores without
end. Dartmouth may well be congratulated on
the success of her musical students.

Few men have been such close observers
of nature as was the late Frank Bolles. He
has joined Gilbert White, Thoreau, and
Richard Jefferies. In England there is still
Thomas Hardy, who in that marvelous book
"The Woodlanders" showed himself the
keenest and most sympathetic observer of
forest life. And here in America John Bur-
roughs talks familiarly with birds, insects
and plants.

There was for a long time in England the
belief that the 12th of January was the cold-
est day of the year.

This is the day of St. Benedict, a North-
umbrian Monk, who should be honored by
musicians. Twelve hundred years ago he
brought home singers from Rome, that his
churches might "so sounde with melodye,
that simple soules ravished therewith should
fantasie of heavynly things, but heavenly
holynesse."

Mr. Irving announces that the evening per-
formances at the Tremont will begin at 7.45.
It is to be hoped that theatre-goers will show
him the courtesy of punctuality. In concert
hall and theatre this season many have been
disturbed by the selfishness of late comers.

To G. S.—The "Cyclone Preacher" is
really a preacher and not identified with the
prize ring.

George Fred Williams was hailed at the
Dartmouth dinner as "the Moses of the
modern times." But Moses was not allowed
to possess the promised land.

People in Boston are too poor to raise the
relief fund of \$100,000; but good prices were
paid this week for bric-a-brac at auction,
and \$3 seats at a theatre find willing buyers.

For some time there has been in this coun-
try an aping of an English fashion, and Mr.
John F. Smith has lately written his name
Mr. John Ferguson Smith. The habit has
reached such proportions that domestics have
adopted it, and one housekeeper was sur-
prised the other day to find a letter in the
house mail box addressed to "Miss Bridget
Margaret O'Halloran."

So Lillian Russell will again enter into the
bonds of matrimony. These are her reasons
for the third essay: "Signor Ferrugini is a
gentleman, he is a dear, good fellow and he
has asked me to marry him." Another
reason undoubtedly is the fact that the
bridegroom is deaf and will not be likely to
reproach her for any wandering from the
true pitch.

The news of the terrible accident that be-
fell Charley Bennett will be heard with sin-
cere regret by all lovers of honest and skillful
base ball. Few men on the diamond have
had such an honorable record.

Millionaires are not always deaf to the ap-
peals of the poor. Even Baron Rothschild
was touched the other day. And the thief
touched him for 14,000 francs.

Vaillant ascribes his Anarchistic theories
to his serious study of philosophy. If he had
confined himself to Kant and Spencer and
had not practiced experimental chemistry,
he would not now be so near the guillotine.

Mrs. Finis—"I'm as sick as I can be, just
from eating these peanuts."

Finis—"Well, why don't you stop eating
them?"

Mrs. Finis (in amazement)—"Stop? Why, I
have more than half a bag left yet!"—[Puck.]

Here is a specimen of Berlin musical criti-
cism; it is apropos of Teresa Carreno's recent
performance of the Chopin E minor con-
certo: "She was much better when she
played for the first time the second concerto
of her third husband at last year's fourth
Philharmonic concert."

Sectarian clubs dine largely and discuss at
length this question, "What is Religion?"
Many answers are suggested, but the ques-
tion was settled long ago by a preacher
named James, who put things in a concise
way: "Pure religion and undefiled is this:
To visit the fatherless and widows in their
affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from
the world."

The death of the widow of Thackeray will
be heard with surprise by many who did not
know that she was alive, this month. It
will be remembered that she lost her reason
early in her married life. According to the
testimony of those who knew her she was an
uncommonly sweet and amiable woman.
There are passages of tender pathos in "The
Great Hoggarty Diamond" and the "Ad-
ventures of Philip" that were inspired by
scenes in the days when Thackeray and his
wife were young, unknown and poor.

THE BOSTON IDEAL CLUB.

The Boston Ideal Club gave a very pleasant
entertainment last evening at the People's
Church. The club played several numbers with
its accustomed taste and skill, and Mr. G. L.
Lansing's banjo solos were thoroughly enjoyed.
Mr. J. Williams Macy amused the audience by
his songs and recitations. The automatic elec-
tric banjo, invented by Mr. W. H. Gilman,
was exhibited. There was much inter-
est in the competition of eight banjo
clubs: The Ladies' Crescent of Waltham,
the M. I. T., the Everetti, the Langwood, the
Enterprise, the Boston Ladies', the Eclipse and
the Lynn. The judges were Messrs. J. Frank
Donahoe, Wm. B. Robinson and Frank H. Max-
field. The first prize of \$50 was given to the
School of Technology Banjo and Guitar Club;
the second prize of \$25 was given to the Ladies'
Crescent of Waltham, made up of Alice Wel-
lington, Sadie Shattuck, Grace Bacon, Addie
Padelford, Minnie Cushman and Eva Sampson.
There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

Why this hurrah over the "popular inter-
est in Shakspeare?" Why this pointing a
moral to managers and critics? "Henry
VIII." is now given in sumptuous manner at
the Tremont Theatre. Who is the hero:
Shakspeare or the stage-carpenter?

There are charming verses in praise of
the published long ago in the New Haven
Register:

The patient plumber sees
The full fruition of his summer's dream;
Again the loather filigree to the breeze
His garments false of wool and frail of seam.
Whereat the coal man smiles,
And rubs his hands, and sayeth, "Even so
My harvest cometh." And his hours beguiles
With chants and pious psalms in praise of snow.
And we, in joy profound,
Just liberate, unmindful of our cares,
Oblivious that the coal man doth abound,
Forgetful of the plumber man down stairs.

An almanac was published in 1678 which
contained among "many good things both
for pleasure and profit" this item: "Mar-
riage comes in on the 13th day of January."

This is the day of St. Veronica. A poor,
ligniant girl, she sat up of nights to learn to
read and write, which "was a great fatigue
to her." She saw "a comfortable vision"
and a voice told her not to be anxious; "it
was enough if she knew three letters." And
afterward she lived a life of sanctity.

So the militiamen near Jacksonville will
not support Gov. Mitchell, their chief officer.
They are not "in sympathy" with him;
they have "no esprit de corps." But of what
use are such militiamen?

The boxing kangaroo at the Aquarium,
London, knocked out about \$170,000 last year.

Here is a tribute paid Lient. Peary by the
Pall Mall Gazette: "Mr. Peary's modesty
is almost unprecedented. He has demon-
strated that Greenland is insular; he has de-
lineated the northward extension of its ice-
cap or 'inland sea,' and he has established
the existence of lands free from ice, though
lying yet nearer the Pole. Yet his own brief
narrative infers rather than states these dis-
coveries, and the publishers have been
obliged to explain their significance in an in-
troduitory note. Clearly America has reason
to be proud of men like Mr. Peary and his
companion, Mr. Astrup."

Anson, old "Pop" Anson, as he is fami-
larly known, is serving as referee in the bil-
liard tournament at Chicago, and there has
not been a protest against a decision. But if
he were only umpiring at a ball game!

One form of practical Christianity is to
strew ashes on your share of the sidewalk.

A pianist fainted during a row in a theatre
in the western part of the State. Such an
accident is rare in the history of the musical
mission. Members of a concert audience
have been known to require medical attend-
ance, or, in extreme cases, their nerves have
been shattered for life; but pianists are re-
markable for their staying power.

It was in a Back Bay street car. A young
man offered his seat to an elderly woman.
Without any expectation of thanks, he
walked a few steps and seized a strap. The
woman left her seat and thanked him. As
she did this courteous act, a large well-
dressed woman took quietly the seat of the
first woman, and she kept it. All that the
young man could do was to offer a strap to
the victim of good breeding.

Kingma, the Dutch champion, won in the
skating tournament at Zwolle. Again the
Dutch have taken Holland, for that country
is supposed to be the home, the birthplace,
of skating.

Mr. John Swope sues the Receivers of a
railway company, fearing lest he be swiped.

La grippe and pneumonia are prevalent.
(Do not be alarmed: this is not an advertise-
ment in thin disguise). The Italians, when
they are in their own land at least, believe
in soup as a fortifier against such diseases.
But let the soup be strong, and let the stock
be well chosen. None of your thin, dish
water concoctions. If the soup is clear,
sprinkle in it cheese and with a liberal hand.
Let the cheese be Parmesan, not bottled, but
grated from an honest hunk.

When Mr. Alfred Bunn was in this coun-
try and wondered at the game supper at
Taft's Hotel, West Roxbury—it was forty
years ago—he wrote thus of the condition of
the theatre in the United States: "The
'star' system, incessantly kept up here
through a long series of years, has been fatal
to the encouragement of home talent; novelty
is the prevailing pursuit of the American, as
it is of every other play-goer, and the mere
student of his country's drama, whom his
countrymen can see at all times, is generally
passed by, and the new-comer welcomed in
his stead." Now, are these words true to-
day?

"In New York State attempted suicide is
a felony, punishable by fine and imprison-
ment." A committee of the medico-legal
court reports in favor of the repeal of this
distasteful law, on the ground that the law
stimulates the would-be self-slayer to the
best activity in his taking-off, lest he be
punished for a bungling piece of work. It
must also be remembered that the mere fact
that something is forbidden induces people
of perverse will to act against the law.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Suggestions for Comfort in the New Music Hall.

Concerning the Wearing of Ear Caps in Concerts.

Rules and Regulations for the Appropriate Applause.

If the description of the interior of the new
Music Hall is accurate in detail, music will be
heard there in comfort and in safety. Yes, the
Hall will be well equipped.

There will be an "ambulatory" where con-
fident amateurs can exchange opinions on the
work performed, and where the uncertain can
gain opinions.

There will be "baignoires," where everything
will be permitted except bathing.

There will be spacious cloak rooms. No longer
will every man be his own coat rack. Nor will
any excitable person run the risk of smashing
his hat in the very ecstasy of his enthusiasm.

The exits are many and easy of access. Escape
from a lethal symphony or a stentorian singer
will be open to all.

But even the most vigilant architect may
overlook a point. It may then be allowed a
layman to offer in good faith suggestions.

First of all there should be an office for the
sale of pink sleep.

It was Sir Arthur Helps who, in "Realmah,"
first called attention to the compound sleep-
stuff of a pink color used by persons who were
obliged to attend public meetings.

"It put a man into a pleasing kind of a stupor,
in which state he did not care much how time
passed or what was said to him, and he could
be in this state without betraying himself, for
he could hear all that was said, and look suffi-
ciently intelligent, and at the same time enjoy
a semi-comatose condition, which made the
length of speech a matter of indifference to
him."

It is not improbable, however, that the supply
of this stuff is limited. Sufficient doses would
command a high price. Yet there are many
who would buy gladly such a refuge. What
are they to do if the drug is beyond their reach?

Take the case of our old friend Blivens, well
known in the street—a most estimable man,
whose name is signed to every call that asks
for influence and not for cash. Saturday nights,
during the season, you see Blivens in Music
Hall. He is on duty. He is the escort of his
wife and daughter. Does he hear the music?
No. He is not fond of music; but he realizes
the necessity of performing a social function,
and he is a gallant spouse and father. What is
he thinking of when Mr. Paur is picking tunes
off the orchestra? Everything; from leather to
lumbago, from small-pox to sugar, but never by
any chance of the music. And Blivens is only
one of several.

In the new hall there should be accommoda-
tion for such a patron of art. It is true that
Blivens has a room at the Storage Warehouse,
which is near the hall; but the room is cheer-
less; no lights are allowed after sundown; and
entrance after 8 P. M. would be well nigh im-
possible.

There is to be an "ambulatory" in the new
Music Hall. Why not a dormitory? Let there
be a place for Blivens, where he can snooze or
smoke or loaf at will. Let there be a place for
Blivens and his kind who are not disposed to buy
the sleep-stuff. They should not be allowed to
enjoy such a privilege until after the end of the
first piece, so that they may be seen in public
with wives, sisters, daughters and other female
relatives who are fond of music.

The walls of these private rooms should be
padded thickly, so that the inmates may not be
forced to heed symphony or cantata; nor start
at shrill-edged shriek of impassioned singer;
nor turn pale at the cannonading by merciless
pianist. After the concert is over, Blivens will
join his wife and daughter, and, each in mind
contented, they will turn homeward.

It is true that in the opera houses of Germany
the flesh of the pig is sold in various forms, and
beer and other liquids are at the disposal of
buyers. To follow such a custom, to introduce
a bar in the new Music Hall, this is not to be en-
couraged. You may say that certain music has
a tendency to drive one to drink; and your state-
ment is undoubtedly true. But the neighbor-
hood is a sensitive one. There is no bar
near the proposed site. There are dwellers in
flats, there are little shops, there is unoccupied
land. Would it be decent to allow the Muse to
descend and find a footing there arm-in-arm
with Bacchus.

As a precaution against the said terrible effect
of certain music, ear caps might be rented for
the evening; or a person might be permitted to
bring his own ear caps, of handsome material,
with the initials of the owner worked in rich
stuff against a dark ground. Blinders that be-
deck fashionable horses would serve as a
model.

By the way, in ancient Hindu days, he that
was fond of music was dubbed *Sarva-rasi*,
which, being interpreted, means "a wild or gay
fellow, a sad dog." Such a one was Randhir,
who was King in the city Chandrodaya, in the

country called Malaya, on the western coast of
the land of Bharat. For King Randhir "ate
and drank and listened to music, and looked at
dancers and made love much more than he
studied, reflected, prayed, or conversed with the
wise."

In the new Hall the applause should be regu-
lated carefully. There should be no claque, not
even the fashionable claque that so often to-
day encourages mediocrity and praises that
which is bad.

Now, judicious applause is not to be discoun-
tenanced.

According to Otto Gumprecht, applause has a
deep significance when it is genuine, expressed
in worthy form and at a suitable time.

The "worthy form" is a matter of the day.
The ancient Romans when they were delighted
rose solemnly in their seats and waved the flaps
of their togas. Such an exhibition in Music
Hall would seem ridiculous to the thoughtless;
besides, the toga is not worn by our patrons of
art.

The three kinds of applause taught by Nero
to his claque of 5000 robust young fellows from
the common people assembled to do him honor
when he sang are, unfortunately, forgotten.

It is our custom to applaud by clapping
together of hands. Some enthusiast may cry
aloud "bravo," especially if the recipient of
his vocal bounty be a woman; and he then
looks confused, not because he has made a mis-
take in the gender, but because he has shewn
for a moment continental emotion.

The manifestation of approval by the stamp-
ing of boots, or by the thumping of umbrellas
against the floor, or by any ingenious applica-
tion of fingers to the mouth is not now in favor.

The question is, then, not how shall the ap-
plause be manifested; it is, when should ap-
plause be given?

It must be acknowledged that the solution of
this problem is beset with difficulties. Why
should not a Code of Rules and Regulations Con-
cerning Applause be drawn up deliberately by a
committee appointed by the Mayor? There is
ample time while the hall is a building.

It may not now be impertinent to make a few
suggestions concerning applause in the new
hall.

Applaud anything by Brahms or Wagner.
This is invariably a safe rule to follow. Never
mind whether you like the piece or not. If you
do not like it, you should at least have the de-
cency to feign admiration.

Applaud all German singers. If they cannot
sing, they were born in Germany, and the fact
deserves popular appreciation.

Applaud all efforts by local composers, sing-
ers, and artists. Patriotism is the second duty
of a concert-goer; devotion to Germany is the
first. Patriotism in local music is the convic-
tion that everything done by a Bostonian must
be right.

Never applaud unknown composers, play-
er, or singers, unless they have taken the pre-
caution to bring letters of introduction to lead-
ers in society.

It is always safe to applaud vigorously Bach
and Beehoven. The applause for Mozart should
be an exhibition of moderate rapture, as it is
generally understood that he is going out of
fashion.

PHILIP HALE.

"Languages" publishes an article on New
York slang. It seems that "a 'genial' is a
professional appreciator, a man who laughs at
everything, pays for nothing and is uni-
versally sympathetic." The "genial" is not
confined to New York.

The touching news is telegraphed that
Mrs. Mitchell and little "Charley" will sail
from Liverpool to-morrow to see Mr. Charles
Mitchell fight with Mr. Corbett. Surely the
Governor of Florida will now relent.

It is to be hoped that our servant girls will
not follow the example of the Kaffir domes-
tics in South Africa. They require certi-
ficates of the satisfactory character of mis-
tresses.

The sacred bulls of Burmah that were
brought to Chicago for the Fair have been
sold to a beef-packing firm "for \$235 per 100
on the hoof." What an ironical fate! These
animals were nurtured tenderly, were pam-
pered, were worshipped, and now they are to
feed Gaiours. Antiquity turns in its grave
and shudders!

It seems that an electric light can be in-
troduced into the stomach of a man and that
it will there shed outward light. This will
be of great convenience to many. The but-
ton may be placed under an ear, and a port-
able slide will make every man his own dark
lantern.

Senator Davis of Minnesota quotes Latin
in his speeches. Who was it that said once
"Horace wrote chiefly for the purpose of
being quoted in the House of Commons?"

Negroes on sugar plantations are said to
live on sugar during the season. This state-
ment wars with the practice of girls in candy
shops.

Apropos of the labor troubles in Danbury,
what is the origin of the phrase, "As mad as
a hatter?"

"Utopia is coming soon to New York." It
will not settle there until Tammany is no
more.

"Go to Halifax!" is now indeed a terrible
imprecation.

AUTHORS' WIVES.

death of the widow of Thackeray to mind the fact that the married life of a celebrated and contemporaneous novelist was unhappy. The tragedy of Thackeray's history was the lunacy of his wife.

Neither Dickens nor Bulwer was happy as a husband. It is not now necessary to inquire into the causes of their domestic unhappiness.

The world in spite of logicians is inclined to believe in view of celebrated cases of writers who earn their living by their pen, that a man who earns his living by his pen is an itch for fame, should give up his pen to fortune by taking to himself a wife. The prudent mother of many generations has cautioned her daughters against marriage with a man of artistic temperament, and yet there have been many writers of honest pot-boilers and works of imagination or learning who never regretted their wedding day.

It is true that the domestic management of a literary husband requires peculiar tact. He is supposed, as a rule, by Caucasians as by the Hindus, to marry a "small, plump, laughing, chattering, unintellectual and material-minded person." This supposition is by no means a fact; but it will serve our purpose. It is precisely one of these supposedly inferior beings that will live in peace and happiness with her nervous lord; for such a woman is often tactful.

The writer is in many cases obliged to work at home. This is an evil. No den is secluded that it is entirely remote from the storm of household cares. The shaking of the furnace-fire may kill an epigram. A poetic fancy vanishes forever when it hears the question, "What would you rather have for lunch; sausages, or mush and milk?" Even grant that the literary man is naturally amiable and childless; he will inevitably be disturbed by door-bells, dusting, familiar conversations with friends and domestics, and by displays of solicitude and affection unless the wife has the soul of a martyr and is able to endure the thought that her husband is safely penned, but must not be seen by her until he has finished his stint. Such heroism—as in the early days of the persecution of Christians—is often found in feeble frames and in feeble minds. A good housekeeper with a husband that cannot be ruffled and with a husband whose genius is an ideal to the literary worker.

A woman of fine literary taste is too often a torment to an irritable husband. He is often afraid that she knows the methods of his work, and that if she, from caprice, should hide away some of his favorite books, or Burton's Anatomy and Bayle, his imagination would flag, his wit would disappear. He is often afraid that such a wife forgets to offer up a prayer at the shrine of her husband's genius. He is often afraid that the woman who is never "for ever," or "will" reads zealously the publisher is persuaded to give him a new book, although she may struggle with her yawns. If the writer does not receive his daily dose of domestic praise, he is often tempted to say "I am appreciated everywhere but at home," and from this to finding fault with his dinner is but a short step.

The ideal of civilization there will be provided by the authorities at a fee for the use of authors, who can then leave from 10 till 5. A janitor will be at the door during those hours. The wife will be permitted to bring the husband's lunch, if he is so disposed, but will not be allowed to see him—no, not through a grating. Then, when the husband returns, there will be a joyful return, a

UNFAIR COMPETITION.

There is now discussion of this question: "Should a woman of means and position, so engaged herself publicly in any occupation, when by so doing she may interfere with her livelihood?"

There are women in nearly every large Northern State who find time to write and to edit. Some may wish to be authors. Others are led by flatter-

ing friends to believe that they show remarkable proficiency in an art. There are, undoubtedly, a few who have such natural ability, and by the exercise of it they could support themselves, if it were necessary.

Let us take an hypothetical case. A woman, married or single, is in comfortable circumstances, and she has a recognized social position. She has developed a pretty knack of, say, painting plates. Now there are estimable people who like painted plates, and they buy them. This woman announces her intention to sell the products of her skill. Meanwhile, other women in humble circumstances have earned modest sums by doing what this woman proposes to do. What will be the result of the necessary competition? Will the plates be bought according to their merits?

Let us suppose that Mrs. Howard de Lancey St. John is after all a tyro, in spite of her accidental advantages, and that poor Miss Jane Smith is indeed an artist. Of course in Utopia or in the City of the Sun the plates of Miss Smith would be in demand and command a higher price, that is, if they cared for such plates in those ideal countries.

But alas for human nature and Miss Jane Smith. There are many people, incredible as it may seem to the dweller in Mars or to the inhabitant of the air, that itch to come in contact with men and women whom by some fallacious process of reasoning they deem to be above them, not necessarily in intellect, not even in money, but in what is known humorously in this republic as "social position." Such people would not hesitate a moment in the choice between the plates. By buying of Mrs. St. John they might secure the inestimable privilege of holding a short conversation with the woman they snobbishly admire, and although the transfer of the plate would be the end of the acquaintance there would be the pleasure for life of saying to a caller, "You see this plate. It was painted by Mrs. St. John with her own hands." Then there would be a reverential hush for a moment, and gushing phrases of ecstatic admiration would follow. Meanwhile, what becomes of Miss Jane Smith?

It is true that certain women of wealth and position find daily life a bore. That they seek to divert themselves by cultivating an art, however imperfectly, is not to be censured; it is often to be encouraged. But they should not thereby encourage competitors to whom the cultivation of a similar art is not merely a pleasure, but whose livelihood depends on their industry and skill. It may not be true that the world owes everyone a living; the rich, however, should not openly appeal to the world to repudiate the possible debt.

It is reported, and on excellent authority, that a prominent woman in society proposes to have pleasant parties at her house, but they will be in the nature of a subscription; i. e., the guests must pay the piper. The precise nature of the pecuniary arrangement has not yet been disclosed to the excited public. Why should not the rich—particularly in a republic—borrow from the customs of the poor? It is well known that in the humbler walks of life parties are organized where an admission fee of 25 cents is asked and then 5 cents is charged for each dance. The dance may be a delirious waltz or staid quadrille; the price, 5 cents, is still the same; admirable impartiality in terpsichorean pleasure. Such a scheme, with possible improvements, due to the advantage of culture, might solve any temporary embarrassment in the mind of the projector of these novel home entertainments.

The destruction of the mosque at Damascus will appeal more deeply to the imagination of some than would the sight of streets of Boston wholesale houses in flames.

It was Al-Walid the First who restored this mosque to magnificence. As was Shakespeare's habit, he borrowed freely his ideas. From the Christians he took the dome, from the Persians the minaret, and, probably, from the Indians the minaret and the prayer niche.

They claimed in Damascus, perhaps the Damascuses still claim, that John the Baptist's head was buried beneath this mosque. Others jealous souls, have insisted that the head wandered for years. It saw Constantinople, Emesa, Comanar, and according to the Sieur du Cange, who wrote a learned book on this subject in 1666, the trophy of Salome finally ceased at Amiens from its journeying.

It is at Damascus, "the Smile of the Prophet," that Abel lies buried. Cain is under the Aden crater. Yet there are those who pretend that Cain, with his brand, was buried under the ruins of a house in the year of the world 661. It is to be wished that such important questions were irrevocably settled.

Yesterday was the birthday of Talma, who played these Shakespearean roles: Hamlet, Othello and Henry VIII. He was the first of the French actors who attempted realism in dress. In 1789 he appeared as Proculus in "Brutus" clad in a costume that was faithful to the traditions of Roman dress. There were only 15 lines in his part; but the innovation so astonished the audience that Talma was the hero of the piece.

It was on this occasion that he shocked Madame Vestris. This dialogue was spoken sotto-voce on the stage: "But, Talma, your arms are naked!" "And so were those of the Romans, Madame." "But, Talma, you have on no trousers." "Neither did the Romans wear them, Madame." And then the Vestris spoke but one word: "Pig!"

The appearance of a celebrated lecturer in Boston brings to mind a passage from an Imaginary Conversation by Landor: "On the remark of a learned man, that irregularity is no indication of genius, he began to lose ground rapidly, when on a sudden he cried out at the Haymarket, 'There is no God.' It was then surmised, more generally and more gravely, that there was something in him."

Thieves still move in good society in the Back Bay district. There is irony in their quiet removal of guns and revolvers.

For a century sentimental Americans have looked on the French as warm friends, and now it is the French who denounce us as a race of scoundrels; or is perhaps, this Gallic frankness the privilege of glowing friendship?

French slang has not treated us kindly; and let no one despise slang which often holds the mirror up to daily nature, is the verbal expression of a fad or brave deed, or even a revolution, and is language in the making. Let us see for a moment how Americans are treated in Villatte's "Parisismen."

We find there these expressions which, being interpreted, are as follows: "He has an American eye;" this word, used by light women, means, "Take care; he looks like a swindler." A theft à l'américaine is in robber jargon a swindle. In the language of the gallows "an American" is a bunco-steerer.

Jan 17

THE CONCERTS OF MISS FRANKLIN AND THE ADAMOWSKI QUARTETTE.

Miss Gertrude Franklin gave a song recital last evening in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows:

| | |
|---------------------------|---------------|
| Shimmer Song..... | Handel |
| Good Night..... | Dvorak |
| Loire..... | Liszt |
| Hummer Bel Dir..... | Raff |
| Nymphs and Shepherds..... | Purcell |
| Water Lily..... | F. F. Bullard |
| Woodland Lullaby..... | C. Johns |
| Serenade (MS.)..... | E. Nevin |
| Nocturne..... | B. E. Woolf |
| Go Lovely Rose (MS.)..... | B. E. Woolf |
| Wing Tee Wee (MS.)..... | B. E. Woolf |
| Polly Willis..... | Dr. Anne |

| | |
|----------------------|----------|
| Enchantment..... | Massenet |
| Penée d'Automne..... | Massenet |
| Dites Moi..... | E. Nevin |
| Orsola's Song..... | E. Nevin |
| La Perle d'Or..... | Thome |
| A Une Fiancée..... | Ferrari |

This program was interesting. It was varied, the numbers were well contrasted, and there were not too many songs. There were favorite melodies, and there were new tunes that gave immediate pleasure. "Go Lovely Rose" is charming; the tender grace of Waller's words finds full expression in the music; and then the treatment is so frank, so honest; there is no growing after an effect; there is no taint of sentimentality. Mr. Woolf's music to "Wing Tee Wee" found instantaneous favor, and the singer was obliged to repeat the number. Miss Franklin sang three songs from Mr. Ethelbert Nevin's new book. While the composer's vein of melody is still fresh and pure, he has gained in breadth, in firmness and in dramatic instinct; for surely his music to Aldrich's familiar poem abounds in dramatic expression and in manly passion. So too the song from Richelieu's play is fortunate in reproducing the spirit of that romantic-realistic writer. Mr. John's "Woodland Lullaby" is one of his best songs; for in it he was not unduly ambitious, and the simplicity of the treatment tells.

Miss Franklin sang with skill and with taste, as is her habit. She sang the songs of Purcell and Anne in the spirit in which they were written; and in her delivery of the modern numbers she showed appreciation of the text and of the mood, as well as of the music. Neither Handel, nor Dvorak was foreign to her, and even Liszt's "Loire" seemed for once a thing of genuine beauty. Technically there was much for the student to watch and admire in her performance; and it may be permitted in passing to praise her enunciation, a vital feature of good singing of songs, which is too often overlooked by otherwise well trained singers.

Miss Mary D. Chaudler contributed to the pleasure of the evening by her sympathetic accompaniments.

The Adamowski Quartette gave the fourth concert of the sixth season in Chickering Hall yesterday afternoon. The quartette was assisted by Mr. Arthur Foote. The programme was as follows:

| | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Quartette, C major (K. 465)..... | Mozart |
| "Die Musik"..... | op. 102, No. 2.....Raff |
| Piano Quartette..... | Foote |

These compositions are familiar to our concert goers, and they do not now call for special attention. The Mozart quartette is a thing of imperishable beauty, which even the turgid rapture of German commentators cannot cheapen. The pieces by Raff please the average audience, for they are tuneful and amiable. Mr. Foote's piano quartette is among the most agreeable and spontaneous of his compositions.

The performance of the members of the quartette was, as a rule, creditable: it was at times excellent. In passages of the quartette by Mozart, notably in the finale, there was a comparative lack of finish—phrases were not ended gracefully, when the music demanded elegance in treatment. But on the whole the performance was to the advantage of the club. In such a piece as "Erklärung," the temperament of Mr. Adamowski, the violinist, found an opportunity for legitimate display.

The next and the last concert of this series will be given Feb. 20.

PHILIP HALE.

This is the birthday of Benjamin Franklin, a curious compound of French lucidity and wit, and Yankee thrift and shrewdness. He was the apostle of common sense.

"God helps them that help themselves," says Poor Richard. It is true that many said this before him: La Fontaine, Sophocles and ancient tellers of fables; but Richard put it well. Neither is it, perhaps, best to inquire into the originality of "Three removes are as bad as a fire." But all such homely maxims of Franklin may be read with profit. "He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle" might be carved justly on many a tombstone.

In certain respects, Franklin was the highest, the most sublime type of the Jonas of the Rollo books.

Boswell dined with Franklin in 1768 and undoubtedly bored him. Boswell's only note of the dinner is this: "I give admirable dinners and good claret."

Appropriate reading for the day is Landor's Imaginary Conversation between Washington and Franklin; certain chapters of Herman Melville's "Israel Potter," and, best of all, Franklin's Autobiography.

It is the fashion to laugh at the statue of Franklin that stands in front of the City Hall; but let us remember the testimony of the keen, discriminating, and plain spoken Bartlett, whose speech in art matters is saving salt: "The statue looks like a fine, full-bodied old gentleman of another time. If it does not show the nerve, freedom of treatment and knowledge of the human form that are found in famous statues, it neither shocks by vulgar pretence, careless workmanship, or want of study."

A local contemporary, in an article of praise for the talent of Charles Sprague Pearce, the Boston artist, who has just been decorated by the French Government, states that Mr. Pearce "made his model his wife." Now, Mrs. Pearce is not only a charming and refined woman, which, unfortunately, cannot be said of many models in Paris, but she was celebrated as an artist before her marriage, and paintings by her were well placed in the Paris Salon.

Mr. George Eliot, the English millionaire, must indeed have been a remarkable man if, as stated by a contemporary, "his hand reached out to Egypt, and beneath the seas over half the globe." It may be permitted to ask, What was he doing meanwhile with the other hand?

Another operetta with the story of Miles Standish as a subject! Mr. Thorne, however, does not seem to have been as fortunate in a musical setting as was our townsman Mr. Surrette, who, by the way, has finished an operetta, the subject of which is a chapter from the history of New York just after the Revolutionary War.

This is the day of St. Anthony, the patron of swineherds, the healer of erysipelas. Painters, poets, novelists, satirists have told the world of his trials and tribulations and courage. Satan assaulted him in the horrible form portrayed by Salvador Rosa; and, unsuccessful, he then sat by him in the more dangerous guise of a woman of bewildering, entrancing, maddening beauty.

Far from the scene of a destructive railway accident, the reader murmurs a conventional

"Horrible!" and turns undisturbed to the business of the day. Such conduct, natural and inevitable, would have served an old-time theologian as an illustration of the possibility of celestial happiness together with the knowledge of endless torment.

The morbidness of idle curiosity is shown on such occasions by persons who "carry away mementos of the tragedy."

Mr. Charles Delmonico is evidently a discourager of amateur photography. The flashlight of Mr. Milo, who was summarily ejected from the restaurant, was a flash in the pan.

San Francisco shows its appreciation of true art by snatching the Cogswell fountain.

THE APOLLO CLUB.

The Apollo Club gave the second concert of the current season in Music Hall last evening. The novelties were "With Wind and Tide," by Martin Roeder, and a "Drinking Song," by B. O. Klein. The first is a dull and labored work, without melodic or harmonic or rhythmic charm. The second is a quaint conceit, and it was redemanded. Mr. Clifford sang the baritone solo in this piece by Klein, and he did not indulge himself in either *bel canto* or honest declamation; in fact, he sang as though he were in a herdic drive, recklessly over a stony street. Mr. Clifford has natural advantages; he has an excellent voice and a manly presence. Does it not behoove him to commune with himself and ask himself seriously whether he has, as yet, mastered the principles of tone production?

The club was heard to best advantage in pieces by Henschel, Smart, Sullivan, Lynes and Engelsberg, which were sung with precision and taste. Buck's "King Olaf's Christmas" did not receive full justice. The piano and the organ were not always in proper balance; the attack was not always sure; passages of marked rhythm dragged, and in the 10th verse the true pitch seemed an unknown quantity. Miss Currie Duke, the violinist, was sick and she did not play. Miss Marguerite Hall sang songs by Schubert, Carmichael, Bizet and Chaminade with grace and skill; but she sang at times above the true pitch. She was applauded heartily and she gave in answer a Scotch ballad.

PHILIP HALE.

The ideal steward of a club is a gentleman of leisure, who is a member of the club and a man of fine, artistic and gastronomic taste. He should attend intelligently auctions of books, pictures, cigars and wines. He should be respected by marketmen. He need not be obliged to perform clerical duties.

Few clubs have been always fortunate in their stewards. There are two classes of these officials. The first watch an opportunity to harvest, and then disappear, bearing their sheaves with them. The others regard the club as an organization for making money, and cut down the right and the privileges of the members that they may make at the end of the fiscal year a profitable showing. But a club is not organized for the purpose of making money and declaring dividends. The members should be able to buy certain things at the club house, and to buy good things at a less price than elsewhere. So the just steward is often paradoxically unjust. The Somerset Club, then, seems to have acted wisely in securing the services of Dr. James Dwight as steward.

"Is the sentinel at the outer gate of a pool room judiciously definable as a person 'being present and engaged in the business of registering bets and buying and selling pools?'" This question, now asked in Boston, was answered long ago by Milton: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

How much confidence there is in the world. Mello believes that his flagship can wallop Peixoto's whole fleet. Gov. Mitchell is confident that he can prevent the fight in Florida. And Mr. Corbett "casts down the gauntlet to the whole brood of blowers" and wishes to add "that he can 'whip any man on earth to-day with two hands gloved or ungloved,'" and also without the aid of the springboard or any mechanical appliance.

Down in Maine they propose to chase real foxes. They already have real horses. Now let them import real sportsmen, with the red vests and alcoholic complexions seen in old English prints, and then let the sports proceed.

So the bell of the New Old South Church dies, cracked, at the age of 80 years. How long is the natural life of a bell? Here in Boston the climate is unpropitious. The throat of the most willing bell grows husky; the clapper is troubled with rheumatism; and, grouped in a chime, there is much false singing.

San Francisco bids fair to be the *fin de siècle* city of this continent. It is estimated there that almost every boy of eight is a cigarette smoker, and deaths among lads before the age of 14, from what the doctors call "cigarette heart," are very common. The next session of the Legislature is to handle the question. In the meantime San Francisco is said to vie with Vienna for place as the wickedest city in the world. But it must not be forgotten that other cities in Europe and America claim this honor.

That stretcher of Hobbs reached all the way from Stockbridge to Charles Street.

Did not the lecture of Mr. F. H. Smith at Harvard show rather a desire to say amiable things of everybody than any acuteness of criticism?

Nothing can be fairer than the conduct of the leaders of the "revolution" in Italy. They give information in advance to both Leo and Humbert, so that neither of the dignitaries has a "scoop."

It seems that at Wellman, Ia., a converted liquor seller made a bonfire of the remains of his "whisky palace." The flames, kindled by the owner, were accompanied with prayer, talk and hymns. "The public schools were closed so that the children might witness the

object lesson." But just where did the object lesson come in? The action of the convert was reprehensible from the economic standpoint. The empty barrels and the fixtures might have been used for innocent purposes. The liquor might have been employed medicinally for internal or external sprains. The old auto da fé in Spain was an object lesson, and the lesson taught was this: Follow the example of Brer Rabbit and "lay low."

MUSIC.

The Third Miscellaneous Concert of Vladimir de Pachmann.

Mr. de Pachmann gave the third and the last of his concerts of a miscellaneous program yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. He played these pieces: Fantasia, op. 17, Schumann; Sonata, op. 27, No. 2, Beethoven; Nocturno, op. 15, No. 1, Barcarole, op. 60, Preudes, op. 28, Nos. 17, 12, Waltz, op. 34, No. 3, by Chopin; and these pieces by Liszt: Sonnet de Petrarque No. 5, Harmonies du Soir, Ballade No. 2, B minor, and Mazurka brillante.

Mr. de Pachmann's performance of the Fantasia was of uneven merit. In the second section he seemed bored, and in truth there are sand wastes in the composition; but in the first and especially in the last section the pianist produced indescribably beautiful effects of color. The sonata was played finely, without individual caprice or affectation. The adagio was given frankly and without the inaudible sentimentalism that is regarded by some as the true musical expression of "moonlight" and love. It was a pleasure to hear the allegretto taken at a proper and characteristic pace. In the finale there was most careful attention paid to the detail, and yet the roaring and despairing passion of the whole was not frittered away thereby. Mr. de Pachmann has given abundant proof of his right to play the music of Beethoven.

The pianist was, however, heard to complete advantage in his rare and brave performance of the Barcarole by Chopin. Such a combination of feeling, color, pure melody, rhythm and dazzling technical proficiency is seldom in evidence on any concert stage. The smaller pieces by Chopin were played as de Pachmann alone in these days can play them.

And after the waltz by Chopin the musical interest came to a standstill. Mr. de Pachmann achieved great things; his hands were like unto the lightning and the thunder; the most difficult passages were played with jaunty ease, and it seemed as though the pianist was ready to apologize to the audience for forcing on its attention pieces designed for beginners. Yes, it was great piano playing, but unfortunately Liszt in making his musical mince pies forgot the most important ingredient—there are raisins, currants, cinnamon, mace, cloves, citron, chopped apples, salt, lemon, brown sugar, molasses or granulated sugar, lemon, rose water; there is the pastry; there is brandy enough to appease even the professional teetotaler; a porcelain kettle was used; but Liszt forgot to put in any meat.

There is good stuff in the Mazurka, but what can be drearier than any one of the other pieces by Liszt, whether it be the bombastic Ballade, or No. 5 of "Années de Pélerinage, en Italie," a setting to music of Petrarch's 104th sonnet.

PHILIP HALE.

Edgar Allan Poe was born in this city January 19, 1809. No memorial tablet marks the house in which he was born or the building that may now replace the house. Does any one even know the street in which the pretty actress, his mother, lived when her time came upon her?

For years Baltimore claimed Poe as her son. Not only did learned encyclopædists admit her claim, but Allibone, industrious compiler, agreed with them.

The Americans have been slow to recognize the genius of Poe, and they even now wonder at the eulogies pronounced by Englishmen and Frenchmen. Yet it is not too much to say that no American poet has yet equaled Poe in sense of color and rhythm or in the ability of expressing that sense. Some of his stories are faultless in construction and in workmanship. Such stories as "Ligeia" and "The Fall of the House of Usher," with "horror, the soul of the plot," are masterpieces for all time. Although often prejudiced and at times capricious, Poe, the literary critic, holds deservedly a high rank, and many of his judgements, particularly those of appreciation, have been strengthened and confirmed by Time.

The Mr. Alfred Morris Bagby, who is giving dinners to Melba and others in New York, and welcoming prominent Bostonians as guests, is a pianist among swells and not a swell among pianists. A dozen years ago he was an industrious student in Berlin, and was known for patience rather than for brilliancy. A short stay in Weimar enabled him after Liszt's death to write a magazine article about the "Master." Mr. Bagby's social-musical success in New York is due chiefly to his tact and his cheerful confidence in his own worth as an acquaintance, and thus is he wise in his generation.

Corbett and Mitchell will take to the woods.

It was bold robbing to steal diamonds here, in open Court.

local contemporary in an appreciative of Mr. C. T. Copeland, now a lecturer at Harvard, speaks of him as though he had the chief dramatic editor of the old Post for eight years. But the dramatic editor of that paper was Mr. Edward Under whom Mr. Copeland served from November, 1891, when Mr. Under succeeded Mr. Fuller, who then was the staff of the Providence Journal. Mr. Under's stay on the Post was short, but it was succeeded by Mr. Crosby, the present dramatic editor.

Dr. Pachmann appears to have achieved a triumph at the Wells Female College in Pennsylvania. (Boston Herald.) So they have moved the college from Aurora, N. Y., have they.

Male has an Hawaiian Club, and it was Wednesday evening against President Ud.

B. Townsend, who read a paper on "The Decadence of Journalism" before the New England Woman's Press Association, was polite enough to confine his attention to newspapers of New York.

It seems to be the opinion of certain architects that all buildings of a public nature should be planted in Copley Square.

Mercury in these days is more fickle than Venus or any theatrical star.

Dr. R. L. J.: The word "Alcazar" is a Spanish word which means "a fortress, a castle," and the Spanish word is an adaptation of the Arabian *al-qasr*; *al* the, *qasr* plural, a castle. The new English Dictionary edited by Dr. Murray cites an instance of the use of the word in English as far back as 1615 in a book by William Bedwell: "Alcasar, Alkazar, The palace, the king's house." See also Prescott's "Philip II." (1853) vol. II. p. 472: "The splendid procession took its way to the far-famed *Alcazar*, that palace-fortress, originally built by the Moors, which now served both as a royal residence and as a place of confinement for prisoners of State."

The use of the word as the name of a place of amusement is easily explained. In the first place, *Alcazar* is a sonorous, mouth-filling word, a promise of gorgeous entertainment. It pleases people to go to such a thing. The manager who chooses this Arabian name is not unlike the good old clergyman who years ago in Vermont prayed that the two sons of his host "might be like young hemispheres." After the prayer the host pleased, but perplexed, asked the clergyman the meaning of his phrase, and the good man answered: "I don't know exactly, but I thought it would please the boys."

Alcazar may be the palace of pleasure, or city, or mirth, or whatever the manager advertises. *Alhambra*, another Arabian word, means simply "the red (house)." *El Dorado*, a Spanish term, means "the gilded." And these three words are applied loosely to any places of entertainment where dancing and variety business are the chief features of the program. It is true that in certain instances *Mausoleum* would be a more appropriate title.

Attorney General Pillsbury in his annual report to the Legislature suggests the expediency of providing "for a right of exception by the Commonwealth in criminal cases." He states "there is some reason to believe that the criminal law may be warped out of the right line by the marked, and perhaps natural, inclination to rule doubtful points in a capital trial, however important, in favor of the accused." Well, how would Mr. Pillsbury have such "doubtful points" ruled? Would he abolish the ancient and time-honored presumption in English law that the accused is innocent until he is proved guilty?

To-night is St. Agnes Eve, when a maiden, by divination can obtain definite information concerning her future husband. There are two well-approved methods. She may take a row of pins and stick one of them after another in her sleeve, singing a patter; the husband will then show himself to-night in a dream. The other way is more inconvenient. The maiden must go into a different county from that of her customary abiding place. She must then knit the left sweater around the right-leg stocking, repeat these beautiful lines:

"I knit this knot, this knot I knit,
To know the thing I know not yet,
That I may see
The man that shall my husband be,
Not in his best or worst array,
But what he wears every day,
That I to-morrow may him ken
From among all other men."

When to-night this maiden must lie on her back, with her hands under her head, and to the husband will appear in a dream, with his hands on his trade or profession. But she must sleep to-night in the county in which she knits the knot.

Mr. Richard Mansfield appeared, the other evening, a ball room in Washington, and "in his glittering shirt front" eight pearl studs were firmly inserted. Mr. Mansfield is nothing if not original, on or off the stage. He would have been a close companion to the Archduke in Offenbach's operetta.

In certain clubs in London the steward's duties are assumed by one of the members of the club. He is not called the steward, however, but the manager.

John S. Sargent, the painter who has been made an associate of the Royal Academy, is surely a cosmopolitan. He is American by parentage, Italian by birth, French by training and English by adoption.

Mr. Louis C. Elson regards the introduction of hornpipes in Shakspeare's "Winter's Tale" as a "musical anachronism." Well, let it be granted that the Bohemia of geography knew no hornpipe, instrument or dance at the time of the play; what then? The Bohemia of Shakspeare had everything, even a seaport.

Women journalists are forbidden in Japan.

Mr. "Bob" Fitzsimmons is eager to meet Mr. Corbett. So is Gov. Mitchell, if Mr. Corbett fights in Florida.

The wandering street musicians here are without sense of local color or locality. If the city were truly civilized, these minstrels would be provided with an ethnologic chart of Boston. Then the cornet would no longer be heard in the Back Bay playing the Portuguese Hymn—indeed, a wasted blow.

According to a Delsartian, now among us, "Mentalities should move in the same parallelisms." This Orphic saying was coppered by Mr. Bram Stoker, who replied, "Undoubtedly, my dear madam, but for the sake of perfect understanding allow me to ask you to first define 'mentalities' and then 'parallelisms.'"

They that shout from the housetops "Foot ball is not a dangerous game" might read a late number of the *Lancet* with profit. Although the record of accidents is "confessedly imperfect," those accidents took place in four months during the last English season: "Five sudden deaths, two concussions of the spine (in one of which it was stated that three ribs were torn from the spinal column), one concussion of the brain, one fracture of the thigh, 16 fractures of the leg (some of these were simple and some compound, some of each and some of both bones, but further classification is unnecessary), nine fractures of the clavicle, and two of the arm."

The composer of the charming music to Shakspeare's "Henry VIII." is known among men as Edward German, but he is said to be a Welshman by the name of Jones.

The attention of our writers on musical subjects is invited respectfully to this gem of Western criticism: "She has undoubtedly talent and a legato that does not portamento in yawps, but floats through the concert room like the rustling wave of blue grass in the summer breeze."

This Youruba proverb should be remembered by all theatre and concert-goers: "A man with a cough cannot conceal himself."

The talk about the increase in absinthe drinking in our large cities recalls the story about Alfred de Musset. One member of the Academy complained to another: "De Musset absents himself too often." "No," was the reply, "he absinthizes himself too often."

THE CURFEW.

Every now and then some town pops up and claims that it is the only place in the United States where the custom of ringing the curfew still prevails. The town may be in North Carolina, Massachusetts or Rhode Island; but its boast is not long unchallenged.

Now, just what was the curfew? The word itself came from the old French, *cuerrefeu*, to cover the fire. The best definition is probably this: "A regulation in force in mediæval Europe by which at a fixed hour in the evening, indicated by the ringing of a bell, fires were to be covered over or extinguished; also the hour of evening when this signal was given, and the bell rung for the purpose. Hence, the practice of ringing a bell at a fixed hour in the evening, usually 8 or 9 o'clock, continued after the original purpose was obsolete, and often used as a signal in connexion with various municipal or communal regulations."

It was for a long time believed that the curfew was introduced into England by William the Conqueror as a measure of political repression, but there is no foundation for this belief, although the learned Blavignac in his great work "The Middle Ages" follows here tradition.

Even if the primary purpose of the curfew was the prevention of the burning down of buildings, the stated ringing of the bell served many purposes. The Council of Lisieux in 1055 established the curfew as a signal for prayer. The curfew was a warning that people should leave the streets and go home, as represented musically in "The Huguenots," from which Wagner stole his idea of the night-watchman scene in "The Mastersingers." In Gascony the curfew was called "The Chase of Toss-pots;" and it prevented workmen from tarrying too long in dram shops. In Strasburg the curfew was called "The ten o'clock bell;" the beer shops were closed at that hour. In olden days in Paris it was the call-to-bed for the bourgeoisie. In certain towns in mediæval times anyone found in the streets after curfew, whether he were lord or knave, was seized and bound by the watchmen.

In England and the United States the curfew was a warning to note the time. In Persia it was the habit, it may be now, to mark the rising of the sun, its going down, and midnight by the uproarious music of trumpets, cymbals and drums. Now in England the curfew was in some towns rung at 7 P. M., for people used to go to bed at that hour; then as the folk became dissipated, the curfew was put off till 8 o'clock and in other places till 9; but 8 was the generally recognized hour. In certain English towns the hour was marked by the blowing of a horn. In some of our Southern cities during slave times a bell was tolled in the market place at 9 o'clock, after which no negro was allowed to be abroad without a pass.

According to Shakspeare the curfew gave permission to spirits to take their exercise. The elves of Prospero "rejoice to hear the solemn curfew." The foul fiend Flibbertigibbet, if Edgar spoke the truth in "King Lear," began to walk at curfew and did not stop until the first cock. It is Shakspeare, by the way, who puts capriciously in "Romeo and Juliet" the curfew bell at 3 o'clock in the morning. Richard Grant White, in a note (1858) to this passage, alludes to the fact that the custom of the curfew in New England "within the last ten years has been rapidly disappearing." Yet there are villages in New England to-day where a church bell is rung at noon and at 9 o'clock. And, indeed, it is a pleasant custom.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Concerning the Alleged Malice of Reviewers—The Instance of Miss Mary Jones, a Pianist—Mr. Harry Fay's Book on Musical Ornaments.

The friends of Elene B. Kechew, now Mrs. William B. Eaton, will be pleased to hear of her success in London. It will be remembered that she went to London in 1890 and studied there under Mrs. Lemmens-Sherrington, Sims Reeves and Randegger. She made her debut in Albert Hall May 11, 1891, at Reeves's "Farewell Concert." Last month she sang at a Symphony concert conducted by Henschel, and the *Musical Times* of January thus speaks of her: "'Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster,' was sung with a thorough appreciation of its dramatic requirements by Mrs. Elene Eaton, a soprano with a voice of extensive range and quite exceptional power."

If I remember aright, Mrs. Eaton's last appearance in Boston as a singer on any important occasion was a performance of "The Messiah" by the Handel and Haydn Dec. 22, 1889.

Anton Hekking, once first cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is still giving concerts in Berlin. The *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* of Jan. 5 speaks of his "most beautiful tone, tasteful, expressive and warm delivery, nimble and sure technique," but, alas, for Hekking, there were not a hundred hearers in the hall, although there were attractive orchestral numbers besides the pieces played by the cellist.

In the same number of this musical journal Otto Lessmann speaks biting words concerning the evil influence exerted in Berlin over the art of music by players and singers of mediocrity or utter worthlessness, and he rebukes the daily newspapers for not warring against the evil. Lessmann claims that it is mistaken kindness to call that which is evil good; nor will he accept the excuse of "sympathy for a struggling artist," or the statement, "the poor girl can't sing, but she is of a highly sensitive nature; so I felt obliged to say that she sang well."

Although Mr. Lessmann lives in Berlin, his words are of universal application.

Now, when a "harsh" review appears in a newspaper, singular to relate, it is often not the so-called vicim who is hurt beyond recovery; it is the presumably indifferent reader, who cries "shame!" and accuses the reviewer of malice.

The reader argues in this manner: "Mary Jones plays the piano very well. She ought to, for she is very musical, and she has studied with Mr. Dingelkreche a long time, and I know he thinks highly of her, for he told me so; and the *Bugle* had no business to publish such an article about her concert; it was pure spite, sir, pure spite, and the fellow that wrote it ought to be horsewhipped. He doesn't know his business and he's no gentleman."

Well, we shall see the facts in the case of Miss Mary Jones. Miss Jones is an amiable maiden who, it is true, has played the piano for several years. She has a superficial facility, and she can run her fingers over the keys in a way to bewilder a near-sighted friend. In spite of the efforts of Mr. Dingekircho, who has not learned thoroughly the principles of good piano playing, nor is Mr. Dingekircho a master of the said principles. Miss Jones, then, has neither honest technique nor sound musical taste. She gives a concert. She charges an entrance fee for the privilege of hearing her. She advertises in the Eagle, and sends, as a favor, two complimentary tickets, sometimes only one. The man whose duty it is to go to concerts hears Miss Jones. He is paid by the manager of the newspaper to give his opinion concerning the merit of a musical performance. In the pursuit of that duty he runs up against Miss Jones, who does not play well. He tells the public his view of the standing of the pianist in the musical world. Then the reader who believes that all pianists are great because they can play the piano, reads the review at the breakfast table, and remembering that Mary is fair to the eye and that he knows some of her friends, he begins to mutter and to prate of malice and horsewhips.

If nine out of ten pianists that appear are of only fair ability, then the reviewer is a soured man if he does not leap with enthusiasm in print and set the chiming of praise a-buzzing and a-booming.

The faithful chronicler of a dull, murky season, when the ragin' star is Mediocrity, is regarded by many as the poet-justice that walketh in darkness, as the destruction that wasteth at noonday. But the more charitable allege that the reviewer is a prey to cancer at the stomach.

"Ornaments in Music, Described and Illustrated," is the title of an attractive little book of 86 pages, published by Miles & Thompson of this city. Mr. Harry E. Fay modestly calls himself the compiler of the book. "I have not tried to originate," he says in the preface, "but to collect authorities and opinions." Now I may say right here that this book will be of use and value to all young students of music, and that professionals may derive benefit from studying carefully its pages. Not that the book is faultless; not that exceptions may not be taken to certain statements. Take for instance the statement made on page 48: "It is therefore clear that a trill at the beginning of a phrase, or after a rest, or after a downward leap * * * should begin on the principal note." These propositions have been disputed; they are disputed. Mr. Fay, as I believe Mr. Taylor did before him, cite the opening measures of a Prelude by Bach in G minor, "The Well-Tempered Clavichord," vol. I, prelude 16. But the trill over G, the initial note, does not begin with G, but with the upper note. This rule, laid down by Couperin the Great, was almost universally observed until the last period of Mozart's life. Haupt, Joachim and Guilman agreed on this point in their instruction. The weight of evidence is in their favor. In the most modern and the most carefully edited edition of Bach's works for piano (the Steingreber edition, edited by the late Hans Bischoff) the trill in the very instance cited by Mr. Fay begins with the upper note.

I admit that the question of the ancient trill has caused much shedding of ink. Witness the long essay by Franz Kullak prefixed to the Steingreber edition of Beethoven's 1st piano concerto—but this rule holds good for Bach: The trill begins with the upper note, except in the case when the preceding note is that upper note.

It must also be remembered that ornaments were inserted extravagantly in compositions of the 18th century to supply the want of expression in the very character of the instruments of that day. In our own time the use of the ornaments inserted—say by Couperin the Great in his charming works—is to the skilled

musician largely a matter of taste; that is, the number that should be retained, or whether they should be observed exactly.

Heinrich Dorn in an amusing, learned and wicked article directed against Chrysander poked fun at the pedant's explanation of many "hieroglyphics" in Bach's works for piano. Chrysander had pointed out 14 mysterious signs of ornamentation and distinguished them one from another. Dorn showed him that he had forgotten or overlooked three or four, and then added this eminently sensible remark, that in the case of double mordents and signs for trills with or without turns it was highly probable that Bach himself used ornamentation at his own sweet will.

But there are certain plain and unmistakable rules, as about the use of the appoggiatura, which should be known thoroughly by every singer or player of an instrument. These rules are set forth clearly in Mr. Fay's book. If this book were read and digested by our local singers we would not hear some of them in works of the eighteenth century murdering the rhythm and changing the character of the music through ignorance of the laws governing the appoggiatura.

Before I give up speaking of this excellent little book let me do Mr. Fay the justice to say that in his preface he states that he has "endeavored to avoid fixed and unyielding rules." At the same time the rule given above for the trill may be stated as well established.

Another interesting book on a musical subject is Mr. Morris Steinert's description of the M. Steinert collection of keyed and strung instruments. Mr. Steinert tells in an agreeable manner of the riches of his well-known collection, which attracted so much attention at Vienna. The book is illustrated copiously. Among the instruments represented is a square piano of six octaves made by A. Babcock, Boston, about

1820. The case is in "the Empire style, beautifully inlaid with brass. The pianos of Babcock were of most delicious tone and touch." Alpheus Babcock, by the way, was once in partnership with Charles Hayt, Elma Hayt and Thomas Appleton. The co-partnership was dissolved in 1815, and Charles Hayt and Thomas Appleton continued the business at 6 Milk Street.

They sold umbrellas and parasols of their own make, as well as organs, pianos, other musical instruments, and "the latest and most approved music for the pianoforte." There is pleasant reading concerning the history of the piano and violin in this volume, published by C. C. Trotter of New York.

PHILIP HALE.

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

This was the program of the Symphony Concert given last evening in Music Hall: Suite No. 2, B minor, for string orchestra and lutes, Bach; Overture, "Coriolan," Berlioz; Mendelssohn Symphony No. 3, A minor; and Mendelssohn Overture, "King Lear."

It is a doubtful experiment to bring out in modern concert halls the orchestral music of Sebastian Bach. This just man passed his life in writing counterpoint, and his works are many. In his compositions for the organ, in his well-tempered clavier and in some of his choral music he reached sublime heights; but, incredibly industrious, he wrote much that served the passing occasion and now is only of interest to the student. To fall down and worship any page that bears his name is rank fetishism; and yet much that is absolutely stupid from the purely musical standpoint is accepted by blind devotees as the work of inspiration. Now in the Suite played last evening how much was there that was honestly enjoyed by the hearers? I am not denying the supreme excellence of the workmanship, but is there not an absence of genuine musical beauty in some of the numbers of this suite? There are fugues in the "Well-Tempered Clavier," short as they are, that are worth the whole of such bewiggled compositions for strings and lutes. There are charming passages in this very suite, but as a whole the work seemed monotonous.

The program book contained a learned note on the Sarabande, and the conclusion drawn from the note is that the characteristic of the dance was a certain stateliness. Now originally the Sarabande, as known in Spain, was a

voluptuous dance, so voluptuous that the priests thundered against it from the pulpit. When it was brought into France the Sarabande became a favorite. Ninon de Lenclos danced it in the 17th century to the great delight of young men. Cardinal Richelieu did not disdain to beat out the steps and flourish in gestures that he might attract the attention of Anne of Austria. And it was Yvetaux, who, at the age of 80 years, asked for a Sarabande tune that his soul might slip away with greater ease.

After the labor of Bach, the family man, came the "Coriolan" overture, which was read in a frank, manly fashion and finely played. Indeed, the work of the orchestra throughout the evening was of a high order of excellence. The familiar symphony of Mendelssohn gave pleasure and it was read most sympathetically by Mr. Paur.

The overture, "King Lear," has not been played at a Symphony concert since the spring of '87. Certain admirers of Berlioz claim that this overture is the greatest of his purely orchestral compositions. I cannot agree with these admirers.

To me this musical version of "King Lear" is not only inadequate from the purely imaginative standpoint; it is not of marked musical interest either in thematic treatment or in instrumentation. Let it be granted that the "Cordelia theme," so called, has a pathetic tenderness and a modest, shrinking beauty; but in this overture there is not the volcanic passion of the old man Lear. The recitative-like opening phrase seems without real meaning, without genuine power. And there is no overwhelming burst of orchestral fury that paints or even suggests the crazed King defying the elements.

Music has its limitations. It is not interchangeable with passionate poetry or with such sonorous prose as that dreamed by the Opium Eater, or with an immortal painting, or with the view of the awful glacier track. This music of Berlioz, when all has been said in its praise, and you take it at its highest valuation, sinks far below the famous pages written by Victor Hugo in his admiration—say, rather, in his worship—of "King Lear."

And yet many have written music suggested by this tragedy. There are operas by Gobati (1881), Roynd (1888), Sem eladis (1854) and Solowiew (1885). There is incidental music to the tragedy by André (1778), von Blumenthal (1828) and J. L. Hatton (1858). There are the overtures by Berlioz (1831), Leidegabel (1851) and Balakireff (about 1865).

This overture by Balakireff, the Russian, is said to be a remarkable work. Its "Cordelia theme" is said to be of exquisite beauty; the "Lear theme" is "grand and simple," and the instrumentation is of "great discretion and classic accuracy." Shall we ever hear this overture in a Symphony concert?

PHILIP HALE.

SUNDAY SCHOOL MUSIC.

The subject of Sunday School music was discussed last week at a meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Union. The subject, however, is not confined to any sect; it is of interest to all the branches of the Christian church.

First of all it may be remarked that the Sunday School should not be a singing school for acquiring proficiency in the performance of difficult church music, but without some minutes spent in practice how are the children to learn new tunes or even sing familiar tunes correctly? Here at the start is a problem, and a greater problem is bound up with it, viz., what shall children sing?

There are many service books and tune books. Some of them are merely manufactured hastily and carelessly to meet the de-

mand. In some the words are silly and ultra-sentimental, repugnant to the taste of the healthy young as well as to the mind of the teacher. Objection is made to many tunes for children; they are too difficult; they are too frivolous; they are too suggestive of popular street songs. It is true that many of the choral melodies known to the young of Germany were originally songs of war, love, or even bacchanalian ditties; it is true that many of the most charming Christmas carols of France were borrowed from the world; but this is a different age, when faith is perhaps not so simple as it was in those times of adaptation, and the setting of religious words to popular and jingling tunes of to-day would, in all probability, excite mirth and disorder in the church or chapel. Yet there are good tunes, found in modern English and American collections, that are lively, cheering, not devoid of devotional spirit, and easily learned; tunes, for instance, by Calkin, Barnby, Smart, Hiles.

The question of difficulty is a baffling one to many a musician who has charge of the music of the congregation or the Sunday School. There are tunes that present real difficulties in intervals or rhythm, which are nevertheless sung with ease by untrained singers. Bishop Ewing's setting of "Jerusalem the Golden" is a case in point, so far as the question of intervals is concerned; yet it is a favorite, and deservedly a favorite. It will be sung readily and enthusiastically when simpler melodies do not catch the ear. The Sunday School should be musically, as in other respects, a preparation for the church. Congregational singing, if it is to be hearty and inspiring, if it is to be like the noise of many waters, must be assisted by the fresh voices of youth. Wretched, indeed, is the condition of that church whose pews are not brightened by youthful faces. Now, why should not the choir-master of a church have charge of the music of the Sunday School and select tunes from week to week for the children that will be afterward sung in church by the united congregation? He should be paid for such work, so that he may not find good excuse for shirking or treating his task superficially; and it is to be assumed that he is a competent man. Furthermore, children so taught would be able to assist the congregation in learning new and desirable tunes in the service of the church. This plan has been tried by churches of different denominations and with gratifying results. But the leader must be thoroughly competent; otherwise he may not make judicious selections, and by not regarding the compass of the ordinary voice he may work lasting injury to the voices of the children in his charge. It will be observed that the good old tunes associated with tender, glad or solemn memories, and which are too often discarded for some newer setting, are within the easy reach of the ordinary singer.

The conciseness of a telegraphic dispatch leads often to false inferences. For instance: In yesterday's newspapers it was announced that an elderly man "got a cigar from a slot machine, lighted it and fell dead." Now, no cigar is bad enough to kill at sight. And by the way, did the unfortunate light the machine or the cigar?

There are some people who cannot be fooled. Such is the woman who returned the other day a volume which she had received from a bookseller by mail. Her complaint was this: "The edges are gilded only on top, and the pages are not even cut. I want a finished copy."

A new invention is the hydraulic dinner table, known by the way to the Cæsars. The table rises and sinks with each course. Now if there could be some quietly working machine for the removal of an unpleasant guest, a formal dinner might be one of unalloyed pleasure.

The simplicity of public life in Washington is marked by the rumor that Chief Justice Fuller cannot afford to live at the Capital on his total income of \$20,500. As for that, Chief Justice Waite with a small family saved nothing, and he was not an extravagant man.

Yale should be more carefully coached for the oratorical contests. Dr. Depew should follow the example of Cook and Camp and sacrifice his own time for the benefit of the college. Then, possibly, the diet was not propitious.

There is some romance in the thought of eating strawberries picked by the hands of Cape Cod maidens, but who will relish the fruit when it is gathered by cold and impassive machines?

The Chicago lawyer who during the Coughlin trial wrote and published an article assailing jury, witnesses, counsel and Judge named appropriately Kickham Scanlan.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

The Kneisel Quartet, assisted by Mrs. H. H. Beach and Mr. Eliot Hubbard, gave the fifth concert of its ninth season last evening in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows:

Quintette, E flat major, op. 127.....Beethoven
Four love songs, op. 38.....Dvorak
Mr. Hubbard.
Romanza for violin and piano.....Beach
(Mrs. first time.)
Piano quintette, op. 44.....Schumann

The performance of the first movement of the Beethoven quintette was not all that could be reasonably desired in precision and in intonation. Passages in the third movement were ragged. But the adagio was nobly played, with breadth and with full appreciation of the moods of the composer. It is this same adagio that is the glory of the quartette, made by Beethoven at the invitation of Prince Galitzin, who played the 'cello, and did not always pay his debts as Beethoven found out to his cost. Such music as the adagio is unearthly in its beauty; but if the other movements were heard to-day for the first time, and if they bore the name of Schmidt, Mueller or Jones, would they hold the attention of the hearer, would they be honestly enjoyed? Would they not seem at times grotesque, rude, barbaric, without musical beauty, serene strength, or even vague, mystical enchantment?

If I am not mistaken, the romanza by Mrs. Beach was first played at Chicago last summer by Miss Maud Powell and the composer. It is a pleasing piece with a theme that at once interests an audience, and, as a whole, the work is creditable to the reputation of Mrs. Beach, who has won renown in widely differing branches of composition. There was hearty applause, and the players were recalled. Mr. Kneisel played the violin part most sympathetically. The quintette was performed brilliantly and with much pleasure. Mrs. Beach played with accuracy, firmness and intelligence.

Hubbard sang four uninteresting songs by Schubert. The singer has gained in certain respects. His delivery is not so explosive as of old and his sentences are more firmly knit together.

It may be said that in the ensemble of last evening the second violin was occasionally too rest and subdued.

The next concert will be Feb. 12.
PHILIP HALE.

This is the festival of St. Eusebius, who was in the habit of taking nourishment only once in four days.

So Mr. Ethelbert Nevin is going to Algiers. It is to be regretted that the journey is in a measure compulsory, but a sojourn in that delightful region may feed the imagination of this talented composer. It is the habit of saint Saens, by the way, to run away from Paris in the winter and bask in the Algerian sun. Let us hope that the Muse of Mr. Nevin will not become wholly orientalized and lose the charming characteristic known as Nevinism.

This is the anniversary of the death of Sir Francis Burdett, who departed this life fifty years ago. A daughter of Mr. Coutts, a banker, was his beloved wife for over fifty years. He died the 10th of January; and he, disconsolate, refused food and drink until he vomited the loathed earth. They were buried side by side, "in the same vaults, at the same hour, at the same day." So there was romance in the family long before the extraordinary marriage that excited the gossip of two continents.

According to Dr. J. D. Fernandez, Mr. Corbett "is built upon the plan of an inverted pyramid." Mr. Mitchell may stand upon Corbett upon his head, and then the pyramid will assume its natural appearance.

There are men in Boston who have a passion for Blue Books and make no fine distinction between men and tum. A well-known druggist is aware of the existence of book collectors, and, after several losses, he issued the last edition of the Blue Book of his own use, and let the public enjoy the '91. One day the latter disappeared next week the clerk of another and asked: "Is not this?" In reply to the question, "get it?" he told this story: "I went to the shop and asked if he had the Blue Book. It was the last occasion to look at it and, and we found this one of '91." "And here is the name of your book on an inside cover." It is indeed a sad sign of natural depravity when such dull things must be chained to a counter.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage, in announcing his intention to resign his position in the spring, remarked: "I have no vocabulary intense enough to express my gratitude to the newspaper press for the generous manner in which they have treated me and augmented my work for this quarter of a century." Dr. Talmage includes Puck in this flowing tribute of thankful appreciation.

Mr. Jerome Hopkins, the celebrated pianist and composer, has an ingenious plan for securing an audience. Whenever promises of subscription are not redeemed he advertises the fact in a handbill. New Jersey is in particular disgrace, for the pianist published lately this statement:

"If you have a child, teach him to dig potatoes or blacken boots, but not to play piano in Montclair, Orange, Elizabeth, &c., &c."

According to Prof. Poulton many animals are protectionists; they protect themselves by warning or concealing colors. The caterpillar's strength is in its "unpleasant taste," and the natural question is, How did the professor find this out?

There is a wail in England over the disappearance of mutton broth. The Pall Mall Gazette has published lately impassioned articles, lamenting the lost art. The real, genuine mutton broth, it seems, contained pearl barley, finely chopped parsley, and each basin had "a good neck chop."

MR. SLIVINSKI.

Mr. Josef Slivinski gave the second of his piano recitals at the eighth Suffolk musicale in Music Hall last evening. The program was as follows: Toccata and fugue.....Bach
Variations in E major.....Handel
Sonata—Op. 28.....Beethoven
Nocturne—Op. 48, No. 1.....Chopin
Mazurka—Op. 50, No. 3.....Chopin
Impromptu—Op. 36.....Schumann
Scherzo—Op. 30.....Schumann
Papillons.....Liszt
Mazurka in G major.....Liszt
Polonaise in E major.....Liszt

Mr. Slivinski has nimble fingers. He uses them modestly so far as any personal display of a catch-applause order is concerned. He has, apparently, only one unpleasant mannerism, and that is the everlasting rocking, the perpetual cradling of his wrists. This mannerism in the first place is a drawback to his performance because it is unnecessary motion, a waste of strength, and without possible benefit to touch or phrasing. In the second place the mannerism offends the eye.

The impressions published in the Journal the morning after Mr. Slivinski's first appearance in this city were largely confirmed by his performance last evening. It is perhaps unfair to judge him as a Bach player after only hearing him in Liszt's arrangement of the great D minor toccata and fugue for the organ; but it may be said with truth that his delivery of the subject of the fugue was not frank; indeed, he coqueted with it. Nor did he seem to have a clear view of the fugue as an organic whole; there was too much tarrying here and there in the proposition and in the episodes. From the purely technical standpoint there was an abuse of the pedal in forte passages, and consequent indistinctness in the massive chords of modulation.

In the sonata there were few effects of color, and the polonaise by Liszt was without the imperious, demonic rhythm that is vital to the life of the pompous and splendid and gorgeously bedecked music.

Nor were all the numbers by Chopin entirely satisfactory from the purely musical standpoint. The opening melody of the nocturne, for instance, was given with exaggerated sentiment, and there was a suspicion of insincerity. At the same time the pianist in these pieces gave occasional, yet frequent evidence of careful technical training. But he does not yet understand the use of the pedals, and the running passages in the impromptu were smooth, rapid, white, uncolored.

Portions of the selection from Schumann's works were played exquisitely; that is, the language was fluent, polished, pleasing to the hearer, who, charmed, forgot to inquire into the nature of the thoughts of the composer. In the Schumann number Mr. Slivinski came the nearest to exhibition of temperament.

There was a large and once, and there was hearty applause. Recalled, the pianist played again, although the hour was late. His next appearance will be in Music Hall, Wednesday afternoon the 31st. He will play, besides other pieces, Beethoven's Sonata op. 31, No. 3, E flat, Mendelssohn's "Variations serieses," a rondo by Mozart and these pieces by Chopin: Nocturne op. 15, No. 2; Etude, op. 10, No. 5; Valse, op. 34, No. 1, and polonaise, op. 44.

PHILIP HALE.

A daily newspaper in this city published lately paragraphs of a decidedly personal nature. These paragraphs described the humble origin or humble early work of men who afterward, by their industry or good fortune, won success. If the facts alone had thus been published, the question concerning the propriety of such publication would be simply one of good taste. But these paragraphs, in their comments on the facts, show petty spite, meanness of disposition, and a snobbish view of life. As literature, such a paragraph is to be classed with the anonymous letter.

The Art Critic of Boston refers jauntily to the "bragging anæmic, hypo-critical condition of the entire American press." It is interesting in this connection to note that the editor of the Art Critic is Mr. Sadakichl Hartmann.

In spite of the late oratorical triumph, there is gloom at Harvard. It is not due to any foreboding in athletic matters. In fact the cause is prosaic, hardly worthy of attention in a modern college. The cause is this: Midyear examinations.

This is the birthday of Frederick the Great. By certain essayists, as Macaulay, he is regarded as a cruel and selfish monarch. Perhaps the most terrible charge against him is this: He was an assiduous flute player.

There is a policeman, stationed at a crossing in Tremont Street, who is a philosopher and friend as well as guide to the timid and perplexed who would fain achieve the opposite sidewalk in the face of electric cars and rattling herds. But his philosophy is stern and laconic: "Now then, git; you women never look to see where you're going." Thus does he cheer their progress.

An English newspaper alluded lightly the other day to the fact that "bogus" was derived from "Prince Borghese," a title and name assumed by a swindler, who in 1837 operated in London. Unfortunately for this theory the word "bogus" is found in American literature before the given date.

This same newspaper, by the way, alludes to the word "chonse" i. e. "to cheat" as a "vocabulary that is very little used out of the United States." Let us see. The verb "to ehonse" is found in Shirley, Dryden, Butler, Scott, Browning, and even the Law Reports of '86; but it is often heard in our familiar speech or in our literature?

To go back to "bogus" for a minute. The word once designated in the United States a drink, said to be palatable, compounded of rum and molasses. Is there at present such a name in the wide terminology of malt and alcoholic art? Would even the most intelligent and deeply learned bar-tender respond at once to a husky demand for a "bogns?"

A contemporary assures us that it is easy to teach a cat to catch eels. But there are certainly three things needed: Eels, patience and a cat.

This word appeared the other day in the London Times: "Antiferferrariacearbonasiaticiveness." The Germans go further still; and here is an instance: "Jungefrauenzimmerdurchschludsuchttoedungsgegenverein." Then there is that terrible word in Aristophanes.

Private Secretary Thurber, it is said, has "a scrapbook of immense dimensions" for the purpose of keeping "what is printed about him." In it he puts only pleasant notices. The true hero in public life is he who keeps a scrapbook containing only bitter anonymous letters and newspaper paragraphs of an abusive nature. Such reading, if it is daily and conscientious, is an admirable preventive of the horrible disease known as swelled head.

Every schoolboy now knows that Cambronne never made his once famous speech at Waterloo to the effect that "the Guard dies but never surrenders;" nor is it certain that he used the word put in his mouth by Victor Hugo. But this mythical Cambronne is more interesting than the prisoner who afterward served the Bourbon. There should be a dictionary of the possible sayings of great men laboring under high excitement; as when President Cleveland received the news of the rejection of Hornblower, and Senator Hill learned the nomination of Mr. Peckham.

The Shah of Persia has ordered an organ and a garden hose. Some Persian will play on the organ and the garden hose will play on the organist.

To the complete symphonist the glitter of a brass bedstead will compel insomnia, nor will he be comforted by the thought that Og, King of Bashan slept on a bedstead of iron. Or, according to tradition, did other remarkable things: he escaped the deluge by wading beside the ark, and he lived to be 3000 years old. For the ideal bedstead, dark, sombre, old wood, suggestive of hushed and drowsy forests, is the thing.

To-day is the anniversary of the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. For some unknown reason the day, although counted by some as unlucky, served in Western Europe during the Middle Ages, and even down to our own time, as a key to the weather of the coming year.

"If Saint Paul's day be fair and clear,
It does bode a happy year;
But if it chance to snow or rain
Then will be fearful kinds of gain;
If clouds or mist do dark the sky,
Great store of birds and beasts shall die;
And if the winds do fly aloft,
Then wars shall vex the kingdom oft."

It was a custom in many parts of Germany to drag the images of St. Paul and St. Urban to the river, if the weather was foul on their festival.

In olden times a buck was brought to the steps of the high altar in St. Paul's, London, and the dean and chapter with roses on their heads sent the body to be baked; the buck's head was fixed to a pole and borne before the cross in procession within the church. Was this practice of heathen origin?

The poets Byron and Hogg, the painters Haydon and Michelangelo were born on this day of the month, and this is the death-day of William Shield, a sturdy English composer of originality who wrote many forgotten operas, and was once famous, as "The Wolf," "The Guinea" and "The Heaving of the Lead."

George Selwyn, the wit, met death this day of the month. Horace Walpole once said of him, "his passion it was to see coffins, corpses and executions." Selwyn even went to Paris to attend the execution of Damiens, but he went "only as an amateur." The first Lord Holland appreciated such a strange hobby. On his death bed he was told that Selwyn was inquiring for him, and he said to the servant: "The next time Mr. Selwyn calls show him up; if I am alive, I shall be delighted to see him; and if I am dead he will be glad to see me."

This passion of Selwyn recalls a story in Knickerbocker life in Albany. There was some years ago a member of a distinguished family whose only enjoyment was in attending funerals. A near relative died and left him property on condition that he should not assist at the last rites. They say that the struggle in the mind of the legatee was of Homeric proportions, but he compromised by standing in the street close to the church during the funeral ceremony.

Willard's "Hamlet" is caviare, or rather cold veal, to the New York Critics.

The excitement in local artistic circles reminds the amateur that it is the Hanging Committee that is always in danger of being hanged by infuriated artists.

The higher courts must decide, it seems, whether you will be allowed to put a nickel in the slot.

So, too, there is discussion in court concerning the word "boddler," which, according to the ingenious counsel who appeared for Mr. Kidney, is not found in Worcester or Webster and is not capable of "fair definability." The great dictionary of Murray claims that the noun "boddle," i. e., stock in trade, capital, is an Americanism, and suggests the Dutch word "boedel," which means "estate, possession, inheritance, or stock." But if "boddler" is not in Worcester or Webster, we all, unfortunately, know the meaning of the word.

Sim Reeves will make another "farewell" tour. This only rival of the Patti was born in 1822.

When "the fair land of Poland was plowed by the hoof of the ruthless invader with might," to quote from "The Bohemian Girl," pianists were apparently sown plenty. The crop is large, and Slivinski is many national colleagues who may descend on us at any moment.

A hunger-bitten woman stands in line that she may get food for her sick husband and three starved children. She is killed in the crush. And this happens, not in famine-stricken Russia, but in Chicago, the late scene of the Fair that showed the glory of modern civilization.

The great fight is over, and Mr. Mitchell bit the dust, in spite of his announcement before the battle that he was "feeling fit and fancied his job."

How the crowd roared in Newspaper Row. There was popular emotion at the news that Messrs. Corbett and Mitchell had entered the ring. There was feverish excitement at the announcement that during the first round Mr. Mitchell's laudable purpose was to land on Mr. Corbett's ribs, while Mr. Corbett's equally laudable purpose was to batter Mr. Mitchell's face so that "Pony" Moore, the English father-in-law and negro minstrel, would not recognize it for a day. And when the result of the third round was known, tumult was at its height.

Poor "Pony" Moore! It was only Wednesday that his face "beamed with pleasure and his eyes were bright." To use the impassioned language of the reporter, "In the excitement of the moment 'Pony' pressed his son-in-law's head tenderly and exclaimed, 'This is the proudest day of my life.'"

No bragging hero of Homer outdid in talk either of the contestants. Mr. Corbett's confidence was colossal. Mr. Mitchell's most modest speech was that he was glad "the matter was coming to a focus." Now the "matter" was Mr. Corbett's fist, and the "focus" was Mr. Mitchell's nose.

It was Col. Cockerell, sah, that really won the fight.

Do not carry out your threat, Mr. Sullivan. Stick to the theatrical profession.

Gov. Mitchell did what he could to save the honor of the State, but the odds were against him. Is it improbable, after all, that way down in his heart he would have willingly have seen the three rounds? For in his conflict with counsel, laws and Napoleon R. Braward, he showed himself a "game sport," to use the language of the day.

The libraries of the late George M. Towle and John S. Dwight are sold here at auction this week. The late owners loved books and knew how to use them to advantage. To the book-lover an auction is an exciting art, yet a sad sight. There is the itch for possession, the fierce joy of bidding above a rival, the repentance, too late, for the extravagance. And what book-lover in cold blood could bear the idea of "knocking" a book down, as though it were a second-hand carriage, a washtub or a Mr. Mitchell.

Miss Currie Duke, who played the violin at a Cecilia concert this week, is a Southern girl, whose father and uncles were soldiers of renown in the Civil War. This is a new generation, and the violin was this week an instrument of attack and triumph. It is said that the women of the Duke family have long been conspicuous for their beauty; and what is more brilliant, entrancing, beguiling than a beautiful American, whether she blooms on this or that side of the line.

Mr. Dvorak, the inventor of American music, arranged "Old Folks at Home" for solos, chorus and orchestra. It was announced that at the first performance the new version would be "sung entirely by negroes." This would indeed be an application of the principle of local color in music, were it not for the fact that the melody itself was written by a white man and first sung by white men.

No element of horror was wanting in the destruction of that insane asylum in Iowa. The building was far from the help of man; the thermometer was 30° below zero; a storm raged furiously; four inmates were locked in their cells; the only one that escaped is an idiot who cannot speak of the origin of the fire.

Apropos of the recent discussion here concerning the advisability of adopting in this state the Norwegian method of regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors, the following essays on alcohol by pupils in "Temperance Instruction" in England are of genuine interest. Here is the first: "Alcohol is another very injurious thing to the body. It is very injurious to the heart especially, and there are a great many men that die from the use of alcohol sooner than those that don't. Some men go crazy from the use of alcohol or they are called delirium tremens, and a great many men who have used alcohol have become ministers, and their advice to boys or anybody not to use alcoholic drinks. Alcohol is very bad for the stomach and is good for the head and it is a strong smell and it will stop any one from fainting."

The second is still more entertaining:

"ALCOHOL. All liquor contains alcohol. It poisons the system and the gastric juice when it mixes with the food it stops the works and the food lays in the stomach, which causes it to ache. When the juice mixes with the blood it poisons it. Next the man is sick with blood poison and dies and the people wonder what made him have that."

Sailors, fishermen and all they that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, knew full well this month the words of the Psalmist: "They mount up to the heavens, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end."

If Mr. B. J. Lang wishes to bring out a great work in March, why does he not give a performance of "The Damnation of Faust" with the brothers De Reszke in the cast? They sang in it abroad when the work was given as an opera.

Here is a curious side of human nature as observed at a reunion of college graduates this week. A and X met for the first time since their graduation twenty years ago. X said to A, "You don't know me." "O, yes I do," said A, and recalled X by name. Now X was momentarily put out by the recognition. Was it because he hoped that the accumulation of land and beeves had brought with it a new and significant face? Was it because he, as many, longed to escape temporarily from his own identity? Or did he remember the X of twenty years ago, and therefore feel ill at ease?

The reproach is made against Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham that he is irritable. And so indeed are nearly all men. If you seek proof of this statement, ask their wives.

It is to be hoped that the safe in the de Filippo bank will not resemble the famous safe in "The Parlor Match."

Has the average reader of newspapers any idea of what the squabble in Brazil is all about?

The contributions to the fund of the week, although they may be regarded as pugilistic aftermath, are many, and interesting to all keen students of sociology.

It seems that Mr. Corbett, who is often described as a perfect Chesterfield by those who enjoy his intimate and at the same time friendly acquaintance, excused his apparent bitterness in the ring of Thursday by alleging that Mr. Mitchell once called him names "that reflected on every member" of his family. The antagonism in Mr. Corbett's case assumed certain of the characteristics of a Corsican feud. It is to be hoped that vengeance is now fed, slaked and sated, and that Mr. Corbett will not feel compelled to go through the entire Mitchell family with its collateral branches.

It is pleasant to now read of that family group in the dining room of the hotel the morning of the fight. Mrs. Corbett and other ladies graced the scene. The reporter's memory, unfortunately, was treacherous or the breakfasters took an unfair advantage of public curiosity and talked in such low tones that they were not overheard. What was the conversation? Alas, we must burst in ignorance. But there is at least a clue; for we are told that "there was very little talk of fighting at first, but the conversation soon turned to the topic everyone was thinking about."

The prize fighter, after all, is mortal and his popularity is a shadow, a vain thing. The attention of Mr. Corbett, as well as that of Mr. Mitchell, is invited respectfully to these lines from George Arnold's "Ballad of Fisticiana":

Once my fame was widely growing,
Fisticiana;
Day and night my friends were crowing,
Fisticiana.
I was blowing, wine was flowing,
When I was to battle going,
Fisticiana;
But, alas! 'twas nought but blowing,
Fisticiana.
O! feeble nose, why didst thou break?
Fisticiana!
O! me, so pale and limp and weak,
Fisticiana;
I took a smile, but could not sneak,
With such a jaw, and lips, and cheek,
Fisticiana;
Where fists had played at hide-and-seek,
Fisticiana.

Mr. "Pony" Moore is the proprietor of a negro minstrel show in London. Why should not his son-in-law sing these and the other verses, in sporting costume, at a benefit performance?

Pres. Heures's name evidently brings luck.

William can afford to kiss Bismarck. If there had not been an Iron Chancellor there might not have been an Emperor of Germany in this, the 19th century.

It appears that there is a man in Salem, O., who has an evil eye. He causes by the reckless use of it "sickness and disaster." Now there are simple remedies. One of the oldest and most satisfactory cannot be told here, as the narration would offend ears polite. The inhabitants of Salem should follow the Italian fashion, and when they meet the witch, let them hold toward him the first and fourth finger, so that the hand bears two horns.

Mr. Walter Crane, the English wallpaper man, is living up this country, which had the happiness of being visited by him a couple of years ago. He takes a very cloudy view of us, and especially of Boston. I knew he would. The Tavern Club was going to give him a subscription dinner, but when he came out and went over the Chicago Anarchist murders, a good many of the subscribers withdrew their names. I pass no judgment on their course. That was and is their business. If Mr. Crane had minded his be would have got his dinner without trouble, and perhaps he would not now be standing on the chalky cliffs and grieving and growling over the Yankees.—Town Topics.

According to a New York newspaper, Mr. R. W. Gilder has achieved the following rhyme:

My soul, a Mauna Loa,
Darts flames at aus der Ohe.
Is there any volcano that rhymes with
Paderewski or Slivlusi?

ABOUT MUSIC.

Concerning the Development of College Glee Clubs.

A Digression About the Physiognomy of Guitarists.

A College Glee Club of Twenty Years Ago.

College glee clubs have visited Boston of late and surprised by the confidence and the agility of their art the graduates of the sixties and the seventies.

At a concert of this nature given here recently, young men did remarkable things with guitars and mandolins, and one brave youth actually stood on the cold stage of a lecture and display of all the part of a dude who tells in song of the habits of his daily life.

As I heard and saw these things, I remembered a college glee club of 20 years ago, and I marvelled at the improvement—or the difference; for there is no denying it, those early glee clubs were comparatively rude affairs.

The programs then were made up chiefly of college songs, which were delivered from the rostrum by a singular species of muscular action, which was athleticism rather than art. There is very little talk of tone production in those days among the college singers, but, on the other hand, there was a great display of temperament. The breathing was not abdominal; it was of the variety known as the collar-and-cloak; but, on the other hand, the clubs were great in forte passages, that is, at the beginning of the concert; for toward the end, although the courage of the singers was only equaled by that of the audience, the tones were husky and the additional sand of the college seemed to be in the singers' throats.

I find that instead of dealing in generalities I am drifting unconsciously in recollection toward a town in another State where once there was a college fence, supposed by writers of songs and by impressionable girls—these girls are matrons or confirmed maids now—to have been planned and built exclusively as a perching pole, a roost for singers.

Class feeling ran high in this college, but the Glee Club did not respect traditions. Freshman and Senior stood side by side on the concert stage, looked the audience right in the face and sang their deadly fire.

Well do I remember a certain glee club. I was the pianist of that club, and, with the confidence, or, let us say, the nerve of college youth, played a solo in the concerts. I say a solo, for it was always the same one; indeed, it lasted four years. If I remember aright, it was a Bohemian something-or-other by the late Jules Schulhoff. It began with a prelude that was supposed to arouse attention; then there was a real sad, sweet melody; there were all sorts and conditions of variations, runs up and runs down, thundering octaves (which as played by me were too often only sevenths and thirds), and there was one delightful passage where you crossed hands; the finale was a pandemonium of Bohemian frenzy. And how polite the audiences were 20 years ago. Not that they applauded the pianist; that would have been too great a reflection on their intelligence; but they did him no personal violence; no, neither in Cincinnati nor in Detroit, nor in wild Jersey towns.

For we traveled in those days as the boys do now. We became part and parcel of a great enterprise for extracting money from graduates for the navy of the college. The programs were not elaborate, indeed, the songs were mainly college songs, which the hearers had sung, many of them, before the singers were born. Once in a while there would be a more ambitious selection, as "Hark, Hark, Now Rumbles the Bass" or "On a Bank." The solos were such as "I Am a Friar of Orders Gray" or "The Yeoman's Wedding Song." The now somewhat stale ditty that relates to the conversation of a bulldog and a bullfrog was then regarded as a masterpiece of vocal wit, and frantic was the applause that followed the screaming of "The Black Brigade," with its alleged imitation of negro dialect.

But there were no mandolins, no banjos, no guitars. Why is it, by the way, that so many of these presumably amiable young college boys look so fierce or morose when they are picking at the strings? Their jaws are set and their eyes bulge as though they were in the mad rush of a flying wedge. One determined fellow, with foot-ball hair, a most sinister looking individual, happened to rest, or fire, his eyes on me the other night as he was counting the audience and picking out of a guitar the mildest tune, *minuet*, *polka*, *brisk*; imaginable. He had a thick neck and a glare, and as he plucked the strings the neck thickened and so did the glare. I thought to myself if that young man should determine to "follow the musical profession" he would receive flattering notices from the "gentlemen of the press" if he thus picked them out unconsciously. Yet, the evil eye and the scowl all disappeared the moment the piece was over, and lo, the youth was smiling and outwardly fit for any tea table.

Our club, as I have since been told by unprejudiced and cool observers, sat on the stage, a veritable awkward squad. The solo tenor was the handsome man. He had a high color and a high collar. In fact, everything was high about him except his voice, which was sweet and short. As good a fellow as ever lived, his florid beauty of black and red drew toward him the eyes of the more thoughtless women and girls in the audience, while the pale and severely intellectual features of other members of the club, whom I could name, were passed by comparatively unnoticed. But the once sleeked now have a fearful revenge. The tenor is this very day high in office in Washington, D. C., and is bothered and vexed by greedy applicants for Post Offices vacant or already filled. The solo bass of this same club may be seen any day in our streets going to his law office, and the President is an educationist well known in this town.

—When was warbling first introduced in such college entertainments? What is the effect of continuous warbling for four years on a man's after life? How the warbling was enjoyed by the audience! It made no difference whether the warbler was for the moment an "Alpine lad" or just a vague, undescribed, unticketed, unlabeled individual, with the gift of marvelous jugglery. The graduate sat in his seat, and beads of enjoyment stood on his forehead, called out from the interior of his system by a series of blood-curdling yells that would have made an Indian blush for his own impotency. To the graduate:

"Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame."

Are glee clubs still entertained after the concert by the graduates in each town chosen as the scene of musical operation? What "feeds" those were, the feeds of twenty years ago! If the limbs of the singers suffered from brave, athletic and misguided vocal efforts, the livers were still more touched by the lavish hospitality of the graduates. Good old days! And better nights! Yet how thoughtless college fellows are. I remember in some Western city a Judge, a graduate of the college, gave a supper that surpassed the dream of greedy youth; he descended from the bouch and was once more a college boy; he sang and joked and was often busy in that mysterious operation known in alcoholic terminology as "opening wine," a phrase, by the way, which annihilates in a breath all wines save one. Were the guests grateful? It seemed so; but they were hardly off the doorstep when they repaid the kindness by the basest ingratitude, for they sang a serenade, one of the kind in which the tenor breathes and soars and shouts his passion, accompanied by a human guitar with its *la-la-la-la-la-la-la*; this kind of piece is almost always sung in at least two keys at the same time.

Now college glee clubs are trained carefully by a professor. The boys learn intricate pieces and sing with more art, whereas formerly col-

lege song, like congregational singing, was distinguished chiefly for its heartiness. To the graduate there are no such songs as the old songs, the same that he assisted in murdering on festival occasions.

The face of that guitarist, and his name is Legion, haunts me. Is there any scientific explanation of the inevitable temporary change of countenance in this species of public performer? The face is generally a composite of the executioner and the victim. The signal for attack on the strings should be the dropping of a handkerchief.

PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC.

The Thirteenth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

This was the program of the Symphony Concert last evening in Music Hall:

Overture, "Euryanthe".....Weber
Concert-stuck for pianoforte and orchestra in F minor, op. 79.....Weber
Symphony No. 4, in D minor, op. 120.....Schumann
Rhapsodie Espagnole, rearranged as a concert-stuck for pianoforte and orchestra by F. Busoni (MS.) (first time).....Liszt
Rakoczy March.....Berlioz

Mr. Paur was in *Ercles vein*. The performance of the symphony was characterized chiefly by a virility that at times stepped over the border line and became coarseness. Take the opening measures of the first movement, "*Ziemlich langsam*." Schumann was most careful in his dynamic indications in these measures, but Mr. Paur saw almost nothing in them but a brave forte; or he read them through a magnifying glass, and romance fled. We have heard the Romance played more romantically in Music Hall, and the trio of the Scherzo has been given here with more tenderness. In the Finale, the slow introduction was well read and performed with marked

effect; but the modern practice of singing every tune of three measures with "great expression" and letting the rhythm flag without any really adequate reason was followed by Mr. Paur in the allegro (or *lebhaft* as Schumann was pleased to call it). It seems now to be an inflexible rule with conductors of the advanced school to make a marked change in tempo with the entrance of the subsidiary theme. There are singers who cannot sing allegro and at the same time piano, and there are conductors who apparently believe that a gentle or a pathetic theme in an allegro must of itself turn the allegro into an andante con moto or an allegretto. As in the symphony last evening, so in the overture, as far as this question of subsidiary themes was concerned.

The performance of the orchestra in the symphony was not always up to the high standard that has characterized the concerts of late. But the music itself is so passionate, so melodically and noble, that hearty applause followed the finale and Mr. Paur was recalled.

Mr. Busoni gave a remarkable exhibition of technique. The most difficult passages were played with apparent ease and with grace. In the piece by Weber, which, I believe, has not been played at a Symphony Concert since '86, when Mr. George M. Nowell was the pianist, there was an occasional lack of pronounced rhythm, as in the opening of the finale; but, on the whole, Mr. Busoni's performance was remarkable for its precision, power and brilliancy. The pianist evinced the second movement with embellishments, joining with the orchestra in the march, and although purists might object to Weber improved, the audience enjoyed the modern version. Mr. Busoni is by no means alone in this treatment of the march.

The Spanish Rhapsody, as arranged by Mr. Busoni and played by him, is great sport. There is no need here of debating the question whether the true characteristics of the Jota are preserved in this Liszt-Busoni machine. It is sufficient to say that Busoni has given the piano piece a gorgeously colored and highly fantastic dress. It was a great evening for the town who deal in percussion, and

there was a most diversified exhibition of musical fireworks from cannon crackers to sky-scraping rockets, from pin-wheels to set-pieces of intricate construction. Mr. Busoni did what he pleased with the piano. The harder the task, the more demonic his agility. All forms of technical exercises known as supreme and transcendental were playthings in his fingers. His reception was hearty, and the applause that followed, his feats was long continued and loudly sustained. The evening, when Mr. Busoni was on the stage, was one of bravura rather than of temperament. Mr. Busoni has in times past in this city, which should have kept him as her citizen, risen to a greater musical height; he has afforded an audience greater and purer musical pleasure, but he has never, at least in public, given so remarkable an exhibition of modern technique as he did last evening.

PHILIP HALE.

TOLSTOI'S LETTER.

Count Tolstoi has written a remarkable letter on the lesson of the great Russian famine. The points made by him are of particular application to existing conditions in Russia, but now that there is such widespread suffering in the United States and on the continent of Europe, Tolstoi's letter may be profitable in suggestion, even if it seems at first merely an addition to the large stock of political chimeras.

Tolstoi does not regard the Russian famine as an exceptional or temporary visitation. To him the causes are of a permanent character, "for which we ourselves are solely responsible. These causes are to be found in the anti-Christian and unbrotherly relations existing between the cultured, well-to-do non-workers, and the uncultured, poor, laboring classes, who habitually suffer from want, deprivation, misery, but whose necessities have attracted our attention these last two years, simply because they happen to have been greater than usual."

Tolstoi blames the upper class for hypocrisy and falsehood in not having rebuked steadily merchant, manufacturer, distiller, Government official and landed proprietor who robbed the poor directly or indirectly. He then declaims against the wickedness of such false life, known now by the wrongdoers to be false, and draws a conclusion that to many will seem quixotic as

well as against several well-known principles of political economy, the "dismal science." He says, for example, "we all know that whenever we exploit the productive labor of the people for our own benefit, we thereby deprive them of what is necessary for their bodily existence and support, and, at the same time, we increase the burden of work that has already reached its utmost limit. Every glass of vodka we drink, every piece of meat, butter, sugar, we swallow is, on the one hand, so much taken from the people, and, on the other hand, so much added to their daily labor."

Whatever may be thought of the theories of Tolstoi, the daily habit of his life forbids the belief that he is merely a rhetorician or a poseur. He sees only two ways of escape—one for the wealthy, non-working, governing class to announce frankly apostasy, not merely from Christianity, but from the law of humanity and justice, and boldly to declare: "We are in possession of certain advantages and privileges, and we mean at any risk to keep them. They who wish to take them away from us will have to measure their strength with us." The only other way of escape he finds is "to acknowledge the injustice of the present order of things, to cease to lie, to repent not merely in words, to come to the help of the needy. But not as during these last two years with pecuniary contributions made up of money originally extorted from the people themselves. * * * If we take the one road we thereby doom ourselves to a continued, perpetual lie, to a constant fear lest the lie should be discovered, and to an ever haunting consciousness that earlier or later we shall be hurled from the position we so selfishly occupy and so doggedly defend. If we take the other road, we thereby voluntarily confess our readiness to live in accordance with what we preach and profess, to lead the life the heart and mind demand of us: a life which will sooner or later be inaugurated, if not by us, then by others."

We are no longer able to boast that in the United States, or at least in our largest cities, there is no idle wealthy class; and although this is a government of the people and by the people, it is not always a govern-

ment for the people. The entrance into this country of discontented foreigners who are against all forms of government, may work no harm; for great is the common sense of this nation when it is once awakened. But the wild theories of such disturbing foreigners find almost willing listeners when men are hungry, out of work and see their wives and children suffering. It is not necessary to indorse fully or even partially all the conclusions drawn by Tolstoi from his observations. But might not the idle rich of this country ponder seriously this letter of Tolstoi and meditate their duty to their fellow-man?

THE MERCURY OF PLEASURE.

It is said that hospital or private nurses who in their humane zeal have not abandoned wholly the thought of the fashionable world or subdued the natural and savage instinct for finery, wear in the form of a bracelet the little thermometer which tells the temperature of a patient. It is not our purpose to discuss the nature or the taste of such an ornament. The fact, however, that there is such a combination of the practical and the beautiful suggests the invention and the adoption in society of the mercury of pleasure, of the thermometer of enjoyment.

Here is a working hypothesis. Mrs. Cheggs, Mrs. Lorenzo Cheggs, is a most estimable woman. During the dark days of her husband she proved herself a shining light. Now that he is fairly roasted in the mid-year sun of financial success she is unspoiled, simple, a devoted wife and mother. But, to use a good old phrase, she never in her younger days enjoyed a liberal education. Fond of amusement, she is timid in outward manifestation of pleasure.

With a keen sense of the ludicrous, she is inclined to smile at theatrical favorites who are taken seriously because it is a fashion. As a girl she sang sweetly and in tune simple songs, and to-day she cannot understand the applause showered on the unjust as well as the just when they scream in our concert halls. She often wonders, then, whether she really is moved pleasurably when she applauds with her neighbors; she sometimes thinks that she is hypocritical in her actions, or that she is merely the victim of applaudive contagion. Now, if Mrs. Cheggs should wear one of these thermometers, say in a bracelet with the bulb against her fair wrist, she would be able to tell the honesty of her rapture. For the scale is graduated carefully, from utter boredom to frenetic delight.

But Mrs. Cheggs is one of many hearty, whole-souled, ingenious women who are able, and legitimately, to find pleasure in life. There are other women, maids and matrons, who are like unto Agnes Twyden, the girl who threw Philip Firmin over. "I think," said her biographer, Mr. Thackeray, "when very much excited her pulse must have gone up to forty. Her blood must have been a light pink." To such women this thermometer is worthless; but they will not discourage its use, for the exertion would trouble them.

It was proposed some time ago, when first there was talk about the new Music Hall, that when the Symphony Concerts are moved to Falmouth Street, there should be a system of regulating applause.

Some of the suggestions are ingenious, rather than practical, such as the idea advanced by a superficial reasoner, that the newspaper critics should sit together in a conspicuous place and act as fugal men; an impracticable scheme, for they would first be obliged to agree upon a verdict, taken by the Australian ballot system. A committee chosen by the Mayor or by the subscribers to the concerts has been mentioned; and it seems it would be the duty of this committee to display colored lights; truly a cumbersome system, requiring of the hearer an intimate acquaintance with the code of signals. But the thermometer is simple, and its workings are unmistakable. Plain or ornamental bracelets of this character might be rented for an evening as are opera glasses. Nor need any man blush to be detected with a bracelet around his wrist. On the European continent it is the fashion, particularly in Germany and in Russia, for men to wear such ornaments as love tokens or in memory of departed friends.

And think, if the use of this thermometer were general how little by little society would be purified, how honesty would be encouraged, and how there would be a mercurial making for general and individual righteousness!

The Duval Club will come out about even, "unless they are put to heavy expense in defending the prosecutions which have been brought." If Col. Cockrell, sah, is not rewarded handsomely, the Southern boasted appreciation of oratory is a snare and a delusion.

Mr. Sullivan's mastery of terse and graphic English is known to all. In his comments on the late fight he appears in a new role, and it is that of a dealer in euphemism. "Exhausted nature caused my defeat," said the great play actor.

Discussion concerning tea-drinking may be found in another column of the Journal. The tea-habit is a confirmed one to many, who, as Dr. Johnson said of himself, are "hardened and shameless tea-drinkers."

"The diagnosis was made in perfect sincerity, it was merely a mistake." The patient, by the way, had small-pox.

Here and there some club has a famous loving cup like the St. Botolph Club, where Hovey's battered gift is passed about as a good night salute.—[Boston Advertiser.]

Mr. Hovey's gift was to the Papyrus Club. The gift is not "battered." No loving cup is passed about at the St. Botolph Club "as a good night salute." With these exceptions allowed the paragraph is one of contemporaneous human interest.

Jan 29 -

Ouida's new novel is entitled "Two Offenders." Are they the author and the publisher?

This is the birthday of Thomas Paine, whose services in aid of American independence are too often forgotten in abusing him for his writings on theological subjects. Many to-day echo the epigram of a century ago:

"Here lies Tom Paine, who wrote in liberty's defence, But in his 'Age of Reason' lost his 'Common Sense.'"

Ironically enough, the birthday of Paine is the death-day of George III.

Victor Hugo, with his Olympian indifference concerning accuracy, speaks in "Ninety-Three" of "Thomas Payne, an American and uerficial."

The London correspondent of the New York Times calls William of Germany "a snowman." "He is the Henry Irving of the Old World's political stage. He possesses a most spacious proscenium and has the best stock company and largest corps of superbly drilled snipers and the finest stock of properties. With all these advantages he unites a fine dashing genius for novel dramatic sensations and effects, and he has a pretty sentiment of his own."

Mr. George W. Chadwick will conduct the performances of his operetta, "Tabasco," this week at the Tremont, and Mr. Horatio W. Parker will swing the stick at the performance of his "Hora novissima," by the Handel and Haydn next Sunday night. The old question may be now revived: "Should a composer conduct his own work?"

Twenty years ago Dancal and Gounod disputed this point, and the former's pamphlet of seven pages is still worth reading. Dancal made these points: (1) The usurpation by the composer compromises seriously the authority of the regular conductor. (2) The composer that leads acts against the interest of his work, for he cannot develop the resources of the orchestra, nor is he likely to be cool and calm. Gounod's last word in the matter was this: "If the composer is alive, the conductor is the delegate of his wishes; if the composer is dead, the conductor is the delegate of tradition," which is all rather epigrammatic than full of any real meaning.

The British Matron is shocked at the late brutality in Florida. And of what nation, pray, was the Marquis of Queensberry? And who were the chief supporters of the Pelican Club?

It is not easy to imagine Thomas Hardy, the novelist of singular individuality, in the act of collaboration with the Hon. Mrs. Heniker, a spinner of "society" yarns.

Mr. Corbett has quaffed mightily of the cup of human joy. No philanthropist, no patriot, no statesman, ever called forth in New York such enthusiasm as that of Saturday night when "Jim had to fight his way across the floor of the amphitheatre to the ringside."

The building rocked. "The ladies who were present waved their handkerchiefs, completely carried away by their enthusiasm." Of course there was an "ovation," and the elder Corbett was affected deeply. The only approach to this tumultuous scene was the last spasm of Paderewski mania when the steamer bore the pianist from New York.

As Mr. Corbett will honor Boston with his presence this week, we hasten to assure him of our most distinguished consideration. We always knew that he would conquer, and we would not cross him for the world in his wildest whim or most extravagant statement.

The cutting off two months pay from the salary of the French Deputy who shouted "Vive la commune" will undoubtedly be more efficacious than a sentence to martyr-crowning imprisonment.

Mr. Irving's speech Saturday night was almost as solemn as a death-bed farewell, and yet he found time to mention a "second engagement" before he really says "Good-by."

The umbrella is considered by the superficial an instrument of peace and protection, but as it is carried frequently in our streets it is more dangerous than razor, battle-axe, rapier, broadsword or dagger. One estimable person, when there is a crowd, puts it under his arm as though it were a book, and only the caution of the one following prevents the joining of eye with pointed tip. Another brandishes it with a side-long vigorous motion as though he handled a switch in a lonely forest path.

From India to Abyssinia the umbrella is the sign of royalty, and a mighty monarch according to Hindu fabulists is he that has brought the whole earth under the shadow of one umbrella. But Orientals do not stab and spear and poke and thrash their street companions with this badge of royal state.

"The Scarlet Letter," an opera, text by G. P. Lathrop and music by Walter Damrosch, will be given in New York next month. Will operatic tradition be followed? Will Chillingworth, the revenger, sing bass, and Mr. Dimmisdale tenor? Hester should be an alto, with a full, melancholy, sunset voice.

The many particulars given by the editors of tailor departments in the newspapers, the particulars concerning the proper "adjustment of neck wear" recall Leech's man in Punch who achieved his "miraculous" tie by "giving his whole mind to it."

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Tabasco

"Tabasco," a burlesque opera in two acts, text by R. A. Barnett and music by G. W. Chadwick, was given last evening by the First Corps Cadets at the Tremont Theatre. It was the first public performance. The cast was as follows: Hot-Head Ham Pasha, Bey of Tangier.....T. F. Stinson
Francis, the Chief.....E. P. Cheney, Jr.
Marco, a Spanish Trader.....James G. White
Ben-Had-Deu, Grand Vizier.....R. A. Barnett
Sid-Has-Sem, Major Domo.....C. R. Tucker
Wille Winkle, the Blindman.....J. Walker, Jr.
Limping Larry, the Lameman.....W. R. Dorr
Fatima, the beautiful slave.....Edward Beck
Lola, Marco's sister.....George F. Davis
Hiss-Been-A, a third term Harlem favorite.....L. C. Benton

As Mr. Barnett said in his speech last night to the audience, the Cadet theatricals is now a Boston institution. That this is no vain boast was shown by the large and brilliant audience and by the attention paid to every word and evolution on the stage.

The text of this operetta is founded on a good idea, the passion of the Bey of Tangier for hot and rebellious food. In a lucky moment for the despairing cook, Tabasco fires the Bey's heart to gratitude. The little bottle is soon exhausted, and the cook's life is again in danger until by accident he again meets with the mysterious tramp—purveyor of the tropical invigorator. Of course there is a love story, and the sweetheart of the baritone is a temporary inmate of the Bey's harem, much to the rage of a Boston Brownie, who rules it with a rod of iron. There are escapes, pursuits, and the confirmed operetta-goer can easily fill in the action, which at its liveliest is thin. There are good lines, and there are lines that are not particularly bright or fresh. All in all there is the stuff for an amusing book; and when more experienced comedians verse in the fatting of parts take hold of it, the framework may well serve for the setting off of verbal pyrotechnics and the display of grotesque scenes.

Mr. Chadwick has written some clever music for this libretto, music that is neither too sought-out nor too flippant. The opening chorus is animated and not without ingenuity. In the Grand Vizier's song there are amusing touches in the accompaniment. The Pasha's song is not among the most successful of the numbers. The "Letter chorus" is pleasing, and Fatima's song is the most striking of the solo numbers. The "Gem of the Orient" chorus does not rise much above a commonplace ensemble of operetta. The first movement of the finale has more character than the waltz that follows. The music of the second act is, from the standpoint of operetta, the best part of the work. The opening chorus, the bolero, the rixaudon are effective, and the plantation song, as well as the Irish song, pleases by its artful simplicity. Without being ungracious to the Cadets, it may be remarked justly that in the hands of more experienced and competent singers the music would have a better opportunity for generous and hearty appreciation.

As was natural, the performance last evening was a more successful one than that in song. Of the 8000 singers, Mr. Lavis carried off the honors. The choruses were sung with spirit and there were at a very low price, Mr. Stator was very like the Rev. and Mr. Barlet, at a touch his part was of as fat, amused, especially in the production of "Greet the Old Maid with a Hail," a song originally composed for the Festival Club. Mr. Lavis did a great deal toward the success of the per-
formers, and Mr. Benton acted with intelli-
gence. The specialities played neatly, and
Messrs. Davis and Benton and the band were
recalled as in and again. The march was
bravely executed, and the stage management
was out was excellent. Nor must the dance
be forgotten as passed by unnoticed. Mr.
Lavis directed with authority and cor-
rectness, and the stick with effect during the
execution. The audience gave many and hearty
cheers of delight, and all the good Messrs. Lavis,
and Wick and Seymour were called before the
curtain. The breast and the composer
turned the as. If Cadet may well be con-
sidered on the deserved success.

These suggestions are in reference to the comfort of the passenger. If on arriving at the railway station you take a street car for your destination of two or two and a half miles, you should provide yourself with chocolate in bars, a pleasing nutriment in case you are stalled some distance from a restaurant. Canned meats as a rule are not satisfactory, on account of the inconvenience of opening in a crowded car. Some experienced travelers still prefer pemmican.

A flask of old brandy is absolutely necessary in case of physical exhaustion. A barometer and a thermometer distend the pockets and are of little practical use, as the temperature, except in rare instances, remains the same. Reading matter should be selected carefully. Do not choose a pessimistic book, and leave "The Trials of Travelers" and "The Book of Martyrs" at home. Mayhew on the Horse and "The Triumphs of Electricity" would furnish considerable amusement. The old-fashioned novel will be found of more utility than the modern short story. "Clarissa Harlowe," for instance, or the "Three Guardsmen" series will beguile many a weary hour.

No wonder that Mr. James Means of this city prefers the thought of aerial locomotion and dreams constantly of aeroplanes and aerocycles. An interesting pamphlet written by him and entitled "The Problem of Man Flight," has just been published here. Mr. Means, after telling of experiments by Otto Lilienthal of Prussia and by himself at Hampten, appeals to the people's love of sports as a way of arriving at the solution of the stated problem. "Pebogganing on ice would have only a few weeks in the year; pebogganing on air is possible at all seasons. When we have made our aeroplanes or aerocycles automatic in their steering action, just like Lilienthal's will be, to say the least, no more dangerous than foot ball and baseball playing."

It is a pity that Old Boston is very much less attractive to tourists for its name sake across the Atlantic. Its natural surroundings are decidedly unimpressive and uninteresting. Apparently there is any other, the prospect here is not very bright. The town is small, unbroken by the sea, stretching as far as the eye can see. The Year Round.

[illegible]

'DYING SPEECH OF PRINTER PODSNAP!
He Went to Glory in a Blaze of Blue Light!'

'THE SMALLEST OFFICE BOY GOES TEW CLOSE!
He Hasn't Time to Say His Prayers Before the
Lightning Grabs Him--Affecting Scene at the
Bedside, Etc., etc.'

The story of a train robber who concealed himself within a stuffed buffalo should appeal quickly to the dramatic realist of to-day. A play could be easily manufactured on parallel lines. The train robber is the villain; the express messenger is the hero; and there should be a practical stuffed buffalo with glass eyes. The curtain should fall on the hero astride of the robber. The heroine need not appear in this scene. Neither the buzz-saw nor the "human bridge" would surpass this realistic episode in interest.

Yale begins early. "Graduate coaches" are already sending out discouraging reports about the crew.

Whether Mrs. Nordica really turned up her beaked nose at the idea of singing in Mr. Parker's work is best known by the fair wearer of the said nose. It will be remembered that last season she sang at the first performance in Boston of Mr. Chadwick's "Phoenix Expirans," and contributed largely thereby to its success.

The Bey—Call me a cab.
The Vizier—You are a cab. See?

Poor Mr. and Mrs. Corbett! The reporter follows them like a sleuth-hound. A palpitating public breathes easier at the news that Mr. Corbett ate for his breakfast "mutton chops, soft boiled eggs, fried potatoes, muffins, toast and coffee." His wife ate her steak "rare." Alas! there is nothing said about salt, pepper or butter. The eminent play-actor, a modest man, must be surely averse to such publicity, and he probably exclaims in the words of the poet: "Why does the white man follow my tracks?"

I may dwell in marble halls, but I won't make
 party calls,
 So society considers me a jay;
 And my straw hat I will wear till the snow is in
 the air,
 For I do not care what other people say;
 And I listen with a smile, when they gibe me
 on my style,
 For I do not care what other people say.
 So sings the Pasha in "Tabasco," and
 many who laugh and applaud envy the inde-
 pendence.

The new Chess Club rooms need a thorough warming. Chess is considered by the world at large as a cold game.

Oscar Wilde's play is full of epigrams. Now an epigram is generally an ingenious way of stating a lie.

The few but picturesque Jacobites in town, who fashion themselves after a Van Dyck picture and will never forgive that low fellow, Oliver Cromwell, are reminded respectfully that this is the death-day of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the unfortunate Pretender, who in 114 years gave himself up to beheading. Yesterday, by the way, was the anniversary of the "martyrdom" of Charles I. Truly this is a sad week for our local Jacobites.

This is the feast day of St. Peter Nolasco, who by his good works made himself offensive to Satan. The saint had a habit of passing over the sea in his cloak. One long remembered night he went into church and found angels singing the service.

MR. SLIVINSKI'S RECITAL

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------|
| The program was as follows: | |
| Sonata—Op. 31, No. 3, in E flat..... | Beethoven |
| Variations—Op. 34, No. 1..... | Mendelssohn |
| Nocturne—Op. 9, No. 2..... | Chopin |
| Etude—Op. 10, No. 5..... | |
| Waltz—Op. 34, No. 1..... | |
| Polka—Op. 34..... | |
| Rondo..... | Mozart |
| Moment Musical..... | Schubert |
| Allegretto..... | Rubinstein |
| Cracovian—Op. 14, No. 6..... | Paderewski |
| Barcarolle..... | Schubert |
| Rhapsodie Hongroise..... | Liszt |

The characterless style of Chopin's Shrivinski is seen at once in his playing of Beethoven and Chopin. The notes are often nearly, yet not quite, gently played; but there is no perfume, no passion, no soul. Take the polonaise by Chopin, for instance. Mr. Shrivinski pounded considerably and made a good deal of pother; but where was the fiery, proud, melancholy grandeur of the thing? From the technical standpoint, Mr. Shrivinski has yet considerable to learn about rhythm and the use of the pedals. There is a conservative, royal or republican, whiff of passion and *and* *ke* can be taught to pupils, and in classes, unless the pupils were born with temperament. And without temperament, absolute technical perfection is as nothing.

Mr. Slivinski will give a recital in Music Hall Saturday afternoon, Feb. 6.

PHILIP HALE.

PHILIP HALE

This is also the festival of St. Ignatius of Antioch. Listen to the quaint and simple language of his chronicler. "This holy man was sent to Rome to be devoured by wild beasts—a martyrdom to which he submitted with the usual resignation and joy. What was left of the feeble old man was carefully brought back to Antioch."

He was sanguine indeed who wrote years ago, "In February the sun attains considerable power, and finally dispels the cold of winter."

This controversy between Mrs. Lillian Nordica, singer, and Mr. H. W. Parker, composer, in which harsh words are interchanged at a reasonable distance, is all about the musical setting of "the rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix on the celestial country," and on the blessed joy of the elect. After listening to the statements of the two musicians the choir will please sing:

"Earth's turmoils ended are,
Strife, and reproach, and war,
No more annoying:
Children of blessedness
Their heritage of peace
Freely enjoying."

It may here be remarked that the Handel and Haydn Society, and, indeed, all concerned, thus enjoy free advertising.

Mr. Carothers is not the first who has, with or without reason, assailed the reputation of a New England town. Years ago, in one of his earliest novels, Mr. Henry James wrote a famous line of cool malignity against Northampton, Mass. The caricature of life in a Cape Cod town is of more recent date, and the resentment of the inhabitants is still alive. But how many remember Col. De Forest's satiric description in "Miss Ravenel's Conversion" of New Haven Society? Here is his pen-portrait of a belle of that town: "Thin-lipped, hollow-cheeked, narrow-chested, with only one lung and an intermittent digestion, without a single rounded outline or graceful movement, she was a sad example of what the New England east winds can do in enfeebling and distorting the human form divine. Even her smile was a woful phenomenon; it seemed to be rather a symptom of pain than an expression of pleasure; it was a kind of gripping smile, like that of an infant with the colic." Col. De Forest lived to repent the satire. It is not likely that Mr. Carothers will visit Belchertown this coming summer.

As they find at Phillips Exeter
in their town. When Dr. Gideon L.
in his strength, it was his cus-
tom to make this announcement at the be-
ginning of the school year: "Gentlemen,
no rules at Exeter until they are

monia was invented in Boston.

is it that the majority of authors
they read in public declaim so mod-
estly that they cannot be heard? Are
they timid in the presence of publishers?

A singular fact that in our time adven-
turers are generally reported as possessing
a wealth of golden hair, sparkling eyes, a vi-
brant disposition and a strangely attractive
magnetic voice. In olden years, among
the knights, blondes were regarded as messen-
gers from the gods. Are all brunettes sedate,
staid, brass-voiced? Perish the thought.

refusal of the Waltham Board of
to allow a plumber to do work, even
thing, recalls the line: "I fear the
even when they offer gifts."

1262.

ons, descriptions and character
of the ideal Librarian for our Public
are now made and drawn in the
papers and in conversation. The man
who would be the eighth wonder of
the world. He must have ripped with
his hands and socks with Socrates; he
must know what the little boy and the
fair maiden and the dead game sport all
wish to read. He must know all languages
and be "in touch" with humanity. Cur-
iously enough, no one has yet remarked in
public that the new Librarian should know
above all how to get along amicably with
the Trustees.

This is Candlemas Day. In Scotland they
used to celebrate it by a foot ball match, and
in many countries there were qualu ob-
servances. The superstition was universal
throughout Christendom that this day was,
and it may be even now, a key to future
weather.

"If Candlemas Day be dry and fair,
The half o' winter's to come and mair;
If Candlemas Day be wet and foul,
The half o' winter's gone at Yule."

Here is another rhyme that contradicts in
a measure the preceding one:

"When Candlemas Day is come and gone
The snow lies on a hot stone."

Here is still another:

"The hind has his lief see
His wife on the beer,
As that Candlemas Day
Should be pleasant and clear."

In Germany they have these proverbs:
"The shepherd would rather see the wolf
enter his stable on Candlemas Day than the
sun." The other proverb runs as follows:
"The badger peeps out of his hole on Can-
dlemas Day, and when he finds snow walks
abroad, but if he sees the sun shining he
draws back into his hole."

All these rhymes, and indeed the feast of
the purification of the Virgin, celebrated
with a great display of candles, are, in the
opinion of certain fathers of the church and
busy antiquarians, to be traced to Pagan
days.

"Here we are starving, and while we are here assem-
bled trying to get our rights, rich people are having their
dolls clipped and paying \$5 for it, as I read in a morning
paper. I can show you people lying dead from starva-
tion and rich men swilling champagne at \$5 a quart."
—Mrs. Gurney on Boston Common.

The price paid for champagne is a little
high, but let that pass. The substance of
the speech has been sounded down the ages.
The answer that "These things were always
so; they must always be so," may be a tru-
ism; but is it any answer to the great social
problem that has taxed philosophers in vain
and driven, as in the French Revolution, the
oppressed, the deserving needy, as well as
blatherskites and the vicious to bloody deeds?

What's this story about the Art Museum
rejecting miniatures of historical value?

Representative Day's bill prohibiting a
licensed liquor dealer from taking pay from
any person for liquor furnished another will
be a good thing, but it revives the whole
question of treating. It is a noticeable fact
that men of bibulous propensities who
are the loudest in denunciation of
anti-treating movement. Reckless
criminate treating is a peculiarly
habit, and it is regarded by some
as a institution that should be recognized
and defended to the last
bit. It is a silly source of debt and
trouble.

Now they propose to prohibit news-
men publishing the details of prize
fights. The next move will be to
prohibit any report from the ring
on offense.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Mr. Grossmith in his new and amusing en-
tertainment describes good naturedly the
character of the American girl, and although
there is caricature in his sketch there is at
the same time truth. It is a curious fact
that this amiable comedian refers to the in-
dependence of the American girl as shown
in her treatment of her mother. As though
it were a characteristic peculiar to the girl of
this country, and yet to-day in England there
is lamentation over the change of relation-
ship between mother and daughter. It was

only a little while ago that Mrs. Crackan-
thorpe went so far as to write in the Nine-
teenth Century as follows: "In a very
large percentage of households war, open
or concealed, exists between mother
and daughter." And it is a woman, the
same writer, who declares that the modern
English daughter is "a non-human thing, a
mental compound whose basis is egoism."

This alleged reprehensible independence of
the English girl is not at all clearly defined.
The vague charge is made that she is emac-
ipated, that she "tramples on household
gods" (whatever that may mean), that she
consults her own taste in dress and amuse-
ments, that she does not tell her mother
everything she does or knows, that she rebels
because her mother objects to her going to a
music hall with young friends, and so on,
and so on. "The blind mole of analytical
realistic literature, of American example, of
dramatic suggestion, has been working un-
derground and has made our daughters what
they are," is the conclusion of the Pall Mall
Gazette.

But how about this "American Example."
Are our girls so emancipated from maternal
restriction as they were, say twenty or thirty
years ago? It is true that, rather than be
idle, some of them turn their attention to the
first employment that offers itself. But how
many young girls with homes are thinking
to-day seriously of displaying a doctor's or a
lawyer's sign, or taking any active measure
against possible relationship with that long
absurdly overrated creature, man? In how
many households is there flat rebellion, or
how many consider the mother as a neces-
sary institution in childhood, but an incon-
venience or positive annoyance to opening
maturity? Can the "blind mole," mentioned
by the Pall Mall Gazette, work underground
to the destruction of human and universal
instinct? Is there not exaggeration, even on
the other side of the Atlantic, and assertion
founded on a reasoning from the particular
to the general?

Two things, however, may be noted. First,
in this country the freedom allowed the
young girl in her relations with young men
is more restricted or even abolished. In how
many country towns is the social condition
described by Mr. Howells in "A Modern
Instance" to be remarked to-day? Is there
not less liberty awarded the city girl? Have
we not in many instances adopted, though
perhaps unconsciously, European traditions
concerning the conduct of young unmarried
women? And, second, the sweet, unsophis-
ticated heroine, who is obedient to her
mother though her heart may break, is fast
disappearing from English fiction, and in her
place appears the figure of the *névrosé*. The
girl of modern fiction knows much more
than is her right; she reads the pessimists
and the decadents; she discusses coolly with
men subjects that in olden times were de-
scribed as "unfit for mixed company." Sweet
Ann Page and peerless Sophia West-
ern, Ethel Newcome and Trollope's girls
have found no sympathetic companions the
last year or two.

To-day is the festival of St. Blase, patron
of wool combers and curer of sore throats.
Many interesting stories are related about
him. Wild beasts visited him to be cured,
and when they found him at prayer they
never interrupted, but waited till he was at
an end. Candles offered to him were good
for the toothache and for diseased cattle.

But we would not at this late day speak of
the saint who suffered martyrdom, in a most
unpleasant manner, 1578 years ago, if a val-
uable lesson could not be learned by keeping
the saint in mind. It was *Ætius*, an ancient
and a learned leech, who gave the following
receipt for a stoppage in the throat: "Hold
the diseased party by the throat, and pro-
nounce these words: Blase, the martyr and
servant of our Lord, commands thee to pass
up or down!"

The operative road from chorus singer to prima donna is
a long, up hill route and has many side tracks.

—(Marie Tempest in Munsey's.)

Yes, indeed, Marie, and many a one is
switched off before she arrives at the end of
the route.

Many laugh at the burlesque ballet in
"Tabasco," particularly when there is pal-
pable evidence of the need of needle and
thread and a sewing man or woman. But in
the 17th century in France the ballet on the
operative stage was danced by men, and it was

Lullaby was danced by the female ballet
dancer. At Saint Germain-en Laye, court
ladies joined in a ballet, Jan. 21, 1681, and
the success of this quasi-amateur per-
formance was so great that in April, 1682,
four young girls danced publicly at the Opera
House in Paris. It was Miss La Fontaine
who was first called in Paris, on this oc-
casion, the "Queen of the dance."

But it must be remembered that at that
time the dancers were masked. There was
a tradition that no woman should take, dra-
matically or vocally, a disagreeable role, or
one that made her hideous to the eye. And
so the Furies, the Fates, Hate, even the
Nurse, were taken by men, provided they
had, when the performance was an opera, a
counter-tenor voice.

And female ballet dancers, as well as male
dancers, wore masks, if Castil-Blaze is a
trustworthy writer, until 1772.

Pictures of these male dancers, handsome
in petticoat as Mr. Javillier dancing a ga-
votte, or hideous as Mr. Mantienne in petti-
coat and brandishing a dagger as Hate, have
come down to us. The Cadets have no reason
to blush if comparisons are made.

It is singular that even when men debate
concerning woman suffrage the question of a
woman's age enters into the debate, as in the
controversy between Messrs. Wood and Roe.

Treating is connected inseparably with
saloon introductions. John Phoenix long ago
described the pernicious habit. "You meet
Brown on Montgomery Street: 'Good morn-
ing, Brown; 'How are you, Smith?' 'Let me
introduce you to Mr. Jones'—and you forth-
with shake hands with a seedy individual,
who has been boring Brown for the previous
hour for a small loan probably—an individ-
ual you never saw before, never had the
slightest desire to see, and never wish to see
again. Being naturally of an arid disposi-
tion, and perhaps requiring irrigation at that
particular moment, you unguardedly invite
Brown, and your now friend, Jones, of
course, to step over and imbibe. What is
the consequence? The miscreant Jones in-
troduces you to fifteen more equally desirable
acquaintances, and in two minutes from the
first introduction there you are, with seven-
teen newly formed friends, all of whom
'take sugar in their'n,' at your expense."

MUSIC.

The Fourteenth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The program of the Symphony Concert given
last evening, Mr. Paur conductor, in Music Hall,
was as follows:

Symphony No. 8 Beethoven
Fantastic concerto for cello and orchestra (MS.
(First time) C. M. Loeffler
Ballet Music, "Feramors" Rubinstein
1. Candle dance of the Brides of Cashmere.
2. Dance of Bayaderes.

Overture to Grillparzer's "Esther" d'Albert
The symphony was well read and well played.
The famous *allegretto scherzando* that is said
to have made Schopenhauer forget that the
world was nothing but a receiving vault of
hopes and illusions was given delightfully, and
it was a pleasure to find Mr. Paur believing in
the theory that the third movement was in-
tended to be played as an old fashioned sym-
phonic menuet.

It was also a great pleasure to hear again ex-
tracts from the beautiful ballet music in "Fe-
ramors." The operas of Rubinstein are not
long-lived, and they will probably only be re-
membered on account of the ballet music, as in
"Feramors," "Nero" and "The Demon," just
as for a long time the famous overture of Mendel-
sohn served the name of an unsuccessful opera.
The music played last evening is exquisite in
conception and in instrumentation. "Too frivol-
ous," I hear some one say. But, good sir, or
sweet madam, do you wish to listen to sympho-
nies and symphonic poems and long-winded con-
certos with cadenzas of still longer wind
all the time? Because Brahms lives,
must Auber apologize for his own
birth, life and death? Because Dvorak
is a musician of great talent, has Bizet or
Debussy no right to musical existence? Such
music as this ballet in "Feramors" shows
imagination and refined technical skill. And
let it here be said that any one of a half
dozen, at least, of Auber's overtures is more
deserving of a place in a Symphony concert
than the mischance known to men as
d'Albert's overture to "Esther."

The fastidious Gericke knew the value of
these voluptuous dances by Rubinstein. They
were last played here in a Symphony concert in
October, 1885. Would that Mr. Paur would
let us hear Debussy's charming suite "Le roi
s'amuse," in which ancient dance-forms are
clothed in sympathetic, adorning and not im-
pertinent, not incongruous dress.

Mr. Loeffler is well known to us all as an ad-
mirable violinist and a composer of ingenuity
and refined taste. He has named his concerto
"Fantastic" and with reason; the music seems
like the sleep-chasms of a fanciful musician.
There is much in this work that is imaginative
and ingenious; perhaps, on account of its title, it
is wrong to crave a little more solidity in
thought and in treatment. Mr. Loeffler here
seems to me to be a symbolist; not grim and
cruel like Maeterlinck and some of his French
neighbors, but a man of fine and wandering
fancy, who uses words chiefly for their rhythm
and color. The greatest charm in his work is
the elegant instrumentation; and yet right
here there is an absence of fullness, when well-
nourished inner parts would fill the longing of
the hearer. That which follows the begin-
ning of the *adagio* seems the stronger
part of the work. The theme (Russian, as
stated by the program book), is not particularly

live, and the variations are not an interference. The impression made after one hearing is that Mr. Loeffler was not fortunate in securing a first-class melodic idea. But his work, in spite of lack of cohesion and balanced sentences, is often interesting, never cheap, vulgar, sensational. It was played with loving care and with skill by Mr. Schroeder, and player and composer were stormily applauded.

Mr. d'Albert's overture was first performed in this country, I believe, at a Sarasate d'Albert concert in New York, during the season of '88-'89, and under the baton of the composer. The overture was entitled originally, "Dramatic Overture," and the present title was an afterthought.

Some of us have read through the Book of Esther; and some have heard in their younger days the cantata by Mr. Butterfield (known as "Esther, the Beautiful Queen," but how many in the audience last night knew Grillparzer's "Esther" well enough to be moved or instructed or reminded by d'Albert's music?

The overture is a collection of episodes. The themes are neither fresh nor beautiful nor striking, and little is done with them after they are announced. The composer plays with them as with checkermate; now he brings forward one, and now another; but he does not win the game. He is terribly in earnest, he studies carefully each move, but he has no organized plan; he moves each piece for itself, and he does not win the game. This serious man, this gnome of the piano, And now please put it back on the shelf, Mr. Parr, and let it slumber by the side of pieces by Humperdink and Riemschneider.

The symphonic poem by Tchaikowsky, to be played the 17th, is "Francesca da Rimini" and not "Romeo and Juliet," as announced in the program book. PHILIP HALE.

THE OPERA SEASON

The Story of Calvé, the Singer of Passion.

The Triumphant Career of Melba, the Vocalist.

Facts and Gossip About the Approaching Visitors.

There is no opera house in Europe to-day where so many justly celebrated singers are assembled as in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The company under the management of Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau will visit Boston and stay here two weeks, and it will give 12 performances, beginning on the 26th of February.

Mrs. Eames-Story, Mrs. Lillian Nordica, Mrs. Sofia Scalchi, the faithful Bauermeister, the brothers de Reszke, Lassalle, and Carbone are known here to our opera lovers. But other singers of acknowledged European reputation will visit Boston for the first time.

Let us consider to-day the careers and the lives of Emma Calvé and Nellie Melba.

The early life of a singer is usually veiled by a mythic mist. Legends and traditions form themselves about the unknown girl who afterward is the famous woman. Great singers, when they happen to be women, are often



CALVÉ

without a birth-date, or the birth-date is a movable feast.

Let us then listen to the story of the young Calvé, as it is told.

The story runs that Emma Calvé was born in 1864 at Aveyron, in the South of France. Her father was Spanish, her mother French. She is one of six sisters. "I am the ugliest of the family," she said to a reporter. "All my sisters are beautiful." Her father died when she was about 16, and then she thought of music as a profession. She was educated at a convent of the Sacred Heart at Montpellier. Her only amusement in her girlhood besides music, was reading. She devoted herself to Balzac. Her first appearance in public was at the Théâtre Français, Nice, where she was called on suddenly to sing a song in a concert given for

benefit, one of the directors of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, engaged her, and she made her first appearance in Brussels during the season of '81-'82, as Marguerite in "Faust." Some say that she played the part without a wig, that is, with her own black hair; but she herself says, "My Marguerite was as like other Marguerites as it was possible for the stage manager to make it." Inardon, in his monumental history of the Brussels Opera House, speaks thus of the singer: "Miss Calvé, a pupil of Puget and Mrs. Viardot, is endowed with a sympathetic voice and sculptural beauty; she triumphed at her first appearance." During that season she received \$140 a month; the highest salary was to the tenor, Vergnet, \$1600. During the season of '82-'83 Calvé received \$240 a month.

The 16th of December, 1884, she created at the Théâtre-Italien, Paris, the chief soprano part in Duboi's "Aben-Hamet." She was eminently successful. "Miss Calvé is a remarkably beautiful woman, designed by nature to sing dramatic parts at the Opéra." But she was engaged, at the Opéra-Comique, and made her debut there March 11, 1885, as Helen in Joncières's "Chevalier Jean." The critics praised her unanimously. It was probably about this time that she studied under Mrs. Marchesi. In 1886 she sang at the same opera house in "Zampa," "The Magic Flute" and other operas.

Calvé said to a reporter the other day:

"It is curious to look back now and see how conventional I was until I left France. Then I went to Italy, and at Naples I saw the Duse to the first time. It was a distinct revelation for me. It was a new art. I saw her first in 'La Dame aux Camélias,' then in 'La Tosca,' which was making a sensation all over Europe about that time. I never saw her in 'Cavalleria rusticana.' My idea of the character was derived from a close study of the poem, assisted by advice from Mascagni. I should like to see Duse as Santuzza. She made the deepest impression upon me. I saw suddenly how hollow and meaningless was the style which up to that time I had cultivated. I began to work. How I did work! The first role I played after seeing Duse was Ophelia in Thomas's 'Hamlet.' I threw tradition upon one side and made the 'mad scene' as truthful as I could. The effect upon the public assured me that I was upon the right oath, and all my later work has only been a development of the same principles."

In Italy she appeared at La Scala and at the other chief opera houses.

In 1889 under the management of Sonzogno, Mascagni's patron, Calvé was in Paris singing in the Italian Opera Company at the Gaité. She was heard in Bizet's "Pearl Fishers."

In 1891, Oct. 31, at Rome, she created the part of Suzel in "L'Amico Fritz." Do Lucia, the tenor, now in the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau company, was the original Fritz.

Jan. 19, 1892, she sang Santuzza at the first performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" in Paris at the Opéra-Comique. In May of the same year she sang for the first time in London, and as Santuzza. She also sang in London in "L'Amico Fritz."

Dec. 14, 1892, Calvé sang Carmen for the first time at the Opéra-Comique, Paris. Inevitable comparisons were drawn between her and Galli-Marié, the creator of the part at the same opera house. The story of how the former went to Spain and studied the part must be deferred until she appears in the role. Suffice it to say, that her impersonation excited as much attention in Paris as it did this season in New York, and there was a fierce dispute as to whether the actress or the singer should dominate in such a part.

In 1893 Calvé was again at the Opéra-Comique and in London. She sang in London in "Carmen," "The Pearl Fishers," "L'Amico Fritz," and she created the part of Amy Robsart in de Lara's opera of like name.

Of course she sang for the Queen, and Victoria gave her a pin or brooch—not an Indian shawl.

Calvé was once married, but the venture was unfortunate. She has suffered intensely, mentally and physically. She has undergone a terrible surgical operation.

She spoke to a reporter in New York as follows: "I am a mountaineer by birth. I must have light, I must have air, I must have space. Shut me up in a room and I should die." She takes long walks.

If she reads Balzac, she does not ignore Loti or Maeterlinck. Her latest hobby is a phonograph.

This woman is by universal consent one of the greatest, if not the greatest, dramatic so-

prano now on the stage. She has been called the operatic Duse. Mr. Huncker of New York named her "The Daughter of Santuzza."

It is a singular fact that in 1843 a French singer named Calvé was in this country. She sang in operas by Auber, Donizetti, Halevy, Herold and Montfort. "Miss Calvé," wrote a contemporary, "was equally charming as a vocalist and actress. She was a graceful and light soprano, and was a great favorite."

Nellie Melba, they say, is fourteen years older than Mrs. Eames-Story. This statement is not unlike the sign on an office door in this town: "Office hours from 12 till 2, every other Tuesday." Anyone who wishes to find out Melba's age must first consult Mrs. Story's certificate of birth. It is not likely that Melba is as near 40 as the rumor would have it.

They say that when Melba was a little girl she was a member of a church choir in Melbourne, Australia. She was married to Capt. C. N. F. Armstrong, who was at one time an Australian sheep farmer, known as "Kangaroo Charlie," on account of his ability as a leader. It will be remembered that in 1892 there was trouble between man and wife, and the Duke of Orleans, heir to the pretensions of his father,

the Count of Paris, to the throne of France, was mixed up in proceedings that led ultimately to separation and divorce.

As Mrs. Armstrong, Melba sang in private, and she was so successful that she was advised to go to Paris. She studied there under Marchesi. This was in 1886. She made her debut in Brussels at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, during the season of '87-'88 as Gilda in "Rigoletto." There had been talk of her joining the company of the Opéra Paris, but the sly Inardon tells how an amateur at Brussels, enraptured with her voice, persuaded her to go to the Monnaie; and the amateur's name was Crossus.

It was May 8, 1889, that Melba made her debut at the Opéra, Paris, as Ophelia in "Hamlet."



MELBA.

and by her "superb beauty" and marvelous voice and art swept all before her. Nov. 4, she sang in "Romeo and Juliet;" in December she sang in "Lucia." In 1890 she was also heard in the parts of Marguerite and Gilda.

In 1892 Melba created the title role in Bemberg's "Eliane" in London. In 1893 she was heard in London in "I Pagliacci" and "Romeo and Juliet."

In 1890, at the Théâtre-Comique, Melba sang Micaela in "Carmen," at the extraordinary performance in aid of the fund for a statue of Bizet. Galli-Marié, Jean de Roszke and Lassalle were in the cast.

All the public appearances of Melba and



JEAN LASSALLE.

Calvé in different cities have not been mentioned in the above paragraphs; only the chief dates in their careers have been noted.

Melba is, first of all, a singer. Let us listen to the praise of an American writer on musical subjects, Mr. Henderson of the New York Times:

"Melba's voice has hardly anything of the flute quality except in the lower register, where the flute itself has a singular color. Her voice has a quality more like that of an extremely smooth and sweet trumpet—not cornet—with just a shading of the clarinet color. The cultivation of this voice is perfect. Melba's tone production is absolutely flawless. Every tone issues so clearly and smoothly that it seems to be formed not behind, but in front of her teeth." Mr. Henderson then speaks of the wonderful equalization of the registers, and adds those words concerning her delivery of dazzling musical ornaments:

"In this department of her art Melba is without a living superior, and so beautiful is the quality of her voice that in the effect she is able to produce with her ornaments she surpasses all her contemporaries. Her scale passages, ascending as well as descending, are fluent, smooth, and absolutely accurate in intonation. Her delivery of vocal leaps and the short, sharp notes of staccato passages is remarkable. Her management of breath is so fine that she is able to deliver a long succession of bound notes in a single expiration. It is not likely that any singer ever excelled this lady in the brilliancy of her trill. It is her custom to begin a trill moderate and gradually increase the tone till its volume becomes amazing. And she does this with an ease which makes the achievement all the more effective."

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It is not a *chronique scandaleuse*,
are entertaining stories of Melba's ad-
just pass here unrecorded. Her quarrel
olgi, her meeting Christine Nilsson in
in 1892, her romantic friendship with
rooke, an account of her dresses and
diamonds, her 40 recalls at La Scala
all these, and others equally lively,
left for the future historian of the

is the pen portrait of an adoring re-
:
ie is tall, stately, graceful, handsome
an. Her features are strongly and well
deled. Her mouth and chin are indicative
great will power. A high forehead is half
den by a mass of wavy hair. Deeply set
eloc, red eyes give a distinctive look to a
y striking face—eyes of that hazel hue that
a tinge of red in its composition and which
ens into a deep, sombre brown under the in-
uence of strong emotion.

erid Arnoldson is a Swede, a light soprano
markable personal beauty, as it is said,
was a pupil of Maurice Strakoski, whose
ew, Fichof, the pianist, is her husband.
first appearance in Paris was Dec. 14, 1887,
ignon at the Opéra Comique, where she
t, apparently as much by her beauty as
singing. Col. Maubesi, in his entertain-
dateless memoir, speaks of expecting
time in '87 to sing in "The Barber of
at Dublin; but she did not turn
it is not unlikely, then, that
but was in London that year
ore her appearance in Paris. At any-
88 she became a wandering star. She
by her grace and beauty; and she did
n to the Opéra Comique until June 1,
en she again appeared as Mignon. In
anc at the same opera house the parts
and Carmen. In '92 and '93 she was
and was praised except when she es-
ug and play Carmen.

d was very fond of her; he called her
arming Baucis, who is not obliged to
autism," alluding thus to his opera,
on and Baucis," in which she sang.
rivers are many; from Bernhard to
Zola has sprawled his signature for
en has smiled on her and written in her
ph album. Her favorite roles are
and Lillie. King Oscar of Sweden
ed her. She is said to resemble a charm-
fashioned miniature; but let us hope
has more life.

la Colombati is a high soprano, born at
Italy. She is said to be about 25 years
and she made her debut in Genoa in 1887.
has sung in Venice, Rome, London.

Olympia Guerica, contralto, is a daughter of a
singing teacher and song writer of Naples. She
is said to be of great personal beauty and dra-
matic temperament.

Consuelo Demenech took a first
playing at the Pari Conservatory. She
made her debut at the Conservatory
in July 30, 1890, in Donizetti's "L'Elisir
She also
created the chief female part in "Thamara," at
the Opéra Dec. 28, 1897. She is said to be an
excellent musician.

Pol Plancon is one of the greatest bass singers
now on the operatic stage. By some, and they
are men of authority, he is regarded as a finer
vocalist than Edouard de Reszke. Plancon was
a pupil of the school founded and managed by
the great tenor Duprez. He first won attention
at Lyons in "Etienne Marcel." He was first
heard in Paris at the Théâtre de la Gaîté in
Duprat's "Petrarque." In a performance by
Lamoureux of "Lohengrin" in '82 Plancon
sang the part of the King. He made his debut
at the Opéra June 25, 1883, as M. Miktopheles.
His success was immediate. He has sung since
in many operas, and he, too, has been praised
across the Channel. His personality is pecu-
liarly adapted to dignified roles.

Francesco Vignas, tenor, Fernando de Lucia,
tenor, and Mario Ancona, baritone, are of the
younger generation. The two latter singers are
associated intimately with the new opera of



JEAN DE RESZKE.

Italy, and they are heard to peculiar advantage
in the works of Mascagni and Lonnacavallo.

Bevignani, the conductor, is known to all
American opera-goers. But this will be the first
visit of Luigi Mancinelli, the famous leader, to
this city.

Mancinelli was born at Orvieto Feb. 5, 1848.
His father, a celebrated amateur, taught him
the piano, and School of Florence taught him
cello. He studied composition under
Mancinelli. He was playing cello at the Apollo
in 1874, when he was suddenly called
to direct "Aida." He was busy with great
conductor in different Italian cities
when he went to London, where
concert and conducted some
compositions. He wrote an
"Aida" for the Norwich festival of
conducted Italian opera for Aug.
he afterwards was engaged at
Barcelona. His compositions have
raised, and as a conductor of opera
he very first rank.

PHILIP HALE.

THE WOUNDS OF A FRIEND.

This restless, morbid age craves personal
information concerning the great and the
would-be great, the just and the unjust. The
sense of values has disappeared. What Mr.
Higgins, the celebrated athlete, ordered for
breakfast is apparently as important as what
Goethe thought of democracy or the future
life. Even the humble are glorified tempo-
rarily by the lime-light of publicity. Even
the modest are pilloried against their will.

Since these things are so, it is not surpris-
ing that pain is inflamed often by the care-
less compiler of social news and the para-
grapher panting for copy. Nor is it surpris-
ing that malice finds occasionally in the
press, in spite of supervision, a vantage
ground for shooting poisoned darts. In-
dividuals are attacked by anonymity.

It is a great mistake to suppose for an
instant that the one attacked always sees.
In the natural course of events, the spiteful
paragraph. Many only skim the newspapers.
Nor does the paragrapher as a rule pepper
his malignity by sending his paragraph to
the victim; for such is his belief in his own
importance that he fails to see any such ne-
cessity. But the humblest man or woman
has acquaintances described in the catalogue
of mankind as friends, and so has the target
for the paragrapher's spleen.

Now if a man has appeared in public as an
author, singer, reader, player, in short, in
any capacity, he may expect reasonably crit-
icism of an unpleasant nature. It is true
that many say, "I make it a point never to
read what is published about me," and if
they make reply in the public press—a fool-
ish thing to do, by the way—they begin their
indignant burst by the preface, "My atten-
tion was called the other day, etc.,"
but was not Jones seen last week
after his speech on "The Influence
of the Sun on Curbstones" at an absurdly
early hour at the news stand securing copies
of the newspapers, and all to the discomfort
of Mrs. Jones and the neglect of his cus-
tomary bath?

But why should an individual who has in
no way aroused an enthusiastic or an indig-
nant public be on the look-out for a para-
graph that reflects on his personal habits or
his mental characteristics? He does not see
the paragraph.

And now enters the friend, the bearer of
the news. There are many ways of exe-
cuting the office of affection. One with a
gloomy visage begins with "My dear fel-
low, what an abominable shame! I was
saying to Jawkins only last Tuesday that
the license of the press was simply unbear-
able. Of course I don't believe the story, and
I was tempted when I read it to write a let-
ter to the editor." But this is a coarse man-
ner of imparting the information; there is a
shock, as in the shower-bath, and then
the worst is over. A more refined
method, suited to mediæval Italian malevo-
lence, is to chat amicably on the tariff or the
proposed change in the State House and then,
as you take your hat, to say, as in a paren-
thesis, "By the way, Wilkins, you ought to
see what the Evening Kazoo said about you
last night? It's a spicy paper. I suppose it
will be my turn next." You leave Wilkins in
a highly nervous state. He did not happen
to read the Kazoo; there's none in the
office, and the boy cannot find one at
a news stand. So Wilkins sits in his
office, suspicious of everybody. He thinks
that his customers or clients repress a smile
when they enter. He begins to wonder if
there is a skeleton in a closet at home, grin-
ning there without his knowledge. The
usually amiable man is short and disagree-
able, until office hours are over and he fever-
ishly seizes the disturber of his peace. Or,
still another means of breaking the news is
to paste the paragraph on a sheet of paper
without comment, and send it to your friend.
To be sure, in this case you are spared the
joy of seeing him suffer.

The compilers of our American "Social
Records" and such books should study the
new edition of Fairbairn's "Book of Crests."
For there is found a distinction between
"armeri and gentlemen." Have we had
armeri among us for years and not known
it?

Here is the latest feminine attack on man:
"A wife is the guardian of her husband's
social honor. His social lies are told for him
by her; what he did not want to do his wife
would not allow him to do. The success of
all sorts of social maneuvers lies in the hol-
low of her hand, where, if the man were al-
lowed for a moment to diplomatize, chaos
would inevitably be the result."

A new "French and English Phrase-book"
published in Paris shows the deep gulf that
separates two countries. One of the phrases
is for use "when you meet a lady," and it
runs as follows: "How is it, miss; one so
charming and pretty, walking alone?" The
answer to this should be a policeman.

Yale students "borrowed" statues in New
Haven simply to ornament their rooms dur-
ing "promenade week." Harvard students
might follow the example and relieve tempo-
rarily, at least, the Boston public eye.

Can any woman of the most pronounced
intellectuality rise in this weather superior
to a muddy boot or a soiled skirt?

Mr. Corbett has been entertained at Har-
vard. The date of his lecture to the Faculty
and the students has not yet been announced.

The Art Critic complains that this genera-
tion is Rococo. What would the editor have
it be: Baroque, Byzantine, Doric or Gothic?

726 5.94

"HORA NOVISSIMA."

Mr. Parker's Setting of
Bernard's Rhythm.

An Oratorio of Great and Genuine
Merit.

An Important Event in Our Musical
History.

"Hora Novissima," an oratorio by Horatio W.
Parker, was given for the first time in Boston by
the Handel and Haydn Society in Music Hall
last evening. Mr. Parker conducted his work.
The solos were sung by Miss Juch, Mrs. H. E.
Sawyer, Mr. William H. Rieger and Mr. Max
Heinrich.

This oratorio is a setting to music of the
rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix, Monk of Cluny,
on the celestial country. In earlier times
rhythm and rhyme, or rime, were confounded;
carmen rhythmicum meant simply a poem in
rhyme; and certain Latinists of the Middle
Ages used "rhythm" as synonymous with
"poem." The Rev. J. M. Neale followed this
mediæval usage, and Mr. Parker probably fol-
lowed Neale. Anyone who is interested in this
curious use of words can find much entertaining
information in Ferdinand Wolf's "Ueber die
Lais, Sequenzen und Leiche," Heidelberg, 1841.

This Bernard, of Brittany by birth, but of
English parents, must not be confounded
with the more famous Bernard, Abbot of Clair-
vaux, a contemporary of the poet, and the
implacable adversary of Abelard.

Bernard's poem contains nearly three thou-
sand lines. It is entitled "De Contemptu
Mundi," and it is dedicated to Peter the
Venerable, General of Bernard's order.

The poem is known to-day throughout Eng-
lish speaking Christendom by Neale's trans-
lation, "abbreviated" and, to quote the modest
translator, in certain passages nothing more
"than a close imitation." The hymns "Brief
Life is Here Our Portion," and "Jerusalem the
Golden" are from Bernard's poem.

The measure of the original is thus described
by Neale:
"It is a dactylic hexameter, divided into three
parts, between which a caesura is inadmissible.
The hexameter has a tailed rhyme, and feminine
leonine rhyme between the two first clauses."
In English the effect would be like this:

"Time will be ending soon, Heaven will be rending soon;
Fare we and pray we:
Comes the most merciful; comes the most terrible; watch
we while may we."

No wonder that the pious monk affirms in the
preface that "no living but the special inspiration
of the Spirit of God could enable him to employ
this measure through so long a poem."

The English translation made for Mr. Parker's
music is the work of Mrs.abella G. Parker,
mother of the composer.

From the purely musical standpoint Mr.
Parker's work is one that is an honor to him-
self and to his country. Nor is it, perhaps, fool-
ish, to predict that the future historian of music
in America will point back to "Hora Novis-
sima" as a proof that when there were croak-
ers concerning the ability of Americans to pro-
duce any musical compositions save imitations
of German models, a young man appeared with
a choral work of long breath that showed not
only a mastery of the technique of composition,
but abundant, spontaneous, flowing and warmly
colored melody, a keen sense of values in
rhythm and in instrumentation, and the imagi-
nation of the born, inspired poet. While we
enjoy at present the lives and the works of such
men as MacDowell, Parker and Chadwick, it is
not absolutely necessary to look to negro and
Indian tunes for the salvation of American
music or to go a pilgrimage to Spillville, Iowa.

him, however, that this oratorio is equally as thorough as would be an injustice to the composer, who might question the value of such indiscriminate praise. Let us look coolly through the numbers.

And first, it may be said that Mr. Parker is Janus-faced. He looks at the same time toward the cathedral and the opera house.

The work opens with a short prelude, which includes three motives that appear later, and one of these, an ingenious or- can point, is particularly effective. The advisability of introducing the harp in a sensational manner just before the solemn announcement of the dawn of judgment day may well be questioned. The announcement itself is simple and impressive, but immediately after it Mr. Parker gives out a second theme, sung first by alto and basses, that might have been roared forth by the chorus in any second-class Italian opera of the '40's. The organ-point is introduced with thrilling effect in the modulator, passage to the return of the first theme. The close of this opening chorus is very charming, but it is just here that Mr. Parker listens to other voices. Gounod strains through Berthold's chorus in evidence in the opening measures in E major, and the "love-motive" from the "Walkure" makes its appearance, though not in such an undisguised form that there should be a cry, "plagiarism."

The quartet of skillfully written and with its passing reminder of "Faust" (certain measures in the first appearance of A major as a key) smacks more of the opera house than of the church. The cadence is exquisite music, although the pedagogue would protest against the progression for the tenor of F sharp to E above.

Mr. Parker's mastery of rhythm is shown strikingly in the virile solo for the bass, in the measures beginning "Patria splendida." Mr. Heinrich saw this with more attention to dramatic than vocal art. He made no effort to mask certain peculiar tricks of tone production and he seemed passionately addicted to the full display of consonant, at the expense of vowels. The next chorus is a masterpiece—true music for the church. The interest is sustained throughout, and the art of the lyric writer compels the admiration of the layman, who simply knows that he is stirred mightily and cannot explain the cause. Any acknowledged master of composition in Europe would sign gladly his name to this number.

The soprano solo, which was sung effectively by Miss Juch—whose work throughout the evening, by the way, was almost always admirable, even in the Irving finale—is theatrical in its conception and execution.

Nor is the final number of the first part, well written and effective as it is, wholly free from the charge of wordiness.

The tenor solo, sang carefully and intelligently by Mr. Kieger, seems, after one hearing, to be too unsettled in tonality and too exuberant in accompaniment.

Mr. Parker surely caught the idea of his double chorus, "Stant Syon atria," from the hero's in the ninth symphony. Whether the difficulties in the execution are repaid by the effect produced is an open question. The measures 94 and 124 carry one again to the opera house and a well-conducted operatic finale.

It is a pity that I was disappointed in the alto solo, especially as it has been loudly praised, or at least that the disappointment arose from any special fault of Mr. Sawyer, although she seems as yet hardly prepared for such a task. But Mr. Parker, and he is in this respect one of many, appears to scorn the use of the characteristic tones of the alto voice. The soprano in this solo is poorly adapted to the same alto. Passages that should be effective in the alto, in the central part of the voice, and again Mr. Parker's love of instrumentation leads him to excess in accompaniment.

The chorus a capella there is nothing but rounded praise and whole-souled admiration. There is no labored and merely imitative art. These polyphonic measures flow from heart as well as from the brain. Weighing in as counters, I do not hesitate to say that no one in this country or in England

could by nature and by student's sweat written these 11 pages. Rheinberger, a master in this species of art, must hug himself in the success of his pupil.

The opening pages of the final chorus fall below the general contrapuntal level of the work. The last evening there were measures that were thin, and the rhythm labored. And although there were great moments in this work as a whole it seems too long, and the climax, the climax that is expected, is anticipated or frittered away. Nor do I regret the short trip to the opera house on 2.

When I spoke thus freely of Mr. Parker's music, I recognize his great talent, a natural approach to genius, if it is not absolute genius. He has the natural gifts, the learning, he has the strength, the soundness of his youth, his strength of character; his sensuousness is not a fault. The conception of this impressive work of noble proportions; the execution is due to our national art.

When I spoke of Mr. Parker's quasi-operatic style in this setting of a hymn. Now he is a singer. He has shown in this very work his mastery of antique religious art. But as a modern, he is completely the force of the dramatic in religious art. A meekness, it is not surprising if one sees the celestial vision through a man's eyes. But his most far-reaching, his exalted and rapid conception of the hymn, compare it expressed in the language of Palestrina and Bach.

There are for a night—such a work as this singer is a dumb. He said that considering the difficulties of the performance of the chorus, the singing was creditable throughout, and it was excellent. The officers and chorus of the choir and laymen are to be congratulated on a well-crowned and arduous task. Mr. Parker conducted with

John's "Christus" was given under the direction of Mr. Zerran. The fragment will be played, for it is of little value. The recitatives were sung by Mr. Parker, who occasionally displayed mistaken judgment in "Then unto them said Pilate, 'The voice was sung in a manner distant from the ear."

PHILIP HALE.

Carothers appears to be a very pleasant fellow.

When he takes his pen in his hand, he appears to be a terror to

It is said that rejoicing at a swell club over the fact that the price of our national drink has been reduced to 10 cents a glass has not yet died away. Appetite levels ranks.

American editors look aghast at the Pall Mall Gazette devoting much of its space to the discussion of the vital question: "What are the most pathetic lines in the English language?"

MR. WOODWARD'S CONCERT.

Mr. Sidney Woodward gave a concert last evening in Chickering Hall. He was assisted by Miss Ellen M. Kinsman, soprano; Miss Lida J. Low, pianist; and Mr. Felix Winternitz, violinist. The program was as follows:

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----------|
| Aria, "Queen of Sheba"..... | Verdi |
| Recit. and Aria, "I Due Foscari"..... | Verdi |
| Aria, "Queen of Sheba"..... | Gounod |
| "It Was Not So to Be"..... | Nesslar |
| "Proposal"..... | Bruckner |
| "Pirata" Fantasy..... | Ernst |
| "Who Is Sylvia?"..... | Schubert |
| "The Maid and the Butterfly"..... | D'Albert |
| "Orpheus With His Lute"..... | Sullivan |
| "A Day"..... | Reed |
| "Dites-moi"..... | Nevin |
| "The Sun Kissed the Clover"..... | Johns |
| "There, Little Girl, Don't Cry"..... | Norris |
| "Salve Dimora"..... | Gounod |
| Ronde des Lutins..... | Bazzini |
| "Only in Dreams"..... | DeKoven |
| "Branbury Town"..... | Macy |
| "Beauty's Eyes"..... | Tosti |

Although Mr. Woodward was evidently not in best voice, he nevertheless gave much pleasure to the audience. He is making steady progress in the pursuit of his art. Nature gave him a voice of good compass and sympathetic quality. Not content with these natural gifts, Mr. Woodward has worked diligently and intelligently, and it is a pleasant duty to record his advance in his profession, for there is no standard in art—a man falls back or advances. Last evening Mr. Woodward's singing was marked as a rule by careful phrasing, and by the display of a musical nature.

Miss Kinsman sang the air of Balkis with appreciation of its beauty. She was recalled after the group of songs.

Mr. Winternitz was loudly applauded for his technical proficiency, amply displayed in the difficult selections. The "Introduction, caprice and finale on a theme from 'Pirata'" is seldom heard now. It belongs to a former generation, when it was the custom for the wandering virtuoso to play his own arrangements or compositions. Ernst himself did not play the "Pirata," as often as the "Elegie," the "O'ello," fantasia, the "Papageno" rondo, or the "Carnival of Venice." Mr. Winternitz is a violinist of more than ordinary talent. At times his mastery of the instrument is surprising. But is he not making a mistake in his present devotion to public to pieces that are chiefly of a pyrotechnical nature?

PHILIP HALE.

Our local and picturesque little band of Jacobites is reminded respectfully that to-day is the anniversary of the death of its dearly-beloved monarch, Charles II., who begged pardon for a most unconscionable time in dying. "This was the last glimpse of that exquisite urbanity so often found potent to charm away the resentment of a justly incensed nation."

"Any clip they set in Boston was too speedy for me," he said. "While in the city of culture I was dined and wined every night and had a great time generally, but I was careless and got cold."—(Mr. Corbett in an interview.)

If rumor may be believed, and the story of how the eminent play-actor was suddenly relieved of temporary high fever when he was a guest of Harvard students in Cambridge is not a legend, it is not surprising that he now suffers from the grip.

Many Americans will learn with regret that Kroll's Theatre in Berlin will soon be only a name in operatic history. Famous stars have appeared there, hired at preposterous sums; the star was of the first magnitude, but the rest of the musical performance in the support and scenic decoration was generally outer darkness.

MUSIC.

The Ninth Suffolk Muscals in Music Hall.

The program of the Ninth Suffolk Muscals, given last evening, was as follows:

| | |
|--|-------------|
| Quartet—"On Venice Water"..... | Macy |
| "I am a Roamer"..... | Mendelssohn |
| Violin solo—Fantasia..... | Leonard |
| "Knowest Thou the Land"..... | Thomas |
| Quartet—"I Love My Love"..... | Foot |
| "Deep in the Mine"..... | Jude |
| Violin solo—Paraphrase to Concert—"Der Freischuetz"..... | Dr. Clark |
| Jewel song—"From 'Faust' (by request)..... | Gounod |
| Quartet—"Farewell"..... | Cutter |

The feature of the concert was the singing of Miss Juch, which was thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed by a small and applauseful audience. The charm and the skill of this admirable singer are so well known and recognized in this city that it is not necessary now to dwell upon them. Recalled, Miss Juch sang Meyerhold's "Daily Question" and Rubinstein

Dr. Clark displayed last evening his upper tones to better advantage than on previous occasions, and, of course, he won applause by his descent to vocal depths. His intonation was not always pure, and he occasionally sang sharp, occasionally flat. This singer has naturally a noble organ, and if he would buckle himself to the task of placing thoroughly his voice, he might easily go far in his profession. Dr. Clark was recalled last evening.

Mr. de Seve played in his customary manner. He often showed technical proficiency, but his conception and phrasing were not always artistic. Take, for instance, his reading of the air of Max in "Der Freischuetz." There was absolutely no repose. The restless violinist seemed impatient to burst into bravura, with episodes of "inaudible pianissimo." Mr. de Seve has indisputable ability and undoubted temperament. But his mechanism is without a balance wheel, and his passion is soon torn to tatters. He was recalled after each number.

The Tremont Male Quartet (Messrs. H. A. Thayer, C. W. Swain, F. R. Sircorn, Sumner Coolidge) sang numbers with moderate success. The voices blended well enough, and the phrasing was good, but the intonation was not always pure.

PHILIP HALE.

Ash Wednesday, otherwise known as "Pulver Wednesday," or "Dies pulveris." Formerly there was certain merriment on this day. In Germany "the young youth get all the maides together, which have practised dauncing all the year before, and carrying them in a carte or tumbrell (which they draw themselves instead of horses), and a minstrell standing a top of it playing all the way, they draw them in to some lake or river and there wash them well favouredly."

In England a figure made up of straw and old clothes was drawn through the streets with noisy joy; and then the "Jack-a-Lent," perhaps an effigy of Judas Iscariot, was either burned, shot at or thrown down a chimney.

The day is now wholly a day of humiliation and prayer. Even James Howell, a child of this world, wrote 240 years ago: "Now that Lent and the Spring do make their approach, in my opinion, Fasting would conduce much to the advantage of Soul and Body. Fasting helps to destroy the Devil, provided it be accompanied with other Acts of Devotion; to fast for one day only, from about Nine in the Morning to four in the Afternoon, is but a Mock-fast."

But here Sir Richard F. Burton is at variance with Howell. He once performed the duties of the "blessed month" of the Moslems, the Ramazan, and for the space of 16 consecutive hours and a quarter, he neither ate, drank, smoked, snuffed, nor even swallowed his saliva designedly. "The middle and lower ranks observe the duties of the season with exceeding zeal; of all who suffered severely from such total abstinence, I found but one patient who would eat even to save his life." And what does Richard Burton say of the effect of this self-denial? It makes the Moslem "unhealthy and unamiable." "Like the Italian, the Anglo-Catholic and the Greek fasts, the chief effect of the 'blessed month' upon True Believers is to darken their tempers into positive gloom." Thus do observers of mankind disagree in conclusions.

Bound volumes of these old Boston newspapers have been added lately to the Lenox Library of New York: The Evening Post (1748-75), Gazette (1756-73), Post Boy (1762-4), Chronicle (1767-9), Massachusetts Spy (1777-1800), and Massachusetts Centinel, of which there are fourteen volumes, (1786-1829).

A confirmed theatre-goer was heard to say the other day: "I do not applaud in the theatre because I am debarred by local custom from hissing."

The Song Recital of Miss Aagot Lunde, Contralto.

Miss Aagot Lunde, assisted by Mr. Ernst Perabo and Mr. Wulf Fries, gave a concert in Steinert Hall last evening. Mrs. Emily Grant was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

| | |
|--|------------------|
| Sonata, Op. 92, in C, for piano and cello..... | Rheinberger |
| "Krant der Vergessenheit"..... | Deutsch |
| "Viel Traume"..... | Studing |
| "Frühlingsszenen"..... | Bruckner |
| "Meine Mutter hat's Gewohnt"..... | Lucstone |
| "Mädchen mit dem roten Mund"..... | Jan Gail |
| "Margarete's Gesang"..... | Grieg |
| Nocturne..... | Popper |
| Vilo..... | Fries |
| "Schwanenlied"..... | L. Hartman |
| Russian Folk-song..... | Hagen |
| Lament..... | Miss Lang |
| "How Many Times Do I Love Thee Dear?"..... | J. B. Wolf |
| "Courtship"..... | Agathe Gronsdahl |
| "I Arise From Dreams of Thee"..... | Foot |
| "Gines"..... | Mendelssohn |
| "Goodnight"..... | Per Lasson |

Miss Lunde has improved in many respects as a singer since her last concert two or three seasons ago in Union Hall. Her delivery is more free, her attack is more decisive, her phrasing is

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PHILIP HALE.

in Peace
October 2

...not so free
...her a contralto
...trained upward, so that
...apparently a species of
...than a contralto. Again,
...songs that he just above
...voice, and at times in
...a full tone in the upper
...the true pitch. It is
...with her art, but it is
...from acknowledging the
...ning by the frequent ex-
...instinct and temperament.
...song did not sound like
...iation of the character of
...st always right, and she
...sense of values. Not long
...to give way to exaggera-
...of emotion; now she sings
...and gains thereby greater

interesting and varied. Espe-
...were the songs by Becker.
...eg. Hartmann and the two
...ing numbers by Mr. Woolf.
...audied loudly by an audience
...and she was recalled after

Rheinberger was fully appre-
...ence, Mr. Fries was recalled
...ance of the pieces by Ponper.
PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams appears to be
...afraid lest foot ball should become "a
...umby-pumby sport." His argument to an
...rned father is practically this: Never mind
...your son is killed in a foot ball match as
...ng as the character of other students is
...veloped, and they are taught not to cheat,
...and betray a friend. Lycurgus himself
...but a sorry figure by the side of such a
...rtan as Mr. Adams.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert, poet and playwright,
...ided lately over the Edgware bench of
...istrates during an investigation. He
...s "stern of aspect and unbending of de-
...nor." In other words he looked like a
...tre-goer who listens to one of Gilbert's
...librettos.

To the poetry of the onion none but the
...and brutal can long remain indifferent.
...And garlic in the vegetable world has some-
...thing of the value of scarlet among colors."

It is to be hoped that the "copious statis-
...tics" concerning the accidents on the foot
...ball field—the statistics demanded by Mr.
...Crocker, and alindred to by Mr. Camp at the
...University Club—will include the remark-
...able list of casualties prepared by the Lancet
...and quoted in the Journal in this column
...Jan. 20.

This is the anniversary of the death of
...Mary, Queen of Scots. Our young Jacobites,
...whose cup of lamentation has been full the
...last thirty days, would fain substitute "mur-
...der" for death. If Mary's neck had not met
...the axe, we would have been spared much
...bitter discussion, and, on the other hand, we
...would not have Swinburne's tragedy. It is a
...singular fact that, although many operas
...have been written with this incomparable
...beauty as a heroine, no one of them has won
...a lasting place upon the lyric stage. And
...yet, what an occasion for the composition of
...immortal music.

It is reported that Mr. Edward E. Rice,
...who had an option on "Tabasco," has de-
...cided not to take the operetta. Perhaps
...he despairs of being able to put the libretto
...in running shape. For the music he enter-
...tains a high regard, and it was only the other
...day that he assured his fellow-composer of
...his distinguished consideration. "Why, Mr.
...Chadwick, judged from my own standpoint,
...our music is out of sight."

Highwaymen continue to follow their
...session in such frequented streets as
...ton, and at an hour when even the
...do not dream of danger, the Fencing
...should be well patronized. Why should
...rapier be as common as a cane or um-
...Nor should the use of the dagger be
...ed by the managers of the club. Of
...the robbers must first be persuaded to
...the revolver and to cross swords
...to the rules of the school.

ould be a training school for
...The ability to start a car without
...n pin; and jostling the passengers
...a fine art, but surely it is not the
...urpose of the West End Com-
...in the practice of specialists in
...ases.

t that Bismarck's Memoirs have
...the firm of Cotta in Stuttgart
...is now denied, and it is said the
...not yet completed. After the late
...ion in Berlin, it is not unlikely
...in chapters must be re-written.
...all, may not the book turn out a
...ment? Publishers, however, are
...y, not deterred by the fate of the
...memoirs.

This story about the "considerable prop-
...erty" of Mr. Cecil Clay, the husband of the
...late Rosina Vokes, and about his lusting
...that she should leave the stage is all very
...pretty, but her friends in this city know that
...she was in great measure obliged to work.
...Mr. Clay, who is an amiable and cultivated
...man, and who was devoted to his wife, had
...one pet extravagance, and not only his
...money but the earnings of the actress melted
...away like snow.

A bold man—or is it a woman—has the
...courage to write the following words, pub-
...lished lately in a London newspaper: "There
...is no such thing as a pretty woman in winter
...—out of doors! The obtrusiveness of the
...nasal feature, the pinched lips, the thick veil
...that 'dyes off,' and the automatic movement
...of the lips that seem to be continually eating
...the said veil in the attempt to keep it out of
...the wearer's mouth, are a grotesque vision
...one would not willingly afford to one's
...friends. And the spotless ormine which
...nearly came in for this winter would have
...gone ill with a red nose." The women may
...be such guys in London, but this observer
...should cross the Atlantic, visit Boston, and
...then recant, or at least qualify his statement.

Many and loud are the complaints of the
...absurdly excessive gas bills of the last
...month. Is "cheap gas" merely a gaseous
...phrase?

A German electrician has succeeded in
...adapting the incandescent lamp to the points
...of skates. Now let somebody adapt the lamp
...to bicycles that rush furiously evenings in
...favorable weather in our streets.

A local contemporary states that the Cas-
...tillian Club will celebrate the birthday of
...Queen Isabella April 22. Now, Isabella was
...an excellent and estimable Queen, as is well
...known by all admirers of "1492;" but the
...22d of April this year is Sunday. Will the
...Castilian banquet be served on the very day?

The arrest of Mr. Zimri Dwiggin leads
...one to reflect on the fate of the ancient
...Zimris. The first Zimri was a son of Salu,
...and he was slain in an act of sin by Phine-
...has. The next Zimri was a King of Israel.
...A murderer, an alleged traitor, he was be-
...sieged; "he went into the palace of the
...King's house, and burnt the King's house
...over him with fire, and died." Then there
...are two other Zimris mentioned in the Old
...Testament, names without deeds, good or
...evil. And now the question comes up, why
...should any judicious father in days gone by
...have named his son Zimri.

This is the feast day of St. Apollonia. She
...was persecuted in Alexandria. Her teeth
...were knocked out. She was threatened with
...a fiery death if she did not utter impious
...words; whereupon, of her own accord, she
...leaped into the flames.

St. Apollonia is the patron saint of all that
...suffer from toothache. If traditions are to
...be respected the saint herself was admirably
...equipped; one of her lower jaws is now in a
...church at Bononia, and another lower jaw is
...in a church at Cologne.

Henri Estienne in his "Apology for He-
...rodotus" claims that St. Christopher should
...be the patron saint of victims of toothache,
...and for this reason: a tooth of the saint,
...preserved somewhere in Beauvoisin is of
...such magnitude that when "no teeth could
...be found to take the place of those snatched
...out, Christopher could easily spare a frag-
...ment of each of his own." But this is, after
...all, a sorry jest.

The name of the distinguished surgeon of
...Vienna who died this week was Billroth,
...not Belloth, as reported by many news-
...papers. The surgeon was well known by
...many of our American physicians who en-
...joyed his acquaintance and instruction. A
...brilliant operator, he often recalled by his
...daring the celebrated surgeon Slasher, whose
...marvelous deeds excited the wonder of Mr.
...Pickwick. Dr. Billroth was fond of music,
...and Eduard Hanslick's "Die Moderne
...Oper" was dedicated to him.

According to reports in the "Trovatore" the despotic
...conduct of Count Zichy, the Intendant of the Opera at
...Buda-Pesth, nearly led to the resignation of Nikisch.—
[The Musical Courier, Feb. 7.]

This has the familiar sound, for whenever
...Mr. Nikisch had trouble here with men, it
...was always "the other man" who was
..."despotic."

The French army will no longer use Ameri-
...can canned goods, meats, vegetables and
...soups. And what will Marion Harland
...say?

Emperor William, praising the Tsar of
...Russia, and saying "He is a prince of peace
...like myself," recalls the picture of the two
...Roman augurs.

Lord Coleridge confessed the other day
...that he did not know the meaning of the
...term "coming to grief;" and yet the phrase
...is neither modern nor dark.

A ROARING FARCE.

Many farces are now played on the stage
...of the World Theatre, in which men and
...women act unconsciously or deliberately
...their parts. One of the most amusing of
...these farces is that entitled "The Gas
...Metre." The action is simple, easily under-
...stood, the characters are people of every day
...life, creatures of flesh and blood, not cari-
...catures; the subject is one of contempora-
...neous human interest.

A family of moderate means rejoices in the
...assurance of cheap gas. For a time confi-
...dence is rewarded. The members of the
...family are economical. Lamps are used
...freely. There is no waste. If there is a
...night-owl, kerosene aids his meditation and
...illuminates his wisdom. The bills are rea-
...sonable. And there is joy, and there is
...peace in the household.

The days lengthen. Now enters irony,
...loved by the Greeks. Whereas in the short-
...est days of winter the monthly gas bill
...ranged from \$1.10 to, say \$2, there is sud-
...denly an unexpected and inexplicable leap,
...and a bill for \$4.60 is presented. Here enters
...surprise, and surprise has been defined as
...the chief element of wit. All these jokes, it
...will be observed, are at the expense of the
...household; the consumers are consumed.
...The corporation does not jest; it is grimly in
...earnest.

The head of the family visits the office of
...the company. He exhibits the bills and asks
...an explanation of the sudden, ironic and in-
...credible difference in amounts charged. He
...is heard politely. The clerk or officer tells
...him with a sober face that the matter will
...receive due consideration. A few days after
...a young man calls at the house, looks at the
...metre, and leaves, saying: "I'll make my re-
...port." Now this operation of seeking cor-
...roboration from the metre that first insti-
...gated the excessive bill is perhaps the most
...laughable feature of the farce. Of course
...the same bill is sent in again. And what is
...the victim to do?

There is nothing for him to do. He may
...swear freely, but this is a vulgar and a vain
...relief. He may make another visit to the
...office, but to what advantage? He will then
...be told that there may be a scentless leak;
...that the servant is reckless in her light; that
...he has probably entertained freely, and that
...the metre cannot lie. He must either pay
...the bill or go without gas. To depend solely
...on lamps and candles is almost impossible,
...so accustomed is the household to the con-
...venience of gas. He therefore pays the bill.
...The insult to the gas metre is thus avenged.
...A precedent for an increased rate during the
...next year is established.

"The gas metre cannot lie." But the lying
...face of the crank used in English prisons was
...long called honest by jail officials until its
...cruel falsehood was exposed on investigation
...and pilloried afterward by Charles Reade in
..."Never Too Late to Mend." What wonder
...that many a man looks at the expressionless
...metre and gnashes his teeth in impotent
...rage at the thought that in his very house-
...hold, in his own castle, is snugly ensconced
...the register of cubic feet of gas that is not
...used.

Talk of the Day.

A local contemporary should not be dis-
...couraged in its great effort to clothe at panic
...prices all shivering men and women, whether
...they shiver and shake in sculpture, painting,
...engraving, die or seal. After this noble mis-
...sion is accomplished it will be in order for
...the said contemporary to advocate a bill for
...the abolition of sex.

It was Charles Reade that invented the
...phrase "prurient prude."

For some reason or other the report that
...cancer can be cured by inoculation with the
...virus of crsipelas does not at once inspire
...implicit confidence or unalloyed joy.

And so R. M. Ballantyne is dead. For a
...time he shared with Capt. Mayne Reid the
...honor of being the favorite author of healthy
...boys. His stories were full of adventure;
...the pills of instruction were delightfully
...disguised; his heroes were not masquerad-
...ing professors but creations of flesh and
...blood; and to many an old boy of to-day the
...news of Ballantyne's death will inspire a
...sense of personal loss.

Our local composers often say that they would write operettas gladly, if they could find amusing and coherent librettos. To write such a libretto is no mean art. It was reported some time ago that Mr. Edward Atkinson had in moments snatched from salubrious joy put together a libretto; and what has become of it? The text of Mr. Wood's new operetta is said to be original and extremely funny. There is always talk of collaboration. Now supposing that Messrs. Aldrich and Bates should write the lyrics, and Dr. Harris and Mr. Frank E. Chase the dialogue, what would be the result; a masterpiece, or a naïf quartette of life-long enmity? Nor need poets shy at the thought of such a task. Two of the most distinguished members of the French Academy contributed largely in their earlier years to the success of Offenbach.

This is the death day of Isaac Vossius, the Dutch scholar, who was imported into England by Charles II. and made a Canon of Windsor; truly a singular appointment, for Charles said of him: "This learned divine is a strange man; he will believe anything, except the Bible."

This learned commentator, Vossius, deserves the grateful remembrance of the hyper-moderns. Not because he concluded, with a greater display of fancy than reason, that the condition of animals is much better than ours, with regard to speech, for "they communicate more speedily, and, perhaps, more happily their thought than we do." This conclusion does not appeal to many of us. But the delight of Vossius in having his hair combed in a rhythmical manner would fit the fag-end of this century. Listen to his own verbal expression of this exquisite delight.

"Many people," wrote Vossius in 1673, "take delight in the rubbing of their limbs and the combing of their hair; but these exercises would delight much more, if the servants at the baths, and of the barbers, were so skillful in this art that they could express any measure with their fingers. I remember that more than once I have fallen into the hands of men of this sort, who could imitate any measure of songs in combing the hair; so as sometimes to express very intelligibly lambics, trochees, dactyles, etc., from whence there arose to me no small delight."

Would a Boston barber be surprised if he were asked by a stranger, "Please comb my hair in hexameters?"

In view of the fact that the overshoes now sold are often of wretched quality, it is well to remember that the u in "Rubber Baron" should be pronounced as o in the verb "rob."

Rider Haggard is now engaged in a squabble concerning "The Immuring of Nuns," and Mr. Britten, the Secretary of the Catholic Truth Society in London, thus inserts neatly the knife under Mr. Haggard's fifth rib:

"Mr. Haggard says he is not 'unaccustomed to attack.' I must admit that when I first read his account of the immuring, and the contradictory footnote, I was irresistibly reminded of a passage in Mr. Oscar Wilde's brilliant essay on 'The Decay of Lying.' 'As for Mr. Rider Haggard, who really was, or had once the makings of a perfectly magnificent liar, he is now so afraid of being suspected of genius that when he dares tell us anything marvellous he feels bound to invent a personal reminiscence, and to put it into a footnote as a kind of cowardly corroboration.'"

Mr. Harry De Windt, F. R. G. S., has started on his second trip to Siberia, that he may continue to charge Mr. George Kennan with gross exaggeration in his statements concerning the cruel treatment of prisoners. It may be here observed that Mr. De Windt went at the earnest invitation of the Russian Government.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Passing of the Celebrated Ferruccio Busoni.

A Singular Commentary on Parochial Taste.

An Olla Podrida of Musical News and Gossip.

Ferruccio Busoni, pianist and composer, proposed to return to Europe. I hear that he will not visit his country again until '96 or '97. During his stay in the United States he has been regarded as a pianist of the first rank, so far as technical proficiency and artistic sincerity are concerned, but his stay here has not brought him such an or even adequate pecuniary reward.

Now Busoni at the age of 10 years (1876) was loudly praised when he appeared before the Vienna public. Hanslick then spoke of his musical nature and uncommon memory, and encouraged him in the field of composition. In 1881 his native city gave him a gold medal. In 1884 the Philharmonic Academy of Bologna granted him the Master's diploma, "a distinction which had not been won by so young an artist since Mozart." In 1890 he won the composer's prize (\$1000) given by Rubinstein to the best pianist composer, appearing in an international contest before a jury of musicians selected from the different musical countries of the world. He was immediately made a professor in the higher grades of piano instruction at the Imperial Conservatory of Moscow, Russia.

It was in 1891 that Busoni came to the United States and settled in Boston. His first appearance at a concert of note was at a Symphony concert, Nov. 14, 1891. It is not now necessary to review the remarkable characteristics and the limitations of this pianist.

But it may be said, and it should be said, that after he left the New England Conservatory, Mr. Busoni, a European celebrity, with the greatest difficulty made both ends meet. He is a temperate, economical, industrious man, and his failure can in no way be attributed to his personal foible or fault. This pianist, whose technique surpasses that of Paderewski, could not in this town of culture give concerts with marked pecuniary success. This teacher, whose merits were appreciated in European cities, did not find here pupils enough to pay his modest expenses.

He left Boston last fall and lived in New York. How he fared there I do not know, but his intention is to leave the country in a few months or weeks.

Is it not a sad and an ironical commentary on the condition of art in the United States that the explanation of his ill fortune is, according to his friends' and his own belief, this: He was not properly introduced?

In other words, European reputation and a public display of ability, rare even in these days, are as nothing. The question is not, "How does he play?" The question is this: "Did he bring a letter of introduction to Mr. X, the wealthy amateur, or to Mrs. Y, the enthusiastic pater-on-the-back-of mediocrity?"

These words of Emma Calvé may be pondered with profit by subscribers to the approaching opera season: "I like to feel that I have my audience with me. I like its sympathy. Its applause is most inspiring. But I don't like the applause in the midst of a phrase. It is not a good compliment to the artist, and it is a very bad compliment to the composer, to disturb the harmony of a phrase by interrupting it with applause, no matter how well the phrase is rendered."

The first concert of the American Symphony Orchestra will be given in New York Feb. 24. The members of the orchestra are known by names aggressively German, but the men were all born in the United States. Their leader is Samuel Franko. The first program is made up exclusively of pieces by these rising young American composers: Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner and Moszkowski.

Mr. Emil Paur reminds me of the man commended by the compiler of "The Proverbs;" he is diligent in his business. Unlike his illustrious predecessor, he does not appear to seek constantly notoriety. Paur has not, therefore, a street car fame, and passengers who do not care for music are no longer disturbed by young women discussing the personal appearance of the conductor of the Symphony concert, conjecturing about his private domestic relations, or inquiring passionately into the possibility of a secret grief. When Mr. Paur appears in public, it is Mr. Paur the musician, not Mr. Paur the man; and when he conducts the orchestra he is evidently more concerned with the composer than with himself.

Mr. Nikisch was a Byronic hero. When Schumann's "Manfred" was given under his direction, he should have read the text as well as swung the stick. It is true, he would not have read as well as Mr. Riddle, but his melancholy pallor, romantic eyes and arrangement of hair would have lent local color as it were.

But Mr. Paur is no Manfred, no Lara. He is an honest, intelligent, experienced German musician, who is performing conscientiously his duty to his employer, to the public and to himself, without personal vanity, without desire to ride triumphantly on the crest of a sensational wave.

I am unacquainted with his habits and his life at Jamaica Plain, but I fancy that, when the symphony concert is over, he goes home and puts on a loose, comfortable jacket, exchanges his boots or pumps for slippers, fills a pipe and enjoys peace and privacy; and I am sure that, before he goes to bed, he looks at his children asleep. For the face of Emil Paur is simple and kindly, as well as intelligent and strong.

There are many rumors about the proposed changes in the choir of King's Chapel. Miss Gertrude Franklin's place will not be filled easily. Some say that Mr. Max Heinrich will be the bass; others say that Mr. Walter H. Edgerly may succeed Mr. Morawski.

What will our concert-givers do when Chickering Hall no longer exists as a concert hall? Nielsen's is too small for the purposes of many; and the ceiling of Bimstead has a distressing effect on performer and audience. Pray, who was the decorator of that ceiling?

There have been in this city concert performances of operas that demand imperatively action, costumes and scenic accessories. "Parsifal" is a case in point, and now there is talk of "Tristan und Isolde."

Last month at the Queen's Hall in London "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" were given in concert form. The genial reviewer of the Pall Mall Gazette was moved to make these wholesome remarks:

"The suburbs flocked to appreciate and they appreciated. Hither came all those delicate souls to whom had traveled the fame of 'I Pagliacci' and 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' and to whom also the theatre is somewhat accursed. One had a kind of a sense that the success of these recitations was assured from the beginning; that since the world had pronounced approval all these followers of the gay world who disapprove, (in word) of the world's manner, and who are very ready to subscribe to its judgment, would display, as it were freshly, their refined sense of criticism, and would agree, as it were, dispassionately, with the verdict of the general. Thus, as we have said, the experiment was really a popular success. Yet if one asks oneself if any problem of personal enjoyment had been solved, one is unfortunately compelled to answer in a sad negative. * * * All the passion and movement of the conclusion of 'I Pagliacci' seemed to fall absolutely tame and unconvincing in comparison to the same situation, as it appeared under the circumstances and action of the real drama. And, in fact, it is a drama of much vitality, which needs all the external aid it can get for its true interpretation. * * * The same thing may be said, with, perhaps, less justification, of the recital of 'Cavalleria,' which took place on the same afternoon. Yet it must be confessed that the effect was feeble enough. The old choruses, that one remembered as gathering joyously round the

old Italian church in the play, stood with a strange woodenness in the concert room, and realized but little of the original drama. When Santuzza reproached Turiddu it was no more than Miss Russell singing at Mr. Edward Lloyd. Every man and every woman appeared precisely as one might meet them in the common conversation of an every day street corner. No; the experiment in sight have been an excellent one for these applause suburbs. Such suburbs enjoy the indirect verdict of the world. But for those who have any feeling for the operas, this species of recitation has a dreadful effect, as enfeebling and enervating work on at least some vitality."

What would this writer say if he were obliged to hear Tristan and Isolde and the stupid King Marke, all in conventional concert dress, decimating stiffly on a concert stage?

Here is a pleasing episode in operatic life, an episode that happened lately in Florence. Miss Thea Silla, a young Russian singer who was cast as Azucena in "Travatore," suddenly stopped in her performance and addressed the audience as follows: "I cannot go on, for Mr. Bernadoni, the conductor, is geying me." And then, weeping, she left the stage. Mr. Bernadoni exclaimed in a loud voice: "I assure you, on my honor, that this woman is a liar." And then a clarinetist arose and said: "Our conductor is an able and a good man!" and the Count de Luna and Manrico agreed with the clarinetist. Other members of the orchestra had their little say. Finally a man in the audience arose and spoke thus: "If the orchestra has any dispute with Azucena, let it be settled later; go on with the performance; because we have paid to hear singing, and not a discussion." This speech was greeted with wild enthusiasm. Miss Silla reappeared, and the opera was sung to its tragic close.

The Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung of Berlin (Jan. 26) speaks as follows of Mr. William Lavin and Mrs. Mary Howe-Lavin, who gave a concert in that city the 20th ult.: "Mrs. Howe-Lavin is a coloratura singer. Her voice is not a great one; not adapted for the purposes of musical expression; it is not effective in dramatic song; yet it sparkles in roulades, etc. Mr. Lavin is of more decided musical temperament. His tender, characteristically English voice becomes harsh when the music demands force, but in gentle, lyrical passages the tones are of wondrous beauty."

PHILIP HALE.

THE LOST INN.

To-day is the anniversary of the death of the poet William Shenstone, who wrote these lines:

"Who'er has travel'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an Inn."

Dr. Johnson once repeated these verses, "with great emotion," after he had sounded the praises of the tavern. "At a tavern," said the doctor to his faithful attendant and biographer, "there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, Sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."

But Shenstone sang and Johnson moralized before the day of the hotel "with modern improvements." The inn so dear to them is now hard to find in England; and in the United States we have nothing but the huge caravanseral or the overgrown boarding

a few exceptions, but the inn made famous by poetry and prose exists chiefly in the literature of the past.

In a modern hotel the guest at once loses his individuality. Ruskin once described the host as "the modern inn-keeper, proprietor of a building in the shape of a factory, making up 300 beds; who necessarily regards his guests in the light of Numbers 1,2,3-300, and is too often felt or apprehended by them only as a presiding influence of extortion." As a rule, the face of the landlord is unknown to his guest. There can be no fiduciary relationship between them. There was a time when the landlord walked through the dining room, careful of the comfort of each one that sat at meat. Such for instance was the habit of that ideal host, George Young.

No longer is there the sense of escape from the bustle of the world. The telephone, the telegraph, the elevator and the electric bell prevent privacy. The hotel seldom stands in a quiet court. There is little choice between inner rooms and rooms that overhang the lane where ice men and ash men meet at an unseemly morning hour to exchange comments on the hardships of life. There is the constant chug-chug of ice within the pitcher as it is borne hurriedly to an impatient guest. And all hotel guests to-day seem to be impatient.

The hotel is the maelstrom of hurry. When Alfred Bunn was in Boston about forty years ago he marveled at the rapidity of the washing at the Revere House. "It frequently happens that a gentleman orders a bath, and before the process of ablution is gone through, his dirty shirt is brought to him, washed, ironed and completely 'got up,' the time occupied in such operation being less than twenty-five minutes!" A fuller civilization has not yet taught us the value of repose.

Sumptuously furnished and equipped, as many of these great palaces are, is simple and genuine comfort to be found within their walls? Some day there may be a reaction. There may be inns for men only, where the traveler will not be simply a number, as though he were undergoing penal sentence. There will be room for only twenty or thirty. There will be no system of electric lights; there will be no continual rush through the corridors, there will be

no awe-inspiring clerk to disturb the equanimity of the guest. The small dining room will be cheerful, with an open fire and wax candles. The waiter will call the guest by name. The chambermaid will have a gentle voice. No one will be allowed to arrive by a late train or take an early one. The meats will be comparatively few in number and choice in quality. The cellar will be beyond reproach. Dust will cover the time-table, for no one will wish to leave. And on a wall of this inn will hang portraits of Shestone and Dr. Johnson.

Senator Voorhees should buy a church calendar, and then he will recognize the fact that Ash Wednesday and Good Friday do not come in the same week.

A local reviewer writes that all Schopenhauer's works need for "the proper adjustment of the meaning of life" is to "complement them with the optimistic views." In other words, if the plot and the dialogue were rewritten, "Hamlet" would be a sparkling comedy.

In the trial of a will case at Hartford, Conn., a physician testified that the testator was eccentric, "because he was apt to become prejudiced against men who tried to borrow money from him." And inextinguishable laughter shook the Bench and jury box.

The citizen may smile at the protests in country towns against the sale of cider, but there is a cider that biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. In this form of the apple, there is the old traditional Satanic potency.

Jean de Reszke and Lasalle bought boxes for the Charity Concert in New York without an eye to self-advertisement. Their generosity has long been known to the poor of Paris.

The alleged Anarchist who threw Mr. Depew's bottle into a violent state of agitation is evidently a fluent Latinist. The whole business seems like a mistaken idea of a joke.

Father Ducey advised his hearers not to accept \$5000 or even \$100,000 "from a man who spends his life in robbing the poor." This out-Tolstois Tolstois.

Charles Coghlan, of late unenviable notoriety, intends to star. But is the fallen star ever seen again above the horizon?

New York dandies are in distress. The Custom Tailors' Union proposes to refuse to alter garments made in England.

English speaking men of business are often reproached for their ignorance of foreign languages, and the educated German is held up as an object lesson; but here is an order received by an English firm from a polyglot foreigner:

Gentlemen!—Thanking your honourable address for a friend acquainted with your esteemed firm, I beg leave to send you some samples of carters for the Penny-sell, with the polite beg to prove them besides the understanding moderate prices, and convenient to you, you will impart to me your kind orders.

Assuring you before hand to the best dispatch, I remark yet, that I am willingly ready, if you are wishing of better species of samples, to send you such.—With most

respectable honour (signed),

The attention of housewives who are diligent in attending Lenten services outside of their homes is invited respectfully to the following old story.

It was once the custom of English women to wear friars' girdles in Lent. Sir Thomas More, finding his wife scolding her servants during Lent, endeavored to restrain her. "Tush, tush, my lord; look, here is one step to heavenward," she said, and showed him a friars' girdle. "I fear me," said Sir Thomas, "that one step will not bring you up one step higher."

MUSIC.

The Sixth Concert of the Kneisel Quartet in Chickering Hall.

The program of the Kneisel Quartet concert, given in Chickering Hall last evening, with the assistance of Mr. Ernst Perabo, pianist, was as follows:

Quartette, op. 32, (MS. first time) Foote

Quartette, op. 59, No. 3, Beethoven

Piano trio, op. 112, Ralf

The introductory andante con moto in the Beethoven quartette was taken as though it were almost an adagio, and at times the second violin spoke in a comparatively weak voice, when it should have spoken clearly and decisively, but with these exceptions noted there is nought but praise for the fine performance of this noble work. The second movement was given with loving tenderness, and the finale was played superbly in all respects.

Mr. Perabo is always welcome as an ensemble player. He is master of the difficult and seemingly paradoxical art of preserving his own individuality and yet remembering that he is only one member of a body. He is too conscientious an artist to be brilliant at the expense of his neighbors, and yet the clearness and smoothness of his technique are in evidence. He has a remarkably keen sense of proportion. He is not reticent when the composer calls on the violin or 'cello to speak. The pianist's sotto voce remarks meow while do not interrupt the speaker, nor is his accompaniment mechanical and perfunctory, nor does he seem to say: "Just wait a minute and listen to me." An admirable ensemble player is Mr. Perabo. Would that there were more like him.

Mr. Foote's new quartette contains amiable passages of music. Some of the variations in

the third movement are pretty, and it may be here said that this movement is the strongest of the four. The first movement seems like a piece of mosaic work, rather than a spontaneously conceived and skilfully worked out organic whole. The themes are not particularly striking in originality, in beauty, or in force, and the development is without the musical conviction that stamps with a half-mark the slightest work of the master of his trade. The scherzo is agreeable music, with the exception of the trio, which is, to be sure, a brave striving after effect, but the striving is too apparent. Mr. Foote calls the finale of his quartette an allegro con fuoco, but the fire does not burn brightly; it does not crack and sparkle; it is rather inclined to smolder.

Mr. Foote is one of the most industrious of our American musicians. He teaches, he plays piano pieces in public, he accompanies singers in public, he is organist of a church, and in addition to all these musical duties which he discharges faithfully, he finds time to compose songs, secular and profane choral works and pieces for various instruments. Now, the question naturally arises, Can a man do all these things well? Then another question may be justly asked, and it is this: If a composer has really nothing particular to say at a given time should he be praised for his industry in preparing a speech, ambitious in its proportions, amiable and polite in its language, without marked solecisms, and also without the thought that moves or masters the hearer, without the paradox that strikes the fancy, without the brilliancy of rhetoric that for the moment confuses the judgment? It must also be remembered that industry of itself is not the most pronounced characteristic of the born musician.

But on the other hand, let us acknowledge cheerfully that there are minor musicians as well as minor poets, and they give pleasure to many. Last evening the audience listened to Mr. Foote's quartette with evident enjoyment, and the applause after the finale was so hearty and so long continued that the composer arose and bowed his thanks to the members of the Kneisel Quartet.

PHILIP HALE.

Dr. Heber Bishop is reported to be deeply versed in astrology, and yet did any star give warning of a possible surprise to him during his visit to New York? Another well-known citizen interested in spheres and altitudes is Mr. George J. Parker, the tenor singer. His library contains rare books on planetary influence.

In certain English towns St. Valentine's eve is still kept as an occasion for giving and receiving gifts, and in a few towns valentines are sent this evening. As for the English world at large,

"To-morrow is Saint Valentine's Day."

This is the anniversary of the death-day of Cotton Mather, once Minister of the North Church, in this city. Over his library door, Mather put the inscription "Be short;" then he went and wrote books of incredible length. And yet according to his contemporary, the Rev. Thomas Prince, "he was, perhaps, the principal ornament of this country."

The poet Shenstone, whose death-anniversary was Sunday last, once wrote of "Persons who will despise you for the want of a good set of chairs, or an uncouth fire-shovel, at the same time that they cannot taste any excellence in a mind that overlooks those things." And these words so descriptive of a certain society of to-day were written nearly a century and a half ago.

What would the Bishop of Beauvais have said to the beatification of Joan of Arc—

"That good Joan whom Englishmen At Rouen doomed and burned her there?"

"We do not need Massachusetts to show the way to London, yet one cannot help admitting that there is excellent sense in the new law of that State which imposes a fine of from \$10 to \$100 on those users of bituminous coals in towns who do not consume three-fourths of their smoke. It would be difficult to enforce such a law, and three-quarters of an unknown quantity is a vague amount to convict on; but allowing that Massachusetts knows its own business this firm spirit is to be envied."—[Pall Mall Gazette.

In view of the storm that has raged in England and in the United States the last two days, the following extract from an English calendar of 1832 is of genuine interest: "Feb. 13. About this time all nature begins to revivify. Gnats play about, and insects swarm under sunny hedges."

Exit the prurient prude, removed without noise or comment by the Board of Aldermen.

The only weapons found on Breton, the bomb thrower, were a pair of brass knuckles, a dagger, a Swedish knife, and a six-chambered revolver. Breton is professedly a cabinet maker, but these weapons are the tools of his real trade.

St. Valentine, a priest of Rome, in the third century was first beaten with clubs and then beheaded. Perhaps this was symbolic of the fate that should befall the sender of anonymous and scurrilous valentines to-day.

The custom of sending tender or inflammatory verses this day is a survival or a transformation of a social custom of the Romans during the celebration of the Lupercalia during February. The books are full of the traditions and the observances of the day in Christian countries. Mr. Pepys, for instance, was scrupulous in these matters. In 1667 he put down in his diary: "This morning came up to my wife's bedside. I being up dressing myself, little Will Mercer to her valentine. * * * But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me £5."

And here is another instance in Pepys of the old custom of presenting gifts on St. Valentine's Day: "This evening my wife did with great pleasure show me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath made lately, as my valentine's gift this year, a Turkey stone set with diamonds—with this and what she had, she reckons that she hath above £150 worth of jewels of one kind or other; and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with."

It is a singular fact that in spite of the continued cry, "Hard Times," the theatres are doing well, and at auction sales, books, rugs, furniture, bric-a-brac bring higher prices than is customary.

So the Tsar of all the Russias must live where there is mild weather. Why does he not go to Siberia, which country, according to the apologists for the local prisons, enjoys the most balmy and salubrious climates, and in fact spoils all prisoners for elsewhere.

HANS VON BULOW.

A Biographical Sketch of the Late Famous Pianist.

Hans Guido von Bulow, who died in Cairo, Egypt, the 12th inst., was born in Dresden, Jan. 8, 1830. At the age of 9 he studied the piano under Wicke, the father of Clara Schumann. His parents did not intend that he should be a musician, and in 1848 he went to the Leipzig University to study jurisprudence; in Leipzig he also applied himself to counterpoint under Hauptmann. In 1849 he moved to Berlin, where he was a contributor to a democratic paper, *Die Abendpost*, and at this time he espoused the cause of Wagner. He happened to hear in Weimar a performance of "Lohengrin." This led him to abandon the law. He visited Wagner in Zurich (1850-51) and became his pupil. Then he served as conductor of the theatre orchestra at Zurich and St. Gall. He went to Weimar and studied the piano with Liszt. In 1853 he made his first concert tour through Germany and Austria. Another tour was made in 1855, when he stopped in Berlin and taught the piano at the Conservatory of Stern. In 1857 he married Cosima, an illegitimate daughter of Liszt by the Countess d'Agoult. He busied himself in concerts and in writing newspaper articles. As a virtuoso he visited Russia and the Netherlands. In 1863 he was given the degree of Dr. phil. by the university of Jena, 1864 saw him in Munich, chief conductor at the Royal Opera and director of the Conservatory. In Munich he brought out with great care "Tristan und Isolde" June 10, 1865, and "Die Meistersinger" June 21, 1868. In 1869 Bulow and his wife were divorced, and Aug. 25, 1870, Cosima married Wagner. Bulow left Munich in 1869. For some time he claimed Florence as his home, but he gave concerts all over Europe, and in the season of 1875-76 he gave 139 concerts in the United States. The 1st of January, 1878, he was appointed chapelmaster of the Hanover Court Theatre. He had trouble with the intendant, and the 1st of October, 1880, he was appointed Hofmusikintendant to the Duke of Meiningen, whose orchestra, during Bulow's five years' leadership, was renowned through Europe. After 1885 Bulow visited St. Petersburg, Berlin and other cities as conductor and player. He taught in the Kaff Conservatory at Frankfurt and in Klindworth's Conservatory, Berlin. He was married in 1882 to an actress of the Meiningen Company, Marie Schanzer, but the marriage was an unhappy one. Bulow afterward lived in Hamburg, and other German towns, conducting orchestras, playing, and indulging in quarrels such as the famous one with Von Huelsen of Berlin, and in caprices that were excused on account of the mild insanity of the perpetrator; for not only once, but several times, did Bulow find rest in a private asylum. Von Bulow visited this country again in 1889 and in 1890. In 1889 he stayed in Boston, in April and in May. He returned to Europe with \$12,000 as his net share of the profits of the brief tour. The first four concerts in Boston netted \$3000. He played again in this city, four times in March, 1890, but the concerts were neither artistically nor pecuniarily as successful.

As a composer, Bulow is not a figure of note in musical history. He wrote "Nirwana," music to Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," a ballad, "The Singer's Curse," and four character pieces for orchestra and pieces for the piano, but they are of little worth. His editions of Cramor's studies and of certain classical works are much more worthy of his reputation.

As a pianist he belonged decidedly to the intellectual school. He was more the wandering instructor than the startling virtuoso, but in the fullness of his strength he was justly to be classed among the leading pianists of the world. His influence was always on the side of pianistic righteousness.

As a conductor he was always interesting, often admirable beyond description. A rigid disciplinarian, he was catholic in taste and of poetic fancy. In certain respects a hyper-modern, out-Wagnering Wagner in theories of conducting; in other respects he was a hide-bound conservative. He was above all a man of surprises in reading, particularly in his later eccentric years.

As a man, he was learned, witty, of generous instincts, irascible, easily vexed, of noble purpose, of extreme eccentricity. There was no artistic meanness or jealousy in his nature. He welcomed and worked for Bizet as he did for Berlioz before him. The outrageous behavior of Wagner toward him brought from him no taunt, no reproach, only a jest of irony such as might have fallen from the lips of Sir Thomas More. Outspoken in opinion, he knew how to confess publicly an error, as when he lately begged the pardon of Verdi for rash words that escaped the barriers of wise teeth. The stories of his quips and jests are innumerable. A strange, yet a noble figure is this same Hans Guido von Bulow, whether he is seen behind the cause of modern music, reverencing Beethoven, haranguing an amused Berlin public from the conductor's platform, or chatting about music with two newspaper girls of the Potsdamer blee. It is hard to think of Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner without joining the name and the face of Von Bulow, who did so much unselfish work to make the three famous.

Fishing and game clubs this summer will engage bachelor stewards.

"The hundred or more representatives of the unemployed who accompanied Mr. Swift to the State House, failing to gain an audience with the Governor, passed their time in the gallery of the House listening to the debates." There are those who would call this the severest and the most depressing labor.

The real worth of fame is shown in an autograph sale. Thus, for example, in New York, Tuesday, the signature of Emma Abbott brought 88 cents and that of Matthew Arnold 60 cents.

The Government has no right to say to the pale-cheeked, yellow-fingered, foul-breathed cigarette smoker "Thou shalt not smoke cigarettes;" but it has a right to tax these coffin nails.

The Jules Verne hero in Boston picks up coin as easily as though he stood on Tom Tiddler's ground. Suppose that he were poor, without work, without the advertisement of a bet; would the men who now "sympathize" with him, give him money enough for cheap food and cheap lodging?

"Ibsen is an Apostle—he is the Robespierre of the dramatic revolution. Napoleon has yet to come." —(Charles Wyndham.)

"The mortars were aimed at the schooner and half a dozen shots went spinning over her with a trail of line whipping out behind them. But the lines had been neglected and were rotten in places; they broke and snarled, and the attempts failed for this reason." Now, human bravery should be supported by the best of mechanical appliances.

So Mr. Barnet is to write a libretto founded on Longfellow's "Excelsior." It is to be hoped that it will rise superior to "Tabasco."

Certain members of the School Board do not seem clear in their minds as to the difference between dissection and vivisection.

"When a woman tries to be a man she very rarely is anything like a gentleman. But the ladylike young man is frequently a very well-bred young lady."

It is a habit with some novelists to first invent a title, and then plot and describe accordingly. Here is a title that is full of suggestion: "Colie and Buelie, a Story of Summer Passion."

Many of Dave Braham's most popular songs are founded on well-known negro melodies.—"A Theatrical Manager" in the New York Sun. Please call these songs by name; and point out the "well-known negro melodies" from which they are derived.

A prize awarded by the Italian Government has been taken this year by a play entitled "Dr. Muller," which depicts a physician's mental struggles over the question whether he shall cure his wife's lover or kill him.—[New York Herald.]

And pray what would be the professional instinct of the physician?

Hermann Sudermann, the author of the play which, in a mangled English version, was brought out at the Tremont Theatre, Monday night, is best known in Germany by his powerful novels, "Frau Sorge" and "Der Katzensteg," and by his plays "Sodomis Ende" and "Die Ehre."

That was a clever answer given by the Rev. Amelia A. Frost at Littleton to an objector, who probably realized at once the full meaning of the clergyman's name. And the commentators are with her in her view of the word "prophecy." But the Hebrew prophetess, as well as prophet, was skilled in poetical improvisation, the use of musical instruments, and religious dances. There was Miriam, for instance, who played on the tambourine. There were the sons of Asaph and of Heman and of Jedothun, who "should prophesy with harps and with psalteries and with cymbals."

How far removed we are now from the time of Dr. Johnson with his "Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hinder legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all." And it must be remembered that the gruff Doctor had never even heard the Quakeress who inspired his rude comparison.

It was the money of a rich widow that enabled Henry, alias Breton, the bomb thrower, to preach the gospel of Anarchy. The Anarchist, then, does not wholly disapprove of wealth.

Hubert Wike, who was hissed in Chicago for his public rudeness to Miss Ritchie, is well known to our admirers of comic opera by the remarkable carving of his legs, by his petrified smile, and by his extraordinary tone production. Miss Ritchie naturally fainted on this occasion. It will be remembered that last October in this city she fainted herself into prominence, the night of Miss Temper's return.

This is the anniversary of the death of that brave American, Elisha Kent Kane, who died in 1857, only 37 years old. It is a singular circumstance that the poet Fitz-James O'Brien, who sang Kane's requiem in stately verse, received the 16th of February, 1862, the very wound in battle that brought his career of promise to an untimely close.

The unemployed, the hungry and the heartbroken should at once pluck up courage and realize the joy of living. It was only the other night that prominent religious leaders quoted Darwin and Huxley, Wallace and Spencer, and dismissed with a wave of the hand the existence of suffering and the blight of death. It is true that they had dined comfortably and the room was warm.

Medical experts are to visit the South "to correct the erroneous impression that the Southern section of the United States is a suited for propagation of contagious and malarial diseases." One of the experts is the editor of The Journal of Inebriety, whose pleasant duty it will be to report from personal observation on the medicinal properties of the mint julep.

Mr. Henry C. Merwin, whose article on Tammany Hall in the last Atlantic has excited attention in England as well as in this country, is a son of the late Elias Merwin. A lawyer by profession, a lecturer at the Boston University, a writer of a legal treatise that was praised publicly by the Supreme Court of the United States, Mr. Merwin is perhaps better known to the world at large as the author of delightful articles on the horse. During the last two years of the Boston Post, as conducted under Mr. E. M. Bacon, Mr. Merwin was one of the most valued contributors to the "Tavener" column.

MUSIC.

The Farewell Concert of Adelina Patti and Her Company.

The program of the "farewell" concert given by Adelina Patti last evening in Music Hall was as follows:

| PART I. | |
|---|-------------|
| Overture, "Masaniello"..... | Auber |
| Orchestra. | |
| Romanza, "Di Provenza," "La Traviata"..... | Verdi |
| Mr. Galassi. | |
| Aria, "Pensa alla Patria"..... | Rossini |
| Miss Fabbri. | |
| Song, "The Millwheel"..... | Mr. Novara. |
| Ballad, "Come Into the Garden, Maid"..... | Balfe |
| Mr. Levy. | |
| Cavatina, "Bel Raggio" from "Semiramide"..... | Rossini |
| Adelina Patti. | |
| Canto Popolare, "La mia Bandiera"..... | Rotoli |
| Mr. Galassi. | |
| Grand March, "L'Inconnu"..... | Arditi |
| Orchestra. | |
| Verdi | |
| PART II. | |
| Second act "Martha," with scenery, costumes, etc. | |

Years ago a singer of Tuscan birth appeared in England, "the Italian Lady" that is lately come over, than is so famous for singing, as an announcement in 1691 had it. Now, Francesca Margherita de l'Epine, otherwise known to the vulgar as "Greber's Peg," was ugly, till, swarthy, rough, but a good singer and a good woman. To be sure, Deau Swift in his Journal to Stella wrote in 1711: "I went to the rehearsal, and there was Margherita, and her sister, and another drah, and a parcel of fidlers," but the great Deau was not born under a musical planet. About 1722 the de l'Epine retired from the stage with 10,000 pounds sterling, and she married soon afterward Dr. Pepusch, who was thus enabled "to live in a style of elegance which, until the time of his marriage, he had been a stranger to." On account of her ugliness he called her Hecate, but they lived together happily.

And what, pray, has all this to do with Adelina Patti's appearance in Boston?

Now, it was in the year 1692 that this Francesca Margherita de l'Epine gave a farewell concert. "She continued to sing more last and positively last times during the month, but never quitted England," says the chronicler, and in fact after her last farewell she sang for about thirty years.

Was the appearance of Patti last evening her final, irrevocable farewell to Boston? Who knows? No one but Patti, or possibly Mr. Marcus Mayer. She made no tender speech of adieu and God be with you. There was no allusion to the eternal separation, except that made by a brass-voiced boy, an unconscious humorist, who announced the sale of "farewell books." Patti, to be sure, sang "Home, at Home," but, as Mr. Arthur Warren pointed out in his extraordinary article in McClure's Magazine, when she sings the familiar song she thinks of Craggy-Nos Castle, Stradgynlais, Swansea Valley, South Wales, and not Boston, Mass.

And so it is the part of wisdom to abstain from comments suitable to a real, Simon-pure, genuine "farewell occasion"—comments that, in recording past glory and the symptoms of approaching decay, might have a funereal ring and be ominous to the singer.

The concert was one of the old-fashioned kind still dear to many. There were all the features of this species of concert. The overture was not begun until 20 minutes after the appointed time; each singer was armed with an encore, the encore fiend was broceni, and his name was Legion; there was that form of popular demonstration known vaguely as "an ovation," although no sheep was killed before the ores of the people; there were "floral tributes," and there was the usual interminable wait.

Mrs. Patti was smiling and kittenish, and she did played her art in the air from "Semiramide," some song of the salon order, and "Home, Sweet Home." Her art is always an object of admiration, and many of her tones are still of crystalline purity.

Mr. Levy responded to the applause that followed his performance of Balfe's ballad by singing "a beautiful and familiar Scotch melody that brought, etc." Mr. Novara appeared with the solemnity of a regular boarder in the Tomb of the Capulets, so that he gave personal color to his song. "But when I hear that mill-wheel my grief will never cease." Recalled, he sang with equal solemnity a drinking song. Cosima was as honest and conscientious as ever, and Miss Fabbri plowed her way vigorously through a Rossini air.

In the act from "Martha" "The Last Rose of Summer" was naturally the feature, and Patti was applauded to the echo.

The work of the orchestra ranged from mediocrity to absolute badness. The hall was crowded.

PHILIP HALE.

...the art and science of the world is ... the modern world is largely due to newspapers. The reason is that good conduct is not news."—[The Rev. M. J. Savage at a dinner.]

Is this the truth, Mr. Savage, or merely an after-dinner epigram?

Apropos of Michael Kelly, the historical character introduced in the coming play at the Hollis, "Sheridan, or the Maid of Bath," and referred to in yesterday's Journal, one of the first books published by the Harpers was a reprint of Kelly's "Reminiscences," a fascinating volume. The reprint is now rare.

It was to Kelly that the great Mozart said: "Melody is the essence of music. I compare a good melodist to a fine racer, and counterpointists to hack post horses."

Kelly's "Reminiscences" is a book crowded with facts of value to the historian, and with stories told with infinite Irish drollery. It is a vivid panorama of musical life from about 1779 to 1826, from the description of Morland, Kelly's first master—who "was continually in a state of whisky-punch intoxication; he would sleep all day in a cellar, and I have often heard him say, somewhat rationally, that his morning began at 11 o'clock at night"—to the praise of the pompous patronage of George IV.

The success of a comic paper, real or alleged, is a key to the character of the public that subscribes or at least tolerates. Now the following story is going the rounds in England, and when it is examined carefully the reasons for the existence of Punch are patent and palpable:

"Father Healey of Bray, one of the very few avowed Unitarian priests in the distressful country, has been in great form lately. Known for a long while past as one of the greatest Irish wits, he has fairly excelled himself during the last few weeks. At Corless's restaurant the other day Father Healey's attention was drawn by the proud proprietor to the fact that Miss Corless had gained some great distinctions at the Milan Conservatoire of Music. 'And what are you going to do with your daughter after all this?' asked the priest. 'Oh, I shall hope to see her on the operatic stage soon,' replied Mr. Corless, who is the owner of the most extensive oyster beds on the Irish coast. 'You want to turn her into an oyster Patti, then,' said Father Healey, without a moment's hesitation."

Why, this might have come from the mouth of any modern British Burlesque Chemical Blonde.

Feb 7
It is the Charleston News and Courier, Sah, that with mistaken chivalry alludes to Mrs. Lease as the "Stateslady of bleeding Kansas."

The French Court in ordering the Princess Colonna to surrender the guardianship of her children has locked the stable door, etc.

Cuttyhunk is an appropriate name for the scene of a prize fight.

It is a curious fact that in the boxes placed here in different public places for collections of money for the benefit of the poor, the generosity of frequenters of beer saloons and restaurants surpassed that of the guests of hotels.

They that seek wives through matrimonial agencies should ponder the fate of a Mr. Hadwick in Jersey City, whose divorce suit was now before the Vice Chancellor. The husband declares that his wife made fun of his clothes, poured cold water on him when he was in bed, struck him with a hair brush, tried to gouge his left eye out, and in fact committed other conjugal familiarities of an unpleasant nature. He is described as "a pale, nervous man." But the wife has her grievances. For instance, she was disappointed in her wedding breakfast, which "consisted of bread, butter, tea and stewed prunes." And they met as lovers at a matrimonial agency.

"Speaking of Gov. Altgeld and pardons reminds us that last year Gov. Flower of New York pardoned 18 convicted prisoners and commuted the sentences of 110 others, 19 of whom were murderers."

Thus speaks the Chicago Dispatch in defence of the honor of the State, but "You're another" is hardly a convincing argument.

The fate of "Billy Deutsch," who broke the bank at Monte Carlo and died a pauper, is only another instance of the ease with which ill-gotten gain disappears. Few even who win at lottery can keep the prize. There is the famous example of the man on Cape Cod, who invested wisely the result of his luck in lottery-drawing and has prospered, but such examples are rare.

In the new motor machine that will "revolutionize" the heat of the sun is alone used. A world panting with curiosity is not yet informed whether these sunbeams are extracted from cucumbers, after the theory of the professor at the Academy of Lagado, seen by Capt. Lemuel Gulliver. Will the machine raise the price of a palatable yet dangerous salad? And the force of even one cucumber is unlimited.

To-day is the anniversary of the death of Michael Angelo Buonarroti, sculptor, architect, painter, poet, engineer, who by his works gained an immortal name, although some of them would undoubtedly distress sorely our Common Councilmen and the editor of a local contemporary and bring blushes to their cheeks.

It was not so long ago that the only fencers at Yale were the students perched on the rails near South College; the rails are gone, and now the Boston Fencing Club challenges the Yale Fencing Club to lunge and parry in the meet for the championship of New England.

The official press association of the California Midwinter International Exposition says:

"We have the approval and aid of the exposition officials and a corps of competent writers on the grounds at all times."

It would not be surprising if summary and Californian justice were administered to incompetent writers, but why should the competent be so discouraged?

The Corbett-Mitchell fight so absorbed the Chicagoese that they hardly noticed the killing of one of their Aldermen. Is this absence of local pride a result of the cosmopolitan influence of the fair?—[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

ABOUT MUSIC.

Gen. George Washington as a Musician—A Companion Chapter to "Snakes in Iceland"—An Article of a Very Depressive Nature.

We are told by the biographers of George Washington that he did not disdain the dance; that he was a stately partner, rigorous in the observance of the slightest rule, formality or custom.

We find him, for instance, attending the grand ball at Mrs. Cowley's assembly room, "at the time the most aristocratic place in the town of Newport, Rhode Island." But there is little said about his favorable or unfavorable consideration of music.

We know by the records of the time that Washington was sometimes obliged to listen to music and that he inspired the musical fauery of contemporaneous composers.

Thus it was advertised in the Salem Mercury and other papers in October, 1789, that "an oratorio, or concert of sacred music, will be performed at the Stone Chapel in Boston to assist in finishing the Colonnade or Portico of said chapel, agreeably to the original design." The performance was to have taken place the 21st, but it was postponed until the 27th, and an advertisement of the 27th reads as follows:

"This day, the oratorio, or concert of sacred music, which was to have been on Wednesday last, will be performed at the Stone Chapel in Boston in presence of the President of the United States." The program included a "congratulatory ode to the President; the favorite air in the Messiah, comfort ye my people; an organ concerto by Mr. Selby; the favorite air in the oratorio of Samson, Let the bright Seraphim; an anthem from 100 Psalm, composed by Mr. Selby; and the oratorio of Jonah complete." It is to be observed that the Handelians airs were sung by Mr. Rea, and, indeed, no woman appears on this program as a solo singer. The choruses were by the Independent Musical Society; "the instrumental parts by a Society of Gentlemen, with the Band of his Most Christian Majesty's Fleet." The music began precisely at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and the doors were open at 9. Tickets were at half a dollar each. But we learn by an advertisement Dec. 1 of the same year that the oratorio concert of sacred music, "thru' the indisposition of several singers," was not fully performed.

The General was present at the October concert. He was dressed in a black velvet suit and he gave five guineas toward the finishing of the colonnade. No doubt he listened with the grave composure that characterized a Virginia gentleman of the old school on any solemn occasion.

Was this "congratulatory ode to the President" (1789) the same as the "ode in honor of Gen. Washington," composed by Mr. William Selby and performed April 27, 1786, in company with "the favorite catch 'Hark, the bony Christ Church bells?'" This Selby, by the way, was William Selby, organist, composer, harpsichord player, who in 1774, in Newport, informed "ladies and gentlemen" that he purposed "opening a Dancing School for teaching young ladies and gentlemen." In January, 1800, there was for sale at the Musical Magazine No. 3, Cornhill, "a funeral dirge on the death of Gen. Washington, the music composed by P. A. Von Hagen, or artist of the Stone Chapel," A. Von Hagen, Jr., from Boston, used to visit Salem, and gave music lessons there. He charged in 1800 "entrance \$5 and every eight lessons \$6." "These ladies and gentlemen who please to favor him with their commands may depend on the strictest attention to render their lessons agreeable and instructive."

What was the condition of music in Boston

when Gen. Washington was expected to lend attentive ears to "Jonah," and to sit unmoved by the recital of his own illustrious deed. According to Brissot de Warville, who wrote from here in 1788, "Music, which their teachers formerly proscribed as a diabolical art, begins to make part of their education. In some houses you hear the forte-piano. This art, it is true, is still in its infancy, but the young novices who exercise it are so

gentle, so complaisant, and so modest that the proud perfection of art gives no pleasure equal to what they afford. God grant that the Bostonian women may never, like those of France, acquire the malady of perfection in this art! It is never attained but at the expense of the domestic virtues."

But what did Gen. Washington think about music and musicians?

Well, we know what John Adams thought in 1758. In speaking in praise of Peter Chardon, he wrote as follows: "This fellow's thoughts are not employed on songs and girls, nor his time on flutes, fiddles, concertos and card tables; he will make something." But in 1771 and 1774 Adams did not speak so contemptuously of music.

"Yes, but did Gen. Washington know one tune from another?" asks an impatient reader.

Thackeray, my dear Madam, intimates that the great Washington had that faculty, at least in his younger days. I admit that there are people who call "The Virgilians" a dull book. President Felton of Harvard declared in 1860 that the attempt to introduce Washington as a personage of fiction was a complete failure; but as President Felton also remarked in the same article that Thackeray had never drawn a true and dignified woman or a gentleman of the highest type, and made other humorous observations of a like nature, I shall persist in quoting from the abnsed book.

Do you remember the passage? It is in the eighth chapter where George Warrington is absurdly jealous of Washington, then a militia Colonel. It runs as follows:

"George sat down to the harpsichord and played and sang, 'Malbrook s'en va t'en guerre. Miroton, miroton, mirotonne,' at the sound of which music the gentleman from the balcony entered. 'I am playing 'God save the King,' Colonel, in compliment to the new expedition.' 'I never know whether thou art laughing, or in earnest,' said the simple gentleman, 'but, surely, methinks that is not the air.' George performed ever so many trills and quavers upon his harpsichord, and their guest watched him, wondering, perhaps, that a gentleman of George's condition could set himself to such an effeminate business."

Mr. Thackeray was most painstaking in collection of the material of which he built his Swift and Webb, Jack Churchill, Mohun and Washington. Here he hints at the General's accuracy of ear and mild contempt for players of musical instruments.

And if Washington had been a boaster, he might have said later with Themistocles, "In truth I can neither tune a lyre nor play a psaltery, but give me a small and obscure town, and it shall soon acquire renown and splendor."

But there is a tradition, which I have heard on the porch of a Virginia farm house, that Washington played the flute. Perish the thought! It is true that the selfish man and royal robber, Frederic the Great, carried his native cruelty to such an extent that he not only practiced diligently on this instrument, but also wrote pieces for it and composed besides, songs, marches, an opera and an overture. These pieces were naturally applauded vigorously by those obliged to listen to them, and when he played there was a general shout, "Apollo lives in Sans-Souci." But to associate Washington, that figure of awful dignity, almost superhuman, with a flute; to think of those grave lips applied to a water-logged instrument with the result of a tootlo-toot; this is rank blasphemy.

Another tradition is that he was slightly acquainted with the violin. It may here be said that to-day incredible traditions concerning Washington float in the Virginian air: traditions concerning his life after retirement from office, even concerning the manner in which he incurred his death. Let us have a little reverence for our past heroes. Let us believe that Washington abstained from the use or abuse of musical instruments, as bugle, fiddle, or slide trombone.

Nor can I readily believe that he went about the house singing frightfully out of tune, as was the habit of the great Napoleon, who played no musical instrument, but was passionately fond of music. Napoleon, when 17 years old, wrote verses to the singer Saint-Huberty; he wept at hearing Crescentini in 1803; far away from Paris he dictated orders about the Opera and the Conservatory; he admired the music of Paisiello, Cimarosa, Gluck, Lesueur, Spontini; he was delighted with Italian singers; it is said that he was in love with the French singer, Alexandrine Caroline Branchu, and Grassini, who was one of the attendant triumphs of the battle of Marengo, wore his portrait set with diamonds; he gave extravagant presents to Catalani; it was on his way to hear Haydn's "Creation" that he was nearly blown up by an infernal machine in 1801; and yet he could not sing in tune, as the Baroness Durand, Bourrienne and, in fact, many contemporaries state in unison. He whistled inveterately, and it was a great grief to him that Josephine could only play one tune on the harp.

Did Washington enjoy the sound of choruses? George III. was so fond of oratorio that he ought to be the grand past honorary member

and perpetual patron of the Handel and Haydn. But how was the case with Gen. Washington?

In other words, was Washington musical?

My dear madam, I do not know.

PHILIP HALE.

The Fifteenth Concert of the Boston
Symphony Orchestra.

"N. 2. Prague Brahms
"1. 4. 7. w. str., in A minor, Op.
"1. 6. C. v. l. w. descha, i) E
"E. N. l. r. Salut-Saena
"1. m. r. y. 2. first time Hill Harlmann
"1. x. 2. This Kaiser's Character-Bild
"1. 1. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818.

But the D major symphony Brahms is human. He joins in the every-day life. He is in sympathy with the joys of Nature. And in his melancholy now and then borrows a phrase or two from Mendelssohn.

Bruch's Romanza was dedicated to Robert
H. Mann.

In all pictures angels are represented playing on organs as well as on harps.

His main is now perhaps pursuing his
ancient calling.
But he still lies no more on earth, for he died

Bruch's piece is without marked character or without any special beauty. It was well played by Mr. L. Miller.

The concert piece by Saint-Saëns is only a small part of it, but it is true, but how thoroughly it is so, how delightfully written for solo piano, and the instrumentation is such a masterpiece, by a Frenchman; it is described as a poetic, full of color; it is a seasonal piece, a salute. Mr. Leeder played this piece with a charmingly. There was no lack of attention to the difficulties, not only in the own ingenious cadenza. Technical and musical his performance was described as the highest praise.

Hartmann's overture is well made. The tunes are not of striking originality, and the recurring fanfare reminds one of the stage directions in old English plays: "Sennet of trumpet with it." "Flourish of trumpets without." It is a "tragic overture," the Vikings march out on their marauding adventures, rather jolly tunes, some are killed and booty is taken; and the rest are finished off by the Vikings; then there is a short lament. Hartmann is a Dane, but in this overture there is apparently little effort to rub in color or allusions to these old of Gato, and it is more or less indistinct; the effect is one of suggestion of the new Scandinavianism, of which Greg is the chief.

Karamzov is told in Russian novels are read, the reader often becomes careless and reads the book for the sake of collecting "old friends" ("Don Quixote" as the subject of his "musical jesting"). The "reader" is a description of the author in a preface of text; but a number of different scenes in the Kaluzh's life are presented and face the audience in the "time" of his "unrolled" and "unrolled" as the conductor.

...a big brother of Rabbits in, says that
...long-haired with "Don Quixote"
...little, a very nice one.
...in the New York, and proprietary
...draining would be necessary if
...only a serious v.

... to be a joke, and
... not to laugh
... comic music without text or
... to breed solemnity, surprise, ex-

...in fact a strong but laugh or.
...only that anyone would imagine
...to be a sketch of Don Quixote's
...he were told so before the attack
...the orchestra.

It is enough to say that the music as music
of it is you and original. The instru-
ment is interesting, and at times ex-
tremely secure.

the King to the bombastic orchestra
and he may recover the sheep, for
the orchestra is made to the ritual drum
the orchestra of empty fifties: and

Philip Hale.

It is rumored that the sun has been entered the zodiacal sign Pisces the last week.

It is interesting to note in this connection that the Romans imagined that the entrance was always attended by bad weather.

Mr. Peckham may or may not be a man of violent temper; but there's no doubt concerning the present temper of Senator Hill.

It appears that the defences of Washington, once impregnable, are now in a decayed condition. But the only invading army is that of office seekers.

What has become of the bonnet? It is no longer worn by the young, but is still worn by the old, and is still worn by the middle-aged. It is still worn by the middle-aged.

The elder Pliny tells of a body of water in Mesopotamia, water most delightfully perfumed, so that there is no water like it in the world; and this gift of an entrancing odor was bestowed long ago by Juno, who bathed there her queenly body. But the voracious chronicler adds: "Nevertheless water that is really healthy and good should have no taste and no smell whatever."

Many of the ancients and the moderns have made the same commentary on the reckless or even the modest use of perfumes by men and women as a personal adornment, and yet barbarians and civilized delight in such italicization of their natural charms.

To-day in so-called civilized lands, as in the hot countries of the East, there is an abuse of perfumes. Women in following a fashion forget the charm of individuality, they forget their own natural healthy fragrance. They do not distinguish between the scents that are founded chiefly on flower essences and the rank perfumery which is the result of employing animal matter, as musk and civet and ambergris.

Now de la Mothe le Vayer,⁴ when temporarily deprived of the sense of smell, could write in philosophic vein of the pleasures of his loss; telling how Muleasses, King of Tunis, who ate his food perfumed, was finally destroyed by his enemies through the habit, how perfumes incite cats to madness, and other tales true or apocryphal; but any one that wrote so knowingly of the subject must have enjoyed sweet odors when he was in normal physical condition. And mild and characteristic perfumes add undoubtedly to the charms of women. Only each woman should be a law unto herself; she should not blindly follow fashion. Her perfume should be in a measure a key to her character.

Baudelaire was right in finding a correspondence between perfumes, colors and sounds, and distinguishing between "perfumes fresh as the flesh of little children; sweet as hautboys, green as meadows, and other perfumes corrupt, rich, and triumphant." Tar and musk or strange exotic odors may justly become a swarthy wanderer from a sun-smitten land, but to a frail, delicate blonde a shrinking perfume is more suitable. One girl suggests violet, another sweet-briar, another heliotrope; but musk goes with an over-dressed woman, who wears diamonds at breakfast or in the street car of a morning, and whose voice is of brass. Lear may have asked for an ounce of civet, but he was mad; Cordelia would never have thought of it, although her sisters undoubtedly used it freely.

This individuality in perfume was noticed lately by an English writer who says justly, "It makes one restless, it is a disturbing influence that irritates one's nerves, to find some woman whom one has hitherto only known as a realization of the south wind breathing o'er a bed of violets, an embodiment of perfume suggesting cleanliness and purity, suddenly giving out the violent aggressive odor of *Peau d'Espagne* or *Chypre*, or one of the innumerable modern mixtures that, as soon as their first freshness has passed, reek of crude, raw spirit."

Yet this incongruity of female purity and perfumed rankness is found to-day in the street, in the salon, in the theatre. The perfume does not seem to be an inseparable part, a characteristic of the woman, but something that might be taken off, like a loud, flaring cloak, or disfiguring overshoes. Such a woman might as well carry with her a vaporizer and spray herself openly.

There are men who are sad offenders in the way they perfume themselves; they stifle the bracing air. Let us not dwell on this unpleasant subject. It was the Emperor Vespasian who turned away his head in disgust from a young man "coming much perfumed to return him thanks for having appointed him to command a squadron of horse," and, giving him this sharp reprimand, "I had rather you had smelt of garlic," revoked his commission.

The Pall Mall Gazette publishes a poem in Greek on "H. M. S. 'Victoria.'" If any of our local newspapers should republish it, how many college graduates could translate it freely at the breakfast table? And yet there are only eight lines.

A Chicago newspaper publishes the following advertisement: "No sin is trivial. All should be punished. If not by the law by the public dishonor. Call up the — telephone —." And yet Chicago has been called an immoral city.

To many the average railway guide is a perplexing puzzle. Why not follow the example of the ancient Italians and the modern Indian, railway officials and number the hours from 1 to 24? But some might not like to work at 13 o'clock.

Is it true that there is no ideal old age to-day? There is certainly irreverential maidenhood when a girl can say "My mother has all the intemperance of youth and the tediousness of old age together."

Mr. Charles Wyndham is known in England and the United States as a delightful comedian and a gentleman of originality and culture. It is always a pleasure to hear an intelligent man speak of his calling, whether he be a mechanic, trapper, lawyer or play actor. Mr. Wyndham's views on the drama of to-day and to-morrow are of value; they are entertaining and they are the opinions of a shrewd observer.

"The drama," says Mr. Wyndham, "is splitting up into two sections, and I should classify them as the thoughtless and the thoughtful. This arises from the fact that one part is invading the regions of, or appropriating the style of, the music hall, while the other is beginning to discuss the questions of ethics and to introduce subjects philosophical. The dramatist of to-day is allowed a license of subject and a range of treatment undreamed of ten years ago. This will extend and be amplified in the future, if we avoid the danger of dealing too often with the immoral side of life."

Now, although in this country the music-hall is not such an established institution as in England, nevertheless any observer of the condition of the theatre must recognize both the growth and the popularity of that form of comedy which is closely allied to farce and admits music, dancing and even acrobatic display. This species of entertainment is an enlarged edition of what was originally peculiar to the variety theatre. It is not our purpose to criticise this peculiar comedy, but to simply admit its existence, and to explain in a measure its popularity. In the hurry and the worry of business life of to-day a man needs a complete change; he would find relaxation in reading; he does not care for the pleasures, real or alleged, of society; other words, he dreads the taxing of his mind in any way; he does find relief in the lightest form of theatrical entertainment.

If this is so, it seems hardly possible that in the same day the drama with a purpose lesson, a fad, or what-you-will ethical philosophical, could gain a respectful hearing, and yet Mr. Wyndham is, undoubtedly, correct in his observation.

The dramatist who wishes to catch the popular attention may use some ethical proposition that apparently paradoxical is in fashion or he may choose some physical or spiritual phenomenon. But what dramatist first honestly says to himself "I propose to work great reform by means of a play" let the reform be first in his thought, and dramatic workmanship second." He wishes to paint contemporary life, or to describe, say, a small section of society; but so that the play may prosper, and audiences crowd the theatre. The great plays have not been written by reformers of morals, but by reformers (or if not professed) of the stage. A play that deals with a social or economic subject to the detriment of dramatic art is not likely to survive a short season. The enduring plays are concerned with the elemental emotions and passions that pertain to humanity. The secret of the immortality of "Othello" is not that there is treatment of a Moor, but a jealous Moor. "Othello" would still be a masterpiece if the characters were dressed in the costumes of this year, and the scene shifted from Venice and Cyprus.

Two hundred and twenty-five years ago today the people of Toulouse saw Inellio Vanini burned alive at the stake. This scholar, teacher, and author suffered the horrid death on account of his profession of religious or rather irreligious opinions at variance with the belief of the time. If he were here in Boston to-day, he would be undoubtedly invited to speak after a public dinner on "The True Religion," or "New Faith for New Men."

Vanini was execrated for this "impertinence," as it was called: "As for mankind," said he, "we should do with them as Fellers of Wood do yearly in largo forests; they go and view them to discover the dead wood and the green, and to thin the forest, cutting away whatever is useless and superfluous or detrimental, to preserve only the fair trees or young hopeful tillers. In the same manner a rigorous visitation should every year be made of all the inhabitants of great and populous cities, and those who are useless and hinder the rest from living should be put to death; such as persons who have no trade or profession useful to the public, decrepit old men, vagabonds and idle fellows; nature should be pruned and cities thinned, and a million of people should be yearly put to death, who are as briars and nettles to the rest, and hinder them from growing."

The people of Toulouse hearing this doctrine of the survival of the fittest put it into practice, and they began with the author Vanini.

Yesterday, by the way, was the death day of Martin Luther, the poet of this celebrated couplet:

"Who loves not wine, woman and song,
He is a fool his whole life long."

MUSIC.

The First Concert of Mrs. Marka Pauli, Soprano.

Mrs. Marka Pauli gave a concert last evening in Union Hall. She was assisted by Mr. Thomas Clifford, baritone; Mr. Strube, violinist; Mr. Schulz, cellist; and Miss Minnie J. Gaul, pianist. The program was as follows:

Trio. D minor (Allegro assai)..... Mendelssohn
Aria. "Tannhauser," "Dieu teure Halle"..... Wagner
Mrs. Pauli.
"La mia bandera"..... Rotoli
Mr. Clifford.
a. Concert Andantino..... Molique
b. Mazurka..... Popper
Mr. Schulz.
Duet. "The Disconsolate"..... Graben Hoffman
Mrs. Pauli, Mr. Clifford.
a. Legende..... Wleniawski
b. Spanish Dance (Zapateado)..... Sarasate
Mr. Strube.
Columbine Mennet..... Delahye
Miss Gaul.
a. "Ye Merry Birds"..... Gumbert
b. "Er ist gekommen"..... Franz
Mrs. Pauli.
Duet. From "Cavalleria-Rusticana"..... Mascagni
Mrs. Pauli, Mr. T. Clifford.

Mrs. Pauli is not utterly unknown in this city; she appeared this season in a concert at the Boston Theatre, and she has been heard, I believe, on other occasions.

Her first selection last evening was unfortunate in this: The aria amounts to but little in a concert hall; it needs the assistance of costume, scenery and action; and even then the aria is of small worth; but in connection with the other numbers sung by her it gave the hearer an opportunity of judging the singer.

Mrs. Pauli has a good voice and little art. Her voice is not yet thoroughly and surely poised (to borrow a word from another language); her breathing is not to be commended; her attack is not decisive, and she indulges herself freely in the species of portamento so dear to the majority of German singers. Possibly her art suffered last evening from nervousness. She sang with an earnestness that at times became oppressive, and she showed a general inclination to force her tones, and to shout.

Mr. Schulz gave pleasure by his playing of the piece by Molique; and Mr. Strube showed excellent training and a musical nature in his performance of the familiar Legende. Mr. Clifford sang Rotoli's well-known song with more steadiness and self-restraint than is usual with him, and his virile voice was heard, therefore, to better advantage.

Miss Gaul has a clean technique and an agreeable touch. Her use of the pedals was amateurish, and she wasted strength by unnecessary and ungraceful movements of hand and forearm. It is to be regretted that she should have consumed time in the learning of the dull trash she chose for a solo.

The audience was small and unappreciative.
PHILIP HALE.

The story that Emma Eames has nothing to do with her operatic associates except when she is on the stage is no doubt intended as a snobbish compliment. It is not true, for she is on terms of intimacy with the de Reszkes and Calvé.

Nor is the Chinese-Maine girl above her trade. If she is not intimate with Melba, it is probably because they wish to sing the same roles.

It is true that there are people who value a singer in direct proportion to her social walk. Seventy years ago John Ebers, Manager of the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, thought it worth while to record the fact that Madame Camporese "mingled in entertainments, not as merely tolerated, but recognized as one whose respectable birth and connections qualified her to mix in polished society."

And yet Ebers added, "Like other singers, however amiable and estimable, she was griping in her demands on the treasury."

Now that the small-pox has broken out again, it is better to vaccinate than to waste time in discussing the theory of vaccination.

That was a bold robbery in a New York stage, but did not the robbed invite the thief? "She carried exposed in her hand a large pocketbook well filled with bills." Do not the women of Boston parade openly their purses? To be sure, they have no pocket, poor things, and what are they to do?

Whatever may be thought about the character of the proposed marionette play at the Teatro Italiano, the idea is by no means novel, nor is there any need of searching in the cupboard of antiquity. Sacred plays called "Mysteries," in which the characters are puppets, have been given in Paris during the last three years, and they have excited profound, reverential attention. The poems descriptive of the simple action were recited, and incidental music by prominent composers helped in the creating of the proper mood.

Mary E. Lease of Kansas claims that she is a Mason. She is not the first of her sex. Maria Deraismes, who died a few days ago, was formally initiated in the Lodge Les Libres Penseurs du Pecq, Jan. 1, 1882. The lodge, refractory to the rules of the Grand Orient, soon died, and then Mrs. Deraismes founded a new lodge, "Le Droit Humain," which is not acknowledged by the craft. There were women Masons, so-called, in France in 1815, but they were not recognized.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, the writer on musical and other exciting topics, declares boldly in the Fortnightly Review that the time will come when we shall all regard the piano as an "execrable, jangling, banging, mistuned nuisance." This sounds as though Mr. Shaw were living in a flat.

William W. Story, the sculptor, the father-in-law of Emma Eames, celebrated his 75th birthday yesterday.

That was a clever and impertinent girl who, when asked what her parents thought of an operetta performed by a French company, replied: "Oh, father understands as much as he can, and mother as much as she chooses!"

Miss Edith Carrington has written a book to show children the uses of all animals, both great and small. The author is a female optimist. With her the spider is "bravely affectionate," and the earwig is an example in "patient lowly goodness." But Miss Carrington attains her highest flight in the following question and answer:

Q. Is there any use in the gally and his lie?

A. Yes; they have a use in making wild cattle move from spot to spot, and in preventing the flocks and herds from growing too indolent.

The manuscripts of Pope's translation of Homer show that he used chiefly the backs of letters. They wrote longer letters in his day.

To R. L. G.—Yes, there is a verb "to best," and it is not merely "newspaper English" as you allege. The word undoubtedly is of colloquial origin, and its first use noted in English literature was in 1863.

MUSIC.

The Last Concert of the Sixth Series of the Adamowski Quartette.

The program of the last concert given this season by the Adamowski Quartette (yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall) was as follows:

Quartette—A minor, Op. 41..... Schumann
Benedictus, for violin and piano..... Mackenzie
M. T. Adamowski.
Suite, A major, Op. 35, for piano, violin and cello.
H. W. Parker
Prelude—Tempo di Menuetto—Romanza—Finale.
(First time. MS.)

The feature of the concert was the first performance in public of Mr. Parker's suite. The composer was on this occasion the pianist.

Mr. Parker's suite is a pleasing work. The prelude shows that a musician can interest without straying far from the original tonality. The tempo di menuetto is fresh, melodious, well put together, with just a dash of quaintness here and there, agreeable as a touch of shallot in sauce or salad. The romanza is not as effective; it shows the musician who knows thoroughly his trade, but there is also an occasional exhibition of the pale commonplace. The finale is spirited with a good operatic tune well worked up.

Now this suite is not by any means great music; but it is for the most part spontaneous, melodious and at the same time ingenious. Mr. Parker has ideas and he knows what to do with them. His tunes are tunes of long breath; they come from the regions near the diaphragm; not merely from a sorely cuddled brain. His modulations seem natural and necessary, even when he shows fully his harmonic skill; his counterpoint is a delight, not a vexation. In other words, the composer's nature is thoroughly musical. In his works there is at times a trace of earthiness that is by no means disagreeable.

The concerts of the Adamowski Quartette this season have in the main given legitimate pleasure, and the ensemble gains each season in intonation, precision and artistic expression.
PHILIP HALE.

Jes Reade who said, "He had
Ah, and in an affidavit"

MR. FAELTEN'S RECITAL.

Mr. Carl Faelten, Director of the New England Conservatory, gave the first of two concerts dedicated to sonatas by Beethoven yesterday afternoon in Bunstead Hall. The program was as follows: Sonata, C major, op. 2, No. 3; sonata quasi una Fantasia, C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 2; sonata Appassionata, F minor, op. 57; sonata, A major, op. 101.

A program made up exclusively of sonatas is well calculated to strike terror to the stoutest soul. Even the most hardened, the most abandoned concert-goer may well shrink at the thought of four sonatas played one after the other.

But it must not be forgotten that Mr. Faelten is more than a virtuoso who merely seeks to please or to amuse. He is a teacher of renown; he is at the head of a music school, and therefore his appearance in public as a pianist is not without a grave responsibility. To students and other teachers who hear him willingly such programs as that presented yesterday are of benefit, in that they show the growth and development of Beethoven, the writer of sonatas.

The characteristics of Mr. Faelten's piano playing are well-known in this city of his adoption, and they require now no special comment. Yet it will not be amiss to speak of his thoughtfulness of conception, his solidity that yet is free from mere pedagogic and rigid precision, his technique that does not serve merely personal display, but the expression of the intention of the composer.

Yesterday Mr. Faelten was applauded by an appreciative audience, made up largely of musicians. The second Beethoven recital will be given Tuesday, March 6, at 3 P. M., and the program will include these sonatas: F minor op. 2, 1; C major op. 53; characterisque, E flat major op. 81 a; C minor, op. 111.

Keppler, the caricaturist, dead, and the world will not soon see his like again. Puck is his monument. The first number of the English edition was published in March, 1877, and the double page cartoon represented President Hayes with his Cabinet making his way carefully over torpedoes labeled "office seekers," "radicalism," "specie payment," "South Carolina," etc.

In those days he worked enormously, in the face of every kind of discouragement. Often was he on the verge of pecuniary failure, but the genius of the man conquered, and he lived to see his paper a power in the land.

Keppler's honesty of purpose was never questioned in those dark days, although the boldness of his pictures was a shock to many. He was tempted sorely during his career to sell his convictions to one political ring or another, but he was firm as any ancient Roman. As a caricaturist, he was a man of great invention, technical skill, biting wit and at the same time rollicking humor; and back of these was the indomitable will of the man of fixed beliefs.

His last double page appeared in Puck Nov. 1, 1893. In March of the same year a sumptuous volume of selected cartoons was published in an edition of only 300 copies. But they who wish to study the full genius of the man must know the first volumes of Puck, which are now extremely rare.

Red pepper is an admirable condiment (by the way, it was once called "butter of the West Indies"), but it is out of place when applied by an infuriated woman to human eyes, although in this case it does give pungency and flavor to the dull detail of city life.

That "young, handsome and accomplished lady" in Minnesota who visited a liquor saloon, and with a revolver compelled the return of her drunken husband's money and jewelry, is evidently a woman of considerable reserve force.

How mightily the Salvation Army has grown in the good opinion of many who at first rebelled against its methods. It was only seven years ago that Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne was not only unrebuked, but applauded for describing the members as "yelling Yahoos, whom the scandalous and senseless license of our own day allows to run and roar about the country unmuzzled and unwhipped." But Mr. Swinburne was always violent in eulogy or blame.

Ernest Camille Sivori, who died in Rome, Monday, at the age of 78, was a remarkable violinist. Indeed, he was born to fiddle, for he first saw the light the day after his mother heard Paganini, who a few years afterward gave him lessons.

Sivori was a greater wanderer than Ulysses. From 1846 to 1850 he had strange adventures in North and South America. Here is one of the tales. Crossing the Isthmus of Panama, he came to a stream, and four negroes rowed him over. He thought he would experiment on them, and he began to fiddle. The immediate emotion of the men was so intense that they uttered terrible and ferocious cries, and they prepared to throw him overboard as a sorcerer. Sivori calmed them, not by a gentler melody, but by generous administrations of brandy and cigars. Here is a subject for a "symphonic poem" or "character piece."

So Lynn is to have a new railway station. They need it down there badly.

A daughter was born unto Mr. H. W. Parker, the composer, yesterday morning, and in the afternoon his Suite was played for the first time in public. That was excitement enough for

Concert of Mrs. Elsa Cushing in Chickering Hall.

Mrs. Elsa Cushing, assisted by Mr. T. Adamowski, violinist, and Mr. Augusto Kotoli, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows:

| | |
|--------------------|------------|
| Marcherita..... | Mozart |
| Cherita..... | Mozart |
| Mrs. Cushing..... | Stevens |
| Mr. Adamowski..... | Palm |
| Mr. Adamowski..... | Kotoli |
| Mrs. Cushing..... | Chaminade |
| Mr. Adamowski..... | Paderewski |
| Mr. Adamowski..... | Zarzynski |
| Mrs. Cushing..... | "Lakmé" |

Mrs. Cushing has a good voice and other advantages to aid her in her chosen profession, but it must be admitted frankly her performance yesterday was a disappointment. There was more of a promise for the future than any actual satisfactory result. In words, Mrs. Cushing has no reason to be discouraged in the pursuit of a career, but she is yet ready to appear in concerts of an amateur nature. The lack of present dramatic passion demonstrated by the air "L'altra notte" from the act of Boito's "Menestefele," the wild song "Marcherita, mad and singing to herself," Her technique is not yet sufficiently developed to do justice to the "Bel Song" from "Lakmé," and her performance of it yesterday was amateurish; it was unclear, unlythical, and impure intonation. In the group of songs Mrs. Cushing did better work, although in these there were occasional lapses in intonation, and she appeared to best advantage in the "Good Night," which she sang in response to a recall. Mr. Adamowski's playing was enjoyed by the audience, as was Mr. Kotoli's charming song, which here at least is comparatively unknown. Mrs. Cushing was applauded heartily by an audience that filled the hall.

PHILIP HALE.

Why should not the hose be turned on an incendiary speaker?

Here's to the glorious memory of General George Washington, the one man who, according to Artemus Ward, never slept over!

What's this? Kelly, the only Mike Kelly, going to sign with a well-known tea company? This recalls a well-known story of the late Charles Backus.

So it seems that "revolvers, jack-knives, razors, billies and brawny fists" assisted in guiding the expression of the popular will at Pittsburg. And Pennsylvania is a Northern State; the more's the pity.

Will the Boston Gas Company please answer this simple question: Why through-out Boston are the gas bills larger at the dollar rate than formerly at \$1.20?

Must swell fronts in Commonwealth Avenue "bant" and shrink?

The Haymarket Square heirs might as well think of the future and claim Massachusetts Avenue while they are about it.

It seemed almost unaccountable that we Americans, one of the most humorous peoples in the world, should have had no distinctively comic paper until Puck was born in the centennial year of our national existence. The Herald.

How about Vanity Fair, started Dec. 31, 1850, and killed by the Civil War Dec. 27, 1862? Among the contributors were "Artemus Ward," George Arnold, T. B. Aldrich, James O'Brien, Wood, Wilkins, Charles Grey Leland, Charles Dawson Shanly. Ben drew pictures for it of quaint fancy, Stephens was the political cartoonist, and who was the inventor of those remarkable caricatures of public men beginning in April, 1862, with Beecher, "taken in one of his moments of inspiration at Plymouth Church (just before the applause came in)," and ending with Maj. Gen. Halleck?

To-day is the festival of more than one saint. There's St. Margaret, who wore a rope about her neck, and punished her flesh. There's St. Baradat, who, clothed in a wild beast skin, lived in a troll-hut. There's St. Thalassa, who bore patiently the sharpest stiches without any human succour.

Sydney Smith died 49 years ago to-day. Perhaps the saints of earlier days might look a mite at his joke, quips and social conversation through the smoked glass of a modern age, but the canon of St. Paul's was a good man, who bore his final sufferings with a martyr's traditional patience. As for his wit, why should there not be jocular saints, as there are Father and men of our own day?

And how devoid of snobbishness was this man.

When some newspaper would have had him of high position in society, Smith replied: "We are not great people at all, we are common honest people—people that pay our bills."

So when a county historian asked for his epitaph, Smith wrote: "The Smiths never had a career, but have always sealed their letters with their thumb."

Do not forget, Gentlemen at the State House, that if you reduce the standard of milk during the hot months, you also reduce the vitality of little children.

Fitz Hugh Lee, like a true Virginia gentleman, prefers his State to Sweden and away with their peculiar license system.

Painters, sculptors and musicians, who now rush into print at the slightest provocation or hang their opinions on the public clothes line, might well follow the example of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who died 102 years ago to-day:

"When they talked of their Raphaels, Corregios and stuff, He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff."

This is the festival of St. Milburge. She wore a hair cloth. "A young gallant, sonne to a Prince, was soe taken with her beautie, that he had a vehement desire to carrie her away by force and marrie her." She ran and crossed a brook which then swelled up and threatened her pursuer with destruction. After she was dead, her dust "cured leprosy, restored the slight and spoiled medical practice."

After all, are not the soldiers of the Salvation Army the most literal followers of the characteristic doctrines of the New Testament?

In New York city banana peddlers are now allowed to sell in street cars. Here book vendors should be encouraged. Few newspapers outlast the average ride at present.

This is the anniversary of the birth of Samuel Pepys, Esq., whose record of daily adventure and domestic squabble is now read eagerly.

And what, pray, is the secret of such interest? An Englishman offered the other day an answer to this question: "If we were to guess at the number of people in existence in these islands who might, if they kept diaries, commit to them some such reflections as those of the worthy Pepys, we should say, judging from the recent census, that the number in Great Britain and Ireland must be considerably over thirty millions. That fact, combined with the fact that in all these years only one of uncounted millions has entered his feelings, may explain part of the merit of the perennial charm of the diary."

This Francisco Asenjo Barbleri, the Spaniard, who died the first of the week, must have been a wonderfully industrious man. Within 25 years (1850-75) he composed 57 operas. He was busy in teaching and conducting and was an "indefatigable" writer on musical subjects.

This is the death day of Keats, whose mind, according to Byron, was "snuff'd out by an article." The theory of Byron has been exploded; but the savage criticism of those days lent color to the statement. Authors to-day are more pachydermic, otherwise Mr. Richard Harding Davis and others might not now ply their trade. And then criticism is not as ferocious.

Mr. Bludyer, the celebrated literary reviewer, described by Thackeray, is a type as extinct as the dodo. Do you remember Mr. Bludyer? Having looked through the volumes, "he would sell them at his accustomed book stall, and having drunken and dined upon the produce of the sale in a tavern box, would call for ink and paper and proceed to 'smash' the author of his dinner and the novel."

But was not Mr. Bludyer of more real benefit to the race than Mr. Honey-dauber, who rules in his stead? To-day nearly every poet is an inspired singer, every novelist is a phoenix, and every man or woman who has a little say is a revolutionary. Each city has geese that are called swans. And of making many books there is no end.

Mediocrity to-day is encouraged, because it is not summarily squelched. The endeavor is praised as warmly as the result. This is seen in art of every kind. The social paragraph is preferred to the discriminating critique who knows his trade. And if a man speaks out with authority and says "This is bad," he is looked on by the timid and the anxious as a Shimei, the son of Gera, who casts stones at the Lord's anointed.

And yet does any sane person really believe that all books and all plays are good, all singers admirable, all musical compositions masterpieces?

Feb 24

Mr. R. B. Tabor states that the consumption of gas has increased 40 per cent. in the past seven years. This increase is not a circumstance to the upward leap of gas bills during the last two months. And the patient public simply wonders concerning the cause.

The Prince of Wales has congratulated A. A. Rehan. It is now in order to condole with her.

It seems that Miss Hawes does not propose to stop her labors when bell-ringers all over the country are ringing out grandsires, major and royal bobs, caters and cinques to the great distress of nervous people. After the daily campanological jubilation is established she will introduce "a higher language for the expression of sentiments, a medium of disseminating thoughts for which spoken words are utterly inadequate."

And, pray, what is the precise nature of this "higher language?" Or should thoughts that cannot be expressed in spoken words be recklessly "desseminated?"

The following editorial paragraph from the Pall Mall Gazette will be heartily appreciated and loudly applauded by the editor of any newspaper. The paragraph was suggested by the fact that a prize of 5000 francs is offered for the best history of Montenegro from the accession of Prince-Bishop Danilo I. English competitors will be allowed to write in English, and copy must be handed in by Dec. 31, 1895. Here is the paragraph:

"Indeed, we are not at all sure that the competition is not a pleasant little device of Lord Rosebery's for the silencing of several assiduous bores, who write daily letters to the press and have an article in every magazine every month or two and usually fill up the odd corners of their time with speech-making. Five thousand francs would be well spent if all the people whose energy outruns their sprightliness were to be swamped in Eastern politics for the next two years. There are certain friends of our own—we cannot call them contributors—to whom we commend this competition with more than common earnestness. Let them write a history of the princely house of Petrovic-Njagos; possibly they might win the prize, certainly they would save themselves immense sums in postage stamps and addressed envelopes."

We spoke lately in this column of Mr. Swinburne's passionate vituperation; but the moderns can learn from the ancients mouth-filling phrases of abuse. Here is an example from Howel's Letters of 250 years ago: "Any tribolatry Pasquiller, every Tressiagaso, any sterquilinous Rascal is licensed to throw dirt in the Faces of Sovereign Princes, in open Printed Language." And ten to one the victim of this abuse was obliged to inquire into the meaning of these hard names fired at him.

Mr. William Lloyd Garrison would place Heinzen on a higher pedestal than where Gen. George Washington now stands, but such an attempt does not answer a long-felt want, nor is it likely to arouse wild enthusiasm.

This is the anniversary of the birth of that remarkable man, Charles V. of Spain, who abdicated the throne at the height of his glory, and went into a retreat where he made puppets, tinkered watches, and before getting out of bed in the morning ate potted capon dressed with sugar, milk and spices. He was an admirable music critic, and when anyone of the choir sang false, he paused in his devotions and gave vent to feelings in language that showed the stages of a military training, however it have shocked his fellows at the Jer convent among the hills of Estrem.

Washington's Farewell Address heard with profit by all intelligent as well as by United States Senators.

Zola is the Grand Perpetual Candidate of the French Academy. Why is he not content to stand, with Gautier, Balzac and other famous Frenchmen, as an outsider?

Who says that the English have lost all sense of humor? Here's the London Globe shrieking out that the British Government should demand an immediate apology from the United States because Admiral Benham enabled the Nasmyth to get fresh water.

So it seems that the Emergency Hospital is a refuge for battered slugs who deliberately invite their cuts and bruises.

Visitors in New York will in future undoubtedly prefer a hack to a Fifth Avenue stage. The robbery in the first instance will not be as costly.

CONCERNING AMAZONS.

The good women of a neighboring town were indignant this week, it is said, because they were described as Amazons, the occasion of the epithet being a desire expressed by certain of them to enjoy the privileges of men at the polls. But Amazon is by no means necessarily a term of reproach.

The early Amazons were to be feared and respected. They were not men-haters, however. They married and they had rules of marriage. No maiden was allowed to take a husband until she had killed an enemy; and Herodotus tells us that some died of old age.

without being married, not being able to satisfy the law. These marriages were often happy, witness that of Theseus and Hippolyta, who laughed together at the comedy of "Pyramus and Thisby," as it was played by Bottom and hard-handed men that worked in Athens. Theseus would his bride with the sword, but he loved her. Achilles was not so gentle; he slew Penthesilea, who came to the siege of Troy with a thousand women. Brave and noble were many of these women, virgins or matrons. Does anyone doubt their virtues; let him read the fifth book of Thomas Heywood's "History Concerning Women;" there will he find proofs irrefutable. There will he read of Maria Pateolana; "only addicted to chivalry, to be accounted valiant and virtuous that was her honorable aim and such her memorable end." There was Lesbia, who saved her city; Zenobia, most queenly of Queens; Artemesia; Joan of Arc; Emma of Normandy, names chosen at random out of many; names illustrious, resplendent, that blazed in the roof of the world. Many of these women were the faithful aids of their warlike husbands, tender to their children, ready to die for their country.

Nineteenth century Amazons, as a body, are perhaps found now to best advantage in Dahome, or rather were found, for the pride of Dahome suffered terribly in the defeats under Gezo and Gelele. Capt. Burton, who visited that country in 1863, administered an antidote to the tradition that this band of female warriors was mighty, numerically and in spirit. He found and heard of no one that was the successor of Temba-Ndumba, who in her military zeal pounded in a mortar her own male child to make an invulnerable ointment. But the sight of these women furnished with drums, colors and

umbrellas, "making at a distance a very formidable appearance," suggested to him this solution of a vexing problem—that maiden ladies of a certain or uncertain age in England should be enlisted. He argued that as women amongst tribes living in the so-called State of Nature are generally the only laborers, the phrase "the weaker sex" is ridiculous. "To the present day the woman of the Scotch fishing islands is the man of the family, who does not marry till she can support what she produces." Burton claimed that "feminine troops" should serve well in garrison, and eventually in the field. The warlike instinct, as the annals of the four quarters of the globe prove, is easily bred in the opposite sex. A sprinkling of youth and beauty amongst the European Amazons would make campaigning a pleasure to us. Possibly there are men who would favor this scheme, proposed in jest; for when David fled from Absalom he left ten women to guard his palace, and the Abyssinian Amazons would not allow their spouses to fight.

-Feb 25. 94
MUSIC.

The Sixteenth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The program of the Symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall was as follows:

- Concerto Grosso, No. 10, in D minor.....Handel
- A. R. "Honor and Arms," from "Samson".....Handel
- Symphony in D major, B. and O. No. 2.....Haydn
- Aria, "Solche hergelauf'ne Laffen," from "Die Entführung aus dem Serail".....Mozart
- Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven

Were the men of the last century another race, such as might inhabit another planet, that they spoke in music with such confidence and such serenity? Their lives were often vexed and troubled; they knew passion and poverty; they were not averse to the sweet sex, and poor Haydn's name is in the long catalogue that, knowing Xantippe, began with Socrates and will not end with your estimable friend Brown. They hung on prince's favors; nor were the times always of rising peace. But their music has not the value rootlessness of this tired and dying century; it is not tentative; its melancholy is seldom hopeless; its gaiety is not haunted with the thought of death; the music might have come down to us from the childhood of the world. Handel, Mozart, Haydn knew full well the art of art, which is simplicity. Furthermore, they were masters of their trade.

Was not such music, finely played under Mr. Faur's direction, a delight? Yes, and no. However much the man of this generation may honor and love the music of the past and envy the musical spirit and knowledge of the makers, the very serenity and the unerring skill become irksome in a concert almost wholly devoted to such music, and he finds himself longing for the musical atmosphere that is saturated with discords which fret his nerves and irritate. The poetica has done its work; he would like to apply a blister. He would like to listen to wails and groans, threats and imprecations; blatant declarations and even blasphemy itself, with a transitory passage of conscious joy and mystic happiness, or the promise of happiness. For such music is more in keeping with the spirit of this age. The modern hearer is a part of this age; nor can he escape from it.

Mr. Max Heinrich sang Osmin's part with dramatic intelligence and made there a marked effect. He was not as successful in the "Maiden" air by Handel, although he sang it with spirit. He did not custom of singing this air, in

ABOUT MUSIC.

The True Story of Carmen, the Spanish Gipsy.

Her Character According to Prosper Mérimée.

The Charms of the Destroyer of Don José.

The feature of the first week of the opera season will probably be the apparition of Emma Calvé as Carmen.

We have seen several Carmens in this city, and each impersonator had her own idea of the character of the destroyer of Don José. The authors of the libretto draw their story from the tale of Prosper Mérimée, who knew the girl and her lover.

There are those who claim that in considering a libretto no attention should be paid to its source, and there should be no thought taken of similarity or unlikeness in the main motive or in the detail. Thus, for example, the Marguerite of Gounod is an idealized Gretchen and the Mignon in Thomas's opera is not the Mignon of Goethe. Without discussing this question, let us consider to-day the character of the fascinating demon whom Mérimée met in Cordova; for Carmen and Don José, and Lucas, known on the stage as Escamillo, were creatures of flesh and blood; they lived and they loved and they fought, and they died after their own fashion.

The name Carmen is said to mean nothing more or less than Carmel, Mount Carmel, whence the Carmelites take their title. If Carmen ever thought of the religion of her country she kept her feast on the festival of Nuestra Señora del Carmel.

Yet there is a word *cármén* which means a garden or vineyard, and maddening are the grapes that grow therein.

Carmen told Don José that she came from Etchalar and she claimed to be Basque; but she was a great liar, although in the opera she says before her death that she had never told an untruth. She did not speak Basque well, and she was in all likelihood a Gipsy of Navarre. Her lover was probably too infatuated to give an accurate description of her charms, and Mérimée must be heard. It was the end of twilight, and he smoked as he leaned on the parapet of the quay. A woman climbed up the stairs that led to the Guadalupe and she sat down by him. She had in her hair a great bunch of jasmine flowers, whose petals intoxicated at night. She was simply, poorly clad, all in black, after the fashion of a grisette. She let fall the mantilla which covered her face. She was small, young, well made, with very large eyes.

The Spaniards say that a woman of perfect beauty should possess thirty characteristics. Thus three of her charms should be black: eyes, eyelids, and eyebrows; three should be white: the skin, the teeth, and the hands. You will find the cat-lover in the third section of the second discourse of Brantôme's "Dix Dames Gallantes;" and you will be delighted with the singular remarks made by the celebrated Mr. Bayle in Note B to the article "Heier," who, according to John Neriuz, wanted no one of the thirty indispensable things.

Carmen was not, then, perfect. Her skin was nearly the color of copper. Her eyes were oblique, but beautifully formed, and large. Her lips were thick, well chiseled, and her teeth were whiter than peeled almonds. Her hair was perhaps a little coarse, black, with the blue tinge of a crow's wing, and it was long and lustrous. Each fault in her beauty was redeemed by a quality which was the more striking from its contrast. Her beauty was strange and wild. Her face at first astonished; it haunted ever afterward. The expression of her eyes was at once fierce and voluptuous. The Spaniards say that the gipsy's eye is the eye of a wolf. If you do not have the opportunity to watch the wolf's look, study your cat when it lies in wait for a bird.

When Carmen came out of the tobacco factory in Seville and first met Don José, how was she dressed?

She wore an extremely short red petticoat, which allowed the sight of white silk stockings with many a hole, and her little red morocco shoes tied with fire-colored ribbons. She took off her mantilla to show her shoulders and the big bouquet of cassia stuck in her shirt. She had a cassia flower in a corner of her mouth, and as she walked she swung her hips, like a filly of Cordova. She replied to each bold compliment on her figure. She eyed the men askance, her fists on her hips, the brazen Gipsy that she was. "She did not please me at first," said Don José to Mérimée, "so I went on with my work; but as women and cats do not come when you call them and come when you do not call them, she stopped in front of me and spoke."

And how was Carmen dressed when she got out of the carriage that brought her to the Colosol's house to dance before him?

She was ornamented as a shrine. She was bedecked with trinkets, rigged out, all gold and all ribbons. Her dress was all spangled, her shoes were bespangled, she was covered with flowers and laces. And she carried a tambour-

me in her hand. This was the same day that saw her with Don José at the tavern of Pallas Pastia and afterward at the old house in the rno du Candilejo, where they ate and drank, and Carmen broke a plato for castanets to accompany her dance.

And how did the Carmen of real life find her death?

Not in front of the arena. Her old lover, jealous of Lucas, the picador, took her on a journey. They stopped in a wild gorge. He entreated her to fly to another country with him. She said that she did not love him. "As my *romi*, you have the right to kill your *romi*; but Carmen will always be free." "Do you love Lucas?" asked the despairing man. "Yes, I have loved him, as you, for a moment, perhaps less than I loved you. Now I love nothing, and I hate myself for having loved you." She would not ask for mercy, and she threw the ring he had given her into the bushes. "I struck her twice," said Don José in prison to the Frenchman; "she fell at the second blow without a cry. I think I still see her great black eyes look steadily at me; then they grew dim and they closed. I stayed prostrate a good hour by her body. Then I remembered that Carmen had often said that she would like to be buried in the forest. I dug with my knife a ditch and put her in it. I searched a long time for the ring and finally found it. I put it in the ditch, and I also put in a little crucifix. Perhaps I was wrong. Then I mounded my horse and galloped to Cordova, where I gave myself up to an officer. I told him I had killed Carmen; but I would not tell him where her body was. A hermit, a holy man, prayed for her. He said a mass for her soul. Poor child! The *Café* are responsible for her bringing-up."

And who was the unhappy hero of this bloody tale?

Don José Lizarabengoa was born at Elizondo in the valley of Baztan. He was of good family and his people wished him to become a priest. But he was a passionate player of tennis, and in a dispute during a game he killed a comrade with an iron-tipped stick. He fled his country and enlisted in a cavalry regiment. He soon became a Corporal, and would have been a Quartermaster if Carmen had not thrown the flower at him. After he deserted and became a smuggler, he led a wretched life with a band that included in it membership the Dancaire, the Remendado (our old stage friends) and Garcia le Borra, whom Don José killed because Carmen fancied him. At Gibraltar he was crazy because he saw Carmen, dressed in silk, with a shawl on her shoulders and a golden comb in her hair, leaning on an English officer as they stood on a balcony. He was wounded seriously near Malaga. In real life he knew no Micaëla, who is the invention of the librettists of Bizet's opera, although, as a soldier, and before Carmen crossed his path, he thought always of Basque, and believed that there were no pretty girls unless they wore blue petticoats and let their plaited hair fall on their shoulders after the custom of his country. In prison he asked Mérimée to carry a little silver medal

to "a good woman" in Pamplune, and asked him to tell his mother of his death, but not the manner of it. Did Mérimée perform the duty?

As I have said, the real name of Escamillo was Lucas, and he was a skillful picador. Carmen knew the cost of his embroidered jacket and the name of his horse. She first saw him at Grenada. It was at Cordova that Don José watched him at the bull fight, and saw him snatch a cockade from the bull and give it to Carmen, who put the cockade in her hair. A moment after Lucas was thrown down, with his horse on his chest, and the bull stamped on them. Carmen fled from the arena. The next morning she juggled with a piece of lead, and sang the witch songs which invoke the aid of Mary de Padilla, the mistress of Peter, the cruel King of Castile. Now Mary was believed to have stolen a girdle from Blanche of Bourbon, the wife of Peter, and, calling in the aid of a Hebrew magician, she enchanted the girdle, so that when the King put it on he imagined he had an adder about his waist, and he therefore loathed Blanche and had her poisoned. This Mary was said to be the great Queen of the gipsies. The same day Carmen sang her magic songs she was murdered by Don José.

Carmen, according to Mérimée, understood but little of the magic art. When he went with her to a lonely house in Cordova she sat out on the table an old pack of cards, a magnet, a dried chameleon, and other articles of sorcery; but he soon found out that she was not an adept, and then Don José interrupted the tete-a-tete. This was the second time that the men met. The first meeting was in the country, when the smuggler, "a young fellow, of middle stature, strong, with a proud and sombre and sun-burnt face," smoked with him. They went together to a miserable inn, where they again smoked, and the melancholy smuggler sang a wild tune to the accompaniment of a mandolin. The third meeting was after the murder, when the smuggler, in prison, awaited execution and asked to have a mass said for the repose of his soul.

If Carmen was not an expert magician, she was skilled in legerdemain, for when Mérimée returned to his room he found that his watch had disappeared. It was restored to him afterward by the monk, who told him that Don José, on account of his noble rank, would be executed and not hanged.

PHILIP HALL

A WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

Men complain of the difficulty of getting money due them for goods delivered and many debtors who are reputed to be deaf to all appeals. The situation is the same as it was in the days of the olden law. One complains that such a man is the occasion that his own daughter appear so long in the same apartment are no more her's, than the property of a play are the proper goods of the owner. Nay, you may hear a butcher or a cooper say, that at their proper place that family has been maintained for years last came to town."

What remedy at present has the creditor who can ill afford such indefinite postponement of payment? We no longer hear of floating over the thought of the man in debtor's jail. There was a time when the creditor and the debtor became friends of the man whom he owed; but if the debtor were revived, of what advantage to him? The debtor would be of little use as a servant; he would, on account of his experience, injure the business of his employer and he must be fed and lodged.

An episode of contemporaneous life in the city is full of suggestion, nor should it be missed because the action was in the city. A man was thirsty at 2 o'clock in the morning; he went into a saloon and ordered a drink. As soon as his thirst was quenched he turned to go, making no attempt for his gratification. The proprietor, of considerable originality, took from the bar "a pair of short, heavy blades with 15-inch blades," and said that they "could easily be settled. But the man was done decently. "An enemy was drawn up, providing that in the mortal injury the survivor could not be responsible." Then they went at it. They jabbed and they carved, the proprietor inflicted "six stab wounds and was cut once." That is to say, the man of the drink was 10 cents, as is the man of the blades, and each cut represented a cent. The proprietor was out only 5 cents, and the man of the drink was fully worth that sum. The proprietor, a humane man, washed the wound of the stranger, who went out into the street.

But a long delayed creditor would never resentment and a fiercer desire for revenge. Few, in Boston at least, care to indulge in such a savage fight for an hour. But there is a fencing school, and why should not tradesmen become experts? A market man says to Mr. Marlboro' in his shop, "You do not pay me; you do not answer my letters; at last, as a gentleman, refuse to satisfaction," and with this he could pair of cold, wicked rapiers and, as to the delinquent, assume a position. As this is a democracy there is no excuse on the ground of rank. But as the conflict might be too serious for an elderly lady, call her of stocks, into convulsions, the debtor would waive the payment and pay the amount of the debt if the debtor happen to be a scoundrel, his gallantry might be the sentiment of the market man, a honorable engagement would make the debt; the market man would call the debt goods for the opponent, and give his check therefor with punctiliousness on the first of each month. The market man would lend picturesqueness to the life of to-day.

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In German opera houses the audience is sustained through the evening's enjoyment by ham sandwiches and sausages sold at a reasonable price. Fuseli ate raw pork to stimulate his imagination. Here are examples for imitation during the coming opera season in Huntington Avenue.

The death of Mrs. Atkinson, "Lillian Durell," is a distinct loss to the musical world of Boston. She was a singer of actual achievement and of great promise, and the sweetness and the generosity of her character endeared her to all of her associates.

The Herald shows signs of resuming its equivocations on the subject of the income tax. It excused its earlier falsifications as "an inadvertence," but it should understand that that excuse will not hold a second time.

The rooms of a cooking school and a "dentist's parlor" are in the same building in Tremont Street, an ironical circumstance. Many dig their graves with their teeth and ruin the instruments in the digging.

What a cheery individual Plancon, the bass singer, is. "Ah, the climate of America is charming, charming, charming," he exclaimed the other day. But this week sees his first visit to multichromatic Boston.

It seems that the jacana root is warranted to cure yellow fever and small-pox as well as typhus. It may also turn out to be an excellent substitute for family butter and valuable in removing superfluous hair.

Here is a case of "as others see us." A New York newspaper speaks thus of Mr. C. M. Demond: "Although born in Boston, he has no literary snobbishness about him and is not pedantic."

How customs have changed in America since Mrs. Trollope and Capt. Basil Hall poked fun at us. A local contemporary lays down the inexorable law that "no girl of social position" ever goes to the theatre with a young man unless a chaperon makes an unpleasant third.

To-day is the anniversary of the death of William Kitchiner, M. D., literary man and cook. He gave a party every Tuesday evening, and had the courage and good sense to put a placard over his drawing room chimney piece inscribed "Come at 7, go at 11."

THE OPERA.

Gounod's "Faust" Opens the Season of Two Weeks.

The Reappearance of Eames, Lassalle and Ed de Reszke.

Has Emma Eames Gained in Dramatic Action?

The Grand Opera Company, under the management of Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau, began last night a season of two weeks at the Mechanics' Building Auditorium by a performance of Gounod's "Faust." The cast was as follows:

Marguerite.....Emma Eames
Mephistopheles.....Miss Bauermeister
Satan.....Sofia Seacht
Valentine.....Edouard de Reszke
Faust.....Jean Lassalle
Wagner.....Mr. de Vascheff
Faust.....Mr. Mauguere

That Jean de Reszke was unable to sing on account of a severe cold was indeed a mighty disappointment; and yet the two finest scenes in "Faust" do not demand the presence of the hero-tenor. Faust is not on the stage in the Church scene or at the death of Valentine. These scenes are the finest in the opera, both in the breadth of conception and in the dramatic-musical truth. Here, too, Gounod approached most closely to the poem of Goethe.

It may also be said that in a certain sense the music of "Faust" cannot be killed by singers of moderate, or even little ability. There is a rare vitality in many of the numbers, and the story itself of universal interest. They say that in his later years Gounod repented that he had made the music of the garden scene, and pressed in Paris have declared publicly that his sacred music had a terrible, insidious effect on the morals of fashionable women. But as "Faust" is commonly played the story, though of human interest, seems almost paradoxically to be no more real than life as portrayed in "The School for Scandal," and one thinks of the ingenious plea of Lamb in favor of the plays of Congreve et al. Marguerite goes to church; she has a summer flirtation with Faust in a garden; she is afterward annoyed considerably by a man dressed in red, who interrupts her prayers; she wears a pretty gown in prison, and after her death she is borne aloft by pitying angels. But once in a while a woman like Pauline Lucas appears on the stage, and was instantly

Now, although Jean de Reszke did not sing last evening, there was much to enjoy in the performance. First of all was the presence of Edouard de Reszke. There is no need of again reviewing the merits of this great dramatic singer. His noble voice defies space, nor was there last evening the slightest appearance of effort. His impersonation of Mephistopheles remains unchanged in character and in detail. It is carefully thought out, and yet the effect is one of spontaneity. The Mephistopheles of the garden scene is not the feeble, ob-cene devil that sings before the door of Valentine, nor is he again the Satan that attempts to wrest Marguerite from her good angel in the church. If in this last guise he had appeared in the chamber of Faust, the old man would never have signed the agreement. Some may prefer a darker, more ironical, more subtle devil, but there is a question whether such a conception is as well adapted to operatic purposes, where the strokes may well be broad and thick. All in all, the Mephistopheles of Mr. de Reszke is one of remarkable power, nor with him does the song suffer from the action.

It was also a pleasure to welcome again Lassalle, that admirable artist, the one of the great male trio now with us who has the finest mastery of the purely vocal art. Valentine, it is true, is a small part, and last evening, for some reason or other, Lassalle did not sing the "Dio possente" (an afterthought of Gounod, written at the request of Santley), but the great English singer summed up the whole matter in his memoir, when he described Valentine as "a short part but very sympathetic, and it does not contain an ineffective bar of music." The death scene as portrayed by him with simple, manly dignity, was a thing to be remembered, and the effect was gained not by spasmodic action or boisterous singing, but by the strong personality, the soldierlike bearing of a most accomplished singer.

Mr. Mauguere was called on suddenly to fill the place of a deservedly great favorite. He knew the disappointment of the audience, and singers of more heroic mold might have shrunk from the task. His voice is too light to be associated with effect with such singers as Lassalle and de Reszke, as was quickly shown in the duet scene; but in the purely lyrical passages he often sang with taste. His voice is generally of an agreeable quality, and in a smaller hall, and in a lighter role, one might judge more fairly of his art. As an actor he was a genteel Faust, with a fixed, glued smile, which, in the most passionate moments, never left his face.

Miss Bauermeister, the faithful and the indispensable, was of valuable assistance, and Scatchi, although her voice shows the ravages of time, was most heartily applauded after her not wholly satisfactory performance of the "Flower Song."

And how was the Marguerite? The graceful simplicity of her entrance was a pleasure which was marred, however, by false intonation. Her delivery of "The King of Thule" was effective in its simplicity, and in the natural beauty of her voice within certain limits. It may be said in general that although certain tones showed the effect of the work of the season, she gave much pleasure throughout the evening, although vocally her performance was not of such sustained excellence as when she sang in "Faust" two seasons ago. I have often thought that if Mrs. Eames-Story had pursued her studies for a year or two more before she appeared on the stage of the Opera, she would from the purely technical, vocal standpoint be one of the greatest dramatic sopranos now before the public. As it is, she seems to be obliged to regard the character of her singing rather than the adequate portrayal of the part assumed. Her singing is almost always acceptable, it often gives keen pleasure; but there were vocal possibilities in her that have not yet been fully developed.

From the dramatic standpoint her Marguerite is sweet and charming in a conventional and well-bred fashion. In passages of repose she is satisfactory; but when there is a demand for a display of genuine passion, where there is an opportunity for the revelation of the soul, the singer does not respond to the demand. There is simulated passion: there is the agony that is taught in the schools and in a course of lessons. But was there last evening one moment when the hoarse forget that Marguerite was being played by Emma Eames-Story, who once studied in this city?

The chorus sang with spirit, and with more attention to detail than is usual in operatic performances in this country. The orchestra, under the skillful direction of Mr. Mancinelli, did excellent work. It would be a most agreeable task to speak at length concerning the musical intelligence and the authority displayed last evening by this celebrated leader. Such a careful observance of judicious nuances is seldom found in an opera orchestra.

There was an audience that tested the seating capacity of the hall, and indeed there were many standing. The managers have undoubtedly done all that is possible to make the hall comfortable during the season, nor was there any doubt last evening that the hall can be heated to a pitch that would have excited the envy of Nebuchadnezzar in his rage against the famous three.

This evening "Carmen" will be given. Mrs. Emma Calvé will make her first appearance in Boston, and she will be supported by Messrs. de Lucia and Ancona. The occasion will be one of rare interest.

PHILIP HALE.

There's an amazing amount of loose sympathy for men who commit State Prison offences. After McKane, Wiman.

Apropos of Mr. Almond's article in a late number of the Nineteenth Century, the Pall Mall Gazette remarks:

"Foot ball is a horror to mamma, a possibly pleasant memory to papa, and an occasional source of half-terrible excitement to the sisters, but to treat it as a moral agent will undoubtedly be novel to them all. And yet Mr. Almond is perfectly right. Everything which helps boys and men to exercise of

This alleged nephew of Von Bidow will "come in" for the estate of the dead pianist, it is said. But for "come in" read "go for." At the same time, the fact that the nephew is a bar porter should not excite suspicion. Many Germans of rank are now leading useful lives as waiters in the United States.

It seems that when the Princess Colonna refused to ask Mr. Mackay, her step-father, for more money, her noble husband threw a bottle of wine at her head. Remember the words of the Psalmist, O ye Yankee girls, and put not your trust in Princes.

To K. B.: The musical dictionaries say that Jean de Reszke was born in 1852, Edouard de Reszke in 1855. The date of Lascalle's birth is not given, but he made his debut at Brussels in 1871. Emma Calvé was not the original Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana," as stated recently by a contemporary; that part was created by Bellincioni. Calvé, however, was the original Suzel in Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz."

We read of saints whose festival is to-day. St. Thalikus wept for 60 years on a Syrian hill and lived for 10 years in a wooden cage. St. Galmier was a locksmith and gave away all that he had, including his tools. St. Alnoth was killed by robbers. These men endured much. And only last Sunday in Ohio eight inches of ice was cut that 141 converts might be baptized.

This is the death day of Dr. John Arbuthnot, who once practiced physic at Dorchester, England. The place was so healthy that a neighbor met him one day galloping on the road to London. "Where are you going?" "To leave your confounded place where I can neither live nor die."

The sparrows that do congregate near the corner of Tremont and School Streets do not seem to mind the cold. In an ideal civilization, trees will be warmed for birds, when the mercury goes below the bird point of comfort.

Feb 28/94

EMMA CALVE.

Her First Appearance Here
as Carmen.

A Creation of Savage Stamp and
Savor.

The Impassioned Acting of De
Lucia.

"Carmen" was given last evening at the Mechanics' Building Auditorium by the Abbey Schoeffel and Grau Company. Emma Calvé, de Lucia and Ancona made their first appearance in Boston. Mr. Beviniani was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Don José..... | De Lucia |
| Escamillo..... | Ancona |
| Le Remendado..... | Rinaldi |
| Moussa..... | Gronzeski |
| Zuniga..... | Viviani |
| Le Dancaire..... | Carbone |
| Carmen..... | Emma Calvé |
| Mercédes..... | Miss Pettigiani |
| Heredia..... | Miss Hiles |
| Prasquita..... | Miss Baumermeister |

When Emma Calvé first sang Carmen in Paris—it was Dec. 14, 1892—there was much talk of her innovations in the business of the part. There was discussion of the fact that in the dance before Don José at Lillas Pastia's she used a scarf brought from Spain, and did not clap together pieces of a broken plate as castanets. Did she, or should she, and why should she wear certain costumes? The nature of her petticoat was the subject of anxious inquiry. But it matters little in considering the performance of Calvé, whether she adheres rigidly to every line of the description given by Mérimée or follows the dictates of her own imagination based on knowledge of the habits of Spanish tobacco-girl and wandering gipsy.

That this great dramatic singer has studied most carefully the character of Carmen is apparent. Yet the study only results finally in spontaneity. Marvelous as is her detail, I doubt if the detail is twice exactly alike. For here is no routine singer who moves steadily in fixed grooves. This singer is as capricious as the gipsy girl herself.

Carmen last night was a woman who knew how to appeal to the passion of a man. Without deep feeling of any kind whatever, she knew the power of animal beauty, the fascination that is exerted by an epidermic touch. She never loved the Corporal; she never loved the Captain; she never loved Escamillo. And all of her lovers, and they were many, know her nature except poor Don José. She used no magic art in trapping him; he would have remembered her without the flower she gave him. Valm, she would have forsaken Escamillo if the bull had married his face, or if the toreador had shown the white leather in the ring. In the whole opera she has no serious song. Her volubility in action is not an expression of her own feeling; it is simply a means of coming with the heart of the brigadier. She fought against the Captain. As soon as he was slain she snatched her fingers at him.

And so in the first and second act a physical appeal was made to the soldier, not from any sudden and overpowering passion or even caprice, but because this man had appeared indifferent to her, and, again, because he was her only possible savior. Therefore was that balancing of the hips, that curving of amorous arms, those eyes that held in their intensity.

In the low low arrival was the honor of the soldier. Therefore her maddening dance, her intoxicating words of free love in a free life.

But as soon as Don José was disgraced and a smuggler she cared no more for him than for the Remendado or the Dancaire. Carmen was superstitious, a fatalist. The cards told her of approaching death; and in that incomparably played card scene Calvé first put on the tragic mask. She knew that death was looking over her shoulder; she knew the brigadier would kill her. Fate.

Calvé is a realist in opera, but her art keeps her from the realism that is not possible on the stage and exists only in the brains of theorists. Carmen undoubtedly was coarse in her habits of life. She undoubtedly was frequently dirty; her breath was heavily laden with garlic. Mérimée left these facts without comment. Calvé did not italicize the low and the mean side of the gipsy. Yet she never made the mistake of presenting Carmen as a woman of doubtful life masquerading as a gipsy.

Her methods are natural and sincere. If she is frank, she is also subtle. She uses some of the necessary expression of her whims, desires and fears.

She is not a singer who remembers that she must act.

Although she gave abundant proofs of a thorough mastery of the vocal art, she did not hesitate to twist a phrase, to change the rhythm, if thereby she could gain a greater effect. And how irresistible were the effects thus gained! Who can easily forget the seduction scene, or the face that gazed appalled at the cards of destiny, or the cry that came from her when her lover, in front of the arena, saw all things red?

Carmen knew not love. She knew and felt

"The print and perfume of old passion,
The wild beast mark of panther's fangs."

Calvé, then, as Carmen is a superb animal. She seeks her food at will; she is not particular where she finds it. It serves her purpose. That is enough.

A machine contrived by some malignant demon for the destruction of man, she is a type known in all countries and in all ages. Do you remember in the performance of last night one gentle feminine touch, one trace of harmless coquetry? The whole creation would have been ruined; for Carmen knew no pity; her heart was simply a useful anatomical organ.

Original, inexorably consistent, intensely dramatic, abundant in the broadest effects and the most cunning detail, wild and free, passionate without exaggeration, with tones that clutched the heart or chilled the marrow—such was the memorable performance of Emma Calvé.

De Lucia, a tenor born apparently for the new operatic school, gave a remarkable representation of the fatal passion of Don José. His voice is not by nature always agreeable or sympathetic; the pedagogical might justly censure certain habits; but the domestication of the growth of passion that turned to despair, the mental preparation for the inevitable murder of the woman for whom he had sacrificed mother, betrothed, and country; these storms of emotion found full vent in the thrilling voice of this fiery Italian. When the curtain rose for the third act Don José was a murderer in heart. How irresistible the contrast between the honest, good-natured, simple soldier at the beginning and the crazed man who crept before the arena like a wild beast.

Ancona was excellent as Escamillo. He gave to the character that oock-of-the-walk vanity that as a rule is not perceived by the taker of the part.

Miss Pettigiani, with a light, agreeable well-trained voice, was sacrificed to the size of the hall. Carbone was admirable as the chief smuggler, and the other minor parts were assumed respectably. The quintette was sung with infinite humor, and the choruses as a rule were effective. The orchestra did excellent work.

The great audience appreciated fully the character of the performance. Applause was frequent and boisterous. But the hushed suspense which accompanied the tragic scenes in the last two acts was the surest tribute to the supreme art of Calvé, the intensity of De Lucia and the greatness and the dramatic truth of Bizet's work.

"The Marriage of Figaro" will be given this evening, with Mrs. Eames, Mrs. Arnoldson, Mrs. Nordica, Ancona, Carbone and Edouard de Reszke in the cast.

PHILIP HALE.

Why this continued, harrowing suspense concerning the precise relationship between Mr. Percival Gasset and the late Capt. John Percival? Let the question be settled for all time and at once, and then we can all go about our several businesses.

Another club in this city of clubs. Its name, "Bostoniana," is an excellent test of the precise degree of alcoholic condition, and is to be commended to all students of sociology.

There are opera singers now in Boston who gain in a night more than thousands in this State earn in a year. There are men in this town whose patient study and high resolve bring to them in twelve months but little more money than the singers receive for one appearance. The curious feature of the whole thing is that no one seems to grudge these "lyric stars" the wherewithal that lends the brilliancy of their twinkling.

Mrs. Lease, it appears, is a hypnotist. She can fix with her glittering eye any Mason; her husband is "a most promising subject;" iron dogs on lawns wag their tails at her approach, and the Egyptian Sphinx would wax chatty and even confidential in her presence.

By the way, is it not about time for this Lease to run out?

Gen. Lew Wallace wants an "American Academy of Forty Immortals." Only forty. Why, there are at least sixty-five or sixty-five and a half right here in Boston.

Heredia, the new Freuco Immortal, is by no manner of means an unknown poet. On the contrary, as Artemus Ward once expressed himself, he is a boss poet. Several years ago Mr. George Moore, the disagreeable young man whom it is so hard to please, wrote thus about him: "The fiery glory of José Maria de Heredia filled me with enthusiasm—ruins and sand, shadow and silhouette of palms and pillars, negroes, crimson, swords, silence and arabesques. As great copper pans go the clangor of the rhymes."

This is the anniversary of the birth of that greatest of essayists, Michael, Lord of Montaigne. No hundred books could replace the loss of the recorded wit and wisdom and humanity of this Gascon gentleman. And if you read him in translation, read him Englished by John Florio; the version may have a few inaccuracies, but it is the one translation in which Montaigne seems to talk freely, and jest and moralize in a tongue that is not foreign to his ear or his genius.

It is surprising that there are not more elevator accidents in this city; and this may be said without any reference to the distressing affair of Monday. Elevator boys as well as passengers are often careless, and owners of buildings are sometimes greedy and impatient of delay for repairs.

The register or dial of an elevator in a large building in State Street was out of order the other day. One of the elevator boys remarked, "There's no time for fixing it." What is true of the dial, is sometimes true of the lift.

Here is an amusing instance of a landlord's watchful care of his tenants. About noon he appears in the basement of an apartment house and regulates the furnace so that there is little steam until the janitor in the evening restores to life the dying fire. If the tenants complain to the landlord of the cold, he expresses deep regret and threatens to discharge the janitor.

They who claimed this week that asparagus was the oldest table favorite in the world forgot the Apple. To be sure, some say the fatal fruit was a fig; others, a shadow. The legends of early commentators are many, and often singular, as that Gabriel prevailed upon the soul to enter Adam's body by playing on the flageolet.

March 1 - 94

OPERA AND DRAMA.

"The Marriage of Figaro"
at Mechanics' Building.

An Ensemble of Uncommon
Musical Worth.

Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro" was sung by the opera company, under the management of Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau, last evening in the Mechanics' Building Auditorium. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| The Countess..... | Emma Eames |
| Cherubino..... | Sigrid Arnoldson |
| Marcellina..... | Miss Baumermeister |
| Susanna..... | Lillian Nordica |
| The Count..... | Edouard de Reszke |
| Bartolo..... | Carbone |
| Basilio..... | Rinaldi |
| Curzio..... | Mastropiero |
| Antonio..... | De Veschetti |
| Figaro..... | Ancona |

Mozart's opera demands imperatively a hall of moderate size. The sparkling or the tender melody, the play of the comedians, the infinite variety of the instrumentation, suffer sadly in a room of huge proportions. But, in spite of this one inevitable drawback, the performance last night was one that gave great pleasure to lovers of music.

The performance was of special worth when judged from the purely vocal standpoint; dramatically it was not a performance of more than ordinary note.

Mrs. Eames sang her part most admirably. In purity of tone, in finish of phrasing, in general musical feeling and expression, she surpassed any of her previous appearances in opera since she came to Boston two seasons ago. It is a part that is eminently fitted to her voice and artistic character. The Countess is not a prey to any violent emotion; she is melancholy, but that mood is quickly dispelled by a jest of Susanna. She is not above an intrigue, provided that the end is innocent and a means of restoring to her the devotion of her husband. Not without good reason did hearty and sincere applause follow the noble delivery of "Dove Sono."

Mrs. Nordica sang the music allotted to Susanna with taste and skill. Her dramatic performance was without piquancy, and without the coquetry that argued ill for the happiness of Figaro, the husband. The "Letter Aria," as sung by her and Mrs. Eames-Story, had a double charm, and the demand for its repetition was imperative.

who has an enviable reputation as a woman of fasci- with a high, pure, flexible and clear voice. Her delivery of the most heartily applauded and charming air. But her idea of the Cherubino is unsatisfactory. The passion, known by him only in part, is too dangerous to women. It is Mozart ennobled the character by Beaumarchais, but in so doing he emasculated it. Cherubino is drawn to any woman of beauty that crosses his path. He is in love with the Countess and the Countess, and it they were not in the world look in the kitchen for some woman. Now, Mrs. Arnoldson-Fishof is a woman to look upon, but she is plainly a masquerading in boy's clothes. She is never dangerous to the woman kisses; her youth does not suggest passion of the man.

His excellent singing and an actor of many fine qualities are almost all that the Figaro of this piece, older, more sarcastic, more person than the facsimile who in his earlier years of adventure by Ancona, he was permitted, too much like his noble voice and dignified bearing, led to full advantage. The great Mozart gave the Count was finely and the duet between him and Susanna repeated.

Minor parts were well taken, and the work of Carbone was again in evidence. But all there are not many minor parts in this. Take the line of the second act, for instance, the finest dramatic music adapted to a particular comedy situation that is in opera; music that could only be composed and executed by a born genius and a master of his trade; and how necessary to the effect is the labor of individual.

The work of the orchestra was satisfactory, as the little that falls to the lot of the chorus, for the music itself, there is nothing to be at this late day. Over a hundred years ago Mozart conquered Vienna by this exhibition of extraordinary genius. To-day musicians of a school marvel at the euphony and the intensity here displayed. Time has not robbed the music of its freshness; the concerted music is a constant flow of sparkling thought and fancy; and the instrumentation, so full, so characteristic, leads one to think that after all there has been great and progress in this direction since the time when Michael Kelly deemed it the honor of to sing at the first representation of "Marriage of Figaro," under the direction of a slight little man with prominent nose and blue eyes.

The opera this evening will be Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," with Melba, Guercia, and Jean de Reszke in the cast. Mr. Mancinelli will conduct.

PHILIP HALE.

Heard in a Back Bay car: He—"I have not seen you at the opera this week." She—"No. We sat in a box."

It was Mr. Joseph Jefferson who said the other night at the Players in New York: "Gentlemen, I have just seen the greatest piece of acting by a woman that I have observed in this country during my career." The woman he referred to was Emma Calré.

A local contemporary states that Mr. A. P. Crowne, the lawyer of ability and the club man of brilliant wit, who has just been appointed Special Assistant District Attorney to Mr. Hoar, is "not yet 30 years of age." What a remarkably precocious child he was! For he was graduated at Harvard in 1874, at the tender age of ten.

With Nordica and Eames in the same cast it was Maine's night at the opera.

Hard things. But how about the money that is spent now during two weeks for the tickling of the ear.

This is the day of St. David, whose memory is held dear by the Welsh. What is the origin of the custom of wearing a leek? Ancient Pistol jeered at it, but he afterward took the leek, though he did not sigh for it, nor weep, as did the children of Israel when they complained of the manna. And why were the English so scornful of their cholerical neighbor? It was a custom to burn a Welshman in effigy on "St. David's Day," and the old satirist tells us "A Welshman is the master that the pearl is in, for a man may be picked out of him. The first note of familiarity is the confession of his valor, and the present quarrels." But the Welsh are honest and a brave people, fond of music and roasted cheese.

What a blood-brother! The orchestra of the Patti Company forgot to play "God Save the Queen" at a performance in Central Park the other night. But Lord Aberdeen saved British honor by singing the hymn. Did Patti applaud him?

Mr. Actor is bold and that Gladstone shall resign.

Van Buecher of New York is ready to try the morphine antidote. Courage always ran in the blood of that family.

Cheer were given the other night for the new flag, but there is no spot of ground in Boston for the erection of its pole.

It seems that Boston gas is as dangerous as it is expensive at the cheap rate.

The new opera at the opera should remember that "bravo" is a doubtful compliment to a singer.

Might not these lines be applied to the United States as well as to England?

"In England, as at Elshmore,
The time is out of joint;
Girls' notes, befogged with learned lore,
Have reached the 'turning' point!
The knowledge that informs the head,
That kind they have quite put—
Would they but teach the heart instead!
What has become of that?"

ROMEO AND JULIET.

The First Appearance of
Melba in Boston.

The Apparition of a Most
Accomplished Singer.

The Triumph of Pol Plancon, a
Noble Bass.

Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" was sung in French last evening at the Mechanics' Building auditorium by the opera company under the management of Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau. Mr. Mancinelli was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Juliette..... | Nella Melba |
| Stephano..... | Olympia Guercia |
| Gertrude..... | Mathilde Banermeister |
| Frere Laurent..... | Pol Plancon |
| Canulet..... | Duffiche |
| Tybal..... | Mauguere |
| Mercutio..... | Martapoura |
| Le Duc de Verone..... | Castellary |
| Gregorio..... | De Vaschetti |
| Neuvoglio..... | Rinaldini |
| Romeo..... | Jean de Reszke |

It was during the season of '87-'88 that Melba made her first appearance at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels. She had not then fully mastered French, and for some months she sang in Italian.

Here is the description of her given by Jacques Isnardon in his monumental history of the said theatre: "An English beauty. The nose is straight, long and delicate; the neck is exquisite, superbly set; the eye disdained largeness, it wonders, it searches; the mouth is frank and loving. The build of head, neck and shoulders reveals clearly the thoroughbred. On the stage this ensemble is poetized; the profile idealized, harmonizes with the charm of her carriage."

How is it with her to-day?

She is a most attractive woman. Her face still answers to the description of Isnardon. Not mobile, it charms by its sweetness of expression. Her figure is full and well proportioned. She is graceful in conventional movements. She is one of the very few women in the company who knows how to walk across the stage. Her personality is not suggestive; it is not exotic; but it wins immediately and does not pall.

We read of singers of the 18th century, men and women who were masters of their art. In those brave days of opera when, as Vernon Lee put it, "men had longer breaths and voices that never grew old, when strange and terrible things still happened, saprophyte rings presented them by the demon, processions to welcome them, and violent deaths by murder or in brawls." These singers would have listened to Patti in the zenith of her glory. They would have listened gladly to Melba as she sang last night.

Her voice is made up of tones of exquisite quality. These tones are like unto a perfect instrument that is responsive to the player. The quality is not dry, it is not silvery; it is as pure gold. The liberal compass is not divided. From top to bottom it seems one perfect register. The voice is under absolute control. The technique is so fine that there is no thought of it when she sings. Her mastery of breathing and her taste insure delightful punctuation of musical sentences. She is not obliged to force a tone; the voice carries so that a piano tone is heard distinctly at the end of the immense hall. In the waltz in the first act, which was sung exquisitely and repeated, there was an opportunity for the display of bravura; but, as later in this season she will sing music of a florid nature, it is well to defer criticism of her treatment of roulades and ornaments.

Melba is a singer of the old school in this respect—she puts song before action. In this opera of Gounod, which is one long love duet, would not the music suffer irreparably if the action of the soprano assumed tragic proportions?

Or is the singer without temperament? Is it true, as some one remarked, that the ideal Juliet in the play should be acted by two women of entirely opposite temperaments: First, the young virginal maiden; and then the glowing, passionate bride of Romeo? But surely Juliet was a creature of passion almost from her birth, or else the lines given to her are lies.

It is, perhaps, unfair to judge of a singer's temperament from one performance in an opera where sentiment rules rather than passion; and yet even in Gounod's music there are chances for the revelation of a fiery nature.

Last evening Melba did not show even traces of any elemental passion. The hearer could not stand admiring, he was often charmed, but not once was there an irresistible appeal to his heart; not once was there that strange chill that seems to clutch the backbone when tone and action conspire together artfully or spring impetuously from a creature swayed by passion.

In love and in death a singer stood upon the stage. Let us be content that such singers still exist.

If there is a new school where passion rules imperiously and finds vent in spasmodic, hysterical phrases, there is also a school where the purely lyrical reigns serenely. Where is room in art for each of these schools?

Pol Plancon, for some years a favorite at the Paris Opera, made his first appearance here last evening. His voice is of extended compass, noble quality, full, rich, sonorous. His lower tones are without suspicion of garzanti-m, his upper tones are firm and of bass quality, not baritone, not apparently made. Furthermore there is a most agreeable unctuousness to the voice.

This noble organ is used in a masterly manner. There is not only the result of the skill of the teacher, there is the evidence of a brain that controls the voice. Here is a singer who sustains and finishes his phrases as well as begins them. His singing is full of *nuances*. Never does he rely merely on the brute effect of his voice; in the greatest moment there is the idea of reserve force that could be called upon if it were necessary. How superbly and with what dignity were his priestly words delivered in the trio, the greatest number of the opera. How artistically impressive was the scene in Juliet's chamber as he prepared her for the poison. It was a masterful performance from beginning to end. No such singing has been heard in this city from any bass for many a year. Edouard De Reszke may have the more stupendous organ; he may be an actor of more varied power, although this remains to be seen; but as a singer, pure and simple, he has not yet equaled here the performance of Pol Plancon last evening.

Another stranger to our stage was Miss Guercia. She sang last night a thankless part, and she sang it none too well.

It was a pleasure to see again, if only for a moment, that admirable actor Castellary, the merits of whose Mecklenboles were well known to opera-goers of an earlier date. And, as a rule, the minor parts were taken acceptably.

The chorus and the orchestra were well under the sure and intelligent control of Mr. Mancinelli. The choral prologue, which is often omitted in this country, was given last evening, but possibly on account of imperfect stage arrangements it was without any particular effect. In Dresden, for instance, the characters in the tragedy that follows are just distinguished through veils of gauze, and the faint light comes from above and behind. So that the singers seem like spectres.

Jean de Reszke was welcomed heartily. At first he did not appear to be in good condition; he saved himself when possible, and as a matter of fact, though the admirable skill of the singer and the actor was constantly in evidence, his performance vocally fell below that memorable one two years ago. It must be remembered, however, that Mr. de Reszke suffered from a severe cold earlier in the week, and he is not probably free from it. Still there were great moments last evening, as in the balcony scene, in the trio, in the duel, and in the tomb.

Throughout the evening there was enthusiastic applause. The three chief singers were recalled again and again.

A double bill will be presented to-night. Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci" will be sung with Sigrid Arnoldson, Ancona and de Lucia in the cast. Mr. Mancinelli will conduct this remarkable tragic opera. "Cavalleria Rusticana," conducted by Mr. Bevilacqua, will follow, and Calvé, Banermeister, Guercia, Martapoura and Vignas are in the cast.

One of the finest numbers in "I Pagliacci" is sung before the curtain during the overture. It should be remembered that the performance begins at 7.45 sharp.

PHILIP HALE.

An artist from a neighboring town will appear this evening in "I Pagliacci." It's a donkey from Braintree.

Opera goers should remember that the performances at Mechanics' Building begin at 7.45 sharp. It should also be remembered that one of the most striking solos in "I Pagliacci" is sung before the curtain during the overture.

This is the festival of St. Chad, once Bishop of Lichfield. He was greatly affected by storms, and he became the patron saint of medicinal wells. His own well is in Lichfield, where Sir John Flower, who wrote an essay, "To Prove Cold Bathing Both Safe and Useful," set up a rival bath of greater coldness.

How opinions differ in operatic tastes. While many were charmed beyond measure by the fine performance of Mozart's opera Wednesday, others—few, it is true—left the hall after the second act, with the remark, "It's too deathly dull."

President Eliot, if he were reported correctly, claimed that the Greeks "knew more about athletics than we shall learn in the next hundred years." But how about the flying wedge; how about the only Mike Kelly, who is, however, of Greek extraction, and would not our esteemed friend Mr. Corbett, the play-actor, have cut a respectable figure in the ancient days? Is there not an art in athletics as well as in painting, sculpture, music, and is this art a fixed quantity? And it must not be forgotten that the "ancient Greeks" have been dead some time, and are unable to substantiate or contradict any reports of to-day concerning their achievements.

Small New England towns, like large cities, are sensitive, and Middleboro' is no exception.

Janet Monach Whytock Patey, the eminent contralto who died Wednesday, visited Boston in 1871 as a member of the Dolby troupe. Her first appearance was with the Handel and Haydn in "Elijah," Nov. 26. She was also heard in "Judas Maccabaeus," "St. Paul," "The Messiah," and in January, 1872, she sang in Rossini's "Stabat Mater."

EAMERS

WEDNESDAY

Julia Whar

1 River.

to all notes

high bills

WHITES

and

The conduct of the Paris studio toward Brimidière, who some time ago defeated Zola in a contest for a seat in the Academy, may seem childish and absurd to Americans, but however one may disapprove of the method there is a principle at stake. Certainly a fierce discussion over a question of art is more to be desired than indifference, or a row over an athletic dispute, or the species of jesting that finds delight in poisoning fellow students.

Dr. Salome Merritt objects strongly to the costume, or lack of costume, of stage women who appear at certain theatres in Boston. It is an ironical commentary that the daughter of Herodias danced voluptuously before Herod and thereby gained the head of John the Baptist; and her name was Salome. To be sure there was another Salome, the wife of Zebedee.

No public hall is absolutely safe that is in the second story of a building.

The attention of Mr. James Means and all others interested in aeroplanes and aerocurves is called respectfully to the fact that 110 years ago to-day Blanchard made his first ascent from Paris in a hydrogen balloon with useless wings and rudder. Horace Walpole wrote of such travel, "If there is no air-sickness, and I were to go to Paris again, I would prefer a balloon to the packet boat, and had as lief roost in an oak as sleep in a French inn, though I were to caw for my breakfast like the young ravens."

The skirt dance is often used to disguise the incapacity of the dancer. After all, the feet play an important part in dancing.

That was a most extraordinary scene at the opera last evening. During the waits men and women in droves rushed toward a box and stared, some relying on their eyesight, others trusting more in opera glasses at short range, at Emma Calvé, as though she were some strange wild animal.

MECH 3 THE OPERA.

"I Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Two Strong Examples of Musical Verismo.

Calvé and De Lucia, Singers of the New School.

"I Pagliacci," a "drama" in two acts, words and music by Leoncavallo, was given last night at the Mechanics' Institute Auditorium by the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Company. Mr. Mancinelli was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Nedda.....Sigrid Arnoldson
Canio.....De Lucia
Tonio.....Emma Calvé
Peppino.....Guetary
Silvio.....Gronzeski

Leoncavallo and Mascagni were pupils of Ponchielli, whose later operas are in part the outgrowth of the modern Italian school, whose motto is *Verismo*.

Mascagni's famous opera was produced in 1890. "I Pagliacci" was first produced May 21, 1892, although it was composed about the same time as "Cavalleria Rusticana," or, as some say, before it.

Leoncavallo's opera was first produced in the United States by the Hinrich company in New York, May 21, 1892, on which occasion Mr. Campanari, formerly a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was the Tonio. The first performance in Boston was by the Tavery company, Oct. 31, 1893, on which occasion Canio was not the only murderer; for the singers, the players and the conductor butchered until their hands and faces were covered with musical gore.

Leoncavallo alleges that the story on which he built his libretto is a true one; that the tragedy was acted in real life near Montalto in Calabria Aug. 15, 1865. However this may be, the simple and terrible plot in absolutely similar or modified form has been used by dramatists of different countries. Perhaps the closest approach to it is "La Femme de Barin," a tragedy by Catulle Mendès, acted at the Theatre Libre, Paris, in 1887.

Here is the simple story as told by Leoncavallo.

A troupe of strolling players stop in a village of Calabria. It is the festival of Mezzagosto. Tonio, a hump-backed clown, makes love to the frivolous Nedda, the wife of Canio, the Pagliaccio, a character not unlike the ancient Pantomime of the pantomime. Nedda will not brook the suit; she strikes him with a whip, and he swears revenge. A farmer, Silvio, woos her, and Tonio overhears their amorous talk. He calls Canio, who pursues in vain the farmer. The first act closes with Canio's lament; a short, intonso, despairing cry. "I am Pagliaccio. I must paint and powder and dress for my part, that the grape volkels may laugh; but my heart is breaking." In the second act the farce is acted on the rude stage, and the peasants of the neighborhood laugh at the jokes and the situations.

The action is the betrayal of Canio, mad-doned by the thought of his wife, he asks the name of her lover, who in reality is one of the audience. She laughs at him. He stabs her. She shrieks "Silvio." The crazy Pantomime kills Silvio, and then with a delirious cry exclaims: "The comedy is finished."

The music of this drama has all the characteristics of the ultra-modern Italian school, which has been so influenced by Ponchielli, Wagner, Bizet, and the later Verdi. The vocal phrases are, as a rule, short, often spasmodic; there is a restless, ever shifting tonality; there are hair-raising modulations and progressions; there is a reckless use of color, as well as daring experimenting, in instrumental effects.

From the technical standpoint "I Pagliacci" is superior to "Cavalleria Rusticana." The composer works with a surer hand. He does not exhaust his effects by constant repetition. Mascagni's work might well end with the duet between Santuzza and Alfio, and the duet be left to imagination, for Mascagni has not altogether escaped an anti-climax. The one sympathetic figure is Santuzza, and she has little to do after the duet. But Canio, by the tremendous irony of his situation, dominates the stage until the curtain falls on the crazed murderer. Furthermore, Leoncavallo has been guilty of writing certain passages in Mascagni's score, where the trombones follow frantically the voice.

There is not in Mascagni's opera a number of such sustained power as the prologue that was sung superbly last evening by Ancona. Nor is there an air of such heartrending pathos and awful simplicity as the two ariosos sung by Canio before he enters the booth to dress. The second act of "I Pagliacci" is stronger than the first, in which the balladella of Nedda and the duet between Nedda and Silvio are not remarkable for originality, nor are they far removed from the commonplace, although in each of these numbers the instrumentation is most effective.

The second act is a masterpiece from the beginning to the end. The contrast between the graceful and charming dance numbers, that accompany the mimic play, and the agony of Canio is of the irony loved by the Greeks. The climax is most artfully prepared. The attention is excited till the murder is in a sense a relief to the hearer. Here there is no padding; here there is no superfluous music to catch the public or appease the singer. Every stroke tells.

It is true that in this opera there are reminiscences. There are occasionally thoughts inspired directly by Wagner, Thomas, and others, but Rugiero Leoncavallo has his own thoughts and he expresses them with his own voice, a voice of fire and passion.

Take the story and the music together; let the opera be sung by actors of temperament; and the effect is overwhelming.

The scene of wild enthusiasm that followed the fall of the curtain last night is only a parallel to those that according to trustworthy report, accompanied and still accompany the production of "I Pagliacci" in the cities of Europe. Not alone did this fiery and tragic masterpiece excite audiences of Southern blood; it swept its way through Germany, conquering city after city; and other, colder lands have felt its power.

Mrs. Arnoldson's voice is not large enough for such a hall, but she acted the part discreetly, perhaps too discreetly. As for the rest of the performance, there is nothing but the warmest praise.

No singer in opera has so stirred a Boston audience of late years as did Fernando de Lucia last evening by his remarkable exhibition of natural temperament and dramatic skill. His voice, which might not be always sympathetic in purely lyric opera, is adapted admirably to the realistic operas of to-day; for the peculiar characteristics lend a poignancy, a wild fervor to his declamation. Although, as a parody, a man of unusual temperament, he has learned the use of it. As in "Carnot," so in "I Pagliacci," he is a master of his resources. Dramatically, as well as vocally, he knows the power of a crescendo. After witnessing such an exhibition of combined nature and skill, it is difficult to speak coolly, to weigh words and to balance sentences; but it is too much to say that in the history of opera here for the last dozen years no operatic tenor has so deeply moved an audience as did De Lucia by his delivery of "Vesti la giubba," and by his marvellous frenzy in the last act. I use the word frenzy; and yet the actor did not lose control of himself; there was no vulgar ranting or mouthing. In that vast hall the individuality of one man, not remarkable in distinction of body or resplendent beauty, shook the audience.

Equally admirable was the performance of the malicious, amorous hump-back by Ancona, who showed himself an actor and a singer of the first rank.

The minor parts were well taken. The excellent work of the chorus deserved a warmer recognition. The orchestra was eminently worthy of the great occasion. What wonder that when the singers were recalled again and again Mr. Mancinelli was also obliged to respond to the plaudits of the crowd.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" followed, under the direction of Mr. Bevilacqua. The cast was as follows:

Santuzza.....Emma Calvé
Lucia.....Madeline Bauermeister
Lola.....Olympia Guercia
Alfio.....Marianne
Turiddu.....Vignas

The Santuzza of Emma Calvé is a most thoughtfully studied, carefully elaborated creation, inspired by rare dramatic genius. She is a peasant, jealous, passionate, superstitious, revengeful. Broad in conception, the character drawing abounded in the most detail. There was not a false note in the whole dramatic portrayal. Very Calvé's performance was eminently satisfactory. The tones were full, even, and there was at times a noble melancholy in them as in the viola played by a master. No Santuzza of such power has been seen on the Boston stage.

Yet it must be confessed that the audience, while no doubt it appreciated the skill of the performer, was comparatively cold. Vignas left a good impression as Turiddu; Mariapaura played well his part; Guercia was charming as Lola; the choruses were given exceedingly well; the orchestra was admirable; and yet the music of Mascagni, although the intermezzo was repeated, did not stir the hearts of all others, awaken loud applause, nor did it rivet the attention.

"I Pagliacci" had been heard; here is the solution of the mystery. Reaction followed

wild enthusiasm. Or did the music of Leoncavallo kill that of Mascagni?

This afternoon "Lucia di Lammermoor" will be given under Mr. Mancinelli's direction. Melba, Vignas and Dufriego are in the cast. This evening there will be an extra performance of "Faust." Eames, Scallie, Lassalle, Jean and Edouard to Reszke will take part. Mr. Mancinelli will conduct.

PHILIP HALE.

Miss Maudie Banks, who was kissed frantically by 300 women in New York because she told so well the old, sad story of woman's subjection to the tyrant man, is the bobbing daughter of the Babbalanza Boy.

We are now all told daily what Mme. Howler eats and what Signor Profundo drinks and what Monsieur Beugler thinks; but how do the men and women of the chorus amuse themselves? Do they approve of the spaghetti and the chianti of the North End?

We still follow the barbarous English custom, and on the same program we find M. and Sig., and, after all, they are only synonymous with Mr. When Joachim goes to Paris he is announced as "M." When Sarasate plays in Berlin he is known as "Herr." And so each country, except America, prefers its own language. The English, however, were not always so absurd. In the 18th century the Italian singer Durastanti was known as "Mrs.," and Sutherland Edwards in his book, "The Prima Donna," remarks; "The English had not at that time acquired the absurd habit of calling foreign gentlemen Monsieur, Signor or Herr, nor of giving the title of Madame even to English women. The folly of this custom becomes apparent when for general convenience it is found necessary to designate by the equivalent of 'Mr.' a Russian, a Hungarian, or a Pole."

Mrs. Lease does not want many things. She only wants the Government to tend to the banking, the railway and steamboat lines, and the telegraphic service. She would also like free trade, a graduated income tax, the success of the Populist party, woman suffrage, and a few other things. Mrs. Lease reminds one of the hero of Oliver Wendell Holmes's little poem "Contentment."

Contemporaries state that Thomas Nast was the political artist of Harper's Weekly at the time of the appearance of Prof. Lane's song, "The Lone Fish Ball." Nast, when the song was first heard in the colleges, had never drawn a political cartoon for the Weekly.

For the present Bland has no excuse for his belying of his name.

The death of Dr. W. F. Poole, the eminent Librarian, will be felt severely not only in Chicago, but throughout the world of book lovers and book students. Dr. Johnson once gave a famous definition of a literary drudge, but Dr. Poole was more than an excellent and painstaking drudge; he was a man of originality of thought, fruitful in ideas. His great Index will be an enduring monument.

What another Camera Club in the city! No, the project has apparently fallen through. Apropos of this report, it was a Boston girl who referred to the Boston Camera Club as a Society for the Misrepresentation of Female Beauty. It is strange how many skillful amateur photographers insist on accentuating all the sharp points and rigid lines in a woman for the sake of "artistic truth." They are not content with painting Cromwell's wart; they magnify it.

The newspapers of Berne, Switzerland, claim that their canton possesses the oldest clergyman in the world, Mr. Chaignat, age 94. Here is an opportunity for contradiction and the people who have apparently nothing else to do but to write letters to a newspaper, which they regard as "a waste-pipe to their intellect."

Young Chimes is keeping Lent. He now takes his whisky without seltzer.

Critics on both sides of the Channel are puzzled to discover why M. Pailleron should have called his new play "Les Cabotins." The word is not exactly slang, but until the present generation it was applied almost specifically as the designation of a strolling player, and so of an inferior actor. Modern familiar usage has extended its meaning from "mummer" and "mountebank" to the wider signification of "charlatan," "impostor," "humbug," and "duffer," and it is in this generic sense that M. Pailleron has adopted it. —[Pall Mall Gazette.]

A basking shark caught the other day had a liver 6 feet long. Was he affected by the "little, etc." advertised in all public places, or did torpidity induce him to take less interest in swimmers and life in general?

MECH 4-94

OPERA AND CONCERT.

"Lucia di Lammermoor" and the Symphony Concert.

"Lucia di Lammermoor" was given yesterday afternoon at the Mechanics' Building Auditorium by the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau company. Mr. Mancinelli was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Lucia.....Nella Melba
Edgar.....Miss Bauermeister
Enrico.....Vignas
Raimondo.....Dufriego
Arturo.....Mastrot

As an ensemble, the cast of "Lucia" was far inferior to any of the past, but this opera is now chiefly used as an actor presenting two famous numbers—the a masterpiece of vocal and dramatic work and the "Mad Scene."

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

...chance, and the... almost always... The ball was of poor quality, and, indeed, the first expression of any emotion on the part of Mrs. Nordica was when she looked on the dancers for the first time.

But why did much of this music under favorable conditions seem tiresome, or unmeaningly pompous, or even trivial?

There is no denying the great talent of Meyerbeer, a talent that in this fourth act was genius.

But opera is a thing of fashion. In one age the subjects are taken from mythology, in another from romantic tales and legends, in another from demonology. Meyerbeer lived in the days of the historical opera. He unrolled musical tapestry, brilliant with knights, religious fanatics, Queens, soldiers. The custom of his time demanded a five-act machine with sumptuous stage-setting, with shows, with ballet, with much to amuse and divert. And if he wrote with one eye on posterity, he wrote with the other directly on the public of his day.

It is true that Meyerbeer paved the way in great measure for the opera makers who followed him, and he still has influence on them, as he had on Wagner, who sneaked at him and helped himself freely from his rich storehouse of musical materials.

But the men and the women of this generation soon grew weary of a long-winded opera. Wagner made a great blunder in the length of his music-dramas. And Wagner's works are already freely cut.

This is the day of the short, realistic story. This is the day when the nerves must be rasped suddenly if there is to be enjoyment.

And this is the day of the short, realistic opera.

The music of Meyerbeer is like unto the three bottles of port that were once dear to the English squire.

The music of Leoncavallo in tragedy is one fiery draught; in comedy it is like unto the cocktail, infinite in little. His "Medici," an earlier work than "Pagliacci," but lately produced, is a failure; and it is historical opera.

The people of this age do not care for historical opera. They prefer, apparently, to hear and see the elemental passions of vagabond players or the avenging murder in a Sicilian village. Such a horrible plot as "Mala Vita," and yet a story of every-day life, would not have been allowed on the Paris Opera stage when Meyerbeer ruled it. And what would we have thought of the subject of "I Pagliacci"? Why, even "Carmen" failed when it was first given in Paris, on account of its alleged "immorality and brutality."

Fifty years from now opera goers will undoubtedly wonder at the operatic taste of the public of 1894. Who can predict what they will then enjoy? Will there be a still more realistic musical drama? Will pantomime be the dominant form, as some think? Or will there be a return to the serenity and the Grecian beauty of the great Mozart?

The opera this evening will be "Mignon," and Mrs. Calvé will make her first appearance in this country as the heroine. The following will take part: Mrs. Calvé, Mrs. Scatchi, Mrs. Nordica, Plancon, Carbone, De Vaschetti, Cernusco and De Lucia.

PHILIP HALE.

Chickering Hall was well filled last evening at the seventh concert of the Knefel Quartet. The program was: Beethoven, serenade for flute, violin and viola in D major, op. 25; Brahms, quartet in A minor, op. 61; Haydn, quartet in C major, op. 33, No. 3. The serenade, in which Mr. Charles... assisted, was particularly well received. The eighth concert will be March 19.

Would it not be well to lead Mrs. Lease out to Memorial Hall and let her read the list of the fine fellows of the "upper class" sent by Harvard to the front in the Civil War? She might then refrain in future from making any unguarded statement about the rich who never smelt powder.

Arming our artillerymen with daggers, instead of pistols and sabres, recalls the famous saying about the nation that had the shortest swords.

The death of Mr. J. M. Bailey would have excited more attention 20 or 25 years ago. Humorous paragraphing was then fresh, and the comic side of life in a New England town as presented by the Danbury News man made thousands laugh. In these days of paragraphing only one in a thousand readers laughs, and he is like the Portuguese as described by a sea-captain, "A frivolous people, easily amused."

According to meteorologists, this is the first day of Spring, a season that lasts 93 days, and is known in New England chiefly through the statements of poets and other people of excited imagination. In New England there is no spring. There is a sudden leap from winter to summer.

The old books tell us gravely that our ancestors varied their clothing according to the season. In Boston a man must shift his raiment twice or thrice a day. Yesterday, for example, was a promise of spring, with hot sun, and at the same time a discouraging wind.

About this time expect newspaper lectures on the folly of taking off the overcoat. This is also the time of the yearly resurrection of that old joke about the propriety of a fur-lined duster.

Another harbinger of heated days was the cracking yesterday in a street car of that question, sparkling with humor and cooling in originality: "Is it hot enough for you?"

Mrs. C. P. Stetson asserts that a married man, who is an artist, should turn to business or day labor, if he can thereby make more money and furnish his wife the means for "literary leisure." But is there not here a mingling of selfishness and vanity? Besides, Mrs. Stetson argues from the particular to the general. The man she alludes to is Mr. Stetson.

The gentleman in New Jersey who is creating such a stir is indeed eccentric. "He is parading the streets in a highly excited state of mind, with a stout whip in one hand and a double-barreled shotgun in the other," he lights cigars with \$10 bills; he pays an advanced price for bank stock. But the surest indication of abnormal mental action is the purchase of the newspaper of the town with the intention of publishing morning and evening editions.

Mr. Scudder of our town recommends the study of Lowell, Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne and Whittier for the fostering of patriotism. It is a singular and ironical fact that Walt Whitman, who spent his life in chanting the value, the glory and the duty of Americanism, and who is regarded by foreigners of critical faculty as the great poet of democracy, never suited the taste of our Boston literary gentlemen. To be sure, Emerson once praised him wildly, and then grew timid. It would be interesting to know just what influence was brought to bear on Emerson by the Cambridge luminaries to check his public appreciation of Whitman.

THE OPERA.

The First Appearance of Emma Calvé as Mignon.

The Difficulty of Arriving at Decisive Judgment.

An Accident That Threatened Serious Results.

"Mignon" was given last evening at the Mechanics' Building Auditorium by the Abbey, Schoeffel & Gray Company. Mr. Bevigiani conducted. The cast was as follows: Mignon (her first appearance in this character)

Emma Calvé
Frederic..... Sofia Scatchi
Filla (first time as Filla)..... Lillian Nordica
Lothario..... Plancon
Laerte..... Carbone
Giarro..... De Vaschetti
Antonio..... Cernusco
Guglielmo..... De Lucia

The performance last evening was in certain respects a promise for the future rather than a well-defined and wholly satisfactory result.

A creation of a strong operatic part is not an affair of a day, like unto Jonah's gourd.

A woman of the temperament of Calvé does not regard the portrayal of such a character as Mignon as a fixed, invariable quantity.

And last evening, beside the usual anxiety concerning a first performance, there was an accident. In the third act Calvé stumbled and had an ugly fall. They that knew the severe surgical operation performed on her some time ago feared a serious result; and they were justified by the groans and cries that followed the enforced lowering of the curtain. Mr. Seymour, however, soon reassured the sympathetic audience, and the opera was played to the finish.

Mignon has excited the commentators on Goethe's strange romance, and analysis and bifurcation have done little in making her individuality more real. To many of to-day Mignon is no longer the creation of Goethe; she is the picture by Ary Scheffer, or the heroine of Thomas's opera. It may be that in the romance that she is the Ideal, and a contrast to the very practical company of actors, or she may be nothing but "an entrancing and fugitive shadow." With all this we have little to do. The question here is: Was Calvé's performance consistent, dramatic, emotional?

It seems to me that this remarkable woman has not yet thoroughly mastered her own conception of the part; that last evening her performance was tentative rather than the expression of full conviction.

It took Thomas himself a long time to arrange his opera to suit him. Although the verdict of critics and public was favorable when it was first produced in 1866, cuts were afterward made. Two versions were prepared; in one Mignon married Wilhelm Meister and Philine was at the wedding; in the other Mignon died. This latter version was prepared partly for the German market and partly for a proposed performance at the Theatre Lyrique, as the Opéra-Comique, where the opera was brought out, did not then countenance a tragic finale. But the Germans turned their backs on Goethe and preferred the jingling of wedding bells. Frederic was played originally by a man, and not until 1874 did a woman appear in the part. The cavotte, which sung by Scatchi last evening was so heartily applauded, was added by the composer for Tresbelli, just as the Sirenna was not introduced in the second act until Miss Chapuy took the place of Galli-Marié, the original Mignon.

The Mignon of Calvé answers in facial appearance to the average idea of the character. There is the Southern tint; there are the large, hunting, melancholy eyes; there is the black hair over the low forehead.

Now, what is the one prevailing emotion in the first act? It is the deep gratitude for delivery from bondage; bound up with this is the joy of having a friend after loneliness and sorrow. Admirable, indeed, was the expression of sorrow as she told Meister, in broken lines,

her colorful history. Admirable too, was the expression of gratitude. But the exhibition of coquetry that followed was a false note. Mignon in the midst of her deep gratitude is not likely to become immediately jealous because her deliverer chats affably with the flippant actress. The laughing at his costumed gestures beckoning him to her seemed false and undue elaboration in stage business. In the second act there were charming touches in the detail, but no vivid impression now remains of the scene in the chamber, except the thought of the passionate outburst at the end. The beginning of the third act was strong, and there should have been a heartier recognition of his power. Then came the accident. There is nothing to be said about the rest of the opera except that Calvé acted with simplicity and appeared most strongly by the beauty of her face. How she would have played the part, whether with more emotion or with more fineness if she had not received such a shock in the third act, are questions that cannot now be answered.

It must be remembered that Calvé was first of all a purely lyric singer, and before she went to Italy her acting was strictly conventional. Now she is known chiefly as an instrument blown by the lips of Passion. Her Carmen and her Santuzza are remarkable performances; the first for its realistic portrayal of a woman who, knowing all passions except unselfish love, keeps a cool head and plays with the men's hearts to amuse her vanity; the second, for the incarnation on the stage of the betrayed peasant who, through jealousy, brings her lover to death and herself to undying remorse. But Mignon is a more fantastic character; with certain peculiar attributes of the woman met in daily life, there is something unearthly about her. A complex character, truly, difficult to portray; but Calvé's Mignon at present has no definite form, no marked characteristics. There are suggestions of what Calvé intends, but she did not last evening put any one side of this character in a strong light. There must be taken into account the nervousness of creating, as well as the inevitable fatigue of rehearsing up to the last moment. The question that arises, however, to-day is not: Do you agree with Calvé's conception of the part? It is rather this: What is Calvé's conception of the part? And if this question may be asked, the performance must have been in a large sense a disappointment.

Vocally there was much to praise, although exceptions could be fairly taken to the delivery of certain passages. The familiar "Know'st Thou the Land" was sung charmingly, with the vague, wistful melancholy that becomes it. The dramatic aria in the third act was delivered with unexaggerated but moving passion, and in duet, as well as in recitative and other solo work, Calvé showed herself, as a rule, the skillful singer who regards first of all the truth of the expression of the text.

Philine is a creature of roulades and ornaments, who laughs in a flourish and coquets in a trill. The famous bravura air in the third act was sung exceedingly well by Nordica, whose work in the two preceding acts was often excellent and at times of an experimental nature, as though she were not sure of herself. Dramatically she was stiff, and she indulged herself in semaphoric gestures.

De Lucia is a creature of passion. As Canio, or as Don José, the fire of his temperament carries everything before him. Wilhelm Meister is a walking gentleman, who should sing correctly and with a captivating sweetness. In such a part the unpleasant characteristics of de Lucia's voice and method, to which I have before this alluded, stand out in bold relief. Still he acted with discretion; his recitatives were delightfully enunciated and phrased; and he often gave pleasure in a lyric outburst.

Plancon's noble voice and marked skill were displayed in the thankless part of the Harper, who is a good deal of a bore with honorable intentions.

The minor parts were taken acceptably, and the chorus work in the first three acts was generally satisfactory. The orchestra maintained its deservedly high reputation.

This opera demands imperatively a smaller hall. The exotic perfume of "Mignon" is dissipated at once in a building like the Auditorium. Then, too, the opera is a steady diminuendo of interest.

The opera this evening will be Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette." The cast will be as follows:

Juliette..... Emma Calvé
Stephano..... Olympia Guernon
Frère Laurent..... Ed. de Reszke
Capulet..... Plancon
Mercutio..... Mariapoula
Tybalt..... M. M. M.
Le Duc de Vroch..... Cassimary
Roméo..... Jean De Reszke

PHILIP HALE.

According to a report of the conversation at the last annual meeting of the National Base Ball Association in England, the English still regard base ball as "rounders." Mr. Knowles, who is the sort of enthusiast, known in America as a base ball crank, said that "in America a score of 1 to 0 is considered a fine game. Here a score of 30 to 20 would be more satisfactory."

Lief Ericson has been banished, and he will stand in exile in East Boston. True hero or shadowy myth, what right had he to be perpetuated in monumental dignity here in Boston? But if the question is merely one of art, and the Aldermen wish to beautify the city by removing the machines now called statues, they might have first looked in the Public Garden.

According to a note, March 7, in an old English calendar, "The earth has now several productions for our gratification, if we stoop to gather and examine them." The most appropriate of these productions at present is quinine.

Now that the Court has decided that a jury cannot drink anything to test its tendency to intoxicate about the only possible pleasure has been taken away from the twelve good and true prisoners in a box.

De Lucia's pictures are selling like wild fire. It is doubtful, indeed, if there are any more to be had. He has the hearts of the girls, as well as the hands and voices of the Boston public, and when the season is no one will be remembered with throbs excited by the name of...

Jan. 1895. Now view of the boy in the THEATER, 105 N. B.

As this opera was given last week with great success, there is no need now of extended comment. Jean de Reszko was in better voice, and his performance of Romeo was most admirable, both vocally and dramatically. Perhaps his performance of the Cid in Mascagni's opera is a nobler piece of work, but I have never had the pleasure of seeing him in that role. Of the parts he has sung in this city, Romeo is undoubtedly the one he is best fitted to display in full the many characteristics that have given him so enviable a position in the list of heroes.

The doctor added that pleasant expression
obtained by kindly, pleasant thoughts.
Unfortunately, experience is against him.
The smiling man was as described by Shaks-
peare, ^{who exhibits} ^{are called} "a miry, blood-curdling
heart." His generous heart may be
"a mirror." A clean slave, too,
and a social amiability.

Nor is there much to be said about the performance. Melba, of the golden voice and faultless art, sang as though she were in a concert. Malchi was the same as ever, a favorite of

the entire... and with that the singer seemed content. Now the voice shows the teeth of time. Edouard de Reszke went through his vocal exercises faithfully, aspirating it, and showing at times a mainly indifference to the legato expected by Rossini. Let us be just. The part of Assur bristles with difficulties; the peculiar style that fits it is rarely cultivated in these days, and it is said that Rossini could only endure the performance of the bass who created the part, although admirable singers appeared as Assur at various times during the composer's life time. Castlemary showed the intelligence of the long tried and experienced singer. There have been worse Adonises and Ninuses on our local stage. In concerted numbers the chief voices did not end. The chorus was satisfactory, and Mr. Mancinelli conducted with as great pains as though the performance were the first. There was a very large audience, and the principal singers were applauded heartily. It is a pity that the resources of such a remarkable company should be wasted on "Semiramide."

Mrs. Calvé was unable to appear at the matinee yesterday afternoon, on account of the accident that befell her in "Mignon," and Carmen was sung by Mrs. Sigrid Arnoldson.

The opera this evening will be "Lohengrin." Mr. Mancinelli will conduct. The cast will be as follows:

| | |
|---------------------------|----------------|
| Elsa di Brabant..... | Nordica |
| Ortruda..... | Domenech |
| Frederico..... | Lassalle |
| Enrico l'Orgellatore..... | Plancon |
| L'Arabo Del Re..... | De Vasehetti |
| Lohengrin..... | Jean De Reszke |

PHILIP HALE.

It is to be hoped that the Presbyterian sloop Willie will never be a case of Willie on the beach.

This trouble in the Palmer choir reminds one of the famous revolt in Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree."

That was a graceful tribute paid Augusto Rotoli by his visiting countrymen at the New England Conservatory. What a pity it is that Mr. Rotoli has not an opportunity to display here in public his rare talent as a chorus director. The Philharmonic Society conducted by him at Rome was renowned throughout Southern Europe. Mr. Rotoli is one of the very few musicians in the United States who understands the proper performance of the works of Palestrina and other great Italian writers for the church.

There was one woman at the Opera Wednesday night who took a lively interest in the performance. She is the mother of Emma Eames.

About eight years ago the two women were dwelling in a little boarding house in Neuilly, just outside of the inner fortifications of Paris. The mother is the more naturally musical of the two, and her one thought was the progress of her daughter. Day after day she played her accompaniments, criticised her practice, watched anxiously her diet and dress. The soprano of to-day owes much to the faithfulness and the intelligence of the devoted mother.

Emma Eames, by the way, pronounces her name as though it were spelled Ames, in spite of the declaration of a local contemporary this week that she pronounced it otherwise. But the name she prefers to hear pronounced is Story.

A clairvoyant and chiromant now in town urges girls who "really wish to know everything" about their beaux to consult her. It seems that "the veil is bodily but reverently drawn aside and the inmost secrets of your visible and invisible nature dissected and searched out" by this remarkable person. This will never do. Men, stand by each other and take action.

Everybody will rejoice if the charge that Mr. Van Duzen's attack of pneumonia was superinduced by cruel hazing is disproved. Hazing in former days at colleges did bring about fatal results. Years ago there was a famous instance at Yale when a poor fellow who was dropped into cold water did not recover from the shock.

A society has been formed in the United States "which will bear as its symbol the mysterious letters S. S. S. Already it has legitimized itself by a private journal named the Proxenite. The cipher, translated, means the Sympathetic Share Scheme, and its object is, according to the prospectus, to give the nervous and timid a friendly lead in passing through the ordeals of life. Thus advertisements have already appeared of this nature: "To the despondent. A lady of strong nerves is desirous of meeting with another lady who is intending to visit the dentist (or doctor); conditions under the S. S. S.; terms, £2 per interview," which simply means that the strong minded lady will visit the dentist at the same time as the weak one, undergo a dental operation and get the treatment gratis, thanks to the fee." This must be true, for the story appears in an English non-sensational newspaper.

The program of last night's opera assured the audience that "Sig. Castlemary" would sing Oreo, and that "Mons. Castlemary" was regisseur. Now, these two gentlemen of different nationality are one and the same.

Mr. Stead complains that nothing is put under a tramp in a Chicago police station except a newspaper. But consider, Mr. Stead, the size of the newspaper, particularly if it is one of a Sunday edition. Pray, what would you have?

It looks as though compulsory vaccination were now a necessary public measure.

There was a claque at the Opera Wednesday night, and it was a fashionable claque.

THE OPERA.

A Notable Performance of Wagner's "Lohengrin."

Singular Remarks of Nordica About Opera.

Calvé Will Appear This Evening in Carmen.

"Lohengrin" was sung last evening in Italian at Mechanics' Building Auditorium by the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau company. Mr. Mancinelli conducted. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|---------------------------|----------------|
| Elsa di Brabant..... | Nordica |
| Ortruda..... | Domenech |
| Lohengrin..... | Jean De Reszke |
| Frederico..... | Lassalle |
| Enrico l'Orgellatore..... | Plancon |
| L'Arabo Del Re..... | De Vasehetti |

"Lohengrin" is so well known to opera-goers that there is at present no need of speaking of the work, its merits and its faults. Let us at once consider the performance.

Nordica sang the part of Elsa. Yesterday morning she published her views concerning dramatic singing, and as last night she essayed a dramatic part, it is, therefore, neither irrelevant nor impertinent to examine in passing the remarkable statements made by her in an interview. A singer in the course of a season should be watched as closely by her manager and friends as any Presidential candidate. Speech should be guarded and the patient should be deprived of the use of pen and ink. But let us listen to Mrs. Nordica:

"I do not believe realism belongs in opera, or ever will belong there. A great singer cannot be, or should not be expected to be a great actor too. Not only does too violent emotion ruin the voice and interfere with a good method of singing, but it does not seem to me to have a place in true opera. Opera is not realistic in the modern sense of the word. It is ideal. Now when you are acting you can be natural. You can say things with a proper gesture and with proper tones. Can you do that in opera? Certainly not. You have to express a sentiment in a long phrase. What you would say in three words, you sing in many measures. Your gesture must accompany the music, not be the natural way of doing it. There is the conductor, in front, beating time. Your emotion and your gesture must conform with his beat. There is nothing natural in that, and I do believe that true opera, in its best sense, must be idealized, not naturalistic or realistic. It may be graceful, may be attractive, may suggest reality, but that it should, or was ever intended, or ever will be expected for long at a time that an opera singer must be a great actress of the emotional type does not seem likely to me."

The history of opera contradicts these statements flatly. If there is to be any reliance placed in tradition and report and personal observation, there is a long list of women and men singers who combined successfully dramatic and vocal art: shining examples are Malibran, Grisi, Pasta, Pauline Viardot, Lucca (a singer by nature rather than by art), Nourrit, Lavassent, Duprez, Faure, Maurel, Jamet, Rose Caron, Lehmann, Gemma Bellincioni (now in the zenith of her glory). I take the names that rush at once into the memory; the books are full of the names and the exploits of such singers.

Opera is a drama set to music. When the Italians invented it they used the same phrase that Wagner preferred, "Musico-Drama." As Mrs. Nordica proposes to sing in the operas of Wagner at Bayreuth, her statements are ironically at variance with the expressed beliefs of Wagner, who was influenced mightily by the thought of the Schroeder-Devrient, an actress of remarkable temperament who sang badly.

Mrs. Nordica forgets that when she sings in a pronounced dramatic part the public has a right to expect at least a little dramatic action. It has a right to demand that the singer should be able to walk gracefully, and to stand in a graceful position unless the part requires deliberate awkwardness. It has a right to demand that in the most impassioned moment, the singer should not be chiefly concerned about the train or her dress. It has a right to demand that in a tragic situation the singer should not wear an unmeaning and fixed smile, unless, indeed, the situation demands the portrayal of incipient or confirmed idiocy. It has a right to demand that the singer should learn enough of dramatic expression to be able to gesture, whether she is singing or silent, without cutting rigid X's and Y's in the air.

Now after the deliberate expression of her views on operatic art, it would be foolish to expect from Mrs. Nordica any exhibition of temperament or any large conception of dramatic possibilities in the part of Elsa. Her entrance was not that of a maiden beset by deadly enemies and dreaming of a supernatural or even earthly deliverer. She simply assumed a "pleasing expression" and walked toward the King as though he were to photograph her. Her Elsa was neither an injured heroine nor a simple girl relying on the strength of her innocence. In a word, Elsa was apparently without any marked characteristic. In the second act Elsa was a naturally good-looking woman with a gorgeous train. She was apparently more concerned in the management of this train than disquieted by the unpleasant remarks of the two conspirators. In the third act, although this train was removed after the entrance into the bridal chamber, she wore it in imagination while listening to Lohengrin, and in allowing her curiosity to get the better of her. There was no conception of the part, adequate. There was no attempt at drawing. There was simply handsome costumes. And, the spectator thought of the trial, the joy, the pain.

Now, if Elsa were a lay figure, vivified only for vocal purposes, there would be no need of costume; but Wagner demanded first of all an actress of temperament who could at least claim the music allotted her, and if she could really sing so much the better; the Elsa, however, must be of flesh and blood.

Occasional awkwardness in gait or gesture could be forgiven easily, if there were one touch of human feeling in the performance of Mrs. Nordica. Was anyone really moved last evening by her pathetic story? Or would anyone unacquainted with the plot have gained a distinct idea that a woman suffered or rejoiced upon the stage?

Nor last evening was the voice itself of Mrs. Nordica sympathetic; it seemed metallic. There was no one tone of love; there was not one tone that came from a sorrow-stricken heart. The one phrase uttered by Jean De Reszke after he had slain the enemy and he knew that his earthly love was over, showed more genuine emotion than all the sentences sung by Mrs. Nordica.

From the purely vocal standpoint her Elsa was not equal to her Valentine; it was not equal to her Elina. The upper tones occasionally seemed tired, and in intonation they were not always absolutely faultless. She sang with apparent effort; this, it is true, might have been due partly to excitement, and partly to the exigencies of the role.

The performance of Lohengrin by de Reszke is admirably conceived and finely carried out. It is possible, as some allege, that if the singer errs at all, it is in the direction of sentiment. But Lohengrin was a lover as well as a hero, and the sentiment of de Reszke never became sentimentalism. Carefully finished in the detail, the performance was fresh and spontaneous. There was no frittering away of a climax by unnecessary and intermittent explosions. There was always the feeling of reserve strength.

Plancon sang the part of the King as long ago as '82, the year before he made his debut at the Paris Opera. He sang it at the performance given by Lamoureux and then made a profound impression. Last evening he was impressive in figure, voice and art.

If Mrs. Domenech is Miss Consuelo Domenech, who made her debut at the Paris Opera in 1899, she took a prize for piano playing at the Paris Conservatory in 1886. She is said to be very musical. As no piano solo was introduced during the course of the opera last evening, the hearer only had the opportunity of judging her musical qualities by her singing. Her voice, though not of an uncommon quality, suffers from a constant tremor. The voice itself is not a large one, and the singer was unequal to the severe task of making the female conspirator interesting or impressive.

Lassalle declaimed with much intelligence, and, whenever the composer allowed him a tuneful phrase, he showed his acknowledged skill.

De Vasehetti did well in the arduous part of the Herald.

The orchestra played superbly under the direction of Mr. Mancinelli, and the chorus sang with much more discrimination and effect than the chorus of two years ago.

In many respects it was a notable performance. It may be said truly that in certain respects it was a most satisfactory performance. Without any reference now to the dramatic ability of Nordica, her singing in the first act was her best work during the evening. And seldom, if ever, has the first act of "Lohengrin" been so well sung in this city.

There was a very large audience, probably the largest audience of the subscription season. There was unbounded enthusiasm after each act. Flowers were showered upon Nordica and she and de Reszke received laurel wreaths.

"Faust" will be given this afternoon at 2 o'clock with the following cast:

| | |
|---------------------|--------------|
| Marguerite..... | Melba |
| Siebel..... | Hauener |
| Mephistopheles..... | Guerra |
| Valentino..... | Plancon |
| Wagner..... | Maipoua |
| Faust..... | De Vasehetti |
| | Maugiere |

An extra performance of "Carmen" will be given this evening, with Calvé, Arnoldson, Lassalle and de Lucia in the cast. This performance will end the present operatic season.

PHILIP HALE.

It's no longer "Japhet in search of a Father," but "Fletcher in search of a Mother."

Mrs. Lease has noticed the building of new armories in Boston; "Let them beware," said she, "they will not frighten the workmen." There's no reason why they should frighten any citizen; they are respectable specimens of architecture.

It is rumored that an effort will be made to secure the Mechanics' Building Auditorium for ten years, to provide a place for opera and spectacular shows. But is there not public spirit enough here to build an opera house worthy of the musical reputation of the town? No one can enjoy thoroughly an opera in the Auditorium as it now is, and favorable acoustic properties are not inserted as gas or steam heat.

Poor Calvé! Is not mental mortification mingled with the physical effects of the shock produced by her ugly fall? No woman likes to tumble so in public.

The habit of men who block the rear platform of a street car and do not budge to allow a passenger to enter is now confirmed. Yet it is against the law of the road, and the conductors should do all in their power to correct it.

The people of East Boston are right. Why should they accept cast-off statues? Commonwealth Avenue any more than the cast-off clothes of the dwellers in the avenue.

Was there not talk some time ago of the appearance of Mr. Emil Paur as a pianist at a Symphony concert? The Symphony programs, by the way, have been arranged awkwardly of late.

The treatment of Miss Jane Hading—not our charming friend Mrs. Jane Hading—by an audience, recalls the old question, Why should not hissing as well as applause be permitted in our theatres? The Pall Mall Gazette in commenting on the fact that Barbey D'Aurevilly lamented the decay of hissing, remarks: "It you don't hiss the play you dislike or the actors you detest—and what right-minded person does not dislike some play or detest some actor?—silence is a sign, not of extreme high-tonedness, but of extreme indifference. Barbey only considered the matter in its artistic relation: he regretted that the drama can no longer stir the primary passions to frenzy." The outrageous treatment of Miss Hading, by the way, was an instance of feminine jealousy.

"You can say things with a proper gesture and with proper tones. Can you do that in opera? Certainly not," Mrs. Nordica in an interview.
Madam, that depends on the woman. Many a soprano has given delight by the exhibition of the very characteristics you say cannot exist.

It is a good thing that the cruelty of docking horses' tails should be again discussed, but there should be action following sharply the discussion. It is a singular fact that woman, gentle woman, is the chief instigator of this cruelty; it gratifies her pride to be driven behind docked-tails, for she thinks "it's English." Now the great English authorities on the horse unanimously condemn the barbarous practice of mutilation.

ABOUT MUSIC

The opera season is now over, and it may be said that seldom, if ever, has such a strong committed Boston. Probably its chief rival the great combination of two companies some 20 years ago, when, for instance, Lucca, Campanini and Nannetti were heard together in "La Favorita."

Seldom, if ever, has such chorus singing been heard here in opera. Not that it was always faultless, but there was so much intelligence shown, there was often such unexpected and welcome attention paid to dynamics, there was a general accuracy, that the appearance of the chorus gave pleasure instead of the customary and severe pain.

It is doubtful whether orchestral playing of such general excellence has, before this season of two weeks, been heard here.

The abilities of Mr. Bevilacqua have been long appreciated. Mr. Mancinelli was a stranger. By his personality, by the individuality displayed in his readings, and in the ability to convey his ideas to the admirable players under his control, Mr. Mancinelli has won the hearty respect and the affectionate regard of the opera-goers of Boston.

You may wonder at the few operas given; for of 15 performances three were devoted to "Faust," three to "Carmen" and two to "Rigoletto and Juliet." The only opera that was not familiar to the audience of confirmed opera-goers was "I Pagliacci."

But the nature of the stage in the Auditorium made the performance of such an opera as "Carmen" impossible. It would have been a pleasure to have heard Massenet's "Werther," which, Mrs. Eames as the heroine, was prepared to perform in New York. It would have been a pleasure to have heard Melba in "Rigoletto" and beyond a peradventure her singing in a mad scene in "Hamlet" would have been a pleasure for sitting through the dreary act that precedes.

In the historical standpoint the event of the season was the performance of "I Pagliacci" and I am not sure but that from the standpoint of the same performance was the chief event. It is a mistake to put two operas of the same school, with "horror, the horror of the plot," in close juxtaposition. In the present instance, Lucca as the villainous Mascara, in foreign opera houses an operetta or a comedy follows "I Pagliacci," or sometimes precedes. Here in Boston, Gounod's "Philemon and Baucis," an opera in the repertoire of the company, might well have been given, but there was a desire to see Calvé as Santuzza, and so the two bloody operas were sung in one evening.

Two few singers of remarkable individuality were heard for the first time, Calvé as Lucia, Eriq as the singers began in the first scene. Each is now an exponent of modern realism in opera. Each says with De Reszke, "Acrobatic action." The voice each case is used to accentuate the action. I do not now propose to analyze review the performance of "Carmen" and "I Pagliacci." It may be said in passing that one of the best examples of parochialism in the musical circles is the reproach made by a few persons, viz. Calvé as Lucia, Carmen as the heroine, that she is a wanton. But, dear friends, have you read the story

of Mervise, have you read carefully the libretto of the opera, have you studied thoroughly the character of the music that is allotted to Carmen? Carmen was like Dr. Johnson's fair friend Bet Filtut, who was described by the Great Lexicographer most epigrammatically, but in terms that offend the delicate ears of this squeamish, prudish age. Carmen was not a soubrette with the coquetry of a figure of Dresden china or the smirk on a painted fan. Carmen was a creature without one redeeming trait. If she is to be portrayed at all on the stage, let her be portrayed with Cromwellian warts, so to speak.

I believe that the peculiar individuality of Calvé will prevent her from being an actress of versatility. Her Mignon seemed to me a promise of misconception and failure rather than a guaranty of future success. Her Santuzza, skillfully elaborated and yet spontaneous as it was, did not make as marked an effect as it deserved; possibly because "I Pagliacci," which preceded "Cavalleria Rustica," is the stronger opera, but probably because after her Carmen any other assumption of a role seemed tame.

In "Mignon" the singers were most unfortunately distributed. What has de Lucia, a creature of passion, to do with Wilhelm Meister, a walking gentleman who is not far removed from being a tiresome cad? Why should Plancon, a singer of noble voice and consummate art, be obliged to wander about aimlessly, picking at a harp, or producing proofs and affidavits, like a family lawyer in the last act of a melodrama? Calvé herself is too large a woman to suggest Mignon, although in face she is suited admirably. Nordica, an excellent singer, is without the natural or artificial coquetry is dispensable to Philene.

Should the dramatic singer be allowed to take liberties with the music of the composer by twisting a phrase or rhythm? Cool reason says no. When Calvé is seen as Carmen, the voice of reason is not heard in the tumult of emotion awakened by the stormy genius of the woman.

Or take the case of de Lucia. How he frets, and tears his voice in passionate outbursts, as Canio, or as Don José! Do you say the man is foolish, a spendthrift, that he destroys his voice just for the excitement and triumph of a night? But in the artistic life of an opera singer a week is like unto a year; yea, the whole life is but a fleeting shadow. In that one memorable night of "I Pagliacci" the singer packed the glory of a year of the calm, precise, correct, conventional tenor, who neither perspires nor disarranges his linen.

One of the greatest of living singers visited us for the first time. It is my belief that Melba has temperament, but it is controlled and checked by care for one of the most beautiful voices that ever came from the perfect throat and mouth of a handsome woman. Although she does not indulge herself in dramatic action, she is always graceful. She always pleases the eye as well as the ear. When you hear Melba as Juliet the voice satisfies; the perfect art of the singer makes you forget for the moment that Juliet was a girl of Southern passion. And the music of Gounod, pretty and sentimental, seldom if ever demands imperatively the art of the tragedian. You cannot imagine easily Melba as Santuzza; nor should I care to see de Lucia as Romeo.

During the season we heard the flawless music of Mozart, the old-fashioned, brilliant and unmeaning music of Rossini, the ponderous harmonies and the skillfully built melodies of Meyerbeer, the lyric strains of Gounod, the romanticism and the alleged realism of Wagner in one of his earlier works, and the Verismo of the new Italian school. Here are instances of the law that Fashion rules mightily in opera. Each generation has its own school of opera. The century-old work of Mozart seems to-day fresher and nearer to us than the younger "Semiramide" and "The Huguenots." For there are works of genius that know not the power of the envious years.

It is a singular fact that "The Marriage of Figaro," with an excellent cast, drew the smallest audience of the subscription season.

And what will follow the intense and tragic school of the modern realists? It seems as though dramatic directness and intensity could go no farther. When will the recoil come?

It seems a pity that the opera of a year should be crowded into two weeks; that there should be an operative debauch, instead of a generous, well-arranged operatic diet. It seems a pity that opera cannot be given in a hall excellent in acoustic properties and in comfort. Surely such a remarkable company deserved a better lodging.

That opera is dear to the people of this town was shown by the crowds that attended, by the enthusiasm and by the general public interest in the singers and the performances.

Gossip was constant and abundant about the private lives of the singers. It has been often asked, How much money did Melba receive a night? How much did the de Reszkes gain? Such questions have been asked in all days concerning favorite singers. Here is a statement made by a New York newspaper that is generally accurate in such matters.
"There has been so much nonsense printed about recent operatic profits, salaries, and so on, that I am tempted to give a few figures that I have every reason to believe are accurate. I have good grounds for thinking that the managers of the Metropolitan cleared a little upward of \$50,000 each this season

performances. As for the salaries, Melba receives \$1000 a representation; Calvé a trifle less—she is engaged, however, for a larger number of performances than the Austrian prima donna has to figure in; Eames-Story, \$600 a night; Jean de Reszke, \$1000 a night and a small percentage when the receipts exceed a certain sum; Lassalle and Edouard de Reszke, \$600 a night apiece; and Plancon, \$2000 a month. Both Tamagno and Maurel will next year command larger honoraria than are actually given their confrères."

Strong as this opera company is it lacks in one respect. It has no first-class contralto.

PHILIP HALE

OPERA AND CONCERT.

Melba as Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust." A Notable Good-by

Gounod's "Faust" was given yesterday afternoon by the Abbey Schoeffel and Grau Company at the Mechanics' Building Auditorium. There was an audience that crowded the immense hall. Mr. Bevilacqua was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Marguerite..... | Melba |
| Siebel..... | Chas. Nordica |
| Maria..... | Barbey D'Aurevilly |
| Mephistopheles..... | Plancon |
| Valentin..... | Martapoura |
| Wagner..... | De Vascetti |
| Faust..... | Maguire |

It was a pity that Melba made her last appearance in Boston supported by a Faust, a Valentin and a Siebel, who, while they were conscientious in their work, were nevertheless unworthy of the occasion. Such an artist as Melba deserves the very best of associates. No singer is too great to join in the privilege of a assisting her.

Melba's Marguerite is vocal and dramatically the best that has been seen this season. Dramatically it is not strong; there is little passion; but the performance is nevertheless logical and consistent throughout. Her entrance was charming in its genuine simplicity, in its maidenly grace. In the first part of the garden scene there was neither mawkish exaggeration at the spinning

wheel nor affectation in the jewel song. There was a lack of even moderate passion in the scene with Faust. In church, by Valentin's corpse, in prison, there were many evidences of dramatic ineptitude. Very effective was her action after the death of Valentin. From beginning to end there was not a dramatic false note, not an exaggerated touch in the performance. There was a lack of strength, passion, terrible intensity; but on the other hand there was never the deliberate resolve to act, nor were there consequent facial contortions and spasmodic gestures. There was not a moment when the Marguerite of Melba might not have been seen at home in a German village street. She was neither below nor above her class.

Although passages of Gounod's music are not well suited to Melba's voice, and certain passages, as the song from the window, were comparatively ineffective, her vocal performance as a whole was most admirable. I have spoken of the haunting charm of her first appearance. Equally worthy of praise for its artistic simplicity was her delivery of the song of Thule's King. Her singing of the jewel song was a remarkable exhibition of vocal skill and discretion. Her singing throughout the garden scene was worthy of her, and this is the highest praise, although, as I have said, the song from the window was comparatively ineffective, as was her prayer in the church scene. In the final trio she sang superbly, with thrilling effect; and if the tenor had been of heroic mold the occasion would have been most memorable; as it was, there was great enthusiasm; recall followed recall, until finally Melba delighted the audience by singing "Home, Sweet Home." She was applauded to the echo, flowers were given in profusion, and the audience was loath to see the last of her.

The Mephistopheles of Plancon is superior vocally and dramatically to that of Edward de Reszke. As Plancon is the greater singer in the management of his voice and in finesse, so is his conception of the part more subtle, more truly diabolical. Take one little instance, his announcement to Marthe of the death of her husband. Take another, his exit after the duck. Who can soon forget the look he gave the lovers as he passed silently through the garden? Or who can soon forget the devilish scolding in the serenade? Truly a noble artist is this Poi Plancon. The next time he visits us, may he have more frequent opportunities for the display of his art.

PHILIP HALE.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The program of the 18th Symphony concert, given in Music Hall last evening, was as follows:

| | |
|------------------------------------|-------------|
| Overture "Marriage of Figaro"..... | Mozart |
| Symphony No. 4..... | Beethoven |
| Overture "Helmida"..... | Mendelssohn |
| Overtures, Scherzo and Finale..... | Schumann |

The concert does not call for particular comment. The numbers are familiar, and when it is said that the performance was fully worthy of the deservedly high reputation of the orchestra under Mr. Paur, the story is told. That the audience appreciated the program and the performance was shown conclusively by the hearty and prolonged applause that followed each selection. Mr. Paur was obliged to bow his acknowledgments more than once.

The program of the concert of next Saturday will be as follows: Mozart's G minor symphony; adagio and scherzo, from Beethoven's 9th symphony; overture "Oberon," Weber. Miss Lillian Blauvelt will sing airs by Haydn and Mozart.

March 12

And so there is a man who demands in public print that the law should be enforced against smoking in the street, a habit that is "repulsive and nauseating to refined and cultivated people." Yes, by all means let such smoking be held criminal; and then let us make the he-drinkers of themselves with perfumes, the chewers of gum, the wearers of incongruous fur subject to penal statutes.

In the new comic opera "Wapping Old Stairs," produced at the Vaudeville, London, Miss Mary Turner "sang loudly but monotonously, and acted like a stick; and Mr. Avon Saxen sang well and acted better." These singers are not unknown to us in the United States.

It was James Ranciman who described graphically fashionable "slumming," a pursuit or a diversion known in our cities as well as in London. He spoke of the sentimentalist, who treats the East End Court "as a department of a menagerie, and gazes with mild interest on the animals that he views. If the sentimentalist's women-folk go with him, the tour is made still more pleasing. The ladies shudder with terror as they trail their dainty skirts up noisome stairs, but their genteel cackle never ceases. 'And you earn six shillings per week? How very surprising! And the landlord takes four shillings for your one room? How very mean! And you have—let me see; four from six leaves two—yes, you have two shillings a week to keep you and your three children! How charmingly shocking!'"

Uch 13 '94

"PRINCESS NICOTINE"

"Princess Nicotine," an operetta in three acts, libretto by Messrs. Charles A. Byrne and Louis Harrison, music by Mr. William Fuerster, was produced for the first time in Boston last evening at the Hollis Street Theatre by the Lillian Russell Opera Comique Company. Mr. Julian Edwards was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| Chicos..... | Mr. Perugini |
| Don Pedro..... | Eddy Bell |
| Cabana..... | Mr. C. Wheelan |
| Nova Mundo..... | Charles A. Bigelow |
| Bishop..... | James G. Peakes |
| Catalina..... | Lucy Daly |
| The Duchess..... | Marie Dressler |
| Rosa..... | Lillian Russell |

This operetta was first produced at the Casino, New York, Nov. 20, 1893, and Lillian Russell, Edwy Bell, James Peakes, Lucy Daly and Marie Dressler were in the original cast.

The action is in Cuba instead of Spain: Chicos (Uncle Luke) and Rosa (Frasquita) are betrothed at the start instead of married; but with these exceptions the libretto follows closely that charming Spanish story "The Three-Cornered Hat."

The question whether the story lends itself easily to operatic purposes is irrelevant. The libretto, as it exists, is the thing to be judged. It is to be admitted at once that there is a logical series of events, and that the third act is necessary to the development and the end of the plot, which in these days when a third act is often merely a pretext for introducing variety business is an agreeable orient in the history of operetta. The story, slim as it is, is told clearly, but without any particular force. The dialogue is trite, and the jest, original or interpolated, are, with few exceptions, dull and heavy.

The music is superior to the libretto. The solos and duets are tuneful; the ensembles are written with skill and they are effective; the instrumentation is ingenious, often abounding in color, free from cheapness and brutality. The love duet and the good-night song in the second act are particularly worthy of praise.

In the first act tobacco girls on the piano wear their best clothes constantly, and sing and dance on the slightest provocation. Rosa listens to the amorous speeches of the old rascal Don Pedro, is married to Chicos, and then, aided and abetted by all the characters on the stage, shows a deplorable passion for cigarettes, extolling their virtue in a song. The second act, beautifully mounted, by the way, shows Don Pedro falling into the mill-race after he has caused the arrest of Chicos on his wedding night, the flight of Rosa, and the theft of Pedro's clothes by Chicos. In the third act we meet our old friend the Watchman of "The Huguenots" and "The Master-singers." Don Pedro is refused admission to his own house, and very justly, for he insists on singing a topical song. There is a dance, led by Miss Thurgate. The pseudo Governor and the real Governor are brought face to face. Chicos is assured of his wife's fidelity and Don Pedro promises his wife, a woman of marked force, to stay at home of nights.

The operetta is handsomely mounted. There are pretty women in pretty costumes. The chorus and the orchestra did excellent work. And this is about all that is to be said. Lillian Russell wore gorgeous costumes, but she was evidently suffering from a cold, and at times it was an effort for her to sing. The vocal and the dramatic methods of Messrs. Perugini, Bell and Wheelan are so well known to our theatre-goers that extended comment is unnecessary. Miss Lucy Daly danced with great spirit, and she talked and sang in an impossible negro dialect. A waltz song by leadore Luckstone was introduced in the third act.

"Princess Nicotine" may thus be summed up: The libretto deals in conventionalities in a commonplace way. The music is always agreeable, at times delightful. As a show, a pleasure to the eye, the operetta will undoubtedly please many. There was a large audience last evening. Many of the numbers were applauded, and there was a curtain call after the first act.

PHILIP HALE.

That Mr. Apt has been released "from the clutches of German militarism" suggests a pun of such atrocity that we refrain from perpetration. For the same reason we refrain from commenting on the conduct of Capt. Coull when he saw three waterspouts off Hatteras.

The women that wear tight veils in public have a singular trick of putting their lips against the meshes after the fashion of gold fish in a tank.

The sensational scene on the Suspension bridge at Niagara Falls, a scene that might well fit a lurid melodrama, recalls the fact that Blondin, who accomplished so many astounding, hair-raising feats at Niagara, is still alive. His home is at Ealing, England, where he amuses himself in carpentry, blacksmithing and watching plants in his greenhouse. Blondin is now over 70 years old, and he still preserves his dexterity and coolness in old age.

"It is an ill bore that bites everybody."

Another instance of the illogical working of the feminine mind is the fact that when a young woman was kissed by a stranger in a street in Providence, she shouted "murder."

The English claim that peruvianate of potassium, the newly alleged antidote in cases of morphia poisoning, has been thus in use for many years in their country.

A short while ago a meeting was held to promote a memorial to Darwin in his native town of Shrewsbury. A day or two after, the spire of a church there was blown down, and the vicar preached a sermon in which he said "the fall of the spire should stop forever in their mouths the jargon about natural laws and material forces." It is hard to see any logical sequence in the fall of the spire or any sense in the application. Then, too, the vicar must have forgotten the text about the tower in Siloam.

"James Whitcomb Riley is one of the most pleasing of those dialect poets whose quaint phraseology and breezy humor reflect the primitive upland life of the Green Mountain State." —(Fall Mall Gazette).

This is about as near as our cousins usually get to the facts in the case. It was Henri Kowalski, the pianist, who, after a professional visit here about 25 years ago, wrote among other profound "Impressions," this equally remarkable statement: "Poetry is represented by Washington Irving and Longfellow. They are both popular."

The opera season was over Saturday night, and yet the public was informed yesterday about what the singers eat and how they act at table. All this is as important as the peculiar taste of Jones in the line of salads:

"Jones likes his lettuce undressed.
Do you ask the reason?
'Tis confessed,
That is the way
Jones likes them best."

Miss Julia Arthur, who is well known to our theatregoers, resigned in San Francisco her position as leading lady in the Palmer Company because she and Mr. Lackaye could not agree. It appears that the latter was "indignant" because Miss Arthur did not really feel the emotion she portrayed. Here is a pretty fuss over the old paradox of Diderot that the comedian should not actually feel what he expresses.

This is the time for disappearing. Mysteries are so thick that they at once become matter-of-fact events.

Bishop Mallalieu has undertaken a large contract in his attempt to abolish by speeches the religions of Japan, China and India; but nobody will be offended seriously by his scoring of Sir Edwin Arnold, except possibly the poet himself.

The Legislature, as it has refused to suppress skirt and serpentine dancing, should be rewarded by perpetual seats in the front row.

McN. 14-294

So it seems that many of our townsmen are armigerous. They have the privilege of writing themselves, *armigero*, after the fashion of Robert Shallow, Esquire. Some of the members of our untitled aristocracy use apples, as heraldic emblems; others, crowns; others, all sorts of fabled animals; and they all have mottoes more or less defiant.

But we are a practical race, and we should not follow timidly the approved and traditional devices of remote real or alleged progenitors. There should be sympathy. The punishment should fit the crime.

Thus the blinders, the carriages and the notepaper of some might display proudly a mortgage foreclosure or three balls rampant. Others might show a shovel or a shuttle. A hoghead of rum or a negro in chains might ornament the rich and the prosaic lives of some of the present generation.

In Chicago, ham or pigs' feet would lend local color. In New York, crossed ferryman's oars, lumps of sugar, furs from the Pacific coast would serve admirably.

The king of diamonds, a box of pills, a coat of blackmail—the ingenuity of the reader may complete an appropriate list.

It was Abraham Lincoln, one of the plain people, who spoke of his shirt sleeves as his own coat of arms.

This is the anniversary of the violent death of Admiral Byng, a stout gentleman, who was shot by his fellow-countrymen—and without just cause, if careful examiners of the case are to be believed. The story of Byng is only one of many that show the selfishness of rulers and associates and the indifference of people in mass. Officers in our own day, in England and in our own country, have suffered the mortification known by Byng, and have no doubt envied his fate.

A 125-Bron.
line: 16 hands;
he drives with op
can trot a mile in 22
two sets
by A. J. S.

Voltaire told Byng's story in immortal words, and they are worth repeating as a biting commentary on the barbarous practice of war. "And why kill the Admiral?" quoth Candide. "Because he did not kill people enough; he was to fight a French Admiral, and it appears he did not get near enough to him." "But," said Candide, "the French Admiral was as far from him as he was from the French Admiral." "That is very true," was the reply, "but in this country it is a good thing to kill an Admiral occasionally, to encourage the rest."

An Englishman proposes the following disposition of Anarchists: "For violent mob-ocracy, which has lately taken the form of incitement to murder," flogging; "for successful bomb-throwing," flogging and then hanging.

The passengers in the smoking car that carried a man suffering from small-pox to New York need not be anxious, if there is anything in the old idea that tobacco is a preventative of contagion.

It appears that Boss McKane was not "faithless to his trust." He merely had a remarkable cryptic system of keeping his accounts, so that "even his bookkeeper is puzzled by them."

The letter boxes of this town have been flooded with circulars proving that Shakspeare could not write. He probably used a typewriter. We know from a curious passage in Bacon's works that the telephone was not unknown in those days, and Mr. "Bill" Nye, the pains-taking historian, has proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that Thomas Jefferson preferred a typewriting machine to a pen.

Babies blink in this March sun; German bands play with more recklessness and greater endurance; and the piano-organ is more voluble in the street.

Some of the old residents in Massachusetts Avenue will have a sense of lost identity when their house numbers are changed. And what an admirable excuse there will be for a week or two for alcoholic blundering.

McN. 15-294

Mr. William H. Baldwin, in his excellent address the other day, spoke of the many temptations in the city for a young man to do right. It is a pleasure to hear such sensible talk, for too often estimable and well meaning people indulge in much cant about the inevitable and yawning pitfalls in a great city.

Mr. Baldwin named the opportunities presented here for innocent amusement and agreeable instruction, opportunities that are not often found in small country towns. It is not necessary to consider now the truth of the statement that crimes of peculiar atrocity spring from the dull monotony of village life. But it may be said that the boy who is ruined by coming to the city would in nine cases out of ten have led a lazy or a profligate life if he had remained in the little town.

Among other local advantages Mr. Baldwin named the Public Library. What is the cause of the transformation of Bates Hall, by the way? The time was—and not so long ago—that the hall was a delightful place for students. There was plenty of room, there was quiet, there was fresh air. Now there is a crowd, there is seldom a vacant seat at a table, and the air is foul. Bates Hall seems to be now a reading room, not so much for the benefit of literary workers as for the comfort of all those who have little or nothing to do, and find the weather cold and disagreeable without.

"There is going to be a row in The Bostonians before long. Tom Karl has refused to sing any more, and so he goes to the theatres and has a good time, while Barnabee and Macdonald continue to work; but he draws an equal share of the profits. Flesh and blood will not stand that sort of thing."

So says a New York exchange; but the men are all good friends. Perhaps the wish was father to the thought.

In all the vast crowd that heard opera during a two weeks' visit there was not a man so under the blighting influence of malt or rye, or sugar-cane or juniper, that he drew upon him the eyes of a policeman. There was no "Exchange," no "Sample room," no "Parlor," in the immediate neighborhood.

Neither Aladdin's Palace nor the stately pleasure dome of Kubla Khan is to be compared, it seems, with the present home of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. Among all his conveniences and ornaments, has he the Happy Bell, described by Richard Henry Stoddard, and has any inmate of the house, relative or servant, heard the sound of the bell?

A local contemporary is right in its charge that many who cry out at entering their social adventures are incited in the newspapers are secretly delighted. These are women in this city who send in advance of the day of their "At Home" a list of the guests who "were present," nor are they at all disconcerted if the said guests never appear to greet them. There are men who send in the weekly monthly record of their social movements. These very people are the first to protest against the "unwarrantable intrusions on the privacy of home."

All this is nothing new. Procopius was a "society reporter" in his day and he told all about Theodora and her receptions and her teas. He was one of many. Did Theodora ever say "Outrageous?"

Then, later, there was the well-known case of Miss Snobky, who, very young, used occasionally, in promenades, to meet with young Lord Claude Lollipop. "In the very height of the season," Thackeray tells us, "the Snobkys suddenly determined upon leaving town. Miss Snobky spoke to her female friend and confidante. 'What will poor Claude Lollipop say when he hears of my absence?' asked the tender-hearted child. 'Oh, perhaps he won't hear of it,' answers the confidante. 'My dear, he will read it in the papers,' replied the dear little fashionable rogue of 7 years old."

MUSIC.

Selections From Schumann's "Faust" and Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" Given by the Society.

The Cecilia, under the direction of Mr. B. J. Lang, gave its 100th concert in Music Hall last evening. The program book contained a short sketch of the history of the organization, with a list of its officers and the names of the present members.

The program last evening included selections from Schumann's "Faust" and Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night." The solos in the "Faust" selections were sung by Miss Whittier, Mrs. Maude N. Lyon, Miss Maud K. Williams, Mrs. Jeannette M. Rice, Miss Clara L. Bowers, Miss Leslie V. Grant, Miss E. A. Burgess, and Messrs. Thomas E. Johnson, Arthur W. Wellington and Max Heinrich.

The selections from "Faust" included the overture and the third part, with the exception of the tenor solo of Pater Ecstasius, which was only omitted on account of the 'cello solo therein. It is true that there was an orchestra, but there was no harp in it, and so a piano was substituted for the harp in the accompaniment to the solo of Doctor Marlow. Now the piano, however skillfully it may be played, is a stretched substitute for a harp.

Schumann wrote his "Faust" at long intervals. He began with the third part in 1844, and portions of the whole work were ready in 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850. The overture was not written until 1853, when Schumann's brain was dull, so that it is not surprising that the overture is without strength or color. The first complete performance of the "Scenes from Faust" was not given until 1862.

With the exception of the chorus, "A noble ray of spirit life is saved," and the solo of Dr. Marlow, the music of the third part, superior as it is to that which precedes, does not reveal clearly Schumann's genius, known to mortal by his piano music, his concerto, his minor symphony and some of his songs.

On the contrary, the "Walpurgis Night" is among the very best of the works of Mendelssohn. Although he tussled over it and rewrote it, there is an indescribable freshness, spontaneity. This music is the music of the young Mendelssohn, the man who dreamed of the lovers wandering in the wood near Athens, of Bottom and Titania, who thought that the cantata would make an effect, and in 1800 he put it in the repertoire of the theatre at Carl-rune. So too, it was with scenery and action at the Berlin Opera in October of last year, but on the stage it proved a dire failure. In the concert it gives pleasure, even when the performance is only tolerable. Last evening the audience was generally very satisfactory, although it was shown once or twice by the chorus.

Miss Florence Carver displayed a rich and sympathetic quality. Mr. Heinrich claimed his lines, as in "Faust," enthusiastically delighted the audience. Mr. Thomas E. Johnson is a tenor of unusual range and his voice is so full and sympathetic when it is perfectly under the control of the singer that it is adapted admirably to the work. Experience will give him greater confidence. There is no reason why he should not take a foremost position among the vocal soloists of this country.

There was one applause after the performance of Mendelssohn's cantata, "The 'Faust' did not awake such enthusiasm, nor was the performance as heartily to be commended. The work of the chorus was not as effective. In the 'Faust' there was a constant forte rather than a piano, and the opening of the music was not so subtle enough. The first part of the work led one to inquire whether a disfiguring tremor is now regarded as an accomplishment in song.

PHILIP HALE.

"Nearly all the modern books in the late G. D. Masspassant's library were presentation copies, and the whole of them were filled with their leaves uncut." Truly, an excellent idea. De Masspassant thus saved time to devote to his own work, and the books uncut brought a higher price at a sale after his death than they would have brought if he had cut and thumbed them. And it must be remembered that as a rule libraries of authors find their way to the library.

The many friends of the late Dr. Charles P. Strong, who honor his memory and miss his sweet companionship, could have found no better way of showing their appreciation of his generous character than by the foundation of a scholarship in the Harvard Medical School.

There is comment on the fact that an attractive young woman is the clerk in a Western hotel, but women occupy such positions in many hotels in England and on the Continent of Europe. If men turn dress-makers in this country, why should not women supersede the male hotel clerk? Of course the woman should be personally attractive; or, if not a Venus, a combination of Junonian dignity and Minervian perception of character. It would be hard to imagine strict discipline in an office where the clerk lisped coquettishly or said "Fwout." And homely guests in such a hotel would, undoubtedly, be given inside rooms, or lodged just under the roof.

There was a mild and momentary objection the other day at the Back Bay Post Office to changing a \$5 bill in the sale of 50 cents' worth of stamps. The objection was this: "Everybody who comes here has nothing less than a \$5 bill." Living in a region of such wealth has its petty inconveniences.

Then Mr. Hamlin Garland arose and remarked: "Zola is unwholesome. On the other hand, American veritism is as wholesome as the breath of a pine forest." It should not be forgotten that Mr. Garland claims to be the leading American "veritist"—Phoebus! What a word! There was much singular talk at this same meeting, at the Nineteenth Century Club; for instance, Mr. Cable declared that "the eternal verities of the human heart are without restriction to the petty facts of the every day round." Pray, just what is an "eternal verity of the human heart," and who has been mean enough to "restrict" it?

President Peixoto has pronounced sentence of death on certain rebellious officers. In other words, if he finds the Admiral Mello, he proposes to pick him.

Why should anybody have objected to Mr. Gibbs' marriage with Phyllis Rankin? Was he not the property man of the company?

A correspondent asks if Gladstone's withdrawal will affect the question of poet-lauriat. As a Westerner would say, the poet is hung up at present by the lair. According to Gibbon, the title of poet-laureate, "which custom, rather than vanity, perpetuates in the English Court, was first invented by the Caesars of Germany," and Gibbon, over a century ago, called for the abolishment of the "ridiculous custom."

They say that to-day is the anniversary of the burial of Richard Burbage, a painter of celebrity and a playactor who created many of the leading parts in Shakespeare's plays. He was short and fat and rich. His yearly income from real estate alone was a sum equal now to about \$10,000. "Othello" was regarded as his masterpiece in action and expression. Fortunate man in his epitaph, which is simply this: "Exit Burbage."

A local contemporary announced yesterday the startling fact that a concert overture by Mr. Hadley of this city "was played by Mr. Johann and Paul Mierseh." In other words, an overture for full orchestra was played by a violinist and a 'cellist. This is indeed a phenomenal event in musical history.

Sir James Fitzjames Stephen will be noted for at least three things: His "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," his "Digest of the Criminal Law," and his severe, irritable demeanor during the last years he sat on the bench.

Mr. Stead would not like to live in the United States. There's no law that compels him to even visit us and "stand aghast."

The March lion showed its claws last evening.

Landon's remark, that if men would discuss their differences of opinion over a really good dinner these differences of opinion would very soon cease to exist, is quoted apropos of differences at Washington. But would there not always be a difference of opinion as to what constitutes "a really good dinner?"

Western newspapers are trumpeting the glory of Peter Herdic, the millionaire. Probably one of the chief personal advantages of his wealth was his ability to eschew the being driven in the machine of torture that bears his name.

A correspondent of a contemporary asks why the wretched accommodation of Bostonians in the matter of street cars is considered a joke. There is no answer to this conundrum, except that we are the best natured people in the world and turn absolute discomfiture into a doubtful jest.

"St. Patrick was a gentleman, and he came from decent people."

In Dublin town he built a church and on it put a steeple.

His father was a Wollaghan, his mother an O'Grady, his aunt she was a Kinnaghan, and his wife a Widow Brady."

And let us again sing, with Dr. Maginn:

"You've heard, I suppose, long ago,

How the snakes in a manner most antic,

He march'd to the County Mayo,"

And trundled them into the Atlantic.

Hence not to use water for drink

The people of Ireland determine.

With mighty good reason, I think,

Since St. Patrick has filled the world with vermin,

And vipers, and other such stuff."

Did Ireland have its St. Patrick? For there are no snakes there, according to the famous chapter.

If old English calendars may be believed, this is the anniversary of the day that the good and the sagacious Noah entered the ark from which he did not emerge until the 29th of April. It is a curious circumstance that in the old English religious mysteries Noah's wife was always represented as a shrew with a tongue of thorns. Nor would she get into the ark until the water frightened her. Chaucer represents Noah as wishing that "she had had a ship hireself alone."

The shamrock is held sacred in certain Eastern countries, and Pliny tells us that "it prevails against the stings of snakes and scorpions."

Apropos of the puppet show contrived by Miss Alger this week, it may be interesting to note that at Bath, England, in 1709, puppet shows were given with such subjects as "The Creation of the World," "Noah's Flood," and in the latter show Punch and his wife were introduced dancing in the ark. Steele describes the behavior of the genteel spectators in the Tatler, and tells how the "puppet drummer, Adam and Eve, and several others that lived before the flood passed through the streets on horseback to invite us all to the pastime. * * * And Mr. Mayor was so wise as to prefer these innocent people, the puppets, who he said were to represent Christians, before the wicked players who were to show Alexander an heathen philosopher."

Steele in the Spectator of March 16, 1711, intimates that Powell, the puppet-showman, exhibited religious plays under a little piazza in Covent Garden, London, and talked of "his next opera 'Susannah, or Innocence Betrayed,' which will be exhibited next week with a pair of new Elders." But was not Steele mocking the Italian opera at the Haymarket?

It was on the 17th of March, 1776, that the British fleet, "bearing the army with nearly 1000 Loyalists, sailed down the harbor, and Washington entered Boston." The main Revolutionary Army did not enter the town till the 20th, for there was small-pox in town. And, by the way, let the lovers of the Common speak well to-day of Gen. Howe, for "he stayed the destruction of the trees of the mall at the solicitation of the Selectmen."

The description of the music played at the Puppet Show Thursday night reminds one of the story of the Scriptural panorama written by Mark Twain before he was rich, and when he was really funny.

There is a club in London known as the Omar Khayyam. The members wear the symbolic red rose, but are they content at their regular dinners with the "jug of wine, the loaf of bread and the book of verses" sung by the Tentmaker?

MUSIC.

The Nineteenth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—Mrs. Lillian Blauvelt, Soprano, Was Applauded Heartily.

The program of the nineteenth Symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall was as follows:

Symphony, G minor Mozart
"With Verdure Clad" Gounod
Adagio and Scherzo, from the 9th Symphony, Beethoven
"Vai Che Sapele" Mozart
Overture "Oberon" Weber

The G minor Symphony of Mozart is one of the most beautiful things in this little world. It is beautiful in its poetic thought; it is beautiful in the perfection of the expression of the thought. It has the artistic simplicity of a story of Boccaccio, of a painting by Botticelli, of one of the short Wessex tales by Thomas Hardy. It is a masterpiece in this: you cannot imagine it written in any other way. Beside the strings, Mozart only used 1 flute, 2 oboes, 2 bassoons and 2 horns; and where, pray, would you have other instruments added? The fiery or profound moderns use all instruments known to man; they invent instruments for the more complete expression of their thoughts; there is a mighty bother; there is fretting, and there is fuming; there are effects, strange, sensuous, or heavy with thought. The perfume of modern music is apt to be pungent, hot, acrid. The perfume of Mozart's symphony is the natural perfume of a sweet and healthy woman. The mod-

...his music, the late is indur-
 ...ious, or vague. The Mozart
 ...with serene confidence, as though he
 ...forward a century and foresaw that his
 ...phony would then be as fresh, as perfect, as
 ...when he wrote it, beset by many cares.
 It may be said in brief that although there
 was no novelty in the concert, in selections and in
 performance, gave great pleasure. Mr. Fair
 made no doubtful experiment in giving two
 movements of the 9th symphony. There
 are, indeed, few symphonies that, from be-
 ginning to end, hold the attention fixed
 and seem one homogeneous work as does the
 G minor of Mozart. Did any one last evening
 really feel of the need of the first and the fourth
 movements of Beethoven's gigantic symphony?
 The time will come when fragments of sonata
 ...tories, concertos will be given as well as
 ...ments of symphonies. When a work of
 ...proportions is new, let it be heard as the
 ...composer wrote it, in justice to him and to the
 audience.
 Mrs. Lillian Blauvelt, who was heard here a
 season ago in a Damrosch concert, gave genuine
 delight last evening. The agreeable quality of
 her voice, the vocal art displayed by her, and
 the modesty and the grace of her bearing com-
 bined to make her a welcome apparition on the
 concert stage.

PHILIP HALE.



It has been said of late that the operatic per-
 formances at Mechanics' Building were in cer-
 tain instances distinguished by the presence of
 a claque.

But first, what is a claque?

The English word, taken from the French
claque, a smack or clap of the hand, may be
 defined as an organized body of hired applau-
 ders in a theatre; hence, in a transferred sense,
 the word means a body of subservient follow-
 ers always ready to applaud their leader.

That there was a claque in the first meaning
 of the word is absurd, not to be believed.
 Neither managers nor singers hired men or
 women to applaud.

It is true, however, at the late performances,
 as at almost all operatic performances, there
 were staunch admirers of certain singers. Some
 of these admirers might be known as the Mel-
 banians; others as the Nordicanians; others
 again as the Eamesites. Whatever each singer
 did or refrained from doing was just right in the
 eyes and ears of the devoted partisans.

It is also true that the members of one of
 these factions were remarkable for the fury of
 their zeal. Before the evening of the farewell
 appearance of their idol leaders were written in
 newspapers praying for an announcement
 to the effect that the farewell of the "favorite"
 singer would be a "social event"; that her

friends "would make the occasion memorable,"
 etc., etc. On the said evening there was wild
 enthusiasm, and certain individuals, who in
 the days of the singer's trials and probation
 here in Boston were inclined to look at her
 askew, actually stood on chairs and exorted
 themselves violently in the delirium of their
 joy.

Far be it from me to affirm that any one of
 these singers did not often, throughout the sea-
 son, merit warm and open recognition of her
 improvement or proficiency in song; but if
 either Nordica or Eames, on the night of fare-
 well, had been personally unknown to the more
 enraged enthusiasts would not the latter have
 contented themselves with a mild and genteel
 expression of moderate rapture?

Fortunately for the benefit of outsiders, who
 often enjoyed the appearance of Eames and
 Nordica as well as the performances of other
 and more famous members of the excellent
 company, one faction did not try to extol its fa-
 vorite by any open manifestation of disapproval
 when a rival sang. There was no rioting, no
 throwing of missiles, dangerous or unsavory, at
 the singer, as in more barbaric or more civilized
 countries. Nor was there after all anything in
 the noisy applause of the said partisans to annoy
 seriously the impartial looker-on, who was not
 obliged to join in the applause and could have
 left the hall if he had been disturbed by the din.

From the beginning of time singers of great,
 little, or absolutely no worth have had, blind
 and rapt followers. Applause, as well as kiss-
 ing, goes by favor.

No doubt Adam applauded Eve when she
 sang the lullaby over Cain that is found in
 careful notation in Butstedt's old book "Ut re-
 mi fa."

The Emperor Nero, one of the first singers
 that had a well-defined vocal method, appeared
 in his recitals with over 5000 able-bodied
 youths, who had been taught three kinds of
 public encouragement: Applause like the hum-
 ming of bees; applause like the rattling of hail
 on the roof; applause like the clatter of porce-
 lain vessels when clashed together.

But let us look at the opera singers of a nearer
 day.

It is said that Sauton was the first to organize
 the Parian Theatre claque in 1820; but the
 husband of an opera singer knew the value of
 well-drilled and heavy handed friends a few
 years after.

When Angelica Catalani in 1826 submitted a
 draft of a contract to John Ebers, manager of
 the King's Theatre, London, the first clause in-
 cluded these lines: "The free admissions shall
 be given with paper orders, and differently
 snapped from the paid tickets. Their number
 shall be limited." Now these free admissions
 are said to have been intended by Valabréque
 for persons expected or engaged to applaud.

In Novello's "History of Church Music," we
 read that it was at one time—about 50 years ago
 —proposed seriously in England to introduce
 the claque at the opera, "to educate the pub-
 lic."

Mr. Sutherland Edwards, an amusing if some-
 times inaccurate writer, traces the origin of the
 claque in France to a custom comparatively re-
 cent, of publishing the names of the actors and
 the actresses in the play bill. "Until nearly the
 end of the eighteenth century it was considered
 bad policy to do so; for if an audience could be
 attracted one night by a favorite performer, it
 might equally, reasoned the manager, be kept
 away another night by unwillingness to see a
 performer not generally admired."

Then Mr. Edwards tells the following story:
 "At the Grand Opera matters were brought to
 a crisis by an assault which a disappointed
 amateur committed upon a ticket dealer who
 had sold him a place for a representation in
 which an obnoxious vocalist named Pontfieu
 took part. 'Did I know that they would loose
 Pontfieu?' cried the ticket dealer, when the
 man whose musical feeling he had been the
 means of shocking administered to him a severe
 caning."

And, by the way, the season tickets to the
 opera at Mechanics' Building were bought gladly
 without the exact knowledge of what operas
 were to be given or what singers would take
 part.

The French managers believed and many still
 believe that even if a piece is well written, well
 contrived, well acted, well mounted, it will
 have little chance unassisted by support from
 the front of the house, from the gentlemen
 known as "Les Romains" or "Les Chevaliers
 du lustre."

When the practice was adopted of announc-
 ing in Paris not only the piece but also the play-
 ers, each actor aimed at securing a personal fol-
 lowing.

The elder Dumas in his Memoirs tell stories

of how some leaders of a claque would call on
 him before the production of one of his plays
 and ask him where he should like the applause
 to begin.

Mr. Edwards, in speaking of such volunteer
 clagues as were on exhibition in Mechanics'
 Building, admits it is natural "that those who
 enjoy the honor of being personally acquainted
 with a popular actor or actress should some-
 times see more to applaud in his or her perform-
 ance than can be easily detected by a perfect
 stranger."

There was not a little in the gossip about the
 members of the opera company that recalled
 the description of his associates given by the
 buffo Raucocanti to Don Juan in the fourth
 canto of Byron's poem.

The Emperor of Germany has initiated
 "Social Evenings" at the Berlin Opera. Cer-
 tain parts of the house are reserved for the
 "court-capable" society of the capital, and be-
 tween the acts the Emperor goes from box to
 box, or strolls about in the lobby, bowing and
 talking.

It is said that the only objection to the Amer-
 ican engagement of Gemma Bellincioni, the
 original Santuzza and probably the greatest
 dramatic soprano now living, is the fact that
 she will not appear anywhere unless Stagno is
 by her side. Now Stagno was here in Boston
 during the season of '83-'84, and did not then
 endear himself to the public. He was with
 Mapleson in England as far back as 1866. The
 Bellincioni was born in 1864 and she made her
 debut in 1880. She appeared lately in leading
 German cities with great success. Some time
 ago she had the caprice to take the part of
 Figaro in Rossini's "Barber of Seville."

Messrs. Dole and Praeisch of this town have
 published a "Handy Music-Lexicon," based on
 the second German edition of Prof. Kalauer's
 posthumous work. This Lexicon is a transla-
 tion from the well-known German pam-
 phlet, and Mr. N. H. Dole, the translator, has
 adapted and added to suit local conditions.
 Here is an example of the contents:

"Encore—A flimsy invention which, while it
 apparently flatters the performer, is really de-
 vised to procure for an audience more than its
 money's worth, and to keep suburbanians from
 catching trains."

Here is another:

"Conservatory—A school for music where
 four or more students are taught all manner of
 instruments at the same time. At some conser-
 vatories holes are bored in the doors, so that if
 the Trustees come along during lesson hours
 they may see that the students are embracing
 their opportunities, and not their professors."

The hundredth concert of the Cecilia was given
 last Thursday night. Twenty years ago the
 Harvard Musical Association issued a prospec-
 tus headed "The Cecilia," and for two seasons
 the chorus of about 100 mixed voices was an
 adjunct of the Harvard Symphony concerts.
 At the end of two years the Cecilia organized as
 an independent body. To-day the chorus num-
 bers about 200 carefully chosen singers.

There are two histories concerning music in
 this city that should be written. One is the
 History of the Harvard Musical Association.
 The other is the History of Opera in Boston.
 But who has the patience, the time and the dis-
 crimination to achieve such a task that would
 bring with the performance little or no pecuni-
 ary reward and only a posthumous reputation?
 PHILIP HALE.

tabish-
 ported by
 the house.

A SHOW OF HANDS.

It was the belief of Anaxagoras that hands
 were the cause of the wisdom and the indus-
 try of men; for which Plutarch rebuked him,
 and alleged that man is not the wisest of
 animals because he has hands, but he re-
 ceived such tools from nature because he is
 by nature rational and ingenious. Such a
 controversy seems to us vain, fit only for
 lazy wranglers in speech. Equally vain to
 many is the belief, or the theory, now a fad
 in certain quarters, that the hands foretell
 the fortunes of their owners to him that is
 skilled in chiromancy. Yet many, particu-
 larly women, devote hours to the study of
 the art, and see in acquaintances and strang-
 ers merely subjects for the exercise of their
 cunning. They will discuss publicly the
 alleged constitutional and mental character-
 istics of the victim who is led by mistaken
 politeness or latent vanity to open a hand;
 they will announce cheerfully several mar-
 riages, or a sudden death at no remote
 period.

Chiromancy is as old as the eternal hills.
 It is safe to agree with those who attribute
 its first deep cultivation to the Egyptians,
 for the Egyptians are supposed to have
 known everything that existed, exists, will
 exist. For the sake of the argument, let it also
 be admitted that the gypsy is the descendant
 of the Egyptian and the inheritor of his
 secrets. Is it probable that the sun spends
 much time in regulating the movements of
 the index finger, that Venus worries over
 the thumb or Mercury over the little finger?
 Is the length of life measured by a line? Or
 does the line above the middle of the thumb,
 if it meet about, "portend a hanging des-
 tiny?" Yet, ancient and modern wise men
 have agreed to call the palm of man a chart
 to his voyage of life, and some have even
 wrenched the 7th verse of the 37th chapter of
 Job to gain thereby the authority of Script-
 ure.

At the same time there have been sceptics
 among those who lived in credulous times,
 as Cornelius Agrippa, de la Mothe le Vayer,
 Dr. Ferrand, who in 1640 affirmed: "No
 man professeth publickly this cheating
 art, but thieves, rogues and beggarly ras-
 cals."

Now chiromancy is the art of telling the
 characters as well as the fortunes of persons
 by inspection of their hands. What should
 be said of the result of countless experiments
 made by patient Frenchmen of this century
 who disclaim the foolishness of fortune-tell-
 ing, but endeavor to classify hands by shape
 of fingers, by character of mounts, and by
 presence or absence, length and direction of
 certain lines. Just as composers of music
 are thought to have a characteristic fore-
 head, so they are thought to have character-
 istic hands. Rulers, soldiers, heapers up of
 riches, painters, all classes and conditions of
 men are believed to have hands peculiar
 to each set in its particular calling.
 But these skillful classifiers do not pretend
 that there are not marked exceptions. The
 most harmless and prosaic person in the
 world may have the fingers of an indefat-
 igable pianist, a blood-thirsty conqueror or a
 merciless plumber.

Of what use is the serious study of chir-
 omancy? If the character of the hand
 changes from extreme youth to budding
 manhood, would it be wise to shape educa-
 tion or choose a calling from the temporary
 revelation? Would the knowledge of the
 meaning of a line change the fate of the in-
 dividual? Let chiromancy serve the amuse-
 ment of all those who regard Time as the
 chief of enemies. Let it also be remem-
 bered that the practice of chiromancy is a
 friend to flirtation and a possible aid to
 matrimony; for the proximity and the
 assumption of acute personal interest may
 well melt the resolve of the coldest celibate.

The emotional nature of the Italians is
 again revealed, even when the people
 breathe a cold and mercantile atmosphere. It
 appears that when the members of the
 orchestra at "The Miracle Play" realized
 the incongruity between the piece and their
 selections, "they actually shed tears."

A contemporary inquires whether musi-
 cians have been consulted concerning the
 acoustics of the new Music Hall. Architects
 are more to the purpose, and even with the
 utmost care excellent acoustic properties
 are largely a matter of luck.

An English newspaper advises London riders to follow the example of American cousins and have the bridal chorus from "Lohengrin" sung at the ceremony. Did anyone ever suggest in this connection that the marriage of Lohengrin and Elsa was most unhappy, and the superstitious might regard the chorus of ill omen?

The complaint is made that young women to-day do not read enough poetry. This calls the saying, "It is a terrible thing to woman with a heart, to love blue, to Mendelssohn and read Heine;" but it is more terrible thing to be a woman with heart and without appreciation of the real in nature and life.

It seems that Gov. Waite's sanity is questioned by citizens of Denver. There would be no harm, at any rate, in examining his bumps.

Bob Cook is at New Haven. About this time ex. gloomy bulletins about the condition of Yale's crew.

Prof. Garner does not really seem to have achieved much by his self-exile in Monkeyland. All that he could tell after his return to England was that one of the Kulu-Kambas "might have learnt to say 'Maumma' if it had not died."

These great oratorio choruses remind the Pall Mall Gazette of a scene in "Patience." "You're a pretty woman," says Banthorne to Lady Jane. "No, not pretty," is the reply, "Massive."

A correspondent is hereby informed that Barnum's Museum at Tufts College will be used for scientific purposes, and not for the exhibition of Fiji mermaids, woolly horses and other freaks. The Museum will be consecrated to Nature rather than to Art.

MUSIC.

A New Quintet by Dvorak Played at the Last of the Kneisel Concerts—Mr. Abloesch's Zither Concert.

The last concert of the ninth series of the Kneisel Quartet was given last evening in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows: Quartet in E flat major, op. 89, Dittersdorf; Quartet No. 2, in E minor, op. 59, Beethoven; Quintet in E flat major, op. 97, Allegro ma non troppo—Allegro vivace—Andante—Finale. (MS. first time).....Dvorak

Second viola, Mr. Max Zach.

The quintet by Dvorak is one of his three experiments in founding a national American school of music on thematic material derived, as it is alleged, from negroes and Indians. The symphony and the quartet have been heard here during the season.

As music without any reference to ethnological claims or pretensions, the quintet after one hearing does not appear to be a work of as much merit as the quartet. The finale is cheap stuff, unworthy of the composer; and the other movements, though they will undoubtedly be popular for a time on account of marked and peculiar rhythm or on account of the theme and certain variations of the andante, seem to be the expression of experiment; rather than unflinching musical conviction. To be sure, the effect of the first movement was in a measure marred by the scarping of a string of the first violin; in spite of the accident, the movement gave pleasure, superficial perhaps, but there is such a thing as popularity in music, and it is by no means to be despised. The second movement is the most characteristic of the four, with its realistic break-down and suggestion of interlocutor and end-mot; but what in the world is that viola solo doing in the midst of the movement? It furnishes a contrast; it was well played by Mr. Svecenski, but it did not seem in its proper place. The opening of the andante is dusky in its color, but the alleged negro quality of the theme is more after the pattern of S. C. Foster's sentimental warbler than after the negro of the South, whose ideas of music were largely limited to that he distorted camp-meeting tunes and the songs sung by the women of his owner's family. Some of the variations are Slavonic, and there are that suggest strongly Bohemian.

This quintet, as well as the other numbers of the program, was played exceedingly well. The quartet of Dittersdorf made a delightful impression when it was given about two years ago, and the impression was confirmed fully last evening. It is a singular fact that Dittersdorf's quartets were not mentioned by his contemporary biographers, and he himself did not refer to them in his interesting and pathetic "Autobiography." Yet this work must have made some noise in its day, for even now it is comparatively free from fornication or conventionalities. Witness, for instance, the bass-piano drop in the last movement while the first violin suggests a wild tune that might come from a Gipsy's mouth.

There was frequent and most hearty applause throughout the evening, and there were many requests. It is always with regret that our music lover attend the final concert of these admirable artists, whose return in the winter is anticipated so fully.

It is announced that the concert last evening was the last that will be given in Chickering Hall, as the familiar room will hereafter be used for business purposes.

PHILIP HALE.

MR. ABLOESCHER'S CONCERT.

An admirable zither concert was given last evening in Steinert Hall by Mr. Johannes Abloesch, the second trombonist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He was assisted by Mrs. Ketterborn, soprano, Mr. Max Kluge, zither, Mr. Chas. Diekmann, baritone, Messrs.

Hoffmann, Zahn, Alex. Heindl of the Symphony Orchestra, and the Fidelio Choral Society, under the direction of Dr. Louis Ketterborn. The zither solos were thoroughly enjoyed, and the skill of the performer was warmly appreciated. These solos were selected or arranged from works of Umbau, Vogl, Delibes, and the duet was by Schnabl. Mrs. Ketterborn sang songs by Mozart and Abloesch. Other interesting numbers were contributed by the performers above mentioned.

Just as some meteorologists declare that spring begins the 6th of this month, so others, and they are the majority, prefer the 20th and talk wisely of the sun entering the ram. There are families still in existence in which changes of raiment from thick to thin follow the calendar, not the fitness of the weather. Such families enjoy the doubtful reputation of being "methodical," of being men and women of "regular habits." Now regularity of habit often provokes irregularity of temper in the associate or neighbor; for the daily accomplishment of a task at a particular hour is apt to be accompanied with purring self-complacency. There are men who cannot wind up their watches without rebuking others by the action alone. So, too, the change to spring clothing can be made intensely disagreeable to the good natured, the careless, and particularly to the man who has no clothing appropriate to spring, real or alleged.

Mr. Morrison Swift is still at work, firing the Ephesian dome. There are many ways of gaining notoriety at comparatively trifling expense, and one of the easiest and cheapest is to attack everything and everybody hitherto regarded as respectable. Just now Mr. Swift is whacking away at the college professor; not at Professor X., not at Professor Y., but at the college professor, irrespective of name, sex, color or previous condition.

One of the most amusing of Mr. Swift's statements is connected with the idea that these loathsome beings in professional chairs receive "fine" salaries. Now in the great majority of cases the salary of a professor does not approach the income of a "laborer for the down-trodden," who is called a worker by use of the formula *lucus a non*. Nor does the professor benefit by advertising, not even when an intoxicated class paints unpleasantly worded sentences on his house or hangs him in effigy to the music of raucous horns and coarse, grating remarks.

"Mr. Swift would have us return to the methods used by Plato and Aristotle. He would revive the old Academy, where a man can declare his ideas to those who are willing to listen, and then retire and put them in effect or not, just as they please." There's no reason why Mr. Swift should not put this scheme in operation. The Academy was nothing but a garden near Athens, or, as some say, a large inclosure of ground once owned by a citizen named Academicus. We have a Common right here in Boston that would serve every purpose. Mr. Swift has already tried its acoustic properties. Perched in a tree, he might at stated hours preach his philosophy. If, after due reflection, judicious parents should prefer Harvard or another college for their sons to the open air discourses of the arboreal Professor Swift, the fault, the disgrace and the wretched future of America could not then be attributed to our modern academic.

How little talk there is concerning Mr. Emil Paur. Liko "Guvener B.," Mr. Paur

"is a sensible man;

He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks; He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can, An' into nobody's tater patch pokes."

But if the excellent conductor of the Symphony concert were just a little bit of a charlatan, would it not be better for the business?

Every singer in a quartet can tell you three good reasons why the organization isn't absolutely perfect.—[Elmira Gazette.

We still prefer the older form of the jest to this and other variations. The original ran as follows: A church quartet choir is made up of three bad singers and one good singer. The good one is the one you happen to be talking with.

It seems to be a matter of surprise in certain quarters that Mr. Irving has "kind words" for American audiences. It would be still more surprising if he were silent. Our audiences have been very "kind" to Mr. Irving and his friend Miss Terry; and American dollars jingle joyfully in Mr. Irving's pockets.

What! no old-fashioned punch at Harvard Class Day or Commencement? And some will lift up their voices in lamentation, saying "Ichabod, the glory is departed."

MUSIC.

The First of Two Song Recitals by Mr. and Mrs. Max Heinrich in Steinert Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Heinrich gave the first of two song recitals in Steinert Hall last evening. There was a very appreciative audience. Mrs. Heinrich sang "From an Old Garden," by MacDowell, and songs by Franz. Mr. Heinrich sang songs by Schubert, Chadwick, D'Albert, Amey, Horrocks, Foote, Clay, Moor, Schumann, Tschalkow-ky, Brueckner. There were also two duets by Goring Thomas and two duets from "The Magic Flute."

Mr. Heinrich has a peculiar and interesting vocal physiognomy. The features are not regular; they do not meet the canons of classical or romantic beauty; nevertheless they often attract and at times rivet the attention of the hearer. It has been said of late in the Journal that Mr. Heinrich in his most impassioned moments is apt to defy the rules of vocal art; in other words, in a burst of feeling he is inclined to fling to the wind the same traditions and beliefs of the acknowledged masters of the art of song. He then assumes a lezard; he forces a tone; he abuses the portamento. And yet, when you have said all this, he is nevertheless one of the most talented and interesting singers now on the American concert stage. His talent occasionally is absolute genius, for he has the great gift of finding at once the kernel of a song, and making it prominent. At times, and without exaggeration, he adds to his vocal interpretation dramatic power, so that it is as though an actor chose song instead of ordinary speech as the medium of expression. Mr. Heinrich may give an interpretation that seems at first erroneous to the hearer, but the interpretation has its reason, and it is effective. A case in point was his delivery of "Row Gently Here, My Gondolier" last evening. It is very doubtful whether Schumann ever had the idea conceived by the singer, but it is very probable that Schumann would have been the first to applaud. From the purely pedagogic standpoint Mr. Heinrich was heard at his best in Moor's "Requiem," but the one song that will haunt the memory to-morrow is Clay's "Gipsy John."

Mrs. Heinrich is an admirable singer. Her voice is agreeable, eminently womanly. She sings with skill and taste.

The second recital will be given Tuesday evening, the 27th. The program will include songs by Schumann, Brahms, Franz, Chadwick, Foote, Haydn, Mackenzie, Handel, Thomas, Stanford, Dulkens, and duets by Saint-Saens, Rubinstein and Foote.

PHILIP HALE.

This is the anniversary of the birth of John Sebastian Bach, excellent man in his family and a great musician to the world at large. His name is now to some a fashionable fetish; they talk in passionate admiration of that which really bores them, and they discover unutterable glories in ordinary contrapuntal formalism.

William Waldorf Astor has found out that it is not an easy thing to run a hotel.

The Committee on Public Health has decided that the manufacture and sale of cigarettes should not be prohibited here, and cigarette smokers, male and female, may rejoice. It is very doubtful whether this abuse of tobacco could be justly made a subject for legislation, and yet cigarettes injure the race. For the very smallness of form encourages excess.

Nor will the cigarette smoker be comforted in the absence of this particular form of tobacco by honest, domestic pipe or good cigar. How different the philosophy of William Breedon, "a profound divine," who, "when he had no tobacco would cut the bell ropes and smoke them."

Years ago they smoked in church. Urban VIII. published a decree of excommunication against those "who used such an unseemly practice." Innocent XII. excommunicated all who should take puff or tobacco in St. Peter's at Rome.

This is the festival of St. Benedict, whose memory is preserved in Benedictine.

In what hall will the Kneisel Quartet, other chamber clubs, singers and pianists appear next season, for Chickering Hall is no longer a refuge for Art. And, by the way, how about the new Music Hall? Is there any truth in the report that the projectors of that scheme are consulting with Mr. John B. Schoeffel concerning the advisability of a practical combination Opera House and Music Hall? And if there were a regular opera month in this city during the winter would the symphony concerts suffer thereby?

Mr. Astor evidently prefers intimacy with Earls of England to Gen. Earle, the American landlord.

Sumptuary laws are looked upon with suspicion as a taking away of personal liberty. Treating should be lessened or abolished by the example and the influence of the thoughtful rather than by public law. Treating is after all synonymous with extravagance or with foolish vanity, and it leads directly to debt, idleness and alcoholism.

It seems that a Mr. Crawford, an ombudsman, will not be prosecuted by one of his victims because the latter admires Crawford as "a dead game sport." Mr. Crawford proved this to his admirer's satisfaction by persuading him to cash a \$6000 bogus check.

The ghost of Anneke Jans is still walking, but not for the benefit of the 800 heirs.

It will be remembered that there was much dissatisfaction at Harvard last year; not because certain classes had punch, but because certain undergraduates invaded rooms of older men and quaffed mightily the punch to which they had no right.

A local contemporary hurrahs lustily because there has been "activity" in the Post Office Department in the matter of re-

vising the spelling of certain Post Offices. Let us see the occasion of this delirious joy. Warlick Mills, for example, has been changed to Warlick. Wright's Corners is now Wright Corners. In other words, towns that had a significant name have now lost it, and an apostrophe no longer "annoys the business men and correspondents who have occasion to use" certain offices.

Mrs. Gleason, head of the anti-cigarette department of the W. C. T. U., national lecturer on narcotics of the W. C. T. U., etc., etc., should keep away from "Princess Nicotine;" for the chorus girls as well as the principals roll cigarettes, smoke them and land, the practice. She is right, however, in her attack on young women that smoke cigarettes. If they must smoke, let them use the plant in hooka, shisha, meerscham, briar-wood, or clay pipe. But if they value their own womanhood and the future of the race let them abstain from the weed.

"Why should a man of disagreeable manners be tolerated socially because he has written an even more disagreeable book?"

It was apropos of marriage that Dr. Stanton Coit spoke as follows before the Society for Ethical Culture in New York.

"It should be here as it is in Germany. There the parents take a hand in the love affairs of their daughters, and pick out the husbands for them."

The current number of *Fliegende Blätter* contains this interesting though unconscious commentary on the remark. A father sits at table with three daughters and three sons. To the daughters he says:

"Look here, girls, it's high time you were looking around for husbands." Then he turns to his sons and with a warning shake of a forefinger speaks thus to the point: "And I hope that no one of you will be fool enough to marry."

MUSIC.

The Third and Last Concert of the Boston Trio Club in Miller Hall.

The third and the last concert of the series given this season in Miller Hall by the Boston Trio Club (Messrs. Stasny, Mahr and Schulz) took place last evening. These trios were played:

Trio for piano, violin and 'cello, A minor, op. 50.....Tschaiowsky
Trio for piano, violin and 'cello, D minor, op. 63.....Schumann

This trio, written by Tschaiowsky in memory of Nikolai Rubinstein, who died at Paris March 23, 1891, was played here at one of Mr. Baermann's chamber concerts April 8, 1892. The work then seemed to be impressive and yet of uneven merit. After a second hearing the impression is less favorable. Nor is this impression to be attributed chiefly to inferiority of performance, for the work was played last evening respectably if not brilliantly. Neither in theme nor in dramatic treatment is the trio entitled to rank with the greater works of the talented Russian. It has been cut down to more reasonable proportions, yet it still seems diffuse, and it is not to be denied that there is cheap stuff in the second division, the series of variations. As in novels by Tolstoi and Dostoiwsky, so in compositions by Tschaiowsky and other modern Russians, there is need of a merciless blue pencil.

The players appeared to less advantage in the noble, passionate trio by Schumann. In the Tschaiowsky trio the pianist at times marred passages by an abuse of the "loud" pedal; but in the Schumann trio he showed a positive lack of rhythmic feeling and an inappreciation of dynamics. The charming little waltzes to the characteristic phrase given out by the strings in the second movement were played with rigidity and with a monotony of tone utterly at variance with the musical and expressed sentiment of the composer, and there were many such instances throughout the composition.

The ensemble as a whole was characterized by sincerity and zeal rather than by any well-controlled musical emotion. Such compositions as the D minor trio by Schumann ill brook purely mechanical treatment. It is true that excellent ensemble is a plant of slow growth, and this is the first season of the Boston Trio Club; but technical slips, if occasional, can be pardoned when there is a display of genuine warmth or sentiment. The playing of notes as they are written is one thing; the full interpretation of the evident meaning of a composer is another thing.

PHILIP HALE.

The fact that the park policeman mounted on a bicycle can "silently swoop down upon his unsuspecting victim" reminds one that the ordinary citizen "scorching" his way on a bicycle pays no attention to the rules concerning warning light or bell. He does not even sbrick his approach as he whizzes by a cross road. The amount of it is that in these days the pedestrian has no right in the street. He walks at his own risk, and if his legs spared he owes it to the tender mercy of the driver, family coachman, motorist or bicyclist.

Mr. Ben Davies, the tenor, who will make his first appearance in Boston Friday evening with the Handel and Haydn, was singing only about six weeks ago in Berlin, where he was praised heartily. Mr. Davies, by the way, is a Welshman.

It was worth something to be a musician in the good old days in Wales. Indeed, the harper's lot was a happy one. His instrument was exempt from seizure. "Three things," said a law, "are necessary to a gentleman: his harp, his cloak and his chess-board." The chief singer to the King held his lands free, and the fine for insulting him was six cows and eighty pence. The "domestic bard" was also favored generously; but he was obliged to sing gayly in the front of battle. Later the minstrel was annoyed by more rigid laws. Thus if he became intoxicated and committed any mischievous trick he was fined, imprisoned and stripped of his fees for seven years.

One of the speakers who followed Mr. Swift at the meeting of the unemployed was hissed, it appears; at which he "became very red in the face, and shouted, 'Is there workmen in the audience to-night.'" This incident was indeed deplorable. Even in moments of excitement a Bostonian should not forget that every finite verb must agree with its subject, or nominative, in person and number.

Capt. Soley's martial figure will no longer be seen at the head of the Naval Brigade or even the local battalion, of which he was the original commander. He will be missed in the parade; it is to be hoped that his experience will not be lost in questions that may arise.

Charles Reade once said that the United States was the most generous nation in the world; he also said it was at the same time the vainest, but let us overlook his indiscretion. Even in matters of play acting we are not to be outdone. France sends to us Mounet-Sully; she receives in return Lole Fuller. England intrusts Henry Irving to us, and Corbett will appear at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, for two weeks.

Mounet-Sully, of whom we just spoke, alleges that Hamlet was an "adorable being." This is a peculiarly French way of regarding the moody Dane. The eminent actor also declares that Hamlet was not out of his mind a moment. So there is every prospect of a renewal of wordy warfare over the character of Hamlet, although Maginn denied that Hamlet had any character. Maginn's essay is still worth reading, especially since many wonder why the rank and file of theatre-goers should care so much for a play that is essentially a psychological exercise and study; his own explanation is that the play is "strangely beholden to spectacle, and to its comic scenes or snatches of scenes; the visible show of the ghost—the processions—funeral—squabble at Ophelia's grave—fencing match—and, at the last, the 'quarry' that cries, on, have!" have much power over the common spectator."

They say that if Rosebery marries the Princess Maud he will be peculiarly susceptible to the influence of the Prince of Wales. But why should not Rosebery influence his father-in-law, who has always been suspected of radical tendencies?

This idea of deacon bartenders under the Norwegian liquor system smacks of opera bouffe. Gilbert's famous curate in the Bab ballads might figure in the same play. The refrain of a popular song would then run as follows:

"Remember the deacon, he never forgets
To greet the old man with a smile."

No more Columbian stamps are to be sold in Boston. For this relief, much thanks.

The members of the Gould family know the penalties of a notorious name. Here is Howard, for instance. How many knew of his existence until he began to "pay attentions" to an actress and gave her a ring "that looked like a ruby." Now if his name had been Smith, or Ferguson (with accent either on the first or the second syllable), would there have been such telegraphing or comment?

John Kean, Jr., who has just been elected one of the Directors of the New York and New England Railway Company, does not spell his name with a final e, although certain newspapers insist that he does. A New Jersey man, living in a Democratic district, he was twice elected to Congress as a Republican, the Forty-eighth and the Fiftieth. In 1892 he was defeated for the Governorship. He is about 41 years old.

To-day is the anniversary of the death of Peter, the Cruel, King of Castile. He was one of the first modern kings who "possessed the accomplishment of writing." He was not, however, nick-named "the Cruel" on this account, but because he put to death a brother who was about to kill him.

The Pall Mall Gazette approves of the "American plan of naming warships after great cities." This is unexpected generosity on Mr. Astor's part.

The lecture by Miss Charlotte W. Hawes on "Belfry Music" recalls the different meanings of the word belfry. At first the word had nothing to do with bells, for the belfry was originally a shed intended to shelter besiegers, or it was a wooden tower, usually movable, used in besieging. Then it was a shed used as a shelter for cattle. Then it was a watch tower. As a bell tower it was frequently detached from the church. The word belfry not only means the room in which the bells are hung, but also that part of the floor of the church under the tower where the ringers stand. Then there is the ship belfry known to sailors. The sanctus bell was fixed outside the church, generally on the eastern gable of the nave. But the bell gable was a turret, raised over the west end of a church or chapel, that had no tower for bells. The bell gable was often called a bell cot.

The four Post Office experts of the French Government were assisted in their preparation of a new series of postage stamps by the Presidents of two societies of exhibiting artists, two distinguished sculptors, a medallist, an art critic and the editor of a magazine devoted to the interests of stamp collectors. They order these matters better in France; although our public authorities do not think so; witness, for instance, the correspondence between Secretary Carlisle and Mr. Burnham, the architect.

The charge that Harvard "lured" Mr. Sarkis Kebabian away from Yale seems singular in view of the fact that Mr. Kebabian first wrote a letter of inquiry to Harvard. The verb "lured" in this instance hardly seems to fit the case.

MUSIC.

Bach's Passion Music According to Matthew Given in Music Hall by the Handel and Haydn.

Bach's Passion music according to Matthew was given last evening in Music Hall by the Handel and Haydn, under the direction of Mr. Carl Zerrahn. The society was assisted by Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, soprano; Mrs. Carl Alves, alto; Mr. Ben Davies, tenor; Mr. Plunket Greene, bass; Mr. Max Heinrich, bass. Mr. Lang was the organist and Mr. Tucker the pianist. The orchestra was made up of Symphonic men, with Mr. Schnitzler as concert master. The chorus of boys was from the choir of Emmanuel, St. Paul's and Harvard College.

The performance of the Passion music Good Friday is to perhaps the majority of the audience a solemn religious function, and it may be said by some that extended criticism is out of place. The ideal performance of such Gothic music is in a cathedral, where nothing worldly may enter and disturb the meditations induced by the story of the Passion. Unfortunately for the full artistic effect, and possibly also for the deepest religious feeling, such a performance here in Boston is practically impossible.

Although the work was cut liberally the final and wonderful chorus was not sung until after 10 o'clock, although the concert began at 7.30. It is doubtful whether a modern audience could endure the work if it were sung without excision. From the purely musical standpoint much of the recitative of the narrator is comparatively uninteresting, but the story must be told, and it was better to omit some of the long-winded arias than to cut down still further the part of the narrator.

The difficulties of the choruses are well known, and when these difficulties are taken into consideration the performance of the society last evening was almost always creditable, often excellent.

In the first double chorus the sentences of the chorus might have been attacked with more pungency, and at times the sentences were obscured slightly by the choruses in opposition. But on the whole the performance of the chorus showed an appreciation of the music and faithfulness in the rehearsals.

Mrs. Walker sang to her great advantage. Her tones were full and pure and her phrasing was worthy of the highest praise. Her complete and at times remarkable mastery of breath was revealed especially in the air, "From love unbounded." An instance of the singer's skill was shown in this air whenever after a well-rounded phrase she observed a fermata with the flute. The vocal tone was held by her absolutely clear, without deviation from the pitch, and with an appearance of reserve force. It was a great pleasure to hear Mrs. Walker last evening, for her performance from the aesthetic as well as the purely pedagogic standpoint was indeed admirable.

Mrs. Alves, too, deserves warm commendation. It is true that in the air "Oh Pardon me, my God," the rhythm suffered occasionally on account of a superabundance of emotion; and the old problem of the dotted eighth and the following sixteenth was not always solved absolutely; but on the other hand, Mrs. Alves so often showed technical skill, warm feeling and tragic emotion within legitimate bounds, that she may justly be said to have shared with Mrs. Walker in the honors of the evening.

Mr. Ben Davies' great reputation in England and Germany came before him, and the audience was prepared to give him a hearty welcome and an attentive hearing. I do not know whether Mr. Davies has often sung the trying part of the Narrator. If it is true, as is alleged, that he sang it last evening for the first time, it would be manifestly unfair to judge conclusively of his merits as a singer, particularly as he will be heard Sunday evening in "St. Paul." It is fair, however, to state that his performance of last evening was a disappointment. His tones seemed pinched, his falsetto was not to be commended, and neither in technique nor in style did he answer expectation.

MUSIC.

The Twentieth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall—First Performance of Liszt's "Faust" Symphony.

The program of the twentieth concert of the Symphony Orchestra last evening was as follows:

A Faust Symphony.....Liszt
(First time.)
Berceuse and Scherzo, for string orchestra.....Clayton Johns
"Kol Nidrei" for cello and orchestra.....Bruch
Overture "Calm Sea and Happy Voyage".....Mendelssohn

Liszt spent much time over his "Faust" symphony. The first sketches were made between 1840-45. The work was completed in 1854, and the first public performance was in September, 1857, at the dedication of the Goethe-Schiller monument in Weimar. Then the restless man changed it considerably, and in 1861 the new and definite version was performed at Weimar under the direction of the composer.

Now, what is this symphony all about? There is a fourth movement in which the "mystic chorus" enters, sung by a tenor and male chorus, and "Das Ewig-Weibliche" ends the matter. This movement is often omitted, as it was last evening.

Profound German commentators find many things in the first movement, "Faust." There is the doubt of Faust and his disgust at all earthly knowledge; the answer of Fate to mortal questioning; the longing after a solution of the problem of life; the need of woman's love, etc., etc. So in the movement "Gretchen," there is the innocence of Gretchen, there is the happiness in love, etc., etc. "Mephistopheles," the third movement, is the musical expression of the spirit that denies, and the spirit spends here most of his time in burlesquing the motives of Faust and Gretchen.

Liszt simply put titles without text to the movements. The hearer is at liberty to draw his own conclusions. The first question of the hearer is not whether a certain movement expresses the character of this man or that woman, but whether the movement is of musical interest and worth. Judged from this standpoint, the "Faust" symphony is a colossal bore.

Liszt's bombast is bad; it is very bad; in fact, there is only one thing worse in his music, and that is his affected and false simplicity. It was said by George Sand that she had a habit of speaking and of writing concerning chastity in such terms that the very word became impure; so it is with the simplicity of Liszt. The very first theme in the "Gretchen" movement is a case in point. Gretchen here appears as the nun-like "Robert the Devil," who, aroused from their graves by Bertram's invocation, seem modest until they begin to dance to voluptuous strains. Whenever Liszt is naive or deeply religious look out.

It is true that in the "Gretchen" movement there are a few charming movements; but, as Rossini said of "Tanhauser," what dread ul half hours there are in the whole work. Faust is a dreary individual. Mephistopheles has little character; he is neither witty nor satanic. Out of the whole orchestral turmoil, out of the mixture of bathos and rank sentimentalism, what remains in the hearer's mind? Nothing of this music, except possibly the theme in "Gretchen" that first appears in A flat, if I am not mistaken, the *dolce amoroso*.

The boredom induced by this symphony! It was Vischer who once wrote a famous parody on the final chorus in Goethe's poem, and these two lines may be applied to Liszt's work:

"Das Ewig Langweilige
Zieht uns dahin."

Mr. Johns' berceuse and scherzo are unpretentious, amiable pieces of music, and they were a relief after the symphony. Now if Mr. Pauree has no harm in including such trifles in a symphony concert, why should he not allow a good Strauss waltz or an overture by Auber to enter the sacred precincts? Bruch's dull "Kol Nidrei" is well known here, and so are the abilities of Mr. Schulz, the cellist.

Mendelssohn's familiar overture had a new name in the program book, and it appears that there is a mighty difference between "Sea Calm" and "Calm Sea."

PHILIP HALE.

EASTER CUSTOMS.

Why Should Eggs Be Colored and Exchanged?

Concerning Various Superstitions of the Day.

Lifting, New Clothes, Games, and a Dancing Suu.

What is the origin of the custom of giving away colored Easter eggs?

Now, first of all, eggs played an important part in the theology and the philosophy of ancient people, as the Egyptians, Persians, Greeks and Romans before the birth of Christianity. There was much attention paid to the coloring of eggs. Everything was said to come from the egg.

There are superstitions practices to-day in countries where Christianity is not the prevailing religion. In Tripoli a widow transfers her misfortune from herself by delivering four eggs to the first stranger she meets. The Guinea negro sends a parrot's egg to an enemy, and the gift signifies this: "Choose the kind of death which would be easiest to you; otherwise, I shall choose for you." Eggs in all lands are fatalistic, says Réclus.

In England eggs were boiled very hard, in water colored with dyes—red, blue or violet; there were inscriptions or landscapes; they were given as friendly remembrances, but more frequently the boys used them as balls, for ball playing on Easter Monday was universal in every rank.

Easter eggs were formerly consecrated. The ritual of Paul V., for the use of England, Scotland and Ireland, includes the form of consecration.

In Rome and in Athens boys knocked colored eggs together to see which held the stronger, as was the custom of English boys, and as it may be the custom to-day in country places.

In olden times the worship of the chicken-zod was not confined to one nation, and some find a relic of superstition in the cock that is found on top of the church spire.

But enough of such instances. Two explanations are given of the origin of the Easter egg practice. The colored egg, a possible case of color-symbolism, essentially a heathen idea, may be associated with the day of resurrection, as the chick bursting its shell may typify the rising from the grave. Or, the custom as transmitted to us, is a "survival from a religious usage intended to effect the transference by lot of the diseases with which the egg-players were afflicted.

To-day Easter is a festival of new bonnets, gowns and clothes. For years in England there has been a superstition that it is unlucky not to wear new clothes on Easter Day. Does not Mercutio ask Benvollio in "Romeo and Juliet," if he did "not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter?" Young folks in English villages go to the nearest town to buy a new ornament or article of dress to wear on Easter Day, as otherwise they fear their clothes will be spoiled.

"At Easter let your clothes be new,
Or else be sure you will tie true."

Says "Poor Robin's Almanac."

Long ago Miss Plumtre in describing Holy Week in France spoke of Good Friday as the "feast of caps, for there is scarcely a lady who has not a new cap for the occasion; Easter Sunday, on the contrary, is the feast of hats, for it is no less general for the ladies on that day to appear in new hats."

How inconsistent as well as barbarous were some of the old Easter customs. Tansy budding was eaten in memory of the bitter herbs used by the Hebrews at their Passover; but at the same time to show their hatred of the same race the people ate from a gammon of bacon. The citizens of Paris were accustomed during Holy Week and on Easter Day to pursue Hebrews through the streets with stones, and to break the doors and the windows of their houses.

Such brutality would seem incredible did we not read to-day of even worse treatment of the race in Christian Russia and in parts of Christian Germany.

Can any seafaring man tell whether Portuguese and Spanish sailors still keep the following custom: At the beginning of this century a figure of Judas Iscariot was suspended Good Friday from the bowsprit of a ship; at sunset the effigy was cut down, ripped up, the heart cut in strips and the whole thrown into the water. On some ships this effigy hung at the yardarm until Easter Sunday evening.

The custom of bringing to the table Easter Day at Queen's College, Oxford, a red herring, riding away on horseback, "that is to say a herring placed by the cook, something after the likeness of a man on horseback, set on a corn salad," is a vestige of the once public pageants of rejoicing for the end of the Lenten fast.

It was a habit in English towns for the boys after the Easter service was over to run in the streets and take the buckles from the shoes of every girl or woman they could catch. They could be bought off, however, for a penny or twopence. Easter Monday it was the turn of the women, who chased the men; if the men would not pay sixpence, or happened to wear boots, the women tried to snatch the hats, and to recover a hat cost sixpence.

In some old towns great cakes were divided in church among the young people.

A most singular Easter custom was that of lifting or heaving. A man would be sitting at home or in an inn. The female servants of the house would bring in an arm chair, lined with white, decorated with ribbons and favors of different colors. The man sat in the chair. He was lifted in air, the chair was turned about, he kissed each of the women and gave them all a sixpence apiece. On a day in Easter week, either Monday or Tuesday, as the case might be, the men would lift the women with similar attendant ceremonies. Edward I. was lifted in his bed by ladies and maids of honor, and a record preserved shows the payment made by him therefor was almost \$2000. Was this lifting a "vulgar commemoration of the resurrection," or was it the survival of some heathen rite?

And what was the origin of the ball playing so freely indulged in by laity and clergy? On the Continent of Europe ball playing was a part of the Easter service. Here is a description of the game or ceremony: "A ball, not of size to be grasped by one hand only, being given out at Easter, the dean and his representatives began an antiphone, suited to Easterday; then taking the ball in his left hand, he commenced a dance to the tune of the antiphone, the others dancing round hand in hand. At intervals, the ball was banded or passed to each of the choristers. The organ played according to the dance and sport. The dancing and antiphone being concluded, the choir went out to take refreshment. It was the privilege of the lord, or or his *locum tenens*, to throw the ball; even the Archbishop did it."

So corporations would play at ball on Easter-day in England, and women seem to have taken part in football.

In olden days in England monks at Easter acted plays in churches, and the favorite subject was naturally the Resurrection. Lists of the properties used in some of these sacred shows have come down to us. Heaven, for in-

Mr. Greeley heard to advantage. He is a good voice, he is apparently a man of intelligence. His recitation last evening was, use a homely expression, a waste of wind. His upper tones seemed taut, not full and rounded, and his attack of them was often quite boisterous. It may be that he was in-posed; whatever the cause, it appeared last evening that he was not ripe for the arduous task.

Mr. Heinrich sang the "Lovers' or recitative in his well-known intelligence, and he delivered the great air, "Give me back my dearest master," with a nobility of phrasing and an intensity of conviction that made a profound impression.

The audience was requested to refrain from applause. The different numbers were heard in devout spirit, and many in the audience joined in the chorals in which they were expected to sing.

"Saint Paul" will be given to-morrow evening. The concert will begin at 7.30. The solo will be sung by Miss Ingh, Miss Edmonds, Ben Davies and Mr. Plunket Greene.

PHILIP HALE.

Harper's Weekly represents a "College of To-day" speaking thus to his father:

"I say, father, you ought to have been here last week. It was a good one. We drowned the President of the College, Cass, and—le-hee hee!—two of us crawled in. Mr. P. M. was in his room after he'd gone to bed, and then, on every gas jet in the room!"

T. O. X. X.: Chickering Hall, which is now about to be used for business purposes, was dedicated as a music hall Nov. 7, 1883. Concerts were given in the afternoon and evening. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel and Messrs. Lang, O'grad, Tucker, Hills, Foote, Fenollosa, Parabo, C. R. Adams, J. C. D. Parker, Preston took part. Other numbers were contributed by the Campanari String Quartette, the Listemann String Quintette and the Apollo Club.

Any woman that owns a yacht is eligible for election to the New York Yacht Club, with restricted privileges. Will women be as eager to go sailing after the publication of the opinion of Thomas Hardy that "nausea often brings out strongly the divergencies of the individual from the norm of his race, accentuating superficial peculiarities to radical distinctions? Unexpected physiognomies will uncover themselves in these times in well-known faces; the aspect becomes invested with the spectral presence of entombed and forgotten ancestors." So handsome Laura Seck may look like ill-favored Grandmother Jane.

It's a grim title, that title of Hardy's new volume of stories, "Life's Little Ironies." As though the little ironies in life did not wreck households and shipwreck character as surely as did the Titanic irony that pursued Oedipus.

Was Mr. Nikisch in the conductor's chair when the students of West stormed the opera-house and compelled the premature fall of the curtain?

It appears that ex-Queen Liliuokalani will lecture in this country with "scenic accessories and paraphernalia." She is "to wear a crown on the stage, and she will present precisely the same appearance that she does at Honolulu." If she does, she'll be a sight!

Apropos of the decision of a Suffolk county jury concerning the objectionable character of a particular English edition of Boccaccio's Decameron, where did the ingenious counsel draw his authority for the statement that the Pilgrim Fathers beguiled the hours of the Mayflower by reading the story of the patient Griselda or of Federigo and his falcon? It was the Decameron, by the way, that ex-Secretary Fairchild once condemned as an improper "French" book.

So Theodore Thomas is looking anxiously toward New York. There was a time when he should have been invited to settle in Boston, and that was immediately after the resignation of Mr. Gericke. But Mr. Thomas has had under two serious disadvantages; he has failed and worked in the United States for his 12th year; and his was a familiar face to Boston audiences.

Don Fernando Diaz de Mendoza, a howling mad of Madrid, is going on the stage. A short time ago he fought a duel, in which he exchanged 122 shots and never winged his adversary. Don Fernando should therefore confine himself to society plays, and not venture into melodrama until he improves in the accuracy of aim.

It is now the fashion to deery the eternal wisdom of the ancient Greeks. Witness an article in John Burroughs in a late number of the Critic. But these same Greeks were very human and they looked ahead through centuries. Has anyone in these days spoken more nobly of marriage than did Plutarch in his fourth letter to "What is the reason that most of our lives are hidden to touch and water?" "Or last of all," says Plutarch, "a man and wife ought not to be one and a person one another, but to be part of all fortunes; though they had been divided in the world common between them."

stance, was made of timber and stained of the. The Angels wings were "made of timber and well painted." These angels wore perukes. The lights at these shows attracted many. The great Easter taper at Westminster Abbey weighed 300 pounds. The taper in Durham Cathedral was square wax and reached to within "a man's length of the roof."

Not only were there plays in the churches; there was dancing Easter-day. Canons danced with choir-children, especially in French cathedrals.

Even the sun was said to dance on Easter-day. In Ireland great preparations were made for the finishing of Leut. Holy Saturday, about 9 o'clock, a hen and a piece of bacon were put in the pot, and at 12 there was eating and there

was merriment. At 4 in the morning the merry-makers rose to see the sun dance in honor of the Resurrection. Everybody knows the old ballad with the lines:

"But, Dick, she dances away!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight."

The best answer to the question, Why does the sun dance Easter, is the solemn sentence of Sir Thomas Browne: "We shall not, I hope, disparage the resurrection of our Redeemer if we say the sun doth not dance on Easter-day. And although we would willingly assent unto any sympathetic exultation, yet cannot conceive therein any more than a tropical expression." Then Sir Thomas dismisses the matter with the pious outburst: "If metaphorical expressions go so far we may be bold to affirm, not only that one sun danced, but two arose that day."

It is easy to suggest theories concerning the origin of Easter customs, quaint or foolish. Perhaps it is true that "nearly every usage that remains among us as a game or a play derives from a serious ancestry, and Easter was pre-eminently the festival of the Christian Church which most tenaciously preserved the rites of paganism."

But let us conclude this sketch, borrowed at random from different old books, with a Christian thought rather than with a pagan, and let us listen to George Herbert's mystic hymn:

"I got me flowers to strew Thy way—
I got me boughs of many a tree;
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee."

The sun arising in the east,
Though he gives light, and th' east perfume,
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavor?
We count three hundred, but we miss—
There is but one, and that one never."

PHILIP HALE.

THE LETTING OF THE LION.

There are certain people in this city who are well bred, well educated, but without money and without employment. Time is to them an enemy. At morning they long for the setting of the sun, and at twilight they dread the approaching night. Manual labor is distasteful or impossible. The professions are crowded. They shrink from idle dissipation.

On the other hand, there are men and women who have ample means and social ambition. Not knowing the attendant obligations and the vexations, they yearn for a fixed footing in what is vaguely known as society. They would gladly draw a check for a large amount if they could thereby establish a salon. They have read of French salons, they understand from the newspapers that there are such things in Boston; but a salon must have at least one distinguished guest, enticed for the benefit of the frequenters, that they may examine the mane of the lion and listen to the roar.

Now it is a curious fact that many "desirable" people would call on Mrs. Leo Hunter, although they do not know her and do not care to know her, if they would be sure of finding in her parlor a lion worth the acquaintance. But the animal must be a fine specimen, of undoubted lineage, of a price respected by the keepers and frequenters of human menageries. Let it be announced that Mrs. Hunter will have the temporary ownership of the animal, and many will rush in accepting an invitation to examine the lion, although in their haste they may forget to speak to Mrs. Hunter and the next day be oblivious of her existence.

Why, then, should not the unoccupied establish a Bureau for the Letting of Lions for Social Purposes. Suppose, for instance, that a famous singer comes to town. She is naturally of a sociable disposition, has an eye to business, and only speaks her own language, foreign to those who would fain gaze upon her off the stage. How is she to divert herself? But let an agent of the bureau call upon her and explain to her the means of easy and inexpensive enjoyment. He presents a list of names; he tells of persons who would gladly entertain her; and for the in-

roduction, or the brokerage, he receives a handsome fee from the entertainer. Of course the sum received is larger, if the agent agrees to be present as translator of the compliments and jests.

The establishment of such a bureau would be a social boon. The lion or lioness would gladly fall into the trap. The hunter would see men and women, known formerly only by reputation, crossing her threshold to gaze on the prey, domesticated, ready to be stroked, ready to roar. The animal would know that when the time for public exhibition came many would attend for the pleasure of saying to the less fortunate, "I have poked its ribs," or "its mane is just as long as it looks." Everybody would be satisfied.

But the bureau should not be responsible for the perpetuation of any such fortuitous acquaintance. The fact that the lion was present, that desirable and curious lookers-on were in a parlor strange to them, should be enough. There are always lions; there are always hunters of lions; there are always curious men and women; and out of these the clever agent should earn a handsome livelihood.

In the report of the attempted identification of a dead man the other day it was announced gravely that he could not have been of excellent social standing because he wore a celluloid collar. Now there are highly estimable citizens in Western towns who wear no collar at all, but a diamond button. Locality has much to do with "social" regulations.

According to our fellow "townsmen," Messrs. McCracken and Cram, popular Government in this country, as at present carried on, is a failure. They should pluck up courage and remember the old maxim "Never Despair of the Republic."

The choice of "St. Paul" as the Easter oratorio, to be sung by the Handel and Haydn, is peculiarly fit. No man ever preached the hope in the resurrection with more sublime eloquence than the author of the epistles to the Corinthians.

Genial is an adjective that is often applied loosely to a man; but many will mourn sincerely the death of "genial Harry" M'Glenen. In his case geniality was only one attribute of a strong character.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean states editorially that John Milton "probably knew more about demoniac nature than any other man." Is this a late reflection on the unhappiness of the poet's married life?

Foreign singers who appear in Boston complain that the climate clutches their throats. Does our atmosphere still retain the old Puritan prejudice against art?

The Inter-Ocean allows that Chicago will "eventually become the great producing point." It is speaking of music, not of hogs.

Murphy of Troy wishes collars higher; it is the tariff, however, to be raised, not the height of the pattern.

The case of Prendergast is one of "the law's delay." They order this matter better in France.

It costs a good deal of money to kill a gypsy moth.

in ch 26.

MUSIC.

Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" Given by the Handel and Haydn Society in Music Hall.

"St. Paul" was given last evening in Music Hall by the Handel and Haydn Society, under the direction of Mr. Carl Zerrahn. The society was assisted by Miss Emma Juch, Miss Gertrude Edmonds, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Plunket Greene. The music of the false witnesses was sung by Messrs. Robert C. Whitten and Arthur W. Wellington.

The society was heard at its best in the noble chorals, "O Great is the Depth." The chorus was sung finely throughout. The rest of the chorus work was generally commendable for its intonation and attack; but often in the thematic development there was a lack of clearness, and the walk of each part was not sharply defined. The chorus "How Lovely are the Messengers" might have been sung with more elasticity.

The Mr. Davies of last evening was not, apparently, the Mr. Davies of Friday night. Last evening he sang with far greater freedom, and in many ways he justified the reputation that preceded his appearance in Boston. Occasionally in recitative there was a pinched upper tone, and in the speech of Stephen he was inclined toward undue vehemence, but as a whole his performance was admirable. The feature of the evening was his singing of "Be thou faithful unto death." His delivery of this celebrated air was distinguished for its sincerity and manliness, and the technique of the singer was fully adequate to the demands made by his conception. The hearty applause that followed was only a just recognition of the singer's worth. They that

Mr. Greene is by no means fully prepared for such a part as that of Paul. Neither in technique nor in expression was his performance satisfactory. It is not necessary to go into detail, but it may be remarked that his singing last evening was marred seriously by wailing tones and a lack of decided rhythm. Mr. Greene has naturally an agreeable and useful voice, and it is a pity that he has not yet mastered certain fundamental principles of the vocal art.

Miss Juch's voice seemed worn and tired at times, and in recitative she was too often inclined to force her tones. Her delivery of the final phrase in the air "I will sing of Thy great mercies" was delightful, fully worthy of the singer when in the zenith of her reputation.

Miss Edmonds was applauded heartily for her sympathetic performance of the familiar alto air.

The cello obligato to the tenor air was not well played.

PHILIP HALE.

"REALISM" IN BIOGRAPHY.

At a spectacular play now given in this city the appearance of heroes of the Civil War is greeted with enthusiastic applause. As many in the audiences never saw the soldiers and statesmen in life, and were too young at the time of the war to enter personally into the alternate emotions of depression and rejoicing, the applause must be considered as a tribute paid to patriotism which should be eternal. Such plays, then, that foster this spirit without unnecessarily exciting sectional feeling, serve a most useful purpose.

For is there not a deplorable tendency at present to lower respect and veneration under the pretence of realism in history and biography? This realism is too apt to be merely another name for scandal-mongering. Take one of the men of the American Revolution, for instance, who to the young of this country about thirty years ago seemed almost a demigod of ancient mythology. The young only knew of his patriotic deeds, his self-sacrifice, his courage, his devotion to a cause. There was no thought then of his private life. But the boy of to-day, if he wishes to study carefully the character of these old worthies, will find a relentless investigation of petty and great scandals that were whispered by envious contemporaries. Possibly some of these charges are true. For the great man is too often very human, and noble qualities are mixed up with culpable omissions and direct transgressions in morals. To conceal all failings, to whitewash the statue, is wrong and unnecessary. On the other hand, it is wrong, it is unphilosophical, it is inartistic, to paint the wart of Cromwell so that the deformity rivets the attention of the spectator, who goes away and remembers only the wart.

No man is a hero to his valet. But should history or biography be written by valets, and valets alone?

A statesman relieves the nation by a measure that took personal bravery and abnegation of self in advocacy. He is praised for the deed; but the story of how he put off personal creditors or was overcome at times by strong drink is told with more gusto and as though the fact were of more serious importance. The diaries of men swayed by prejudice or inspired by a love of denigration are published long after the writers are beyond contradiction or cross-examination, and such diaries are cited eagerly, with the remark that the diarist was a close observer, and his statement remains uncontradicted. And so the General that saved a people is pilloried for all time as avaricious or unfaithful to his marriage vow.

The young reader is too often delighted to find that these once revered models are, after all, creatures of flesh and blood; for such is the perversity of the human race that as many rejoice in the statement that Washington, according to tradition, at times lost control of his naturally fiery temper and swore, as in the acknowledged fact that he was always conscious of his dependence on the aid of the Supreme Being. With lack of respect, the young reader is soon wanting in patriotism.

It has been said that the biographies in the Old Testament are remarkable for the unsparing exposition of the faults and the crimes as well as the virtues of the subjects. But there is a mighty difference between sane truthfulness of treatment and morbid, ghoulish analysis that, after all, rests on gossip, not open deeds. David's misdeeds were in the sight of the people, as were his triumphs and repentance. There was no working like a mole in the ground to discover something generally unknown that character might be blackened and greatness lessened.

Too many biographers of to-day are simply dealers in kitchen gossip, lovers of paradoxes, wild upsetters of established beliefs. William Tell may never have lived, but the idea inseparable with his name is immortal. Napoleon did other things in his life besides pulling the ears of silly women. The meaner the origin of Abraham Lincoln the greater is the glory of his name.

fact that Dr. Kirtland, the
oldest, insists that the stars
are fighting for Coxey, the
march to Washington must
ely the followers enlisted by
staff. Coxey is further handi-
fulness of his triumph by the
"maiden to assume the role."
Pence, even although he of-
board, washing and a small

crumbs of comfort for Coxey.
netic citizens of Canton will
on boiled ham and potatoes."
the company of gallant Marshal
issues "bulletins," which for
of rhetoric surpass those dic-
neoleon in the saddle: "Pay no
the snickering of those who
felt the pangs of hunger, etc."
all the noted cranks in Ohio
determination to join Coxey."

ould any life insurance company
Coxey's policy from fear lest he "may
a violent end?" Such humorists
killed; in olden classic times they
supported at the expense of the

princess Maud is not to marry Rose-
could look further, say into Ger-
fare worse.

M'Glenn was often asked why he
write his memoirs. He would smile
lack of time even if his story were
telling." Was there not talk some
ago of a proposed history of the
Theatre by one of his sons? Such a
ould be of rare interest and value
ers of the stage.

an instance of the pleasure in tak-
ge dictionary in parts that arrive in
installments. The part "Everybody-
of Murray's English Dictionary is
and an erratum tells the reader that
n quotation under "Eve-star" should
leted." Now, if the reader wishes to
the meaning of "deleted" he must
t some other dictionary, for Part
is still in the press.

Lew Wallace "inspired" a bill, now
Congress. The bill is for the en-
gement of art, science, literature and
ations. The "encouragement" will be
ollows. If the bill becomes a law: "Con-
s shall select five American citizens
tinguished citizens, of course) who shall
ct ten others. These fifteen men shall
y keys to the Government library, and
all have free access when desired by
m." And thus will art, science, litera-
e and inventions be "encouraged."

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Second Vocal Recital of Mr. and
s. Max Heinrich-Hoyt's "A Tem-
ance Town" at the Boston
eatre.

The second and the last of the vocal recitals
of Mr. and Mrs. Max Heinrich in Steinert Hall
ag ven last evening. Mr. Heinrich was taken
suddenly ill last Sunday, and he has been under
a doctor's care since then; so that he felt
ged to shorten the program by omitting the
ets by Rubinstein and Saint Saens.

he first numbers were songs by Schumann:
ent Lears," "The Boy's Magic Horn,"
reeting," "Fate Cradle of My Sorrows" and
the Hildaigo." Mr. Heinrich also sang four
gs by Franz, and songs by Mackenzie, Chad-
er, Goring Thomas, Handel, Stanford and
ken. At first there were traces
the singer's physical indisposition, but
warmed with his work and often gave great
sure. Especially delightful was his inter-
ation of Schumann's "Hildaigo," which is
ften sung as though the hero were nothing
duelist with an unwary rapier, and a pa-
or stooping cimeter. Mr. Heinrich
e him as fascinating in wooing and plinking
way of the characters of the elder Dumas.
Indeed, it is this appreciation of the spirit of a
ork that makes the singing of Mr. Heinrich
remarkable. He is very human; he is a man of
many moods; gallery is no more foreign to him
than mysticism; he courts in song with the
car, caprice and the moral irresponsibility of a
man of Southern blood, and in a moment he
move the hearer by an outburst of religious
otion. A song by Schumann, or by Macken-
zie, or by Chadwick, as sung by him, is
turned into a revelation of personal
experience or feeling. I may quarrel
try with the vocal art of Mr. Heinrich, but I
saw enjoy gladly the rare individuality of
the singer and his dramatic talent in song. At
times he may exaggerate, at times he may pre-
sent a theory for the existence of a song that
you know is opposed to the intention of the
composer; but he seldom, if ever, errs on the
side of meanness, he does not adopt a musical
bird simply to please; and even in his exag-
geration there is a certain impressive nobility.

Mrs. Heinrich's art is to be praised highly,
and if she is not as dramatic as her husband,
her song has a peculiar fragrance. How simple,
for instance, how unaffected, how thoroughly
charming was her delivery of Brahms's "Dus-
summer." There are singers who, when they take
a simple air, say at once, "I must make some-
thing out of this," and then they find that
it is as important, and, but a solemn import-
ance, as "The" or "To." Mrs. Heinrich
knows the value of values; she knows the
value of simplicity. When she sings,
there are those who are that she will sing

Spring still needs a lap robe.

The genial William R. Richards is now
known to his familiar associates as "Subway
Bill."

A correspondent is hereby informed that
the Fabian Society is not the same thing as
the Fabian policy.

The call of Africans on Prince Besolow to
leave Berkshire county and rule over a king-
dom brings to mind an opinion of Sir Richard
F. Burton: "The removal of the negro from
Africa is like sending a boy to school; it is
his only chance of improvement, of learning
that there is something more in life than
drumming and dancing, talking and singing,
drinking and killing. After a time colonists
returned to Africa may exert upon the con-
tinent an effect for which we have as yet
vainly looked."

Estimable contemporaries are giving the
public ample proofs that Boston is the gen-
erous nurse of the arts. Look, for instance,
at the material comforts which surround
some of our young composers of music. They
dwell high up on Beacon Hill. Their tables
groan under the burden of stewed meats and
Coan wines. For them thirsty camels are
even now bearing spices across Eastern
deserts. Frankincense melts these young
men to dreamy, poetic composition. At night
they lie on citron beds, and the timber grew
beneath a Mauritanian sun. They know the
joys of Heliogabalus. They do not envy the
pleasures of the Great King stretched at his
ease in gorgeous palace at Shushan or Ecba-
tana. Students jostle each other at the house
door; and fair, delicate women, all silk and
perfume, swarm about the pianoforte when
young Apollo, with hair combed pleasingly,
touches languidly the keys of pearl.

The samples of Gilbertian humor in
"Utopia" do not incite lively expectation in
regard to the text. Gilbert's pitcher has
made many visits to the same old well, and
it is at least cracked. No joke of his has in
late years achieved the crowing triumph,
viz.: to compel a man to go into the woods
and laugh out loud, all alone, by himself.

The ability to "throw out" and "fing-
back" insinuations, as well as to "hurl de-
fiance," seems to be an indispensable char-
acteristic of any successful Alderman.

The Duchess of Fife is fond of going about
incog. There's no satisfying women. They
that are not born in the state they ape
grumble because they are not recognized.

In the fast-coming time when women shall
have gained just and equal rights with men be-
fore the law at all points, a suit like that of
Pollard v. Breckinridge will be tried by a jury
comprised of six married women and six mar-
ried men, with female counsel as well as male
counsel to argue.—(New York Recorder.

But how does this social problem stand to-
day? A woman is ostracized by the great
majority of her sex; is the man utterly cast
out from society? Would women be more
just if they sat in the jury box?

The humorist, John K. Bangs, failed to
carry his point, and he is not Mayor of
Yonkers. Was he defeated, as the vulgar
allege, because he did not open a barrel, or
were many estimable Yonkerites afraid lest
a comic Mayor might turn city measures into
derision and grave duties into butts for arrows
of wit? In night sweats they saw him in a
civic procession riding on top of the back
-rowed as to his head with cap and bells.
They ignored the fact that Mr. Bangs is a
business man; that, as fester, he performs a
lively stint in manufacturing verbal pyrotech-
nies; that he goes through his task as any
biscuit maker or farm hand. They forgot
that the professional clown is really the most
serious of men. The nimble play of flashing
wit disconcerts the average citizen, who fears
lest the lightning may strike him and disturb
his mental operations. Was it not Tom Cor-
win who, walking with his son, pointed out
a statue and said: "Do you see that? Re-
member and never joke. All statues have
been erected to solemn asses."

A book soon to be sold at auction in this
city has a curious history. The book is a
novel, said to be the first work of fiction by
an American. "The Power of Sympathy;
or the Triumph of Nature," was written by
Mrs. Sarah Wentworth Morton, and pub-
lished here by Isalath Thomas & Co. in 1789.
The story was a realistic account of a dis-
tressing family tragedy in Dorchester. Real-
ism then was not in favor; the novel was de-
nounced by the clergy and the press, and
copies were ruthlessly destroyed.

Here is an instance of grit. Mr. Max
Heinrich was so ill Sunday that his physician
was meditating seriously the operation in
appendicitis. But the will of the singer pre-
vailed, and he appeared on the concert stage
the day night. May no evil result follow
the risk. How common this appendicitis is;

Audiences take all singers to be in health.
They that seek amusement are almost angry
if the human puppet refuses to obey the pull
of the string. So, too, a church singer is ex-
pected to be always in condition, no matter
what the weather may be. In August there
may be sickness or distress without incon-
venience to the majority, for the church is
then closed. So in winter the audience may
cough freely and ruin the singer's effects;
but if the singer coughs, he shrks, he is an
idle fellow; away with him!

They say Mr. Richard Watson Gilder is trying
to renew the entente cordiale between Presi-
dent Burnham of the Society of American Archi-
tects and Secretary Carlisle.—Exchange.
He will not do it by reading his poems to
them.

Each day brings with it evidences of the
eternal, invariable law of divine average, a
law recognized by all the philosophers, in-
cluding Hans Breitmann. Thus, for in-
stance, the New Yorkers will have the Ferris
wheel; but on the other hand they will be
obliged to pay 10 cents more per 100 pounds
for ice this summer.

The English Radical has been defined by
one of his fellow-countrymen as a person who
cares nothing about cookery, cannot choose a
cigar and is indifferent to the quality of his
wines.

Just now Gov. Flower seems to be indulg-
ing himself in a great impersonation of the
traditional Tsar of all the Russias. Respect-
able citizens who wish to present a petition
are not allowed to cross the threshold of the
imperial chamber, and they retire "amid
bissing and hooting." New York may soon
have its little Siberia in a lonely district of
the Adirondacks, as the enforced asylum of
all questioning or otherwise troublesome citi-
zens.

"No one has a right to consider himself a
seasoned man of the world until he has at-
tended so many bazaars that he can walk
away from one pleasantly conscious that he
has not increased the receipts by more than
the price of the ticket of admission. One
reason why so few young men are million-
aires through their own exertion is that they
frequent bazaars. Millionaires are never
seen at these functions, which partly ac-
counts for the fact that they are million-
aires."

March 30, 1914

MUSIC.

The First of the Piano Recitals of Mr. E.
A. MacDowell in Steinert Hall.

Mr. E. A. MacDowell, assisted by Mr. Max
Heinrich, gave the first of two piano recitals in
Steinert Hall Thursday afternoon. The pro-
gram was as follows:

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------|
| Allegro, op. 22, No. 1..... | Schumann |
| Courante..... | Bach |
| Prelude..... | Schubert |
| Minuet op. 78, No. 3..... | Schubert |
| Impromptu op. 90, No. 2..... | Schubert |
| Through the Meadow..... | from op. 47..... |
| Midsummer Lullaby..... | MacDowell |
| Sweet Blue-Eyed Maid..... | from op. 40..... |
| Sweetheart, Tell Me..... | MacDowell |
| Thy Beaming Eyes..... | MacDowell |
| 1. Pastoral..... | Paul Geisler |
| 2. Episode..... | MacDowell |
| Shadow Dance, op. 39, No. 8..... | MacDowell |
| 3. Idyll, op. 28, No. 4..... | MacDowell |
| Czardas, op. 24, No. 4..... | MacDowell |
| Come, ah Come, my Life's Delight..... | op. 38. T. Strong |
| Shall a Smile or Guileful Glance..... | MacDowell |
| Philon..... | MacDowell |

Prelude, op. 10, No. 1.....
Improvisation, op. 46, No. 4.....
March Wind, op. 46, No. 10.....
The Nightingale.....
Etude—Valse, op. 62, No. 6.....

In program-making it is the custom of Mr.
MacDowell to avoid the numbers that appear
on the programs of many of his colleagues. The
conventional program includes as a rule an ar-
rangement of a Bach organ fugue by Liszt or
Lauing, a Beethoven sonata, a group of pieces
by Chopin, and a thunder and lightning piece
by Liszt as finale. When a pianist plays short
pieces comparatively unknown or positively
new, it is a relief to the hearer. Just as the
jaded reveler would find taste some unheard
of decoction, with a new variety of disguised
alcohol as a foundation and strange smelling
herbs from a rarely visited land as a palate-
pricker, and rejoices with exceeding joy if a
scientific man in a white apron presents it to
him, so the confirmed concert-goer enjoys
thoroughly such a program as that arranged by
Mr. MacDowell.

The routine of a teacher's life may in a
measure tarnish the natural brilliancy of Mr.
MacDowell's performance, but in whatever he
undertakes he shows the taste, he reveals the
poetic spirit of the born musician. How uncon-
ventional was his playing of the courante by
Bach, and how charming it was! Call it senti-
mental if you please, but the sentiment was
manly. It did not degenerate into sentimental-
ism. And surely there were ample proofs yester-
day of the brilliancy, the fire and the
strength of this admirable player.

Mr. MacDowell's piano compositions are
known as the sketches of a moon rather than as
the formal, complete declaration of a fixed idea.
The smaller pieces are not unlike the prose
poems of Mallarmé; they suggest rather than
convince. The hearer must do his part; if he
is without temperament, he will often strive in
vain to solve a riddle—but there is no riddle
any more than there is a problem in the possi-
ble enjoyment of a cloud sailing through the
sky of a full, magnificent summer day. When
the question is concerning a song, that is an-
other matter. The moment words enter in
to receive music it is fair to ask if
the text is fully expressed, simply, irresistibly
and without affectation. Of the group of Mr.
MacDowell's songs sung yesterday the "Midsum-
mer Lullaby" seemed most fully to answer
legitimate demands, although the other songs
are interesting and musically expressed—stay,
these songs are; if anything, too musi-
cal. Perhaps, in the detail, the central idea is
stated away or even lost.

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A Boston litterateur is a man that sells his goods in New York.

A Boston artist is a discouraged man that could gain a comfortable living in almost any other large town.

Our old friend "The Old Farmers Almanac" was extremely unlucky in its weather prognostications for March. However, it has one more chance; it predicts that to-morrow will be "seasonable."

Here is a quotation from a forthcoming volume of Bengolian proverbs: "It is better to be a street car driver on the front platform than to be a passenger suspended by a strap."

This is the anniversary of the birth of Sir Henry Wotton, whose memory is dear to anglers and men of gentle mind. As he sat on a bank a-fishing in a summer's evening, "peace, and patience, and a calm content did cohabit in his cheerful heart," and he was beyond 70 years of age when Izaak Walton thus surprised him. His was the "Happy Life" he sang in that exquisite poem beginning:

"How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!"

Did such conviction come from or lead to a passion for fishing?

A strange and wondrous story is told of Saint John Climacus, whose festival is to-day. A woman "who had committed so enormous a sin that she dare not confess it, wrote it, sealed it and gave it to John." After his death she was afraid it would be discovered, but the saint came from his tomb, gave her the letter, which she unsealed, and then she found the paper blank. It is a singular characteristic of human nature that the first question which occurs to nine out of ten if they read this story is "What had the woman done? Had she indeed committed the unknown sin?"

The presence of opera in Chicago is a stimulus to searching yet general musical criticism. The *Elite* contained the other day an elaborate and analytical article concerning the possibility of combining the pleasures of opera and a dinner party in the same evening; and now the *Chicago Herald*, which has been described as "an uncompromising" critic of Theodore Thomas, publishes an essay that might be signed Junius. Listen to the stately periods of the reviewer who dwells by the loud, roaring lake:

"Theodore Thomas has ceased to rely upon impetuous w/ in for eleemosynary support for his deenerated company of players. Preposterous social ambitions proved an insubstantial foundation for payment of inevitable debts."

Nevertheless, Chicago does not yet prevail and triumph mightily in such rhetoric. It was only last week that the Program Book of the Boston Symphony Orchestra saved civic reputation by this one sentence:

"The composition, which is really a concatenation of three symphonic poems rather than a symphony, properly so-called, is somewhat recalcitrant to technical analysis."

It has been decided by the city authorities that the swell front, "characteristic of Boston dwelling houses," is a part of the main building. The intelligent foreigner who is studying our language is hereby informed that a swell front does not necessarily go with swell indwellers or a swell locality.

Lowell's fragments of lectures are another proof of his constitutional inability to deal justly with Algernon Charles Swinburne. What, pray, was the starting-point of such prejudice?

Hermann Vezin, the celebrated play actor, wrote the *London Times* the other day saying that he could no longer stand the encore system, and he urged the County Council to stop it, as they would any other nuisance. But the evil is old, very old. Notable encore fiends, for instance, were the two daughters of the horseleech, crying, "Give, give."

One of our most estimable citizens has been for a year a prey to contractors, for he holds the architect guiltless in long delay and consequent homelessness. "Contractors," he exclaimed bitterly last night as parked and steaming street cars went by him, "contractors indeed! They are ex-

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"Put a clock on the time of even the Judges and jury who condemned me and see if some day in the near future that clock does not run down, as did mine, for the want of winding by friends who should have watched when the hour glass ran out and changed the grain."

And such a man as this is forced to tarry in Canada.

Mr. Harris, an English plender in breach of promise cases, told Mr. Justice Cave the other day that "a girl who would permit liquor to be drunk out of her shoe would be unfit for human society." The Justice objected to this dictum and cited instances from English public and private life. It appears, however, that the lawyer stuck to his point and thus voiced the "average sentiment of these dull days of civilization."

Yet this tribute to beauty has been paid gladly in this very town. No one thought evil of it, nor would any writer on fetishism in love, as Binet, or Moll, or Krafft-Ebing have shrugged his shoulders or whipped out his note book. Of course, there is a limit in such adoration. No one would thus rashly pledge a Chicago girl, if he wished to keep his equilibrium in the sight of the people; although there was a Bassompre who emptied carelessly his riding boot to the health of thirteen cantons.

No honest man would refuse an open manifestation of affection that at the same time showed his devotion and tickled his vanity. The Pall Mall Gazette is right: "Given nice enough and right young women and a moderately fit occasion and a taste for that sort of thing, there are men who would do it and maidens who would permit it if things happened to strike them that way, and they are not the sort of men and women that we particularly dislike."

Apropos of all this, what is the origin of the term "guffins," applied by rude boys to all persons whose feet are apparently of unusually large dimensions?

O, Edward Harrigan, admirable playwright and play actor, do even you fully realize the inexpressible charm of the friendship that exists between Dan Mulligan and Walsingham McSweeney? It is a friendship that rivals the affection of David for Jonathan, of Damon for Pythias. The McSweeney, a man of few words, "sensitive since he fell off the truck," ready with fist in the hour of need, a little slow, perhaps, in brain movement, but an honest, simple, loving friend! To have created such a character, Mr. Harrigan, is glory enough for a lifetime, and you could not have described McSweeney if you yourself were not brave Daniel Mulligan.

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The inventor of an oratorio has a mighty advantage over his fellow laborers in the great work shop of music.

Let him take his subject from the Bible, let him set to music familiar texts, and nine-tenths of the audience, the Handel and Haydn audience or the average oratorio audience of London, will find easily, almost eagerly, musical inspiration and musical delight. The music may be mamby-pamby, it may be jejune, it may be lacking in any element of individuality, but as long as it is not strikingly in contrast with the sentiment of the words, the audience experiences emotions of undoubtedly genuine pleasure.

And yet I believe that the oratorio as known to Handel and Mendelssohn is to-day an extinct species of musical art. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not deny the strength and the beauty of pages found in the works of the men mentioned above. It is worth going miles to hear that noble, that sublime chorus, "O, great is the depth of the riches of wisdom and knowledge of the Father," sung admirably a week ago by the Handel and the Haydn; but to-day the creation of such a work as "St. Paul" is as impossible as is the enjoyment of musicians in hearing

In these days a Verdi Requiem, a Tannhäuser, a Francis, and a Parker "Hera Novissima" are the expression of modern religious thought in music. Such works are constructed in accordance with modern musical theories and feeling, modified of course by the individuality and the nationality of the composer. The oratorio built by modern Englishmen after the Haudelian Mendelssohnian model is an anachronism. The English musical mechanic may call his machine "Isachar" or "Hophizibah;" the fact that the subject is taken from Holy Writ, or that the musical treatment is orthodox, does not improve the unprejudiced hearer with the conviction that such a work is a masterpiece in modern religious musical expression.

The very word oratorio is elastic. The first oratorios were sacred operas, performed with action, costume and scenery during Lent, when worldly operas were forbidden. Afterwards, oratorios were often dramatic performances acted on the stage. We know from the autobiography of Von Dittendorff, once chapel master of the Bishop of Grosswardein, that such performances were given toward the end of the 18th century. In his description of the performance of his oratorio "Isacco," he praises the acting of the sinners: "Even the boy that played the Angel was excellent." The stage setting was a grove, and by the grove was the dwelling house of Abraham. "The costumes imitated exceedingly well ancient designs."

Rubinstein in our own day has composed sacred operas which were intended for stage representation, with the accessories of action, costumes, and scenery.

The conventional oratorio flourishes chiefly among English-speaking people, where there is still a strong belief in the plenary inspiration of the Bible. In such countries the dullest recitative is heard with reverential respect, because the words, even though they be only a bald narration, are held to be of sacred character.

Here is a case in point. Last Sunday night Miss Juch declaimed these lines: "And they stirred up the people and the elders, and came upon him, and caught hold of him, and brought him to the council, and spake." The singer delivered these words in an exaggerated manner, with as much passion as though she were not a narrator, but the very person stirred; she forced her tones to make an effect where no effect is demanded, for it is the chorus with the charge "Now this man ceaseth not to utter blasphemous words" that rightly gives utterance to dramatic expression.

This interesting plain narrative with incongruous emotion is a common fault of oratorio singers. It may also be said that the traditional recitative in oratorio is in these days an anachronism.

The whole matter of oratorio performance is full of contradictions. If "Elijah" were given in costume, and the prophet mocked with the aid of facial expression and with gesture the priests of Baal, many would cry out "Sacrilege!" And yet to these same people Elijah in correct evening dress, perched on a chair, and waiting his turn to mock, to lament, to pray, is an edifying spectacle.

After all, is it not the text sung or declaimed by Elijah that is of vital importance to the average oratorio audience, and not so much the character of the music, not so much the refinement or the strength of the singer's vocal art?

May not the day come, even in Boston, when oratorio will be given in fragments, when the best musical numbers of "The Messiah" or "St. Paul" will be sung, when it will not be thought necessary to present such works in bulk?

It was a great pleasure to hear again in this town the honest tunes of Dave Braham. They are the tunes of New York city—which is after all not a characterless American town, but a huge caravanserai. To me Mr. Edward Harrigan is a genius, for I know of no one in this country who has put upon the stage such living characters. It is true that his plays are but sketches, that they are intensely local, and he who has not known thoroughly New York of the last 30 years cannot enter heartily into the enjoyment of these surprisingly realistic scenes in humble life. Dan Mulligan and Cordelia, Lockmiller and Simpson Primrose, the Tough Girl, the Rev. Palestino Puter, Honora Dublin, and delicious, delightful, lovable Walsingham McSweeney—is it nothing to have made these types familiar, as real as Captain Cottigan, Uncle Toby or Dogberry? And could any other music than that of Braham suit these simple plays? That man is little to be envied who cannot feel the humor, the honest pathos, the character of the tunes in the Mulligan series.

Many ask why opera singers in such a company as that managed by Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Gran receive absurdly large salaries, and thus put up the price of admission to the opera house. Others say singers are worth what they can get, and no one is

mission. He wrote in his "Crotchets and Quavers," an amusing book. "I firmly believed that the low price of admission and the great excellence of the artists themselves, would tend to popularize opera. Should it do so, it would not only root Music into the nation, my darling desire, but would, from the capacity of Castle Garden, which could hold more than 5000 persons comfortably seated, render it probable that I might be paid for the risk attendant upon it. Dreaming a golden dream, I fancied that with such a company as this actually was, with prices no higher than the regular theatrical ones, and a large house, the taste for Italian opera might be established, not amongst the 'Upper Ten,' but in the public heart of New York. * * * This mistake was made in supposing that he who sows invariably reaps the harvest. A love for music is a thing that cannot bear fruit the same month in which its

seeds have been scattered in the ground. Suffice it, that very frequently did we play before an audience varying in number from 100 to 150 persons, scarcely enough to pay the mere printing bills of the evening. When the first three months had ended, the result of my golden dream was a clear and unmistakable deficit of \$22,000. The best operatic company ever collected in the United States had failed, at the lowest prices ever asked for admission to such a class of entertainment as that provided for the public, in drawing sufficient money to pay their own salaries."

Is there any likelihood that such a scheme would prosper in this year 1894? Is not grand opera a luxury, like terrapin, that has its season and comes high?

Apropos of opera, here is a story about de Lucia, the passionate tenor, that has not yet appeared in print. When he was in Boston he told Mr. Augusto Rotoli that he knew full well the limitations of his art. "In the ordinary lyric opera I cannot be among the tenors of the first rank, for my voice is not sympathetic, and it is not remarkable in compass or strength. But in such operas as 'Carmen' and 'I Pagliacci,' where passion and dramatic action are first of all required, I know my power. I also know that such exertion will cut short my stage career, but I am economical, and when my career is over I shall have enough money to live comfortably with my family." Mr. de Lucia, by the way, is a thoroughly taught musician, and his attainments are by no means confined to a peculiar line of operatic work.

PHILIP HALE.

THE AMENITIES OF DEFORMITY.

The irony of Nature often serves the necessity or the greed of man. There is, indeed, such a thing as the "utilization of the unfortunate by the fortunate." The physical freak is not always a life-long affliction to its parents, particularly when they are of highly developed commercial instinct. Nor is it altogether probable that the Comprachicos, described by Victor Hugo in "The Man That Laughs," left no successor; nor is the terrible tale by de Maupassant an incredible fancy of a diseased brain.

These unfortunates, who in remote ages were regarded as visible tokens of a deity's vengeance on offending parents, have now a market value. An Englishman published lately a carefully summed up statement of the value of the freak market, and the result is not without a morbid interest.

It was a golden age for living skeletons when they disdained the sum of anything under \$150 a week, but competition is severe to-day. He that after a full meal cannot pass himself through the framework of a toy drum does not meet with approval in the exhibitor's eyes; and skeletons are plenty at \$8 a week, with board included. Giants have fallen. The armless from birth are preferred, and the man or woman who can write with a toe is sure of a comfortable income. Lizzie Sturgeon, for example, gains about \$5000 a year. The legless make long pecuniary strides, as Eli Bomen with his \$6750 a year; and if four legs are given instead of two, the owner may demand justly about \$1200 a month. The two-headed nightingale wins \$120 a day, and the expenses of herself and her three servants are paid by the exhibitor. A religious dwarf, who shrinks from public view on Sunday, is worth nearly \$700 a week; but the elastic-skinned man cannot stretch his salary much beyond \$200 with each recurring Saturday. Many a

two-legged pig in street or railway car earns more than the performing pig whose master pockets \$1500 a year. The average tame man of Boston is not as sure of comfortable board and generous allowance as is the Wild Man of Senegal or Borneo. As for the seven long-haired sisters, their flowing locks were only worth each night about \$60 the lot.

The earlier nations who, through shuddering kindness, destroyed all such unfortunates at birth were, then, mistaken, or they

never realized the possibility of speculating in awful or grotesque deformity. Freaks in our day are said to be cheerful, even happy. The laws of nature prevail over them: the strange laws of selection and contrast. The living skeleton marries, often, the fat woman, and the salary paid the couple is an average. The giantess woos and weds the dwarf, and neither taunts the other with size. But, seldom does the bearded lady marry the dude. She knows that she is the superior being.

Mrs. Augusta Klidder, in her address before the Professional Woman's League, showed the result of observation that would compel admiration from Mr. Howells or any other realist. "When a woman pretends to rest in the daytime she sits in a hard-backed chair, stays there about a minute, remembers something she should do, jumps up, does it, comes back, tries it again, has another recollection, up again, back again, is just dozing off for a moment, when once more the ghost of duty neglected murders sleep."

Mr. Faux, who is at the head of Smith's great library in London puts down the life of an ordinary novel at nine months, and he smiles at booms. This leads an Englishman to remark: "We lose our heads and rush about to afternoon teas, declaring so-and-so the greatest genius of the day, and all the time he (or she) is merely awaiting dispatch by the quick and cruel hand of time."

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker is praised for his euphemistic turning of "the world, the flesh and the devil" into "society environment and tendency." But is there any mistaking of the meaning of the original version, and is not such strength to be preferred to such dilution?

Each month has its saws, often of optimistic tendency:

A cold April
The barn will fill.

And here is another:

When April blows his horn
It's good for both hay and corn.

We are told by a trustworthy local authority that shoes with "five large buttons" may be used in "evening wear." If the shoes carry four or six, the wearer loses the right to social recognition.

The mother-in-law of the Mikado of Japan was lately attacked by a serious illness. He at once summoned 423 specialists. Such extravagant precaution inspires sinister suspicion.

Mr. Russell Sage has found that a human screen is an expensive article of office furniture.

March did not play at Ilon with marked success. He knew it is not a popular part.

Many rejoice when Sunday eclipses the foolish gaiety of April 1.

"Uncut Leaves" is an ill-omened title for a literary club.

April 2-94

A CHANGE OF AIR.

As showery April passes over us, foretelling with capricious tears and laughter of burning sun and the indolent glory of a splendid summer day, the wife of the citizen grows restless. At odd moments during the winter she has contrived plans for summer; she has consulted maps and friends; she has counted the cost; she can talk of the peculiar properties of pine woods and medicinal baths; she has weighed the butter of one farmhouse against the fish of a coast village. But often this projected campaign of peace leads directly to domestic war.

The Kings of Persia had their summer and winter palaces and the great Turk moved constantly with the changing rays of the sun. To-day, as then, the rich must don and doff their houses as their suits of clothes. It is as it was in the days of old Burton: "In Italy, though they bide in cities in winter, which is more gentleman-like, all the summer they come abroad to their country houses to recreate themselves. Such as is the air, such be our spirits; and as our spirits, such are our humors."

But there was but one great Turk at a time, and even in these days of arrogant wealth, the average American has but one house, which is, perhaps, held only in imperfect fugitive possession. Or he is a tenant, in a tenement house, called sometimes a flat, or even an apartment. If he owns only one house, his city house, he is better able to walk on grass for a month or two, even though he may miss the comforts of convenience and privacy.

Let us take the case of our young friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Sparrow. Mr. Sparrow has an income of about \$2500 a year. This income stops the moment he does not

perform daily work. He and his wife are happy in their flat, which costs them about \$50 a month. The man would be willing to stay in town until the time of vacation, and then if he had his choice he would spend his fortnight in some quiet country town associated with his boyhood. The name of Mr. Sparrow, it may here be remarked, is Legion.

Now Mrs. Sparrow is an excellent woman in many ways, and is devoted to her John. She firmly believes that a stay in town after July 1 is dangerous to life. She knows that it is difficult to find a cottage at a reasonable price near the city, so that John can appear at the office at the appointed time. Hotels are dear. She has discovered a boarding house which is "ideal." The flat is closed July 1 and the rent goes on. Man and wife live in one small room; they pay as much for accommodation as they would for food at home, if not more; the landlord does his marketing in the city; Mr. Sparrow is bounced about twice a day in a crowded steam car for an hour at a time. He sees the ocean or the mountain by night, that is, when the insects are merciful for a moment. Meanwhile, there is the flat in town, and the rent regards not the absence of the tenants. If Mrs. Sparrow would only be content with summer life for herself and with marital accompaniment Sundays, it might be well, for Sparrow is not without friends in town; but she cannot bear to be separated from her lord. Her devotion brings with it unnecessary expense and a doubtful pleasure for her husband. The name of good Mrs. Sparrow is also Legion.

Neither cosmopolitan New York nor Athenian Boston saw the first production of Massenet's "Werther." Chicago had the fortune, good or bad, to first listen to a musical setting of

"Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter."

Two young musicians, well known in this city, have chosen the better part. Miss Alice Mandelick, contralto, will marry Mr. John H. Flagler, the "millionaire yachtsman," and Miss Leonora von Stosch is engaged to Mr. Louis M. Howland, who is in easy circumstances. Music here will be an ornament, not a cinch to matrimony.

"There is a voice in Vienna—a voice from Italy—that of Alice Barbi. 'What Duse is as actress Barbi is as singer. She sings all the old Italian music—that of Palestrina and the others—in a way that puts Vienna at her feet.'"—Exchange.

But this Alice Barbi is by no means a new apparition. She was singing in Vienna in 1889, and even then her voice was not conspicuous for freshness. "That of Palestrina and the others" is good. It's a pity that the writer of the above paragraph did not mention the titles of some of Palestrina's songs and ballads, those of the more popular character.

April 3-94

It seems that there is a demand on the part of some for the "restoration of the curfew," and hearts will be "touched and thrilled" if there is only a jangling of bells at 9 o'clock. But we already have a curfew that tells at 11 o'clock the people in restaurant or street to go home, and touches and thrills the hearts of all strangers who are so thoughtless as to be hungry or thirsty after that hour.

They that realize the irreparable evils induced by wanton destruction of standing timber and encourage forestry should remember the advice of John Gerarde to his contemporaries three centuries ago: "Forward in the name of God; graft, set, plant and nourish up trees in every corner of your ground; the labor is small, the cost is nothing, the commodity is great."

April 4-94

If women form an orchestra and play in Boston, why should not a woman lead them?

Mr. Swift is irrepressible. If recruits go from Boston to join Coxey's army they will go by train and the State will pay expenses. The labor of walking would "be too much of an undertaking." However, Mr. Swift acknowledges that "it's all in the air, so far." Then why not use aeroplanes for conveyance? The risk of travel would lend pleasurable excitement.

It appears by the Breckinridge trial that a man or a woman is liable to be cross-examined concerning literary taste and accomplishments. Yet there is no greater paradox than the literary taste. The most righteous of men can honestly delight in Rabelais, and the fact that a person is thoroughly conversant with Adam Clarke or Albert Barnes is not of itself a guarantee of purity of purpose or life.

is an excellent time to study the habits of the janitor, the species that is sometimes found in an apartment house. It is difficult of approach, he is peculiarly shy about the 1st of April. Observations should nevertheless be made, for with the extinction of the furnace fire he goes into a summer retreat, and cannot be coaxed from his lair.

The cold, brilliant sun now has a singular influence over the janitor's brain. He argues that there is no need of furnace heat and consequent personal labor. Yet, as he fears rebuke from tenants who are prejudiced against pneumonia, he feigns a lavishness of coal, and if caught by an indignant one on the landing, he will say, "I'm afraid it's too warm for you," although his own teeth at the time rattle like castanets. A Col. Sellers stove is his ideal, and were it not for the thought of Christmas gifts he would connive with the landlord in introducing that article of furniture.

Yet when there is an unreasonably muggy day he shovels coal and dreams of a forced draught. Some claim that his actions are controlled by reasoning, false, it is true, but reasoning. Others believe that he has no mental processes. It is to be regretted that the learned Dalmatians, in his great work on "Abnormal Man: A Study of Janitors, Elevator Boys and Book Agents," did not pay greater attention to the influence of hesitating weather.

Mr. J. R. Oliver, one of the editors of the Harvard Monthly, believes that in the possession of President Eliot Harvard "is notably ahead of the men at Yale." But would Yale swap Prof. "Bob" Cook for Harvard's President?

Senator Irby has blood in his eye. He longs for men "with slouch hats who are ready to kill." In other words, he says the South Carolina militia must be reformed.

It was only 71 years ago to-day that three women in England were tried for maliciously cutting and stabbing an old woman, said to be a witch, with intent to murder her. Thomas Hardy claims, as in "The Return of the Native," that witchcraft is still practiced in certain English counties.

S. Gilpin died 50 years ago to-day. He is not as famous by name as John Gilpin, but his memory is preserved by one speech. It was once remarked to him that his profession, landscape gardening, was not uncomfortably crowded. "No," he replied, "there is but one gardener."

The great services of the late Dr. Brown-Sequard to his profession and the world at large—were, within the last few years, obscured by his claims in regard to the possibility of prolonging life and renewing youth by his elixir. The superstition and the greed of men were shown by the excitement at the publication of the discovery. And so Burroughs was believed, when years ago he specified a lamp "to be made of man's blood, which, chemically prepared forty days, and afterward kept in a glass, shall show all the accidents of this life; and, which is most wonderful, it dies with the party, the lamp and the man whence the blood was taken are extinguished together.

The announcement of the death of James Owen O'Connor recalls the story of how men jeered in public the performances of a mad man and at the same time encouraged him in his madness that they might jeer.

The other day old Chimes noticed boys playing hop-scotch, a game that is a symptom of spring. The philosopher watched them with interest, and then slowly made his way to the club, meditating the little difference there is between a boy and a man—in fact only one letter—for first there is hop-scotch, and later comes hot-scotch.

Considering the fact that Wagner stole away Bulow's wife, it is perhaps just as well that Mr. Paur has decided to omit the Huldigungs March, although it was announced originally for the concert in memory of Bulow. There is occasionally fitness in things, even in such memorial concerts.

Did Gov. Tillman allude to the "Molech" or the "Moloch of drink?" A Governor should be accurate even in the terminology of oburgation. There's Gov. Greenhalge, for instance; he knows "titubate" and "titubation," just what they mean, and just how to use them. But as Molech was the fire god of the children of Ammon, Gov. Tillman, preferring possibly the form "Moloch," found in Amos and Acts, associated the fire god with fire water. Or he may have had in mind the Australian lizard known as Moloch, which, having a convex tubercle on the back of the neck, is indeed a loathsome object, and, with the horrible apparition of the blue fire, suit of them

Secretary Carlisle is the censor of art and the incensor of artists. St. Gaudens must spur his invention, for neither ribbon, nor shield, nor cadena, nor suit of Jaeger flannels seems to appease the noble indignation of the Secretary. They are very particular about these things down in Kentucky; almost as particular as the people of Eschenbach, who would not allow a stage kiss in a representation of one of Heyse's plays.

The birthday of Dr. McCosh recalls the story of how he once rapped late at night at a student's door. "Who's there?" "It's me, Dr. McCosh," answered the President. "O, no, you don't," said the student; "Dr. McCosh would say, 'It's I.'" This story may be found, with slight variations, in the history of any fresh or salt water college. It probably originated in the East; it certainly was known to the ancient Egyptians.

This Louise Lowell is a sort of Wilkie Collins witness, with her demure expression and fatal passion for precision. It may be here remarked that a female typewriter who keeps a diary is a doubly dangerous article of office furniture.

Twenty-seven "heads of families" have started from Los Angeles on the grand march to Washington. During their absence who will provide for the families? If Mr. Swift had his way the State would support them.

Mr. Thomas W. Surrence, known here as the composer of "Priscilla," has an admirable article in University Extension. I might be read with profit by all parents who are now contemplating possible injury to mankind by delivering their children into the hands of teachers of singing and the piano. This is the text of Mr. Surrence's sermon: "Superficiality is the chief characteristic of a great part of the work done by the majority of pupils, and time, energy and money are wasted in acquiring what is really of no lasting benefit."

The fact that Sir Timothy Keefe of base ball fame was only given a "heartly thank you" for returning a pocketbook holding

\$1200 to a drummer, suggests the need of a fixed scale of rewards on such occasions. Ten per cent. might not be amiss, and the amount should be paid on delivery.

"Autolyceus" of the Pall Mall Gazette played the street flower girl the other day in London, and took in \$9.55. But she admits in the account of her adventures that she is pretty.

Cattle are now invited by scientific agriculturists to eat the succulent plant known as the Polygonum Sakhalinense. The name should be carefully disguised.

The Scottish Cyclist thus appeals to city workers: "We are content to let occasion die, while we dream our dreams tintured perhaps with the oughts beyond the reaches of our soul." "Tinctured" brings to mind the apothecary shop and aconite and rhubarb; nevertheless, such rhetoric "is worth the price of a wheel." Tennyson, by the way, never entered heartily into the spirit of bicycle riding or he would not have written, "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycloer of Catbay."

Mr. MacDowell's Second and Last Piano Recital in Steinert Hall.

Mr. E. A. MacDowell gave the second and the last of his piano recitals in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Sonata tragica, MacDowell; Nocturne op. 54, No. 4, MacDowell; Waltzes (op. 64, No. 3, Chopin; op. 69, No. 1, Chopin); Rustle Wedding Procession, op. 6, No. 5; A Sad Little Girl, op. 7, No. 4; Forest Spirits, op. 24, No. 3; The Eagle, from The Brook, op. 32; Poem, op. 31, No. 2; Valse Triste, op. 46, No. 2; Concert Etude, op. 36.

This was the program as announced. Mr. MacDowell was playing "Forest Spirits," by Templeton Strong; he suddenly stopped and explained to the audience that one of his fingers pained him so much that he could not go on with the concert. Two or three days ago he cut the finger, and its condition was such that a man of less nerve would not have appeared yesterday on the stage.

Mr. MacDowell first played publicly his sonata in Boston at a Kneisel concert about a year ago. The work then made a profound impression. Last December the composer, in an interview published in the Journal, told how the life struggle of Raff suggested to him the character and the composition of this sonata. The original impression was deepened yesterday, handicapped as was the pianist and again, as before, the first and the third movements seemed the noblest and the most truly musical portions of the work; they are distinguished by a strength of thought, sanity in expression, and mastery of workman-like.

The first of Mr. Strong's three pieces is characteristic and full of quaint, rough jollity. His "Sad Little Girl" might better be a "Sad Big Woman," as far as there is any significance in the title; for the grief expressed attains an intensity that accompanies the loss or the destruction of illusions. It is to be regretted that the recital was so abruptly terminated. It would undoubtedly have been a pleasure to have heard the shorter pieces played by their composer.

PHILIP HALE.

There is at least borrowing, not to use a harsher name, in Life. See, for example, the title page of this week's issue, where the popular, patented Boston jest concerning the "folding-Bed-ouins" appears, as though it had been revealed suddenly in a vision in night watches to the contributor to Life. The inventor of this joke is still among us. He is a prominent lawyer, the very man that described de Pachmann, the pianist, as "The Chopinzee." No doubt he will be able to build some jest on Death-in-Life, while others would ignobly fail.

Jesting is here a matter of heredity. Like father, like son. It was the father who declined the honor of addressing the Saturday Morning Club on the ground that he had not succeeded, during 40 years or more, in convincing one woman that he had anything to say of real value—and what could he do in an hour before so many?

"The whippets are held on their respective marks by the slippers." Here is a sentence for the intelligent foreigner to wrestle with in translation. Would he receive any help from the statement that the start takes place by report of pistol and the sport is absolutely devoid of cruelty?

Water and milk are again pronounced dangerous to health, unless they are boiled, or run through strange machines, or treated medicinally. Grave letters from undoubted authorities take away pleasure in the consuming the simple necessities of life. It looks as though there were an effort to lead us back to New England rum, the favorite drink of former generations.

Judge Bradley seems to be a good Judge, too. All the buzzards unfortunately are not in that court room at Washington.

How conflicting are the reports concerning the Emperor William! Some say he finds exceeding joy in playing tennis. Others describe him as exulting over his shooting two vultures. Another, vaguely known as a court official, says the Emperor is bored to death, and the important fact is cabled across the Atlantic. Now the importance of such boredom would be the same as the boredom that afflicts our esteemed friend John Smith, were it not that the Emperor in an attempt to distract himself has greater opportunity for mischief. Unfortunate is the nation ruled by a restless man.

Is it possible that the poet Tailade, who was wounded as to his head by a bomb intruding in a Paris restaurant at a late hour, is Laurent Tailhade, symbolist, decadent, who calls his poems "Stained Glass Windows." An "h" is easily turned into an "l," but it would be a pity if Tailhade had his windows shattered as well as stained.

Senator Hoar was only one of many when he alluded to the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. No quotation from Shakespeare has been so wrenched from its real meaning. The touch of nature, referred to by Ulysses in "Troilus and Cressida," is one of the most contemptible characteristics of humanity. "The whole world kin;" And why? "That all, with one consent, praise new-born gauds." Was it not Richard Grant White who first called attention to such rank misapplication of the text?

The case of Mr. E. A. Waldo, who lost consciousness in Chicago and recovered it by a fall in Florida, is not alone in medical history. There is interesting treatment of the subject, with cases cited, in Ribot's "Les Maladies de la Personnalité." Only a year ago in Melbourne, Australia, there was a somewhat similar instance, an apparently intelligent man utterly without memory. While he was unidentified he was referred to by officials as "Edward Bellamy."

The fiery Hun joins eagerly the army led by Coxey. There is need of a well-directed hose before the incendiary host sees the dome at Washington.

There is coquetry, there is pride in death, but the million dollar tomb decreed by the late Mrs. Coster surpasses tales of Oriental selfish extravagance. By the way, the name Coster, in this connection, will be a boon to the depraved punster.

It seems as though at last Boston would have an opera house of metropolitan proportions. When there is a home, then opera may become more and more domesticated, and if time we may have a chance to hear other modern works than "Faust" and "Carmen." Europe has talked for the last five or ten years of operas that are scarcely known here by name.

An annual topic of discussion is "Should Children Read Fairy Tales?" There was a time when water was beautiful to a young girl or boy; it was the home of mermaids and water sprites. This is the age of scientific instruction; and to the spectacled young student water is merely the abode of animalcule life and the nursery of disease. Mr.

Music is again but strife and contention. There is talk, it seems, against Mr. Paur, the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, just as there was talk against the gentlemen who preceded him, Messrs. Henschel, Gericke, Nikisch. A conductor is not only a man who governs an orchestra by a stick; he draws toward him the lightning of comment and criticism. But there is no lightning in this present attack. Trains of gunpowder have been slyly laid, but there is smoldering, there is sputtering, rather than any fierce explosion.

The critics are in singular harmony, and they praise this leader. The audiences applaud heartily. Who, pray, are the discontented? Are they young composers whose pieces do not seem to Mr. Paur worthy of performance? Are they members of the orchestra who have been justly corrected for tardiness or indifference at rehearsals? Is there, possibly, one that aspires ambitiously to the very position now held by Mr. Paur?

It appears that Mr. Paur is a fine fellow and an excellent musician, but, alas, he is not "magnetic." He filled positions in Europe with honor; but, alas, he is not "magnetic." Under his direction the Boston Symphony Orchestra plays exceedingly well; but, alas, he is not "magnetic." If he were only a horse-shoe magnet of science, or the loadstone mountain that wrecked the third Royal Calendar, or even the toy magnet dear to children; then, all would be well.

In olden times the loadstone was worshipped as a god; in modern times the loadstone-conductor worships himself. There was an ancient belief that iron statues were suspended in the air by help of loadstones; and the wonder at the suspension dulled acute consideration of the worth of the statue. When the loadstones were removed, the statue fell, and there was merely broken iron. Now, Mr. Nikisch was such a magnet, and the orchestra under him was the statue. A "magnetic" conductor is a dangerous thing.

Or possibly the objection against Mr. Paur is that he does not please certain individuals in New York. But was he not hired to please chiefly the audiences of Boston?

It appears that Miss Julia Marlowe has made a careful study of the art of shaking hands. Her hand-shake, we are assured, is

"not the inane mid-air clasp of the ultra-fashionable, nor the cold, listless clasp of the indifferent." Neither is it, it may be added, an enthusiastic combination of vise and pump handle, nor is it the timid, clammy touch of the procrastinating debtor.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has just increased the stock of religious fiction. Her first story was concerned with Calvinism; her second with Roman Catholicism and the influence of Baptists and Wesleyans; now in "Marcella" she treats of Puritanism and Socialism. There is a wide field in future for her, and it ranges from the Abolitionists to the Zwinglians. The great masters of English fiction, from Henry Fielding to Thomas Hardy, contented themselves with dealing with human-at large and human beings in general.

April 8-1894

ABOUT MUSIC.

What is the meaning of all this talk about the possible resignation of Mr. Paur?

In *Le Ménestrel*, published at Paris, March 18th, is this paragraph: "Some time ago we announced that the position of Conductor of the Symphony Orchestra at Boston had been offered without favorable result to the chief Conductors in Germany, and Mr. Paur was persuaded finally to accept it. We are forced to believe that the position is an unpleasant one in spite of the enormous salary attached to it, because Mr. Paur has made known his intention to resign and return to Germany."

The following paragraph was published in the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung*, Berlin, March 23: "Information, said to be trustworthy, comes from Boston to the effect that Mr. Paur has no thought of giving up his position there and returning to Europe. He is, on the contrary, so pleased that he intends to fulfill his contract for 10 years, particularly as the critics and the public applaud his work."

Last week a prominent musical newspaper in New York published the statement that Mr. Higginson has been negotiating for a successor, "and there is a faint possibility of Wilhelm Gericke returning to his old post."

There is no use of denying the fact that there is here in Boston a certain opposition to the methods of Mr. Paur, the conductor. This opposition is not found in the musical articles contributed to the press of Boston. Nor do I believe that there is any substantial opposition on the part of the audience to Mr. Paur.

It is true, however, that certain members of the orchestra do not hesitate in public to condemn the conducting of Mr. Paur and to sneer at his musical intelligence.

These objectors are few in number, but they undoubtedly have a certain influence.

It is not improbable that their policy is shaped by the determination of Mr. Paur to be conductor, in deed as well as in name.

Now ideal government has been defined as absolute despotism tempered by occasional assassination.

I do not understand that Mr. Paur is disagreeable at rehearsal; but it is said that he insists on having his own musical ideas, i.e., his interpretation of the composer's meaning carried out without question by the men who are paid by Mr. Higginson to obey the leader chosen by him, whether the name be Gericke, Nikisch or Paur.

It is also stated that Mr. Paur has a contract for five years with the privilege of renewal, and he has no intention of leaving a position that pleases him. As he is a man of firmness, it is not likely that he will be disturbed seriously by the mutterings of a few discontented players, or by the thought of Mr. Nikisch in Pesth, yet breathing out threatnings and slaughter.

There are changes that might well be made next season in the personnel of the orchestra. The first clarinet is not the equal of his associates. The horns as a quartet are comparatively weaker brethren. And the kettle drum man should be given an opportunity to exercise his strength in some ruder land.

It is true that this drummer is agile, yet in dexterity he is surpassed easily by the Burmese, who perform in all sorts of apparently impossible positions, as behind the back, over and under the shoulders, under the legs, and, no doubt, while standing on the head.

This drummer with his dull ear and passion for noise was born out of due time. Years ago in Mexico a beautiful youth was sacrificed to Tezcatlipoca. And when after preparatory stuffing, and rejoicing, and festal procession the victim was put upon the altar of jasper, a mighty drum was pounded. Bernal Diaz saw the drum. It was made of serpents' skins. The sound of it was so loud that it could be heard eight miles away.

If this drummer is as dear to Mr. Paur as the apple of his eye, why does he not bring him forward in an heroic solo? We are obliged each year to listen to certain violinists and cellists of the orchestra in set solo pieces. However admirable their performances may be, it would be a pleasure to partake of the joy of variety. The selection of soloists seems, like kissing, to go by favor, particularly when two such remarkable performers as Marteau, the violinist, and de Pachmann, the pianist, now in this country, are not given a hearing.

I believe that this drummer was once heard in an elaborate solo at a promenade concert, but why should he be invited to appear at one of the 24 solemn functions? There is a piece that he might play, a solo for six kettle drums, accompanied by full orchestra, written by Tausch. It is in two movements, slow march and polonaise. Of course, the indulgence of the audience should be requested during the tuning.

And at another concert one of the trombone players might be heard, say in an arrangement of Stigelli's "Tear."

One thing may justly be said of Mr. Paur: however great his merits as a conductor may be, he is not skillful in the composition of his programs. It is my impression that he means to be catholic in selection; but he apparently has little sense of values and he does not appreciate the power of judicious contrast.

It is given to few to present such interesting programs as those arranged by Mr. Frank Van der Stucken, who, by the way, is a conductor to be at least considered if Mr. Paur should by any chance make up his mind to return to Germany. Some here would at once object to Mr. Van der Stucken; for he was born in this country, he is not a German by birth or by nurture, and he believes in giving the works of the modern school a hearing, whether they be written by Frenchmen, Belgians, Germans, Russians, Italians, Americans, barbarians or Scythians. These objections are indeed insuperable—that is, in Boston—and I hasten to withdraw the suggestion. Let us fold the hands and resign ourselves to an endless succession of Schmidts and Muellers, for they are the people, and music will die with them.

It is to be hoped that there will not be any change at present. Mr. Paur seems to be an honest, capable man, seeking to perform thoroughly the duties of his position, and not courting in any way self-glorification. Under his direction the orchestra has recovered the perfection of technique that, gained under Mr. Gericke, was frittered away under Mr. Nikisch. It should be understood, however, that the men under him that he, as conductor, has a right to fine even the most prominent if they are late at a rehearsal; nor should he be maligned because he insists that he is master in all questions of tempo and *nuancierung*.

PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC.

The Twenty-first Concert of the Symphony Orchestra—A Remarkable Performance of Beethoven's Third Symphony.

The twenty-first concert of the Symphony Orchestra was given last evening in Music Hall. The program was as follows:

Funeral, op. 25, No. 4 von Bülow
Symphony No. 3 (Eroica) Beethoven
Two movements from concerto for violin Molique
No. 5, A minor, op. 24
1. Adagio.
2. Allegro.
Tragic overture, op. 81 Brahms

The program of this concert was arranged as a memorial service in honor of the late Hans Guido von Bülow. As Bülow died the 12th of February, the tribute came late, but, as some one said, it takes a long time to bury a distinguished man.

Tchaikowsky, who is one of the greatest composers for orchestra of the last 20 years, died this season and Mr. Paur made no sign. His last symphony, a work that is hailed as a masterpiece in European circles and in New York, has not even been put in rehearsal here.

Gounod's death this season was mourned publicly at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, but Mr. Paur made no sign. And yet no one will argue seriously that Bülow outranked Gounod as a composer.

Not that Bülow is to be grudged this tribute. He was a great, if at times eccentric, orchestral leader. His face, his playing of the piano, his sarcastic wit were well known in this town, and although there may not have been in the audience a sense of personal loss, as often happens when composers, strangers to us, die, nevertheless the tribute was deserved.

This tribute, by the way, would have been more complete if Mr. Paur had refused to put on the program one of Bülow's compositions; for this strange and versatile musician did not shine as a composer. To be sure, the orchestra might have played Bülow's overture to "Julius Caesar;" and in comparison with that dull enormity, the Funeral is like unto a baleful star in the firmament.

The feature of the evening was the superb performance of the Heroic Symphony. Superb is a large, full word, often loosely used; but such a performance as that of last evening is rare. Not only was there scrupulous attention to detail; not only was there a fortunate and a sane choice of tempi; but under the direction of Mr. Paur there was no thought of orchestral pedagogue or magnetic virtuoso. The one thought was, How great is this music; and not, How admirably the leader conducts. Although the first movement was not played in the fixed, rigid spirit dear to some conservatives, the change, in tempo, slight, but effective, seemed the inevitable expression of the composer's ideas. The performance of the funeral march was free from theatrical extravagance; it was healthy and virile in its grief; there was no cheap suggestion of threadbare crape and tears; it was a lament with a mighty lamentation. Most excellent, too, was the rhythmic precision of the scherzo, and it may here be remarked that the pianissimo of Mr. Paur is a pianissimo, not a restless itch for a piano or a mezzo forte. The variations were played magnificently, and it was a relief to find that the *poco andante* was not dragged out beyond recognition, and that simplicity was not turned into sentimentalism. All in all, it was a great performance, and Mr. Paur was seconded most ably by the men under his control.

O. Bernhard Molique, you played one of your concertos in Paris in 1830, and you were then praised as a composer rather than as a virtuoso. For years your concertos were a delight to violinists. But this is another age.

"King Pandion, he is dead,
All thy friends are left in lead."

And to this restless generation your compositions for violin are in the limbo where are found pieces compounded of sugar and amiable bravura; yes, and your own oratorio, "Abraham," is there with many another vocal work, sacred or profane.

Mr. Roth played the peaceful numbers smoothly and with delicacy.

Molique, by the way, was born in 1803, not in 1802 as stated by the program book.

Next Saturday evening Mendelssohn's music to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" will be given. Mr. George Riddle will be the reader, and there will be a chorus of members of the Cecilia.

PHILIP HALE.

THE SPARING OF THE ROD.

In last week fell the anniversary of the death of Richard Busby, great teacher and flogger. He flourished and whipped at Westminster School for nearly fifty-five years. Little boys sometimes received sixty lashes for a trifling fault. It was his honest belief that no youngster could learn the simplest lesson without the previous application of birch. "Not desiring his opponents to rest satisfied with his theory, he pointed to the Bench of Bishops, where sat sixteen 'grave and reverend' prelates, formerly his pupils." But did they not even then sit uneasily? So too South, the famous divine, was flogged into intelligence by Busby. "I see," said the latter, "great talents in that sulky boy, and I shall endeavor to bring them out," and he lashed him unmercifully, till he thought him worthy to ascend pulpit stairs.

Busby was the most celebrated of a long line that is not extinct. Did his pupils bear him ill will? Remember how Dr. Johnson spoke of Hunter, the head master at Lichfield school, who would ask a boy a question, and if he did not answer it, he would beat him, without considering whether he had an opportunity of knowing how to answer it; yet Johnson told Langton, "My master whipt me very well. Without that, Sir, I should have done nothing." Hunter used to say while the boy quivered beneath his heavy hand, "And this I do to save you from the gallows." Johnson himself believed in such rude treatment of the young. "A child is afraid of being whipped, and gets his task and there's an end on't; whereas, by exalting emulation and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundation of lasting mischief; you make brothers and sisters hate each other."

In comparison with such tyrants as Busby and Hunter, how mild, how gentle, seem the Dr. Birch and the Dr. Swisshill described by Thackeray; and yet these milder men would be regarded to-day in this city as merciless taskmasters. As long ago as 1838 De Quincey, in writing of his brother Pink, rejoiced at the "mighty progress made towards the suppression of brutal.

owned as an expert in bodily punishment is more than a parochial reputation.

The same spirit of sentimentalism that sends flowers to alleged murderers on trial is extended to the quick at the thought of a schoolmaster trouncing an unruly, impudent, lazy pupil, or at the suggestion of the chastisement of a naughty son by a just father. There is plenty of talk about moral suasion, and the influence of parental grief, and the necessity of dealing gently with the young; but these sentimentalists forget that some boys are apparent proofs of the theory of total depravity. Such young demons are only brought to their senses by physical pain. Many a man to-day is thankful for the sound whipping administered to him when he needed it, and he realizes that the punishment was not instigated by loss of temper, caprice or cruelty. Many a man to-day shows in his daily life unenviable, mean characteristics or vicious instincts that might have been whipped out of him if the wisdom of the ancients had appealed to the father or to the teacher.

How far the privilege of the teacher in this direction should be extended is hard to determine. His conduct is a matter of grave responsibility. We take it for granted that he is a man and not a brute; yet there are brutes among teachers as among parents. Nobody wishes the return of Busby and his principles; but is there not to-day a mistaken sentiment against chastisement, which sentiment often makes for the ruining of character? A flabby minded teacher, a weak and doting parent is not respected, is not loved by the wrong-doer who grows up careless of conduct, a mocker of all law.

A complimentary concert to Mr. Carl Zerkahn should be no idle, merely complimentary affair. For forty years, as conductor of the Handel and Haydn, he has labored faithfully and well for music, and during many of these years there was scant encouragement.

"Joseph H. Choate holds his hands in his pockets when he addresses court and jury." Other lawyers prefer the pockets of their clients. With this goes an apology to the late New York broker-jester for a variation on his original theme.

A Bostonian has invented a top that will spin continuously for forty-five minutes. Such a top will never be popular with a boy. He has not the patience to wait for its running down.

The paving commission of Baltimore is here "inspecting" our system of road building." To fully appreciate our pavements, the visitors should go over them in furiously driven herds.

Booksellers say that women do not like to buy a second hand book, and they regard the fact as curious. But did any woman in the history of mankind ever like to play second fiddle?

According to the head line in a contemporary, a woman in Nova Scotia "got 14 years for shooting a stranger." How many would she have "got" for shooting a friend?

It is well nigh universally conceded here in Boston that a literary man should work several hours in a garden. In whose garden, is now the all-important question.

George Gould has christened a son Jay. The history of the family gives the lie to the popular definition of this word.

Frank Slavin has been adjudged a bankrupt, so it seems that pugilists can fail. His only assets are his fists.

The Bostons found that Yale's base ball equipment is complete. She has an umpire as well as a uine.

Such Hungarian rhapsodies should not be encored in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Paur, by his contract, seems to hold the cold end of the poker.

April 10-1904

"TABASCO" AT THE MUSEUM.

"Tabasco," a burlesque opera, text by R. A. Barnett and music by G. W. Chadwick, was given last evening at the Boston Museum by the Seabrooke Opera Company. This was the first performance of the opera by professionals in this city. Mr. Paul Stindorf was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| Hot-Blood-Ham-Pasha..... | Walter Allen |
| Marco..... | Jas. F. Sheehan |
| Ben-Bid-Ben..... | Otis Harlan |
| Robusto Hawkins..... | Robert E. Bell |
| Exhausted Leander..... | Edgar Smith |
| Palma..... | Miss Catharine Linvard |
| Lola..... | Miss Elvira Crox |
| Has Been-A..... | Miss Rose Cooke |
| Francis..... | Thomas Q. Seabrooke |

Mr. Barnett has made some changes in his libretto since the opera was produced by the Cadots at the Tremont. The tabasco-bearing tramps are brought in earlier, and they are given greater prominence. The clock business in the second act, which was borrowed apparently from "The Merry Monarch," is much shortened, and in fact changed ingeniously for the better by the breaking of the main spring. Mr. Barnett or Mr. Seabrooke has introduced some new lines and new business. But in spite of changes the libretto is a dull affair. The tabasco has not buoyancy enough to make palatable the heavy meal, and the chill of the Bay of Langiers is contagious.

A second hearing of Mr. Chadwick's music strengthens the first impression. The music of "Tabasco" is for the most part tuneful, appropriate to the situation, often humorous in suggestion, and always interesting to the musician. In this opera Mr. Chadwick shows undoubted talent for the stage. There is no reason why operetta, with music written by Americans, should not flourish in America. It is not necessary that these operettas should depend for success on gags and the horseplay of acrobatic comedians. It is a good and cheering sign when a musician of Mr. Chadwick's acknowledged talent sets himself to work at operetta. May he continue in this field, and may he next time be more fortunate in the libretto.

The performance was smooth and in many respects adequate. The entrance of Mr. Seabrooke was delightfully funny, and in the first act there was often food for laughter. The second act dragged, and the united efforts of the comedians and the music of Mr. Chadwick did not seem able to overcome situations or lines. Miss Crox labored faithfully for her efforts to please, and Mr. Harlan was often amusing. With more experience, Mr. Sheehan will be a useful man in operetta. He has an agreeable and a manly voice. Miss Linvard sang with confidence and her tones cut the air. One or two members of the company were vocally indisposed. The chorus and the orchestra were almost always satisfactory. The opera was staged handsomely. The solo dance in the second act was much better than is seen usually in entertainments of this nature. There was a large and very friendly audience. Many numbers were repeated, and speeches were made after the first act by Messrs. Seabrooke and Barnett. Mr. Chadwick bowed his acknowledgments from a box.

PHILIP HALE.

BOOKS OF BULK.

The sale at auction here last week of a library abounding in rare and sumptuously bound illustrated books showed in a practical manner the change in popular taste. There was a time, not so long ago, when a rich man in the furnishing of his house regarded huge folios, elephantine editions, as necessary to the equipment of the parlor. It often made little difference whether the illustrations were of English cathedrals or ancient ruins, scenes from Shakespeare's plays, or portraits of simpering beauties; size and expense, however, were prime requisites. These books were put on heavy tables; they were dusted scrupulously; they were seldom opened, and when some child could not withstand temptation and rested elbows on the pages, the enjoyment was cut short and followed occasionally by punishment. It is true that there were collectors who knew each plate and title; but the chief buyers of these "splendid monuments" were men who saw in them an opportunity for the display of wealth and the reputation of taste.

But the times have changed. Last week books of this description were knocked down at a price often far below the cost of binding. Few had house-room for such folios, even if their taste led them to purchase. The home of such works is the great public library, where they may be at times examined by the curious.

It must be confessed that many of the illustrations and much of the binding seemed tasteless. A first edition or a copy of a limited edition excited more attention. Even the auctioneer lost his volubility when the assistants boosted up a ponderous tome; he seemed to beg the pardon of the crowd for occupying time in the necessary performance of the task. And so book after book, once the pride of the collector or of Dives was slaughtered ruthlessly, while the spectators looked on with silent and grim approval. Gone is the public desire for such bibliopolical enormities, which are now in limbo with "Keepsakes," "Floral Tokens," and other books once familiar and approved. The latest unillustrated edition of Shakespeare seems more desirable than the faded glories of Boydell; a volume of the Villon Society is more to be preferred than "Views of Ancient Rome."

Is this change in taste partly attributable to the prevailing desire for conciseness and intensity? In an age when the one-act music drama seems ready to drive the five-act opera from the stage, when the fashion in fiction is a short spasm rather than long drawn out agony, books of bulk may excite passing curiosity, but they do not find readily a house welcome.

It is to be noted that these Boston recruits for Coxey's army will take a special train to Washington. The walking is said to be bad.

So Senator Hill is among the prophets?

At some of the clubs here it is a fad to drink tea at 5 o'clock. Members with their are asked to bring their knitting.

The spelling Eskimo now seems preferred, as in "Eskimo Snow Village;" and yet Dr. Kane knew only Esquimaux. Does not the former version seem colder, greasier, more blubbery? The latter has, apparently, an incongruous French polish, nor do the Northern Lights dance in it.

Has not the practical American stripped in a measure the English language of its verbal gems, flashing or dull? "Colour" is without colour when it is spelled color. Why should he eschew that haunting word, "effusion," a word of gentle green, a word like unto a middle tone of an hautboy? "Ancient" does not wear as venerable a beard nor suffer from as weak hams as "antient." The "haire" of a woman is more beautiful, thicker, more odorous, smelling of aromatic gums, loved by southern breezes, than is the hair.

Why should our writers be afraid of unusual words, or words that have fallen under Academic disapprobation? Why should the modern vocabulary be so precise and smug? Words are sold by the gross to all comers at the corner shop. But the vocabulary should be a palette. Style is not necessarily a black cravat of formal tie. Let there be color, and dazzle, and laughter, and surprise.

Algiers is not so remote as towns in Virginia or Northern New York. No wonder that the tourist counts it but a light task to descend on the African coast. So Spain, once an uncomfortable Ultima Thule is as Vermont, though a Yankee in Spain somehow seems an ironic incongruity. To him the blood of Salem or New Bedford is your only *sangre azul*, and the Escorial but a gridiron on which a nation was broiled. In these very New England coast towns the blood of Spain flows in certain swart sons of Puritan mothers.

A club, said old Chimes the other day, is the weapon with which men of leisure kill time.

Hysterical admirers of "Ships That Pass in the Night" should not forget there are novels that pass in the night and are heard of no more.

Mr. Edwin Cleary, the manager of the French "L'Enfant Prodigue" company, is now in London telling strange stories of adventure in the United States. Here is a tale of the pantomime in Chicago:

"At the conclusion of the first act on the opening night, the exodus was rather marked. To all who went out 'return checks' were offered. Among those who were passing out was a Western gambler of the loud and dashing variety. He stood over six feet in height in his patent leather boots, only the toes of which could be seen, so broad were his trousers at the bottom. On his head was a wide-brimmed slouched hat. His eyebrows were black and bushy. His moustache was black, big, and drooping. His watch chain was only a few sizes smaller than a ship's chain cable. A return check was offered to him. He looked at the man for a moment, and then in a voice that seemed to have been born in a cellar, belowed, 'Not on your life.' 'But it gets better as it goes on,' said the man with the return checks, 'and you'd better see the next act.' 'Not on your life,' said the gambler. 'I'm stopping at a hotel across the way. They're charging me five dollars a day there, and I'm bound to get my money's worth. I'm going to sleep the other two acts at the hotel.' Generally speaking Chicago followed the example of the gambler."

At Pittsburg there were moral scruples. On the opening night "a well-dressed, prosperous looking man walked up to the box office and said to the man inside, 'Is Julia Marlowe playing here?' 'No,' said the man in the box office. 'The performance is "L'Enfant Prodigue," by the great French company.' The man looked puzzled, but after a few moments' thought said, 'French company, did you say?' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'the great French company.' 'Must go somewhere else,' said the man, 'as I have three respectable ladies with me.' He was kind enough to explain that if he had been alone he 'would have risked it.'"

Truly do the misfortunes of strangers as well as friends produce a horrid pleasure. Here is a case in point. The other day a passenger in a street car bound for Cambridge asked the conductor if the car would take him to South Boston. The conductor said "No," and he had already taken the fare. The stranger remarked "I thought all Cambridge cars went to South Boston." The only reply from the conductor was a guffaw. The stranger was far from a South Boston car. Did the passengers sympathize? They indulged in winks, shrugging of shoulders, Homeric laughter. And no one dreamed of giving the stranger information.

"Wm. Rooney, one of the Electric Inspectors who was confined several weeks ago, dropped dead in the penitentiary about 3 o'clock this afternoon at the sight of his father, whom he had not seen before since his confinement on Blackwell's Island."

What a tragedy is in this short dispatch! And what a look it must have been; almost equal to the three passionate looks imagined by Sir Thomas Browne: "Of Thyestes when he was told at table that he had eaten a piece of his own son; of Bajazet when he went into the iron cage; of Oedipus when he first came to know that he had killed his father and married his own mother."

MUSIC.

A Clarinet Recital by Mr. C. L. Staats in Bumstead Hall—Miss Lindh and Messrs. Faeltgen and Schroeder Assist.

Mr. C. L. Staats, assisted by Miss Marcella Lindh, Mr. Carl Faeltgen and Mr. Alwin Schroeder, gave a clarinet recital in Bumstead Hall last evening. The program was as follows:

Serenade—Op. 24.....Emil Hartmann
(First time in America.)

Idylle.
Romance.
Rondeau Fatale.

Actus—Mad scene from "Hamlet".....Ambrose Thomas
Three Intermezzi Op. 13.....C. Villiers Stanford
For Piano and Clarinet.
(First time in America.)

Andante espressivo.
Allegro agitato.
Allegretto scherzando.

Songs—(a) "Das Heimliche Lied," Op. 103, No. 5.....Sopr.
(b) "Alpenlied," Op. 167.....A. Späth
With Clarinet Obligato.
(First performance in America.)

Trio—B Flat Major, Op. 11.....Beethoven

Such recitals are not common in Boston, and Mr. Staats is to be thanked for his courage in breaking away from the conventional concert and the conventional program. It is true that the novelties are not of abiding worth, nevertheless it is a good thing to have the opportunity of hearing novelties, if only that they may be avoided safely when put on a program for the second time.

The serenade by Emil Hartmann does not rise above the respectable level of the commonplace. The romance is not without a conscious prettiness, but as a whole the work does not hold the attention by its thematic beauty or by any skill in treatment. The composer risks no rash experiment; he jogs along in the beaten path. He mixes his colors as does the workman employed by a highly esteemed firm of house painters who have won their custom by never venturing to go beyond the orthodox taste of unimaginative landlords. Hartmann is, I believe, a Dane, and of a musical family of Danes, but there is no distinctive national hall-mark stamped on this work. There is no suggestion of fox or ice, folk-song or cold-faced, but passionate woman, who rises from the water or dances at the break of night on some green meadow. As far as distinction goes, the serenade might have been written the last year at any music school in Germany.

Nor are Mr. Stanford's pieces of more marked character. They are hopelessly academic. They are painfully, exasperatingly correct, as though written by a Professor or a Doctor for the proud enjoyment of colleagues. Now this man has Irish blood in his veins; and who would think it, by hearing this music? There is a dab of color in the second movement, but has it not been seen before in Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony? It was an evil day for music in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales when Mendelssohn landed on English soil and pined Victoria and her amiable spouse. Mr. Stanford is undoubtedly an excellent musician, but when he composes he seems often to enwrap himself in the cloak of professional dignity, and write as though he were later to commend the composition as an exercise to timid students who are taught to bow before that which is mathematically accurate. But, men and brethren, music is not an academic thing; it is a thing of perfume, of light; or it is sensuous, or it is mystic; or it chills the marrow. Purely academic music is like unto the works of the church of the Laodiceans, and it must meet the same fate, although professors in a body lend their approval to the making of it.

In the earlier part of the program Mr. Staats was not at his best. Although his phrasing was almost always excellent, his intonation was not impeccable, and the quality of his tone was not always agreeable. In the obligato to each of the songs, he was heard to better advantage, and in the delightful trio by Beethoven he displayed taste and skill. Messrs. Faeltgen and Schroeder lent valuable assistance, although the former might have played with greater elasticity.

Miss Marcella Lindh made a very favorable impression. Her voice is warm and sympathetic in cantabile, and in bravura work she showed no mean skill. Her intonation was pure, her attack was clean, her phrasing was artistic, and in the scene from "Hamlet" she played more than the ordinary agility of a concert singer.

PHILIP HALE.

Monday was an eventful day for toss-pots, malt worms, men-fishes, smokers, tuns, tanks and amateurs of more moderate bibulation. In Massachusetts the House decided that the question, "Well, what will you have?"—even if the words are run thickly together—is material, relevant and pertinent, and the Supreme Court of the United States did not deny lager beer to the thirsty Indian Territory.

It is announced solemnly that the rehearsals and studies for the performance of Paganini's "Ghosts," which will take place at the Tremont next week, "were materially assisted by Prof. Boyesen and prominent Norwegian scholar." Inasmuch as the play is to be given in English, it is hard to disbelieve the utility of such Norwegian preparation.

Thomas Hardy has been bitten by the modern labor problem, and his next novel will deal with the differences between capitalist and workman.—[Exchange.]

Don't, Mr. Hardy. Stick to your plain people of "Wessex."

John Graham was a criminal lawyer of the old school, which is nearly as extinct as the old school of play actors. And in a large sense the lawyer of that school was an actor, with the jury for an audience.

The panic in a Chicago school house emphasizes the necessity of frequent drilling of school children for emergencies. And yet no drill would anticipate the bursting of a steam cook.

There is irony in the fact that a young worker in the interests of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children should have been arrested here by an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

A speaker at a dinner the other evening said there was great need of the abolishment of current Universalism; and, according to him, the task is light. "The immolation of one negative with certain attendant correlatives of a nugatory nature" will fetch it.

Comparisons now seem inevitable between the Cadets and the Seabrooke Company in "Tabasco." To many, amateur performances are a perpetual well-spring of pleasure, and as man is a cruel animal, they are almost always well attended. Many go from a desire to laugh at their friends; they wish to see Jones and Smith, whom they know in private life as estimable, industrious citizens, masquerading as blood-thirsty, black-bearded miscreants in fire-boots, or walking gingerly as beplumed and bediamonded "jukes." They pass the evening delectably in discovering friends in the chorus; in hoping that John's moustache will fall off; that Henry will forget his part. They wonder if the play would be good if it were acted by professionals. The next day they say to the performers: "It was capital." "Why, where did you learn to act so well?" or, "If I were you, I'd give up business and go on the stage."

But the Cadet performances are of a higher grade. Thus, for instance, the second act of "Tabasco" as played by the Cadets moved more briskly than it did Monday night at the Museum. Mr. Stutson as the Bey of Tangier was naturally and artistically funnier than was Mr. Walter Allen in the same part; and Mr. Davis was more sprightly, graceful and amusing as Lola than was Miss Crox in her cumbersome tom-boydom. So, too, in the Cadet performance were the two tramps more original and pleasing in speech and action.

On the other hand, the professional talent or Mr. Seabrooke is seen in his building up and individualizing of Francois, a part that in the Cadet performance was comparatively without distinction.

Hunger and thirst and impatience of confinement often drive the masculine jury to decisions which must cause the goddess of the bandaged eyes to shed copious tears behind the voluminous folds which secure her impartiality. By her established indifference to creature comforts woman would raise the moral tone of juries and compel decisions on abstract principles.—[Kate Field.]

And thus does Miss Field advance a reasonable claim as a humorist.

Mmanuel Garcia, who taught Jenny Lind, is still teaching, although he is in his ninetieth year.—[Exchange.]

This Garcia, the brother of Malibran and Pauline Viardot, came with his father, the great singer, the incomparable Don Juan, to New York in 1825. It was in 1841-2 that the Lind studied with him.

MUSIC.

The "Walkure" Given at the Boston Theatre for the Benefit of the Boston Home for Incurables.

A company of singers, with the New York Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch, gave Wagner's "Walkure" at the Boston Theatre yesterday afternoon for the benefit of the Boston Home for Incurables. The cast was as follows:

Brunnhilde.....Analla Materna
Sieglinde.....Selma Koert-Kronold
Fricka.....Sigrid Wolf
Sigmund.....Anton Schott
Wotan.....Emil Fischer
Hunding.....Conrad Behrens

The "Walkure" has not been heard here since April, 1889, when Mrs. Kalisch-Lehmann sang on different occasions Sieglunde and Brunnhilde.

In April, 1885, the "Walkure" was given at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Walter Damrosch was the conductor, and Materna and Schott were in their respective parts of yesterday.

The performance yesterday was naturally in German. It was given for the benefit of a most deserving charity. Now, it is the custom in speaking of performances given with charitable purpose to say nothing but smooth phrases of general praise, as in speaking of the dead. This rule should certainly be observed when the actors or singers volunteer their services and receive no compensation; and, perhaps, it is as well to observe the rule in the present instance, although the company is paid its price for each

performance. Yet it may be said without any breach of apparent decorum that when the difficulties of even an adequate performance of this opera are taken into full consideration and every allowance is made for the inevitable shortcomings of a scratch company, warm praise cannot be awarded justly to the singers of yesterday. Time has dealt cruelly with some who were once renowned in their parts; and the younger members of the company, however much they may promise for the future, are as yet comparatively inexperienced in Wagnerian tradition. Materna sang with her usual excellent understanding of the requirements of Wagner, and occasionally she displayed the vigor of earlier days. The scene of the Valkyries, with which the third act opens, was given with great spirit. The orchestra, although it was necessarily often boisterous on account of its exposed position, often played with marked effect. And this is about all that can be said justly in praise of the performance itself. The scenic accessories were of the simplest nature.

Instead, then, of dwelling upon the frequent and distressing false intonation of Mr. Schott, or lamenting the decay of Mr. Fischer, let us consider for a moment certain features of the opera itself.

First, though, let it be said that it was a great pleasure to hear again grand opera in the Boston Theatre, which is the proper, the eminently fit home for musical entertainments of such a nature. The experience of yesterday deepened the regret that all grand opera cannot be given in a room of such noble proportions and such perfect acoustical properties.

The large and applauding audience of yesterday took undoubtedly a sincere pleasure in hearing the music of the "Walkure." Nor is this to be wondered at; for the opera contains much that is beautiful, much that is noble. It is true that there are dreary stretches, as the scene at table in the first act. There is little in the whole of the second act that is of any interest whatever, and although it is the custom to use the blue pencil freely in Wotan's autobiography, the act itself provokes yawns and unrest. Only one scene between Brunnhilde and Siegmund is of genuine and deep emotion. As given yesterday, the duel was an absurdity of an old-fashioned pantomime. But there are many pages of indescribable beauty in the first act, and the third act is an overpowering masterpiece. It would have taken a much inferior performance to that of yesterday to have killed utterly the intense musical spirit and the consummate mastery of expression of this third act. One forgets the few absurdities in the opera, the ridiculous mannerisms unworthy of the genius of this strange man, as the never-ending looks of lovers, the interminable and empty chattering of each character when they should be action; one forgets these blemishes under the spell of the fullest and the most complete outpouring of Wagner's genius.

The "Walkure" seems, in spite of the absurd duel and the charm prepared by Wotan, to be more human than the "Rheingold" or "Siegfried," beautiful as is much of the music to the latter. The love and the jealousy of the first act, the domestic relations between Wotan and Fricka, and even the punishment in the third act are not foreign to us. There are here no fire-gods, no dwarfs and no giants, no singing dragons, no women like unto gold-fish in an aquarium.

And here let us consider for a moment a paradox. The humanity of the first act is after all a monstrous horror.

Sieglinde and Siegmund are not only adulterous lovers.

They are brother and sister.

They are not only brother and sister.

They are twins.

Now the horrid crime of these lovers is not unknown to the stage. It has inspired playwright, opera-composer, poet and novelist. But I doubt if there was ever such a needlessly shocking accumulation of horrors as in this first act of the "Walkure," with its beautiful, at times idyllic, music. For in the stuporous tragedy of Siegmund, Wotan when he discovers the truth blinds himself and becomes willingly an outcast, while the guilty Queen, though guilty only as a plaything of Fate, hangs herself as unfit to live. In the tear-stained tragedy of John Ford there is cruel and summary punishment. In the grim story by de Maupassant the sailor and his companion are ignorant for a time of the tie that bound them from birth, and the end of their passing love is dust and ashes. But in this opera by Wagner the sin is committed by two people who know full well their relationship, and the cry of Siegmund just before the descent of the curtain is cynical in its defiance of the holiness of sacred blood.

Why, even Mr. Fluck admits that Wagner "did not gain any dramatic advantage" in this drama, and then he goes on to speak pleasantly of certain habits of the Egyptian Pharaohs and of native people.

It is not that I am prudish in the matter of morality, so-called, as an element in art. The question in art, as I have before stated in the Journal, is not, "Is the subject moral or immoral or unmoral?" The question is this: "Is the treatment of the subject sincere and artistic?" Carmen, the Traviata, Nodda, Don Giovanni, these sin or are sinned against. No hero sacrificed rewards by his birth their folly or crime. But of such a monstrous subject, as the union of Siegmund and Sieglunde, this solemn words of Sir Thomas Browne may well be spoken: "For of sins heteroclitical, and such as want either name or precedent, there is oftentimes a sin even in their history." In things of this nature silence commends history; 'tis the veniable part of things lost; wherein there must never rise a Punctellus, nor remain any register but that of hell.

And the paradox is just here: That sung to music this enormity does not offend an audience.

while, if the dialogue were spoken, there would be a outcry. It is not necessary to go as far as the Princess von Wittgenstein, who "sings bitter tears over the scene," and said: "That is beautiful, like eternity, like earth and heaven." It is not necessary to agree with "one of the purest and most refined women in the world," quoted by Mr. Fluck, who detested Fricka "for a tiresome intermeddler," and hoped that Siegmund might kill the wronged husband Hunding. It is enough to state that as music drama the enormity does not appal.

The "Goetterdaemmerung" will be sung this afternoon. Materna will be Brunnhilde.

PHILIP HALE.

Talking at the Porphyry Club, a... the setting of the sun, concern... things knowable and certain other... The Colonel asked if the "Tabasco" company appreciated fully the labors of Messrs. Barnet and Chadwick. The Judge said he understood there was talk of substantial, concrete appreciation. Old Chimes, from his Johnsonian seat in the corner, looked at the company of deep thinkers and then remarked: "An excellent subject for an operetta is this 'Tabasco.' I suppose the next operetta will be entitled 'The Battle of the Sarsaparillas.'" And the sun went down.

"Beard in Oil" is a headline that recalls the ointment mentioned by the Psalmist. To quote the Ravenscroft version:

"It wet not Aaron's head alone,
but drencht his beard throughout;
And finally it did run downe
his rich attire about."

Books that were part of a circulating library here are now offered for sale. The most interesting feature of such books is as a rule the marginal annotation made by some enthusiastic or depressed reader. "Too bad!" "This is a lie," "It is evident that the author has never been in good society." These are common gems that are found in masterpieces or enormities of fiction.

This leads one to ponder the wisdom of annotated editions of standard works, and yet if wise choice of editor were made the result might be delightful reading. An edition, for instance, of the complete works of the late P. Roe critically edited and annotated by Dr. Arlo Bates would command a ready sale, and the bibliophil would shout with delight at the announcement of "The Complete Barkeepers' Guide" (say Donovan's) carefully edited by Dr. Milner.

It is a pleasure to learn that Mr. Peter Jackson has no "ill-feeling" toward Mr. Jim Corbett. His expressed desire to pound, bash, maul, smite, lame, maim, cripple, crush and thoroughly do up the latter is merely a "business proposition."

In the approaching collegiate fencing matches foils chalked on the end will not be used, and the man that is pinked is expected to cry "A very palpable hit." Now, it could be an excellent idea when there is disparity in the size of two fencers to chalk the outline of the smaller on the body of the bigger, and all hits outside should not be counted. This idea was advanced some years ago by Puck when there was talk of a duel between Congressmen.

Perhaps some of the good people who disbelieve in fairy stories for children will at once secure the poems of Miss Mary Millar Begg and read them aloud just before the Dustman visits the nursery. Here is a sample of sweetness and strength:

Nurse is very clever
At her daily toil;
But at night she wakes me up
And gives me castor oil.
Castor oil is hateful;
What I like the most
Is the cheerful nursery tea
And the buttered toast.

A correspondent contributes the following interesting paragraph:

"The case of E. A. Waldo, who lost consciousness in Chicago to recover it in Florida 10 days later, resembles an instance cited in Dr. Wier Mitchell's 'Characteristics,' also 'The Missing Man,' of Mrs. Mary R. P. Patch's novel by that name. Each lived a dual existence, and was utterly unconscious of acts perpetrated while under the temporary aberration of mind. Dr. Mitchell's case was a true one, and 'The Missing Man' founded upon a fact well known to the authoress, being that of Arthur A. Dow of Littleton, N. H., who mysteriously disappeared from his home to reappear at Seattle, Wash., some months later, where he was found at work in a factory, all unconscious of his name and previous history. The work was the cause, and he has since recovered."

The Journal has already in this column called attention to the fact that similar cases of that of Mr. Waldo, and the persons mentioned by the correspondent are cited in Lot's "Les Maladies de la Personnalité," discussed at length from the medical-philosophical standpoint.

MUSIC.

"Goetterdaemmerung" as Performed Under the Direction of Mr. Valter Damrosch at the Boston Theatre.

Wagner's "Goetterdaemmerung" was given yesterday afternoon by a company and the New York Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Valter Damrosch, at the Boston Theatre. The performance was for the benefit of the Boston Home for Incurables. The cast was as follows:

Brunnhilde... Anton Schott
Siegfried... Emil Fischer
Hagen... Emma Koert-Kronold
Chitra... Marcella Linth
Woglinde... Selma Koert-Kronold
Wellgunde... Rhine Daughters
Flosshilde... Marie Maurer

The performance was in certain respects better than that of the "Walkure" the day before. Schott was often admirable in his dramatic interpretation of the part. Excellent, for example, was his business in the scene where he drinks the treacherous potion that drowns the memory of Brunnhilde. In the death scene, however, his intonation was also enough to satisfy the most passionate lover of Wagnerian opera. The parting of Siegfried and Brunnhilde, the trio of the Rhine daughters, and the final scene were the features of the performance. The trio of the swimming maidens, one of the most delightful inspirations of Wagner, was indeed sung exceedingly well. Materna was strong throughout, and her great declamation in the final tragic scene is so well known here that it is needless now to praise it. Fischer was a sufficiently desperate villain, but Stoger was a sorry Gunther. The male chorus was omitted for a good reason; the singers were floating or anchored somewhere in Long Island Sound. The orchestra was effective, though inclined to undue lustiness, and Mr. Damrosch conducted with enthusiasm.

The scene in which Brunnhilde at Gunther's court is not recognized by Siegfried was indescribably dreary; this was the fault of Wagner rather than that of the singers. There was considerable gesticulation, there was much shouting, there was much orchestral fury, and yet there was not one direct and genuine musical-dramatic touch.

But what glorious moments there are in this long string of operas, a species of index to the "Nibelungsgaering." The orchestra almost always has something to say worth hearing, and the people on the stage are but instruments a little farther removed from the audience.

Is any one who has not German blood in his veins interested seriously in those grotesque characters, who seem fit subjects for the prison or the madhouse? Gods and goddesses and mortals, what rubbishy creatures they are. Truly a bad and a weak lot. No wonder there was need of a general conflagration, Wainalla included.

The expression of certain thoughts suggested by the two performances this week must be reserved for the Sunday Journal.

PHILIP HALE.

The plaint of the American dramatist is long sustained, and just now it is peculiarly piercing. Competition with French, German, Italian and Scandinavian playwrights was bitter enough; but when there is a resurrection of buried Romans, the last straw is added. And now the dramatist on hearing of the revival of "Phormio" at Cambridge can only say with the broken-hearted father in the once popular song, "My heart is broke since Terence joined the gang."

The burning question at present is this: Did the Honorable Hoke Smith celebrate in any manner Hoke-tide, which occupies two days, the Monday and the Tuesday following the second Sunday after Easter? In olden days on this Monday the men went with cords into the streets and stopped and bound all women they met, holding them until they purchased release by a small sum of money. To be sure, such celebration would be dangerous at present in Washington. The situation was reversed on Hoke Tuesday, and such forms of blackmail would not appear so foreign to our day.

Then there were pageants or plays on Hoke-Tuesday, which Mr. Smith might have revived. He could have found easily the material for such revival in Thomas Sharp's "Coventry Mysteries." Members of the Grand Army will be pleased to learn, by the way, that Lambard imagines Hoke to be a corruption of Huex, which means scolding or mocking. If the Secretary celebrated the tide in any manner, it was kept a profound secret. It is probable that he was so engrossed in the dancing lessons to which it appears he is now passionately addicted that he forgot the festival of his name.

It is to be regretted that cablegrams and many special correspondents cannot be trusted when they tell of first night operatic performances in Europe. The American who reads his newspapers has every reason to believe, for instance, that Massenet's "Thais" is a great opera, and Miss Sanderson a wonderful singer. Now, if the daily and weekly journals of Paris are of any authority "Thais" is without genuine worth, and it is merely a machine to show the physical charms of Miss Sanderson,

whose artistic strength is not merely an affair of voice.

The witty reviewer who writes musical articles for La Vie Parisienne speaks of the necks and shoulders and arms that form the "melodie woof worked by Massenet," and he can only recall "one poor little phrase for violins lost in an entr'acte." "Thais," according to him, "would be very little for a beginner, and, truly, it is not enough for a member of the Institute."

In 1802 Edward Everett lived in Proctor's Lane, now the easterly part of Richmond Street, and in 1804 he moved to Richmond Street. The family afterward moved to Newbury, now Washington, to a house nearly opposite Essex Street. Webster's School, which Everett attended when he was about 10 years old, was in Short Street, now Kingston.

Materna began her career as a gay and giddy operetta heroine. Alas that success in grand opera should have brought with it such avoidrups. "You're a pretty woman," says Bunthorne to Lady Jano. "No, not pretty; massive."

It is said that the projectors of the scheme for benefiting the Boston Home for incurables have lost instead of gained by the two performances of Wagnerian opera. If it be so, the result is to be deeply regretted. But grand opera is an expensive luxury, and the cost alone of bringing such an orchestra is no mean sum.

Mr. Walter Damrosch is certainly a handsome man. By the way, when will his opera, "The Scarlet Letter," be given?

Is it possible that any reader of the Journal objects to the use of the word "crass"? True, it is neither in Shakspeare nor the Bible, but it is of respectable age and undoubted social position, if it be applied to personal qualities, ideas, and other things immaterial. The word came over to us from the Latin through the French, as long ago as 1660. Used concerning physical constitution or texture, it is a century older. Only when it describes persons as grossly stupid, or insensitive, or unrefined is it young, not much over thirty years; but neither Thackeray nor George Eliot disdained to write the word.

Crass-eyed, by the way, is another form of cross-eyed. Crassant (coward) and crassantly (cowardly) are variations of cradden and craddently, possibly from crow (to crow) and "down," as quotations suggest a cock that will not fight.

The following offer of marriage is published in the last number of the Fliegende Blaetter: "Any lady who is inclined to enter into wedlock with me is asked to send with the offer her photograph, and also a photograph of her mother, living or dead."

The last heard from Mr. Price Collier is that he is preparing for the publishers, Swan Sonnenschein & Co. of London, a "semi-humorous" account of a hunting trip among "the Red Indians of the Sioux Nation."

A USE OF THE HAT.

There has been of late discussion concerning the proper manner of shaking hands. The authorities and the philosophers that contribute articles on social matters to our newspapers have laid down rules which would be invaluable were they not conflicting. An eminent play-actor uttered in Sanders Theatre solemn words of warning against a fashionable folly in hand-shaking. The eminent play-actor had hardly left the city before there was a return to the reprehensible practice. It may be said, however, that there is a greater unanimity in belief as to the proper observance of the ceremony of shaking hands than in a Complete Code of Bowing.

It would be a delight to first of all consider the hat and to digress freely after the manner of Leigh Hunt; but let us stick to the proposed subject, howling. It is generally taken for granted that a man should remove his hat when he bows to a woman; but it was only a little while ago that there was fierce argument for and against taking off the hat to a domestic employed in the family and to a met in street or street car. Unfortunately the habit of uncovering the head in greeting a woman is not universal in this country. There are little towns where such a fashion is regarded as affectation; there are cities where men feel themselves of such importance that they assume a right to dispense with this act of common civility.

Should a man raise his hat in greeting another man? This is a question of geography. On the European Continent he that does not thus bare the head is regarded as a boor, unless he is in the army, and then he gives the salute to the civilian or his brother in arms. In this country the man who removes his hat is looked upon with suspicion as a syeophant, a debtor, a fop, or an ignorant foreigner. A well-known Bostonian once said: "I take off my hat to the Governor and to the Bishop whenever I meet them." But is there not good sturdy Americanism in the lines of Walt Whitman: "The President taking off his hat to them, not they to him?" As for the Bishop—under which Bishop, Bezonian? Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, or Methodist?

The American's hat should be an outward symbol of his independence. To quote Walt Whitman again, "I cock my hat as I please indoors or out." Thus the American is like unto the grandee of Spain who was privileged to remain uncovered in the presence of his sovereign. Comfort and the fear of baldness should prevent him from exercising this noble prerogative indoors, and yet there are deep thinkers who claim that concentration of mind is best covered.

There are some who insist that a man should always remove his hat if a woman takes with him the risk of flight in the elevator of a public building. To do so is often inconvenient. Nor is it reverence thus displayed necessarily by such an outward form. He that thus tempts cold and catarrh may at the same time stare impertinently at his temporary companion. Of what real worth then is the compliment of the bowed head.

Foreigners have one custom that we might, perhaps, adopt with advantage, and that is the last salutation as the hearer passes. Call it conventional, without real meaning, if you will, the habit is not without solemn beauty. It is awarded there equally to Emperor and to peasant, to statesman and to clown. There is nothing to be gained by this civility. The vanity of the silent one cannot be tickled.

With this last exception, why should one man raise his hat to another, whether it be stovepipe, Derby, slouch, straw or any rare variety of head cover? Respect can be shown in the degree of intensity of greeting. Familiarity, good fellowship, can be expressed by a wink, or a jovial remark. A creditor may be astonished, and perhaps appeased, by a viselike grip, and the speech, "My dear fellow, I have not seen you for ever so long; why have you avoided me?"

The 14th of April, 1865, is a day never to be forgotten by those who remember clearly the mourning of a mighty people. The years that have passed have only strengthened the deep affection and made the figure of that plain, shrewd, melancholy, just and resolute man more and more heroic.

Many mourned him in verse and prose. Tom Taylor's noble lines in *Punch* and Lowell's stately ode are familiar to all. More touching in simplicity of thought and expression is the immortal, "O, Captain! My Captain," of Walt Whitman.

And it was Whitman who wrote the great Burial Hymn, pronounced by Swinburne to be "the most sonorous nocturn ever chanted in the church of the world." Was ever a scene of national lamentation more fitly described than in these lines?

"Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night, with the great cloud darkening
the land,
With the pomp of the inloop'd flags, with the cities
draped in black,
With the show of the States themselves, as of crape-
velled women, standing
With processions long and winding, and the flambeaus of
the night,
With the countless torches lit—with the silent sea of
faces, and the unbared heads,
With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the som-
bre faces,
With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices
rising strong and solemn;
With all the mournful voices of the dirges, pour'd around
the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs—Where
amid these you journey
With the tolling, tolling bells' perpetual clang;
Here! coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac."

In this same Burial Hymn of the majestic rhythm of wind-stirred pines or ocean advancing and retreating is the marvelous apostrophe to Death, which so pricked the imagination of Villiers Stanford that he set the Elegy to choral music for an English festival. It is a singular fact that this Elegiac Ode has never been sung by a society in Boston, although beside its musical interest it is a foreign setting of a wondrous poem written by an American and inspired by the greatest tragedy in American history.

April 14, and as the dear old lying calendar has it, genial weather dresses the meadows with the common and beautiful flowers that delight childhood. It is also of value to know that "the bittern, *ardea stellata*, begins on this day to make a booming noise in marshy places at eventide." The bittern, otherwise known as Botaurus, or the bull of the bog.

"No," said Mr. Bludyer, the eminent author, as he was talking about a Bostonian's novels, "I do not care for him. He is a mental albino."

Every now and then a man who steals is said to lead for a time "the life of a king." This is a vague expression, showing good democratic ignorance of the habits of kings. In the latest case the king protestant first bowed his royal propensities by buying a diamond ring, "valued at \$230," then purchasing "expensively" at a ready-made clothing store, or perhaps emporium is here the proper word.

Today is the anniversary of the death of Handel, a celebrated opera manager and opera composer who flourished in London the first half of the Eighteenth Century. Handel wrote oratorios when Italian opera did not pay, and his name is now known chiefly in Boston, through the labors of the Handel and Haydn Society.

Handel gave trouble to anxious souls of this present generation by the spelling of his name while he was alive. There has been much ink shed, right here in Boston, over the momentous question of Handel or Haendel, and whether it should be George Frideric, or George Friedrich, or George Frederick. And yet what is all this to the infinite, as Hugo asked concerning Waterloo.

Or why should not a man be allowed to change occasionally the spelling of his name as he changes a cravat or the fashion of his beard? Why should the world frown at our esteemed friend Peppercorn if in search of variety he prefers for a season Pepper Kawn. Why should not a man have a name for spring, a name of pastoral euphony, and in winter a fierce, uncompromising name, suggestive of sleet, ice, snow and business? The man in "The Hunting of the Snark" was none the less admired because he brought with him to the wild adventure an assortment of names.

Of course there should be moderation in such shifting. One should not resemble the man with a case of seven razors, each marked with the name of the day of the week.

Here is excellent advice from the Pall Mall Gazette to any playwright:

"Was there ever a play yet written since the world began that did not resemble in this point or in that point some other play? It is not good for man—especially for the man who writes plays—to be too sensitive. After all it is no crime, though it may be very foolish, not to admire him."

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

The Twenty-second Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—A Fine Performance of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" Music.

At the twenty-second Symphony concert last evening in Music Hall the overture and the incidental music to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" made up the program. Mr. George Riddle read portions of the play. Mrs. Marie B. Smith and Miss Whittier sang the incidental solos. The choruses were sung by members of the Cecilia.

This music to Shakespeare's play, the play that Mr. Peery thought such poor stuff, is still fresh and delightful. The overture is an exhibition of the spontaneous and the most charming side of Mendelssohn's musical nature; it was written before he became a dealer in mannerisms, and yet it has the peculiar hall mark of his talent. It is true that in delicacy the fairy scherzo, "Queen Mab" of Berlioz, surpasses any portion of the music to "Midsummer Night's Dream," but on the other hand Mendelssohn had the gift of more genuine melody.

The Germans, who are so fond of Shakespeare that they claim to have discovered first his genius or even to have invented him, have better opportunities than we to hear this music in connection with the play. They that have heard such performances in the leading towns of Germany know how admirably the music fits the action of clown or fairy. Given thus with gorgeous scenic accessories and with a ballet, the play is a most entertaining spectacle.

Mr. Riddle read with his accustomed elocutionary skill and with fine appreciation of the beauty and the humor of the text. Some might quarrel with his conception of Bottom and prefer a dull, logy, yet unctuous ass. Mr. Riddle presents him rather as a hard, boisterous fellow, and no doubt he has a right to do this; he certainly carries out his conception admirably.

The musical performance was excellent. The overture was finely read and played. The music that accompanies the speaker was given with rare precision and effect.

The horn solo in the nocturne was well played, and the wood-wind was heard to great advantage throughout. The wedding march was taken at a slower pace than is customary, and the result was a stately grandeur in conception that became the marriage of Duke Theseus, and a clearness in certain passages for the brass that are often crackly and ragged when a faster tempo is chosen. The chorus and the solo singers lent valuable assistance. Many stood in the audience throughout the performance, and the applause was frequent and hearty.

The program of next Saturday's concert will be as follows: Brahms's Fourth Symphony, Paine's prelude to "Edinburg," and Beethoven's overture, "King Stephen." Miss Antonette Trebell will sing airs from "Don Giovanni" and Massenet's "Cid."

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The victim of acute Wagneritis was easily recognized at the Boston Theatre Wednesday or Thursday afternoon of last week. During the performance the following symptoms were noticed: an intense pleasure in false intonation, which was always rewarded at the end of the act by frantic applause; an utter disregard of the value of the first principles of vocal art; a stormy delight in half-hours of orchestral and vocal storm; uncontrollable emotion provoked by the sight of people on the stage neither saying nor doing anything for 10 minutes at a time, while the orchestra maundered along; a contemptuous look or speech for anyone who during a wait expressed inability to accept Wagner in bulk.

The victim of this painful disease is unable to discriminate in the case of Wagner as in the case of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms. Because there are glorious passages in the works of Wagner, therefore, he says, all passages in Wagner are glorious. Because Wagner was a man of undoubted genius, with a supreme mastery of orchestral expression and rare orchestral imagination, therefore, says the poor victim, he is the one, the greatest, the only writer of operas. There is no absurdity, no flaw, no boredom in his colossal works. He that cannot agree with the victim is a Philistine; he is an artistic Pariah; his name is Anathema Maranatha.

Now no sane person to-day denies the genius of Wagner. But Wagner was a man of most uneven musical genius, and he fell down and worshipped the idol built by his own hands, unable to discriminate between the clay and the gold. A man of catholic taste may be permitted to smile at certain absurdities in these works and laugh at the madness of those afflicted with Wagneritis.

The victim speaks first of all of Wagner's "Music-Dramas," pronouncing the two last words with solemn awe, and he sneers at "opera," the word applied to Italian masterpieces.

Wagner, however, borrowed or stole this very phrase, as he did every one of his theories concerning dramatic music.

The first examples of this form of musical entertainment were not known as "operas" by their inventors about the beginning of the 17th century. These terms were used: "Dramma per musica," "Tragedia per musica," "Melodramma," "Tragedia," "Tragicomedia."

In France the term was "Tragedie lyrique," or "Tragedie," or "Tragedie en musique," or "Drame lyrique." Spontini's "Vestale," for example, produced in 1807, was named on the program a "Tragedie lyrique."

The term "Opera in Musica," contracted a twelfth of a century, did not come into use until the middle of the 17th century.

Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci" is called by the composer "dramma."

But the victim of Wagneritis sees a mighty difference between tweedledum and tweedledee.

This same victim is never weary of talking of the absurdities found in the works of other opera makers. He ridicules the goat introduced by Meyerbeer in "Dinorah," the Italian choruses singing apropos of nothing, the lavish decorations of the French grand opera, and so on, and so on.

But, first of all, opera by Lully, Handel, Wagner, Verdi, or by our esteemed countryman, Silas G. Pratt, is necessary an absurdity. The moment you allow a character to employ song as the medium of expression the absurdity begins. There are certainly as many absurdities in the works of Wagner as there are in the works of Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini and the long line of Frenchmen.

Let it be granted that the "Nibelungenring" is in certain respects a fairy story, and therefore let us admit the singing dragon and the young ladies in the aquarium and the pantomime, or the operatic outfit. Let us look at the human side of Wagner's musical dramas.

Does not Tristan roar lustily for an half-hour or more while he is supposed to be dying? Does not Siegfried, after he has received a stab in the back, indulge him-self in song, as any Italian slaughtered tenor? Is not action often delayed that the orchestra may have time to rather a collection of "leading-motives"? Do men and women in real life stare at each other when they first meet with that peculiar, aggressive and long-continued stare that bears the Wagner hall-

mark? Do people when they are hungry and thirsty sit at table and neither eat nor drink, but talk by the yard as in the "Walkure"? Question after question could be put that would admit of no answer except this: Opera is an agreeable or a disagreeable absurdity.

Are these giants and dwarfs, shabby gods and scolding goddesses, men and women who wander about with spears and drugged potions, all of them terrible chatterers, more heroic figures than Raoul, Radames, Don José, the poor Pagliaccio, Rigoletto, William Tell?

Is Bruennhilde nearer to us than Fidelio, Valentine or Carmen? If we must seek our interest in mythology why not return to the nobly severe operas of Gluck?

I think that the victim of acute Wagneritis pardons the false intonation that so often distresses the Philistine and the Pariah chiefly because it gives a rougher edge to boisterous passages which throw him into frenzy.

The victim has acquired the belief after long study of Wagner that "intellectuality," the one desirable thing in song, goes necessarily with false intonation; the singer is so busy thinking the part that he has little time to regard pitch or art. An upper tone bawled raucously and below the true pitch so affects the victim that his eyes start as though he were subject to ophthalmic goitre, and sweat starts from his brow. In this respect he resembles the early Assyrians, who had a passion for high tones and ear-shattering music; and in bas-relief Assyrian women pinch their throats with their hands that the tones may be shriller.

The victim speaks learnedly of German opera, and by this means surly Wagner. He knows no other German opera. Weber, Marschner, Goldmark, Beethoven, the Mozart of "The Magic Flute," these men have no existence in his mind.

The accomplished musical editor of the Pall Mall Gazette was taken lately to task because a mild-mannered article he did not approve of a performance of Bach's Passion Music according to Matthew by the Bach Choir. The performance was bad, according to the testimony of trustworthy auditors. The article was short; it was severe rather by insinuation than by direct statement; here is a sample: "Mr. Stanford is a most excellent musician, a man of singular musical refinement and cleverness, a man of delicate musical sympathies, and of occasional musical exquisiteness; but is he—well, is he?—quite the ideal conductor of Bach's music?" Surely this would be considered mild if it appeared in a Boston newspaper.

But what happened? Messrs. MacKenzie, Grove, Goldschmidt, Parratt, Parry signed an "emphatic protest in the name of English music;" they abused the reviewer as though he were a pickpocket and a leper.

The Pall Mall Gazette made reply, and struck out gallantly at the five gentlemen. The editorial article began with the fifth verse of the third chapter of Daniel. Here are a few extracts from the sermon, preached right well, and they are of local application: "We publish a striking and ebullient letter, written over names to which we naturally kneel, and demanding the very particular damnation of our Musical Critic." * * * Now, how stand the facts? A thing is done. One gentleman, with no earthly reason for partiality, thinks it badly done. Five other gentlemen, who have or naturally ought to have a proper sympathetic bias for the thing, think it well done. * * * A critic is either a competent expert or he is one of the general public. In either case his criticism is worth having. Be he the expert, he says his say expertly, and should he think a thing damnable, damn it handsomely, or should else be flung from the door of any self-respecting journal. Unless, indeed, 'in the name of English music,' all criticism is bad that is not just rush of praise and rolling of logs."

Then Mr. G. Bernard Shaw was moved to write a letter to the editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, in which he claimed that the question at issue is "whether a masterpiece of German music was or was not well conducted by an Irishman last Thursday," and, therefore, "gentlemen who may hereafter rush into this controversy" are asked "not to mount high horses or write 'in the name of English music.'" "My own criticism, which I wrote with sincere regret," says Mr. Shaw, "was so severe that it must be withheld until it has been submitted to those who will be legally responsible for its publication."

One correspondent, however, praised the performance because the work was given in German, "and so the delicacy of the setting was not lost, as when a translation is used."

It was only the other day that two women were heard in a street car saying hard things against a critic well-known in this town. "He's a contemptible creature," said one; "he wrote an article in which he called attention to the fact that my friend Miss ——— sang out of tune." "Well, she did, didn't she?" was the reply. "Yes, indeed; it was something dreadful; but she's a nice girl, and he had no business to write as he did."

PHILIP HALE.

MR. PAUR AS A LION.

It was said of late that there would be greater interest in the Symphony concerts if the conductor, Mr. Paur, were a social lion, and it is believed by many that it is Mr. Paur's duty to art to be prominent at teas, lunches, dinners, receptions and other forms of social entertainments or functions. In other words, the proposition is made in all seriousness that excellence as a musician must be supplemented by parlor-reputation; that the dignity of the office depends on the frequency and the acceptance of pasteboard invitations. Unless the conductor is a recognized factor in social life, the orchestra will have no "social standing," and it will soon be unfashionable to attend the concerts.

To the visitor from Mars such a musical condition in Boston would smack of opera bouffe, and he might naturally inquire into the sincerity of the cultivators of the art. If he were told in addition that the purpose of the generous founder of these concerts was to give at a low price orchestral music performed by an excellent orchestra to the music-loving people of Boston; that this purpose had been of late years thwarted by the desire of many, who looked on the concerts as an opportunity for fashionable display, to raise the price of the tickets to an extravagant height; that the moment a conductor of acknowledged musical ability was engaged, there was more talk concerning his habits and costume than his musical fitness for the position; the visitor from Mars would undoubtedly shrug his shoulders, but not offend, and say to himself, "Bless my soul, queer people!"

Now Mr. Paur has a family. He has a permanent home in Jamaica Plain. When he comes to the exhausting labor of rehearsal, or when the excitement of a concert is over, he is glad to leave the town behind him and rest quietly within the walls of his own dwelling-house. Is he a less competent conductor on this account? Is his knowledge of Beethoven, Berlioz, Brahms, the less because he prefers slippers and a pipe to the formality of evening dress and the fatigue of forced conversation?

Mr. Paur, as he is, appears to be a more dignified figure than Mr. Paur as he should be, according to the definition of the lion-hunters. Should he be forced to play the lion and roar, he would be often in parlous state. Pitfalls and gins would be prepared for him. His roar would be misunderstood and misrepresented. Young composers would find him fair game and chase him under the chandelier. Before the season were over, the hunters would long for a fresh lion and talk of a new conductor.

Now, if the Symphony concerts really depend on the social success of the conductor, the sooner they are abandoned the better for musical righteousness in this city. If these concerts have only gratified a fleeting desire, the sooner they are given up the better for art. But we should be slow to believe that the organization of this great institution, which is indeed an honor to the town, rests on such flimsy foundations.

The members of the Ideal Club, women of London, are now considering the question of how they may become soldiers. The most serious obstacle appears to be the proper dress. Some wish Knickerbockers with a skirt; and others insist on Knickerbockers with braid. Until this point is settled there will be no enlistment.

It is claimed by a thoughtful woman that afternoon teas are ruinous to the health of her sex. "Woman's instinct of politeness is stronger than her instinct of self-preservation, and she not only makes bad tea, but drinks it when it is offered to her, like a martyr." This sounds as though it were written by a man.

A conservator has been appointed for an inhabitant of Cook County, Ill., on the ground that he is an "excessively idle man." It would be interesting to know the precise duties of such a guardian. Can he compel his ward to work, or is he himself obliged to support him?

So Paderewski is to visit us again. Will the acute hysteria that attacked so many in the audiences of the last season be again aroused at each recital? It is also to be remarked that the next season will be his "last farewell."

Poor Adam! Centuries have rolled by since he shifted his burden on Eve's shoulders, and he yet points a moral in open court.

A Southern journal has an editorial on "the intestine war in our midst." Evidently a case of orthographical appendicitis.

A correspondent in Syracuse, N. Y., suggests that the "Ships that pass in the Night" are generally schooners.

A London court has been discussing seriously the question whether a caged lion is a domestic animal.

Divorce dinners are now in fashion at Paris. Chicago papers please copy.

The Chicago Record has an essay on "The Man who Goes Shopping." The man who goes shopping is generally a victim of duress worthy of being cited in "The Dictionary of Extreme Cruelties."

April 17

Yesterday was the anniversary of the death of a woman whose works are still preserved and whose name is familiar to thousands. She knew the men and the women of the French Revolution, and after her escape from France she modeled the beautiful face of Charlotte Corday, as well as the horrid mask of Marat. In a Paris prison she was intimate with the Beauharnais and Hortense. To many she was only a purveyor of grotesque amusement, and yet she is immortal. Horace boasted that he had reared a monument more enduring than brass. The glory of Madame Tussaud is preserved in wax.

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MUSIC AND DRAMA.

"The Maid of Plymouth" at the Tremont Theatre.

An Excellent Opportunity Lost or Thrown Away.

The popularity of the Bostonians was shown again last evening at the Tremont Theatre. Each of the leading members was applauded heartily at his or her entrance, and there were many expressions of goodwill throughout the evening. The most substantial evidence of personal popularity, however, was the fact that the audience, for the most part, stayed in the theatre until the final going down of the curtain. If the comedians had been strangers in Boston the operetta would not, in any likelihood, have met with such favor.

"The Maid of Plymouth," a comic opera, text by Mr. Clay M. Greene and music by Mr. T. Pearsal Thorne, was produced in Chicago Nov. 27, 1893. I do not know whether this was the first production. The operetta was first sung in New York Jan. 15 of this year. Last evening saw the first production in Boston. Mr. Studley was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| The Elder..... | H. C. Barnabee |
| Miles Standish..... | Eugene Cowles |
| John Alden..... | Edgar Temple |
| Hobomok..... | George Frothingham |
| Mr. Lovesby Montague..... | Mena Cleary |
| Priscilla..... | Margaret Reid |
| Masconoma..... | Jessie Parlett Davis |
| Primrose..... | Bertha Waltzinger |
| Dame Prudence..... | Josephine Barlett |

Mr. Greene is not the first that has taken the story of Standish, Alden and Priscilla as a foundation for the libretto of an operetta. Mr. John T. Wheelwright wrote a libretto on this subject for the music of Mr. Timothy Adamowski; and Mr. Surretto wrote an opera entitled "Priscilla," which is known favorably in this neighborhood.

Mr. Greene, however, is the first who has in operetta vulgarized in a cheap, dull manner the simple, charming story.

He may plead in excuse that he had no other object than to amuse, and he, therefore, wrote deliberately a burlesque. It is true that he has written a burlesque. It is also true that he has not been amusing.

If the members of the Bostonians carry out faithfully the intentions of the librettist, Miles Standish was an empty baggar, and, though rude in speech, a firm believer in the irresistible power of his attractions; Priscilla was a forward maux; the Elder was, well, he was, in a word—Mr. Barnabee. The women of Plymouth were more or less of a canting lot, ready to throw themselves into the arms of any dashing blades that might descend on the coast. Impossible Indians were on intimate terms with the English settlers, and English boatmen wore the picturesque costume of Neapolitan fishers.

Now, if this is all simply a burlesque, the affair resolves itself into a question of taste. Some may enjoy the spectacle of a sober Elder, prating of Wycliffe, Luther and Savonarola at the thought of a girl's stockings and petticoats and indulging in incongruous allusions to Westminster Abbey, and using the cheap slang of to-day. Some might also delight in a burlesque Valley Forge, with a comic Gen. Washington, or in some operetta of the Civil War, with Lincoln and Stanton in a double song and dance.

Let the question of taste be waived. The next question is this: Is this farago of nonsense amusing? Again, is the story, such as it is, well constructed and well told?

It is true that there is a plot, which, though sadly diluted in the second act—there are only two acts—does not entirely disappear. But the librettist lost the one great point of the story, viz., the wooing of Priscilla. John Alden in the first act picks up in a few spoken words the cause of Standish, who is refused then and there. Not until the middle of the second act does Priscilla utter the famous, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John," which she then sings, although little or nothing has then been said concerning the suit of Standish. Even in an ordinary comic operetta there is usually some sentiment, cheap stuff though it may be. Here is one of the few romantic stories of early Pilgrim days. Here is an opportunity for a charming situation and a moving, or, if you please, a delicately humorous love duet. But the librettist apparently thought the pranks of the Elder and the impossible Indians more worthy of careful, tender treatment.

The action drags. The dialogue is not without good lines, but they are few and far between. The lyrics have at times a jingle, modeled closely after the pattern of Mr. Gilbert. Hobomok, the Indian, is our old friend from "The Princess Toto." Though the original story is romantic, the libretto is utterly without romantic interest.

Nor need there be many words written now concerning the music of this operetta. The tunes are for the most part of the cheapest order, without distinction of any kind. They sound as though some young man who was fond of music had picked them out on a piano. Occasionally there is an amiable jingle, but the tunes and their accompanying harmonies are of the simplest, blindest order. There is a simplicity that is sublime; this is the simplicity of art. There is also a simplicity that is jejune, and this is the simplicity of Mr. Thorne. The song sung by Mrs. Davis in the second act, although of the sentimental, sheet-music salon order, gave comparative pleasure, but was this song interpolated, or was it the unaided handiwork of Mr. Thorne?

Whatever pleasure was afforded last evening was due entirely to the efforts of the members of the Bostonians. They were all earnest and anxious in their endeavor to please. Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Waltzinger, Messrs. Cowles, Barnabee and Frothingham are great favorites here, and they were encouraged by the audience in the performance of their respective tasks. Miss Margaret Reid sang acceptably her artless ditties, and when she was not engaged in singing, she was agreeable to look upon. Miss Mena Cleary is a pretty, graceful girl, with a tendency to sin above the true pitch. Mr. Temple had a thankless part, and he did not make it more grateful by his vocal florid.

The operetta is mounted attractively. Such is the popularity of the company that the operetta will undoubtedly please many of the friends of the singers.

some protest against the realism of the short stories by Thomas Hardy and doubt whether such men and women as the sufferers in his tales ever lived. Yesterday, but the yesterday of 1717, a man named Richard Guinnet, died in England. He loved Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, and she favored him, but for "prudential reasons" the courtship lasted 16 years. Guinnet began to grow nervous, and, as he felt the approach of death, he implored his love to marry him. Perhaps from strange coquetry, perhaps from a mere whim, she put him off for six months. And the poor man sighed and said unto her, "Ah! madam, six months now are as much as sixteen years have been; you put it off now, and God will do it forever." He then went into the country, made a will in which he left his sweet plume 2680 a year, and died within the six months. A book by him, entitled "An Essay on the Mischief of Giving For-
giveness with Women in Marriage," appeared 10 years later.

Now mark the fate of the procrastinating woman. The brother of Guinnet suppressed the will and assailed her reputation. She finally compromised for £400. Half of it she only secured by going from court to court. She endured for several years great personal misery "from a chicken bone, swallowed inadvertently." She sold letters written by Alexander Pope, who thereafter hated her. And she died in wretched circumstances. Surely Guinnet and Mrs. Thomas might have lived in the Wessex described by Hardy.

Curfew will ring to-night, which, being interpreted, means that the peal of "Grandsire Doubles" will be heard this evening near Christ Church. But, stay, is not "Doubles" synonymous with "grandsires," peals on sets of five bells?

Your "grandsire" is no extraordinary feat. When William Chapman died in 1817—he was an old and famous English ringer—the society of Bromley Youths honored his memory by "performing a complete peal of Grandsire Triples, which is 5040 changes, with the bells muffled." This dumb peal was completed in 3 hours and 6 minutes. Then there is the glory of the Bob-royal (10 bells) and the ineffable splendor of the Bob-maxims on 12 bells.

It is to be hoped that the ringers at Christ Church will bear in mind the advice given in Lewis Campanalogia: "Avoid all unbecoming gestures, and unseemly grimaces, and, to the judicious eye, are both dis-
table and highly censurable." And it is to be hoped that the people in the neighborhood will not ring modern changes on the French epigram against ringers, which, Englished, runs as follows:

"Persecutors of mankind
Who ring without mercy,
Would the ropes were round your necks
Instead of in your hands!"

This epigram, by the way, is not witty, but it is sincere.

The congregation and the neighbors should be reminded of the rare opportunity now presented them for the practice of chalmancy. Questions may be asked inside of the bell, and the metallic murmur will be an oracle to the experienced. Bells heard in a dream tell of approaching accident; if there is a peal for slander; a tolling bell tells of death. Birds of night flying about the church, lighted by a flickering moon presage sacrilegious theft or the death of the parson. For other uses of bells see any respectable work on Campanology, particularly the book by Blaquiere.

To-day is the anniversary of the death of Dr. Erasmus Darwin. Perhaps nothing in his life equaled his philosophic departure. Riding in his carriage he felt himself a prey to death. His servant helped him into a cottage, and Darwin said to a woman whom he found there, "Did you ever see a man die?" "No, sir." "Then now you may."

The announcement that the chimes of Peterborough rang out familiar tunes during the funeral of the late Viscountess of Sandwich, who died in 1894, recalls the fact that the chimes were not hung there without serious consideration on the part of the people of the town. And thereby hangs a long and interesting tale.

Henry Somerset and the proud pretensions of Oscar Wilde think that "women patients and benefactors should secure from the crown honorific distinctions." Fie, fie, girls! Is not virtue its own reward?

It is said that Coxe's army spent one day "shaving and washing." And so that which is sometimes and incredibly enters into the march even before it is com-

Many will regret the departure from Boston of Lieut. H. L. K. Hawthorne, who now leaves the Institute of Technology at his own request, "on account of the treatment he has been subjected to at the hands of the students." And, pray, what was this treatment? For Lieut. Hawthorne is an affable and courteous gentleman.

What was Theodore Thomas doing here lately? Is it true that he is playing Barkis and is only awaiting a Macedonian call from Mr. Higginson?

Mr. John H. Barnes, now playing here in "The Prodigal Daughter" at the Columbia, is the author of an interesting article on Samuel Phelps in Kate Field's Washington of the 11th.

THE ZERRAHN TESTIMONIAL.

Let us consider for a moment the remarkable career of Mr. Carl Zerrahn. Born July 28, 1826, at Alachow, in Mecklenburg, he studied music at Ro-tok, Hannover and Berlin. The year 1848 in Europe was one of political storms. There was a widespread longing for democracy, for an ideal government. Many looked toward America, and came here of their own free will. Others fled their country to avoid imprisonment. Certain young musicians, friends in Berlin, believed the United States to be an unworked field, and that they could also breathe a freer air across the Atlantic. They formed a society known as the Germania Musical Society, and in October, 1848, they gave their first concert in New York. Of this orchestra Mr. Zerrahn was the first flutist. This Germania Musical Society, to give it the proper title, began to visit Boston in the spring of 1849. After it gave concerts in the chief cities of the United States, the union of these young men, communists in a pure sense, was broken finally in 1854.

In 1854 Mr. Carl Bergmann, the conductor of the Handel and Haydn, resigned, and on his recommendation Mr. Zerrahn was made conductor. The first rehearsal under Mr. Zerrahn was in Bumstead Hall, Sept. 24, 1854. The first concert under his direction was Dec. 3, 1854, when "Elijah" was given. In that performance Mr. Aiken was the Elijah; Mr. Arthurson, an English tenor; Miss Hazeltine, soprano; Miss Trichell, alto; Miss Hill, as the Widow, were the other singers. The concert began at 7 o'clock. Each ticket cost 50 cents. The Journal of Dec. 4, 1854, in a review of the performance spoke as follows: "Last evening one of the severest storms which we ever experienced did not deter some 2000 people from attending at the Music Hall to listen to the performance of 'Elijah.'"

Of Mr. Zerrahn as conductor, we cannot speak too highly. In our opinion he is the best conductor of oratorio we have ever had. Certain it is, that the Handel and Haydn never sang so well as last evening. There was a promptness, a vitality, attention to expression, and everything that goes to make up a splendid choral performance, which we have never before witnessed in the singing of this society. Mr. Zerrahn appeared to be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the music, and there was magnetism, energy and life in every motion."

The history of Mr. Zerrahn's career since 1854 is the history of the Handel and Haydn, which has been told in an interesting volume by Messrs. C. C. Perkins and John S. Dwight. In this volume are many tributes to the esteemed leader, but none perhaps is more appreciative than this paragraph written by Mr. Dwight concerning the first year of service: "A well-trained musician, quick to recognize short comings, but at the same time fully conscious that some of these must be overlooked in order to gain the maximum of attainment possible from a body of amateur singers, brought together at weekly intervals during a portion of the year; with eminently good judgment as to what he could command; with unflinching patience and good humor, and many popular qualities, Zerrahn soon won and has always kept the esteem and confidence of the chorus, whose members will bear from him a sudden and sometimes sharp rebuke, or a playful bit of sarcastic comment, which from any one else would rouse their opposition and generate ill feeling."

It would be a pleasant task to speak of Mr. Zerrahn's multifarious musical labors here in Boston and throughout New England. Way back in 1854 he was conductor of the Orchestra Union, which gave weekly afternoon concerts. Many remember his faithful work as conductor of the early Philharmonic and the Harvard Musical Association concert. As conductor in New England towns, and even without New England, at festivals or on other gala occasions he has won the respect and affection of singers and audiences, and he has been a mighty instrument in advancing the cause of music, both choral and instrumental. Nor is it likely that his continual service as conductor of one society for 40 years has been often if ever equaled.

It is not surprising then that Music Hall was

crowded last evening with the friends and the admirers of Mr. Zerrahn. "Elijah" was sung, with the assistance of Miss Juch, Mrs. Bradbury, Miss Edmund, Miss Little, Messrs. George J. Parker, George W. Want, Max Heinrich and D. M. Babcock.

The orchestra was made up of members of the Symphony orchestra, with Mr. Kneisel as concert master. Mr. Lang was the organist. Mr. Zerrahn on his entrance was greeted enthusiastically. The audience stood, and orchestral honors were paid him. There was hearty applause throughout the evening.

Before the performance the officer, chorus and a few friends met in Bumstead Hall and Col. A. Parker Browne, the President of the society, presented Mr. Zerrahn with a handsome gold medal set in diamonds and suitably inscribed.

Mr. Zerrahn this summer will visit Germany. May he have a pleasant journey and a safe return to the city where he is appreciated and beloved.

They are saying dreadful things in New York about Mr. Paur. Mr. Henderson of the Times regards him as merely "the personification of respectability." This atrocious charge is repeated by the Musical Courier, which gives as news that "Col. Higginson has grown very tired of his new man." Now as Mr. Higginson is known to the newspaper men of Boston as singularly, yea, aggressively uncommunicative, it is probable that he goes to New York and delivers himself there of his harrowing secret. Furthermore the Courier states that "New York will not have Emil Paur. Mr. Paur must go." But, incredible fact, Mr. Paur continues to falsify all these reports by attending to his musical work and maintaining pleasant relations with the man whom he so bores. He is living brazenly in Jamaica Plain, and he has the shameless audacity to announce two piano recitals in which the partner of his guilt will appear. Ought not the police to interfere?

This is the festival of Alphege, a saint in the Chnreh of England calendar. He is otherwise known as Elphege, or Aelfheah. He is mentioned here, not on account of his heroic defence against the Danes, not on account of his death, described so graphically by Dickens, but because a legend associated with him is a variation of an incident in the Tannhaeuser myth. "After his death an old rotten stake was driven into his body, and those who drove it said, that if on the morrow the stake was green and bore leaves they would believe; whereupon the stake flourished and the drivers thereof repented as they said they would."

The discussion concerning foul contagion in the communion cup is characteristic of this analytical, microbe-fearing age. One clergyman believes in each communicant having a cup, as "every idea of delicacy and good breeding is in accord with this idea," which remark leads one to deplore the wretched ignorance of the laws of etiquette displayed by thousands of Christians, dead and living. In darker days horrible vengeance used the sacrament as an instrument. It was believed that Henry VII. of Luxembourg was poisoned by receiving the host from the hands of a monk corrupted by the Florentines. So it was believed that the sister of Clovis I. drank death at communion. And these were not the only instances.

To descend to worldly things, must loving-cups be feared as pestilential? Must the sweet and tender ceremony at Papyrus dinners be abandoned? Perish the thought!

Here is luxury in dentistry. There are women who enhance their natural charms by the insertion in each of the upper middle front teeth of a white and sparkling diamond. They laugh freely, and, indeed, in conversation or at the theatre, are most easily amused. In the 20th century advertisements of dentifrice will, no doubt, read as follows: "This dentifrice, indorsed by leading dentists and members of society, imparts polish and glitter, so that the user will be spared the necessity and the expense of diamond setting."

There is a pleasing catholicity in the management of Boston Music Hall. Night before last Mr. Joe Walcott knocked out Mr. Tom Tracey, the champion Australian welter-weight so that he was "done," and to-night Mr. Emil Paur will have a lively set-to with Johannes Brahms, the heavy-weight of Vienna. Betting on the coming match is pretty even. Slight odds are offered by certain musical sports on Brahms on account of his capacity to receive punishment.

The maidens of several neighboring towns have served the purposes of librettists of operetta. The Maid of Salem appeared in "Puritania." "The Maid of Plymouth" is now at the Tremont Theatre. The maid of Gloucester as yet, it is true, is only the heroine of poetry, but undoubtedly she will be set to music. Where is "The Maid of Marblehead," an operetta, dialogue by Wm. M. Browne, lyrics by Arthur Maey and music by Edgar Newcomb? The work is said to be fresh and delightful. There is desire to see and hear it. Why is it not produced?

This failure of Charles L. Webster & Co. is not one of Mark Twain's best jokes.

The news from New York is that Mrs. Calvé does not like Mrs. Eames-Story and that Mrs. Story has said mean things about Mrs. Calvé and that Mr. J. de Reszke by "influence and firmness" prevented the latter from slapping the face of the former in "Carmen," as such action would have "spilled the artistic effect of the performance." Meanwhile the opera goes right on in New York, and money is taken at the door.

April 22, 94

ABOUT MUSIC.

"You must be a little more patient," said the old man, "for you must not expect to see the world in a day. You must wait for it, and when it comes, it will be yours." "Dejected Stranger." "Yes, sir; but my wife is cleaning house!" (Puck).

A fageolet player in Marlborough Street yesterday, tooting to neither man, woman, child nor nursery maid, was a study in loneliness.

Justice Flanery proposes to be a modern Hercules. If he carries out his plans Coney Island will be free from fakirs, crooks, "objectionable exhibitions," gambling, and more than all this, "proper restrictions will be placed on hotels." Cleansing the Augean stable was in comparison a light and joyful task.

The Mothers' Club of Milwaukee has studied child life for eight years from the bathtub to psychology, and now "university men" have lectured before the members on "puzzling moral problems." It is a pity that the babies cannot organize, and study the habits of mothers.

Is not modern literature as represented by Zola, Ibsen, and the average modern English novel, an expansion of the idea of the poet sung by Mr. Albert Chevalier: "Wot's the good of anything? Why, nuffink."

That Baron Rothschild won the first prize of 100,000 francs in the Marseilles Municipal Lottery is another corroboration of the old saw, "Them that has, gets."

Mr. Durant of New Haven, who was brought up before the City Court there on the charge of being a spectator at the prize fight encouraged and patronized by Yale students, sheltered himself behind theegis of the press, and was released. There are amenities in the life of a reporter.

Mr. John Jacob Astor's first novel is said to be characterized by an exciting plot, brilliant style, and a deep insight into character. Here is a sample:

"Jupiter, the magnificent planet, with a diameter of 86,500 miles, having 119 times the surface and 1300 times the volume of the earth, lay beneath them."

The accomplished editor of the Boston Symphony program books stated last week that the first performance of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" was under the direction of Mr. Lang in Music Hall, April 23, 1864. This statement is not true. The music was given with the play in theatres of Boston before that date.

MUSIC. April 17

The Piano Recital of Mr. B. L. Whelpley Yesterday Afternoon—The Concert by Messrs. Heinrich and Whiting in Steinert Hall.

Mr. B. L. Whelpley gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Bumstead Hall. The program was as follows:

Variations, on a theme by Paganini.....Brahms
Polonaise Fantasia, op. 61.....Chopin
"Hark, Hark the Lark!".....Schubert-Liszt
"Thou Art the Rest".....Schytte
Forest Elms.....Tschaiakowsky
In the Troika.....Tschaiakowsky
Ballade, in E minor.....Rachmaninoff
Russian Fantasia.....Naprawnik

Mr. Whelpley is the first place to be congratulated on his choice of a program that was unconventional and not too long.

While all the numbers were not of equal and deep interest, they were nevertheless all worth a hearing.

As a pianist, Mr. Whelpley may be ranked justly among the first of the younger men of this city. His playing is characterized by carefulness and quiet taste rather than by any display of marked temperament. He is particular in his drawing; and when he comes to color, he prefers sober to gorgeous hues. Not that his performance yesterday was without occasional brilliancy. In the fantasia by Naprawnik, his technique was shown to advantage, and in pure finger work he often gave pleasure by clearness and modesty. On the other hand, occasionally, there were muddy moments, as in one of the variations by Brahms, and in the first of the arrangements by Liszt. Particularly pleasing, as played by Mr. Whelpley yesterday, were the pieces by Schytte and Tschaiakowsky. The pianist was recalled after the academic ballade by Reluecke.

The Russian fantasia by Naprawnik is perhaps more entertaining when it is played with orchestra. Arrangements of orchestral parts for a second piano are dreary things, dampening the ardor of solo player, second player and hearer. The fantasia opens with a folk song that was sung here by the Linnet choir of Russian singers and is treated by Mr. Loeffler in his text. Then follow three supposedly grave and gay, and one is about as melancholy as the other. The second piano part was played by Mr. B. J. Lang.

THE HEINRICH-WHITING CONCERT.

A very interesting concert was given in Steinert Hall last evening by Mr. Max Heinrich and Mr. Arthur Whiting, with the assistance of Mr. Otto Roth. The program was made up of twelve songs by Jensen, op. 40, and seven Swedish dances for piano and violon, op. 63, by Max Bruch. Both songs and dances were heard in public for the first time in this city.

The set of songs bears the title "Gaudemus," the poems being written by Joseph Victor Schopenhauer. Jensen's settings of these vividly descriptive drinking songs are wonderfully fine and characteristic, and Mr. Heinrich is just the singer to sing them. He rendered them with unflinching zeal, and with an artistic appreciation that was quickly recognized and heartily acknowledged by his audience.

Mr. Whiting's playing of the elaborate and dramatic piano parts was wholly admirable, and rarely bears such finished accompanying.

The Bruch pieces also received delightful treatment. Mr. Roth played with much execution and brilliancy, and Mr. Whiting's playing was all that could be desired.

That Mr. Zerrahn should see the 40th year of continuous service as the conductor of the Handel and Haydn is indeed remarkable; and it would not be surprising if such a case were found to be without a parallel.

How did they amuse themselves in Boston when he first swung the stick in Music Hall as conductor of the society? The hall itself was young; for it was dedicated, or inaugurated, or opened, or what-you-will, Nov. 20, 1852. Let us look at the amusements advertised in the Journal Dec. 2, 1854. The second was Saturday. On Sunday "Mendelssohn's oratorio of 'Elijah'" will be produced, under the direction of Mr. Zerrahn, late of the Germania Society."

The Monday after, "The Lady of Lyons" was to be played at the National Theatre, with Mr. Fleming as Claude and Mrs. Parren as Pauline.

There was an English opera company at the Boston Theatre, and that Saturday evening the opera was "Crown Diamonds." The soprano was Louisa Fanny Pyne, who at that time was 22 years old. It was announced in the advertisement that Miss Pyne would introduce in Amber's opera "the popular song, 'Oh, Whisper What Thou Feelest.'" The tenor was William Harrison, the original Thaddeus in "The Bohemian Girl," thus referred to by an unknown poet in Punch, who told the story of Arline in a manner "adapted to the meanest capacity."

"And, having now seen
Summers full seventeen,
Her head could not wholly withstand
The very soft 'sawder'
Of a dashing marauder
Named Harrison—one of the band.

So the maid in reply,
After heaving a sigh,
Sang a song—now the darling of Fame—
Which, if not quite grammatical,
Was very poetical,
That Harrison 'lov'd her the same.'"

Then there was "Mr. Borraui" in the company, who first sang under the name of Bostragon. Punch's poet thus referred to him:

"This abduction, so free,
Was lamented in D,
With a pathos quite like
Catalini.
By her father, Arnheim,
Who sung out in slow time;
(Count Arnheim was played by
Borraui.)"

It will be noticed that there is considerable poetic license here. This company traveled through the United States for three years. The chief operas in its repertoire were "Cinderella," "Maritana," "Fra Diavolo," "Guy Mannering," "The Beggar's Opera" and "Crown Diamonds."

Louisa Pyne appears to have been an excellent singer. At that time she resembled Queen Victoria, the Queen of 40 years ago, in her personal appearance.

At the Boston Museum they played the 2d "As Like as Two Peas" and "Peter Wilkins," and the name of Mr. Warren appears in the cast of each piece. Joo Pontland's circus was at the Howard. Ordway's "Elians" were at Ordway Hall. Banvard's "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land" was to be seen in Horticultural Hall, as were Brown's Dioric Views in Armory Hall. Jerham's "Immense Mirror of North and South America" was another attraction. There was an exhibition of paintings and statuary at the Boston Athenaeum, which included Cole's "Course of Empire" and objects of interest from the collection of Joseph Bonaparte.

The Mendelssohn Choral Society advertised a Christmas performance of "The Messiah." A concert was to be given that Saturday night by the Boston Musical Fund society, and Beethoven's Heroic symphony was on the program. Mrs. Bostwick sang at this concert, and the brothers Suck and the flutist Werner were announced as soloists. There was an advertisement of a musical soiree to be given in the rooms of Chickering & Sons by S. Harrison Millard, who sang the tenor part in the Christmas Eve performance of "The Messiah." And it was only a season or so ago that Mr. Zerrahn conducted at an afternoon concert in Music Hall in which the daughter of Mr. Millard made her debut in Boston. The Orchestra Union, Carl Zerrahn conductor, gave concerts that winter of 1854 in Music Hall every week at 3 in the afternoon, and a ticket cost 25 cents.

Here are the names of some of the singers who appeared at the Handel and Haydn concerts since Mr. Zerrahn assumed the position he now holds: Grisi, Mario, Donovani, Badiali, Adelaide Phillips, Lagrange, Nantier-Didié, Elise Hensler, Brignoli, Silviani, Morelli, Amedeo, Carl Formes, Caradori, D'Angri, Colson, Junca, Parodi, Berli, Piccolomini, Poinot, Laborde, Biscaccianti, Carlotta Patti, Stigelli, Clara Louisa Kellor, Isabella Flinckley, Cary, Castle, Gnerab-ella (Genevieve Ward), Frederici, Van Zandt (the elder), Hermanns, Parepa, Nilsson, Ruder-dorff, Cummings, Wynne, Pater, Santley, Moulton, Varley, Tietiens, Pappenheim, Maas, Blum, Albani, Lilli Lehmann, Lloyd, Lindwiz.

The list does not include many familiar and honored names of singers, dead and living, who have contributed in large measure to the re-creation of the Handel and Haydn. Thus, for instance, it is hard to think of the society without also thinking of Messrs. Myron Whitney, Adams, the Winches, and men and women who enlarged their own glory and assisted the Handel and Haydn by appearing at its concerts.

What an interesting book of reminiscences Mr. Zerrahn could write! How valuable would such a volume be to the future historian of music in Boston! Mr. Elieborg died before he had completed his memoirs. Mr. Dwight's reminiscences are scattered through various publications, and the greater number appeared in ephemeral form. Would that Mr. Zerrahn could be persuaded to dictate his recollections of musical life and singers and players in his simple, interesting and intelligent style.

And such memoirs are not only valuable to the historian; they are, as a rule, mighty entertaining reading. There are the delightful books by Dittersdorf, Reichardt, Berioz, Hiller, Dorn, Handlick, Duprez, Rizer, Chorley, Cox, Kelly. The list is long, nor are Mapleson's memoirs to be despised. Pick up, for instance, Lumley's "Reminiscences of the Opera," with the smug sketch with miraculous coat collar and chin whiskers by Count d'Orsay, and the autograph "Yours Truly." Did Lumley really write the book? Who knows, or who cares? Let us open it at random. On page 394 we find Benvenuto at Lisbon writing Lumley in 1857 as follows: "Miss Parepa with her fresh voice made at first a favorable impression, which her inexperience and her natural coldness destroyed. Although she is only 19 years old she rivals Madame Alboni in emboupoint." And this is the same Parepa who afterward delighted so many thousands in this country.

Or read on page 51 of Rachel's appearance in London. "It is a genuine fact that many ladies fainted from emotion during these representations." One was carried insensible from the theatre, in spite of all efforts to recover her. On this circumstance being told to an American manager, he exclaimed, "Oh! that's nothing! She ought to have died in the theatre! The effect would have been tremendous! What a good puff lost!"

Then mark the man's queer style, as though he were a contributor to a fashion magazine. Speaking of Cerito, he writes: "The latter exquisite danseuse was popularly said to possess the power of calming down all the contending elements by one round de jambes."

All is peace with the Handel and Haydn, but concerning the Boston Symphony Orchestra there are still rumors of intestine strife. Some of the New York newspapers are much displeased with Mr. Paur, and from week to week they dart arrows at his manly breast; but from New York to Jamaica Plain is shooting at long range, and I doubt if the arrows incommode him seriously, or even frighten one of the hens which interest him, for our Mr. Paur is a man of domestic tastes and he is fond of gardening and roultry.

These discontented New Yorkers insist that the Boston orchestra is their business, and that it cannot be shut up within the provincial limits of this city. There is a shout "Mr. Paur must go; he does not please Mr. Higginson; he does not please us; he must go." Mr. Paur, with provoking calmness, does not purchase immediately a steamer ticket to Germany; he conducts at the concerts and

shows neither facial pallor nor mental perturbation; he proposes to give two piano recitals in Steinert Hall; and in his leisure he loaves and invites his soul as he watches hens and garden. This is thoughtless conduct, and, indeed, such indifference shows the clamor in New York is hardly respectful; but perhaps Mr. Paur would excuse himself by saying that, as he was engaged by Mr. Higginson, he will rest in security until Mr. Higginson tells him that he wishes to dispense with his services.

There is no use denying the fact, however, that Mr. Paur is eminently unsuccessful in arranging programs. He seems to go on the principle that because certain composers are famous men, therefore any compositions by them may be put together at random. In the concerts this season there has been little attention paid to contrast, and certain novelties which have awakened interest in two continents have not been played here. There was certainly no excuse for not giving the people of this city an opportunity of hearing the last symphony by Tschaiakowsky. Mr. Paur seems to be imbued thoroughly with the traditions of the Gewandhaus; but these traditions should not prevail in Boston.

PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC.

The 23d Symphony Concert in Music Hall and the Successful Appearance of Miss Antoinette Trebelli.

The twenty-third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given last evening in Music Hall. Miss Antoinette Trebelli was the singer. The program was as follows:

Prelude to "Oedipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, J. K. Paine
"Oedipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, J. K. Paine
"Oedipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, J. K. Paine
"Oedipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, J. K. Paine
"Oedipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, J. K. Paine
"Oedipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, J. K. Paine
"Oedipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, J. K. Paine
"Oedipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, J. K. Paine
"Oedipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, J. K. Paine
"Oedipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, J. K. Paine

Miss Antoinette Trebelli is the daughter of Zelle Thérèse Caroline Gillebert de Beaulieu, who, known to the public as Madame Trebelli, was one of the most famous opera singers of the last 30 years. The mother was married in 1863 to a Frenchman, an Italian singer, and Rossini was one of the witnesses at the marriage ceremony. Born in 1838, she died in 1892. It is said she took her stage name from "Gillebert," which spelled backward makes Trebelli, and then the "g" was dropped.

The singer that pleased the audience last evening was born in April, 1864. If English accounts are to be believed; certainly, the singer looks younger. She studied first with her mother, then with Warlet, and afterward with Santley. She has thus far sung chiefly in concert and in oratorio. If I am not mistaken, she made her first appearance in St. James Hall, London, in concert with her mother. She has sung with marked success in Holland, Sweden, Norway and Russia. Her first appearance in this city was at the final Star Course entertainment in Music Hall, this month.

Miss Irene has an agreeable voice, which has been admirably trained. Her tone production is excellent; she sings with delightful ease; there are no facial contortions; there is no apparent and distressing jugugation. Her technique was last evening adequate throughout, in cantabile or in bravura. And the modesty and the girlish grace of the singer accentuated the pleasure given by her song. No wonder that the audience applauded enthusiastically.

It was also a pleasure to hear the noble overture of Prof. Paine, an overture fit to usher in the mighty tragedy of Sophocles. Indeed, the spirit of Greek tragedy is in this music, for the passion is never forced, never boisterous, and in the sternest passages there is form and there is beauty. Skillfully made, it is without taint of pedagogism. Although it is the work of a teacher, a professor, it is not academic. Dramatic, it is free from theatrical effect, nor is there here any absurd and desperate chase of local color. The music is free, fluent, noble in theme and in treatment, and, above all, it is passionate. Twice was Prof. Paine obliged to bow his acknowledgments to the applauding audience.

Perhaps it is imperfect sympathy, but to me the fourth symphony of Brahms is not as truly a masterpiece as the second or the third. The second movement abounds in beautiful passages, and one must often pay tribute throughout the work to the mastery of the composer over all technical resources. Strength there is in plenty, and the strength is at times defiant, as though Brahms said "I wish it this way. You may like it or not; what care I?" And this sturdiness is perhaps to be admired. Certainly it is better than writing with one eye on the audience. But could not this sturdiness be tempered more with sensuousness? Is there not a species of prudery at times in the apparent reluctance of Brahms to write as though he wished to be heard by men only? Ruinous is it to a composer to fall into the musical criticism that disfigures so much of the music of Gounod and Massenet. But Brahms occasionally invites the suspicion of affected crabbedness, of wanton surliness. If he had not turned his attention to music, he would probably have been a formidable chess player or the honored President of a Zetetic Society.

It is a long time—nearly 10 years—since the "King Stephen" overture was heard at a Symphony concert. This King Stephen is not the King Stephen of the old ballad sung by Iago, who was a worthy peer, and "whose breeches cost him but a crown." And yet the music of the one is not worth much more than the breeches of the other.

PHILIP HALE.

THE COLOR OF WOE.

Black has not always characterized the trappings and the suits of woe. The Egyptians wore yellow in their mourning; they shaved their eyebrows when a relative died; they plucked out all the hairs of the head when a household cat or dog departed this life. The Hebrews rent their clothes, shaved heads and chins, lay on the ground for seven days, during which period they neither washed nor anointed themselves. The funeral procession of the Parsees is white-robed, but the dog that is brought invariably to look at and consider the corpse is black. White has been the mourning of the Christians, white, which, in the innermost idea of the hue, strikes more of panic to the soul than that redness which affrights in blood." The almond-eyed Chinese mourn in white, as did the Spaniards up to the 16th century. Before the splendor of the reign of Louis XIV. the widowed Queens of France wore white. When Mary Tudor married the Duke of Suffolk she was robed in widow's white.

Scarlet was worn by Louis XI. when he wept his father; an English Henry preferred bright blue; the Turks choose violet; in Syria sky-blue gives comfort; in Abyssinia grayish brown suggests the earth.

Where was the custom of wearing black born, and in what age? D'Herbelot tells us that the first mourning observed by Oriental Christians, Jews and Moslems is that of Abel, because Adam "wore or practiced" it when he lived apart from Eve for 120 years to mourn his death; but alas, the color of Adam's mourning-suit is not revealed. The historian shows that the fashion changed in Persia from blue to black, just as the days of Burkhardt the women of Aladdin wore no mourning, but in Burton's time wore white and doffed their ornaments; the men showed no difference of dress, "like good Moslems, to whom such display of grief is forbidden."

Let it be granted that the garb of black came from the Greeks and Romans, and is now adopted by the so-called civilized Christian world. Is there not sometimes an extravagance, an exuberance in the woe of crape? Crape is indeed an "abominable invention, a material that puts one's teeth on edge to touch, and that has a knack of going rusty and shabby almost in the twinkling of an eye." Is there not a grief that precludes the thought of conventional dress? There seems something ghastly, something gruesome in the thought of the dressmaker entering so intimately into the broken family

circle and fitting gloom to gloom. Mrs. Grundy has said for years that unless you show clearly to the world by hatband, mourning studs, cravat and suit that you have been separated suddenly from some loved one, the world will not believe in the sincerity of your sorrow, and may whisper scandalous things concerning your past, present and future. Mrs. Grundy pretty generally has her way. And yet it is a singular fact that those who should have the liveliest hope and reliance in the future are often the readiest to plunge themselves into the cloud of utter darkness. In large part we are all slaves to custom. If it were generally understood that after the first of July blue would be the accepted outward expression of desolation, blue would undoubtedly be worn by many, from shoe to hat-band.

It is said that the handwriting of the late David Dudley Field was even more cryptic and illegible than the famous scrawl of Horace Greeley, whose letters of dismissal were sometimes used by the discharged as strong indorsements of character. Do not some take a pride in wretched chirography, thinking, perhaps, that legibility is a proof of mental weakness? Such must object to the typewriting machine that reduces poet, newspaper man and clerk to a common level of clearness.

In spite of strenuous objection, a tablet to the memory of Jenny Lind has been finally put in Westminster Abbey. It is a curious fact that in England of all countries, the objection was based on the ground that her life in certain respects had been "too conventional."

The Pall Mall Gazette declares that the terms gentleman and lady, except in their serious moral signification, have been relegated to the kitchen and the counter.

Will the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst visit Chicago in response to the Macedonian cry to assist in suppressing vice? New York can ill afford to spare him, even for a week.

Once more there is peace in Huntington Avenue, for every dog show as well as every dog has its day.

These are hard times; but the gorilla now with us is served daily with "cognac or port wine."

Why does Mr. Kipling live in a country which he so despises and reviles?

The State Attorney of Connecticut takes advantage of a new law, and appeals from a verdict of acquittal in a murder case. Is such a law wise? Will it not encourage ambitious lawyers to be persecutors rather than inquirers into the truth?

Bostonians Revive "Robin Hood" at the Tremont.

The Bostonians last evening opened the second week of the present engagement by a performance of De Koven's "Robin Hood." Mr. Studley conducted. The cast was as follows: Sheriff of Nottingham.....H. C. Barnabee Robin Hood.....C. O. Bassett Little John.....W. H. MacDonald Will Scarlet.....Eugene Cowles Alan-a-Dale.....Jessie B. Davis Friar Tuck.....George Frothingham Guy of Gisborne.....Peter Lang Dame Durdene.....Josephine Bartlett Annabelle.....Mena (Cleary) Maid Marian.....Margaret Reid

Mr. De Koven's operetta has lost none of its popularity. Its tunefulness still delights the audience, as was shown by the hearty and frequent applause of the many hearers last evening. Nor is this popularity undeserved. It is true that there are occasional reminiscences, as of Delibes and Millocher, for instance, but much of the music is fashioned after the good, sturdy old English pattern, and even to the more ordinary of the tunes there is a jollity that is contagious.

The operetta is the suit of clothes that best becomes the company, and yet Tom Karl was missed last evening, and so was Camille D'Arville. Mr. Bassett often sang with taste, but he is hardly an ideal forester or nobleman in appearance—and where, oh, where did he get that hat in the first act? Miss Reid's entrance was snickered, and she was applauded loudly throughout, although she sang for the most part below the true pitch. Miss Cleary tried to strike a vocal average by singing sharp, but the result was not fortunate. Mrs. Davis and Messrs. MacDonald, Cowles and Barnabee gave great pleasure to the audience in the respective parts which are so associated with them. The encore fiend was present, and number after number was repeated, so that the performance was protracted unnecessarily. It may be said that in this practically double performance of the operetta the said encore fiend was assisted materially by the readiness of the men and the women on the stage.

Mr. Walter's operetta, new to Boston, which deals with an Indian story, will be given Friday and Saturday of next week. "Robin Hood" will be given the remaining evenings of this week and at the matinees.

To-night is St. Mark's Eve. If anyone has the courage to place himself within the porch of a church, at least so goes the old legend, he will see the souls of those whose bodies are to be buried at that church the following year approach the church "in the dead waste and middle of the night." The doors are opened by an invisible hand at 12 sharp, "and the spirits enter in the rotation their mortal bodies are to die in." The ghastly show is over at 1. If a person is to be hanged, or to hang himself, he will gasp horribly. If he is to be drowned, he will enter dripping, or shaking himself.

There are similar beliefs connected with St. John's Eve and Midsummer Eve. Thomas Hardy's "Superstitious Man's Story," a crawley, creepy tale, is founded on such a legend.

According to one of the characters in Mr. Astor's new novel death has an additional horror. For "when a man dies he comes at once into the enjoyment of senses vastly keener than any he possessed before. * * * The step of a fly is to us as audible as the tramp of a regiment." Think of the magnified buzz of the mosquito, the wild shriek of the wandering huckster, the cannonade of the piano in such a spirit land.

A London court recently decided that a mistress is not justified in discharging a cook without notice because she smoked in the kitchen.—[Exchange.]

It is to be regretted that the evidence is not given with the decision, for it would be of value to housewives to know whether the cook furnished her own tobacco or preferred that of the master of the house. In any case a cook that smokes a pipe is more pleasant to the imagination than a reckless snuffer.

Mr. Clement Scott, the celebrated English dramatic critic, was present at Corbett's debut in London, but where was Mr. William Archer, the prophet of Ibsen? Perhaps he is not fond of modern acting, or perhaps he was meditating at home the paradox of the comedian.

"What an absent-minded fellow Pfefferl, the critic, is!" "How so?" "Why, the other day he read a book that was sent to him only for reviewing!"—[Fliegende Blaetter.]

Miss Rapid—"I think 'The Prodigal Daughter' is awfully good, in fact splendid." Younger and acidulous Sister—"Well, if I were you, I wouldn't be so egotistical."

Verdi, the great composer, now 81 years old, is a man of uneven bravery. He dares to write another opera, but he cannot be persuaded to cross the English Channel.

though the Prince of Wales has written a letter of entreaty.

If a clergyman feels it his painful duty to denounce from the pulpit a play, would it not be fairer to the author if he read or saw the play and did not judge it exclusively from a newspaper article?

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

The Recital of Mr. Ethelbert Nevin—The Testimonial Concert to Mrs. Ada May Benzing.

Mr. Ethelbert Nevin gave a piano recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. He played these pieces of his own composition: Two Etudes, on 18; Love Song, from op. 2; In Arcady, op. 16. He also played mazurka, No. 41, No. 1; Etude, op. 25, No. 7; Etude, D flat major; Fantasia, op. 49, by Chopin; Rubinstein's A minor barcarole, Chaminade's "La Lisonjera," Godard's "En Valant." Miss Lena Little sang these songs of Nevin: "A Fair Good Morn," "In der Nacht," "Dites-moi," "A Song of Love," "When the Land Was White With Moonlight," "Nocturne."

As a pianist, yesterday, Mr. Nevin was hardly in the vein, and, except possibly in the lighter pieces, his technique did not respond to the demands put upon it. Even in his own etudes he was ill at ease, and his interpretation of the pieces by Chopin was amateurish in conception and in performance. In the accompaniment, he was inclined to pound, and in fact the treatment was hardly over sympathetic. Mr. Nevin has appeared to far better advantage as a pianist in this city, and it will be remembered that he has just recovered from a severe nervous attack which prevented practice for some months.

Mr. Nevin, the composer, gave much more pleasure yesterday, and with good reason was there hearty and frequent applause. This composer has, first of all, something to say, and he says it in a musical way. True, he does not play at heroics, he does not assail the stars, he does not vex the infinite with deep questionings and strange enigmas; he is very human, and there is a charm in his simple, familiar and fragrant conversation about love and sorrow, and love and death. He has his own way of expressing himself, and his style is always honest and almost always interesting for its delicacy and grace. Nor is he ignorant of passion—his "Nocturne."

son at Princeton; there was no selfish display, there was no gulping down of food and drink, conscious that the eyes of the world would soon be on him, and that the lime light was being prepared, the gallant Colonel toyed amiably with his food, undisturbed by steeds of fiery nostrils prancing and snorting without. Alas, in these days of electricity and steam the Colonel is as one born out of due time. In a better age he might have been as prosperously famous as Ben Holliday.

MRS. BENZING'S CONCERT.

The Church of the Unity was filled last night with an audience assembled for the purpose of showing the warm appreciation in which Mrs. Ada May Benzing is held as a woman and as a singer. Mrs. Benzing sang two great airs from "Samson et Dalila" and "The Rose Tree," by Foote, Horrocks, Chaffin, Mackenzie, Raff and Goring. Her fine, rich voice of more than ordinary compass and her impressive delivery were shown to her great advantage. She was most warmly applauded, and also received many beautiful flowers. The concert was one of unusual merit as will be seen at once by the names of the assisting artists: Mrs. Anna Messers, Moll Koberborn, Fiedler, Alex. Heindl, Schuecker, Hann, Hoffman and Kuehl. The solo and concerted pieces were rendered delightfully, and the audience was quick to show its enjoyment of the musical treat.

When Mr. Griffo and Mr. Griffin met at the Casino, here in Boston, "the fighting was such as to excite comment." Because of its brutality? Because of the shocking results of terrible blows? Oh, no. There were kidney mashers, and soakers in the stomach, and cyclone rushes, and jaw jabbers, and scythe-like swings, and jaw jolters, and welting and belting and pelting, and other manifestations of good will and guarantees of good faith. But, to quote an esteemed contemporary, "there was not that appearance of determined hard work and punching which goes with a battle for keeps;" or, as it is put in another paragraph, "It looked like a sparring match." This is all wrong, and the crowd was justly incensed. No wonder there was comment. If neither pugilist's face resembled a chopping-block, there might have been, at least, a broken rib or two.

They have just opened at Yale a course of lectures on the Higher Branches of Deportment. The Professor is a well-known Judge, and the lectures are given in the city court room. The first of the series was entitled "A Collegiate Education as an Aid to Theft;" and the second will be a discussion of the "Proper Relations Between Students and Prize Fighters." The wise sentences of the Professor are listened to with deep interest by the students, as well as by the townies, who are admitted.

Dr. Von Swartwout, who was studying economic conditions in Boston last Sunday, is the "editor and prop." of a newspaper known as "Hercules." This newspaper is against money. "Were there no money in the world there would be no financially poor." It is a painful duty to note, in this connection, that a copy of "Hercules," which is "devoted to the agitation of the Olombia Commonwealth Campaign, or to the propaganda of a new political economy for the new millennial era of justice, liberty, peace and plenty, with free land, free habitation, free material, free production, free transit and a free use of all the products of the earth," costs any unemployed or shipwrecked brother just 10 cents.

"Hercules" contains some valuable information. Thus the unemployed or shipwrecked brother is told on page 9 that "Dr. Von Swartwout's ancestral line in America dates before 1640;" and he finds on page 12 that Dr. Von Swartwout's "Olombia, or the New Political Economy," modestly announced as "the book the ages have waited for," will cost him \$3. No doubt the price is reasonable, for it is a quarto, illustrated, cloth and gold, international copyright, all rights reserved.

It is the mission of Hercules "to cast down an effete system, to lay the foundation of a new dispensation and to bridge the Hellespont." Here is a sample of Dr. Von Swartwout's rhetoric in more impassioned moments: "The last phase of this allegorical Wild Boar's greed—that phase in which, like Judas Iscariot, it will burst out its own bowels—is the inordinate lust for gain which, in these last hours of a death-struck dispensation, is so familiarly known as monopoly—through the subtlety and black magic of which diseased and obsessed morals are swelling and inflating rapidly toward the dimensions of billionaires." Surely this alone is worth 10 cents.

It seems that there is a remarkable man in the United States, and his name is Col. E. de V. Morrell. He has discovered nothing, he has written nothing, he is not known as a humanitarian; but he drove a coach Monday continuously from a hotel in New York to a hotel in Philadelphia. In speaking of heroic deeds, let us be exact; he drove—beg pardon—tooled the coach in 11 hours and 33 minutes. The distinguished gentleman allowed a gentleman-like time for his luncheon at Princeton; there was no selfish display, there was no gulping down of food and drink, conscious that the eyes of the world would soon be on him, and that the lime light was being prepared, the gallant Colonel toyed amiably with his food, undisturbed by steeds of fiery nostrils prancing and snorting without. Alas, in these days of electricity and steam the Colonel is as one born out of due time. In a better age he might have been as prosperously famous as Ben Holliday.

Laurent Tallhade, the French poet who was lately cured of Anarchistic tendencies by the sudden application of a practical bomb, is said to be an aristocrat of aristocrats. One of the proofs of his extreme aristocracy is that "he almost always washes his hands before dinner."

The New York Herald of the 24th, in a review of the art exhibition of the Champ de Mars, speaks as follows concerning a well-known Bostonian: "One of the most notable exhibits in the sculpture gallery is a colossal work four yards long, by Paul Wayland Bartlett of Boston. It is a wounded lion who has dragged himself to the summit of a rock, where he is holding his head up and uttering his last cry. He is unable to raise his body; his forelegs are extended, with the claws clutching the earth in a movement of agony. In his flank is the arrow that has conquered the forest's king. This work of genius places Mr. Bartlett on a level with Gérôme as an animalier." Portraits and landscapes by Mr. C. G. Dana of Cambridge and drawings by Mr. Howard Cushing of Boston are also praised highly.

The latest reports give the gratifying assurance that the Symphony concerts are not to be abandoned, that Mr. Paur will continue to revel in the pastoral joys of Jamaica Plain and that the musicians, from head fiddler to drummer, are devoted to their conductor and would fain die for him that injurious, base reports might be forever disproved. The rehearsals are looked forward to with eagerness. A loving-cup is passed about before the hard labor of the forenoon, and during the moments of rest Mr. Paur tells funny stories from the Fliegende Blaetter or even older works. Every now and then, at rehearsal, the musicians cheer, so delighted are they with Mr. Paur's readings of both great and little masters. Barnum's happy family was a collection of Niobes, Rachels and Dismal Jimmies compared with the Symphony Orchestra as it is to-day.

Why is not "Henry Clay" a good euphemism for a "T. D." pipe?

Referring to a statement that there is no rhyme for Massachusetts, and the attempt of a Massachusetts man to show that there is, a correspondent of the Tribune submits a rhyme which he thinks wholly beyond criticism. It is as follows:

A man named Heath
Has, of false teeth,
Just got him two brand new sets.
Now, Tribune, dear,
Pray find just here
A rhyme to Massachusetts.
—[New York Tribune.

"Ou" is said to be the Chinese name for tiger, and the tiger is the Chinese deity who is the patron of gamblers. Would "bucking the tiger" be, then, a blasphemous phrase in Chinese?

An exchange reminds the world that Tennyson carried on the milk business. During his latter years he occasionally watered his poetry; would his milk have passed the examination of a local Dr. Harrington?

Undertaker will soon be an obsolete word. What was once known as an undertaker is now a "funeral director."

A contributor to an esteemed evening contemporary declares that "American heads are greater than the men." Much depends, however, on the precise proportions of the swelling.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton is a woman whose mental force is recognized in England as in her own country, and it was Mrs. Moulton who remarked here at the Chickatawbut Club, that is, if she were reported correctly, that woman suffrage was rather a bore, and she would not say anything about it if she could, and she could not if she would. In Brooklyn, by the way, household strife is reported to be one of the first fruits of simple discussion of the proposition of female suffrage.

New York newspapers continue to speak of the "great riot" on Boston Common last Sunday. The intelligent foreigner might believe readily, from such accounts, that the Common was a scene of carnage and pillage; that infuriated citizens bore pikes ornamented with heads of workmen; that honest men

were impaled in the sight of the public, that hundreds were thrown into the Frog Pond, where they perished miserably; that gibbets were erected near the Soldiers' Monument and put into immediate use, and that only by heroic efforts of the militia was the wine cellar of the Somerset Club preserved for the future particular benefit of the members. But what are the facts? A good-humored crowd gazed the departure of Mr. Swift's army.

Our School Committee is again troubled by the combination of boys and cigarettes. This combination is to be deplored, for tobacco in any form is not good for boys; but would the formation of anti-cigarette leagues in the school be of the slightest avail in remedying the evil? It is a perversity in human nature that the very taking of a pledge brings with it the desire of breaking it. Is not this matter of tobacco one to be regulated by parents? The school teacher has a right to forbid smoking in school room and on the premises, but has the teacher any right to take outside of school hours the authority of the parent? The boy, like the monkey, is an imitative animal. Before cigarettes were common he smoked rattan, or sweet fern, and knew a horrid joy. The pleasure brought its punishment as soon as he entered the house, for no heroic draught of cologne or self-splattering with bay rum could disguise the odorous atmosphere, strange, mystic, wonderful, that surrounded him.

Pleasures regularly recurring and of a somewhat violent nature should not be abandoned suddenly. Thus wise men counsel the dram drinker to taper gradually toward abstinence. It might be well for the confirmed enjoyer of the Symphony concerts to engage, a week from Saturday night, a German band to play from 8 till 9.30 in front of his house. The week after a cornetist would do; then a piano-organist; then a strolling performer on the concertina. The plunge from a full-fledged concert to home piano performances would not be so abrupt and dangerous.

Mr. Edward Atkinson should engage with Mr. Berthelot in Olympian discussion concerning the food of the future man. Mr. Atkinson is very keen—as our English cousins say—in the matter of the "nitrogenous element," and Mr. Berthelot is sure that in the year 2000 "men will live on essences distilled by plutonic fire from air and water. Mr. Atkinson blasphemes Pythagoras; he eats beans, and finds "the right proportion" in lentils and peanuts. Mr. Berthelot believes that in the future man will be chiefly "cerebral activity." Probably he will take food either by snipping at salts or allowing a pellet to dissolve on the tongue, say, once in 48 hours. Mr. Berthelot has an amazing fund of miscellaneous and particular information on this subject, and the future looks dark for Mr. Atkinson's new cooking stove.

This scheme of an American Academy, similar to the body of French Immortals, will not down. The latest plan is for three Senators and three members of Congress at Washington to elect five of the most distinguished possible candidates, who will in turn choose twenty. But who will appoint the first body, made up of the "most senseless and fit?" As an inducement, it is proposed that these American Immortals shall have a room for their use, and each will be provided with a page. Stationery, including penknives and sealing wax, will no doubt be among the perquisites.

As the standards of all arts are now in a delightfully fluid condition in this country, what a time there would be in getting together these Immortals. Poor St. Gandens would have no show, and Secretary Carlisle, the eminent art critic, would be chosen unanimously. Why limit the number? There are at least 400 in the United States who would take the first train to Washington to press their claims, and some of them would walk rather than not appear. If Chicago newspapers may be believed, there would be no necessity to look outside the Windy City for an artistic supply.

Why should not Boston have its own Academy? The election of members would furnish an agreeable entertainment and call forth any number of letters from "Veritas," "Old Subscriber" and "One Who Knows." The Board of Aldermen might first appoint three men, say, Messrs. T. B. Aldrich, Arlo Bates and T. H. Bartlett. And then these three would have the delightful task of choosing their associates. As Boston is the home of culture, the fairest method of election would be to mark at random in the city Directory.

There are fresh developments in the Eames-Calvé scandal. It appears that the former gives out cards for a reception so that she may show the latter "how she stands

society." Well, perhaps Mrs. James-Story is not to be blamed if she tries to show superiority in one thing at least; for as far as dramatic singing goes, Cuvé is to the Eames as the refulgent sun at high noon to a wind-stirred candle.

If one should see a woman hold her own proudly in mid-street, serene, imperturbable and deliberate, one may be sure she is either a hospital nurse or a journalist!—[Pall-Mall Gazette.

THE VETOING OF ART.

It was an English woman that wrote a few weeks ago, "Music and architecture are the two vilest and obtrusive arts, public and coercive; both need to be held in order by a strong censure—the right of veto, at least, in their regard belongs by justice to the world." Grant that this learned Theban is right; who would be the imposers of the veto, or how should they be chosen?

For these terms architecture and music mean different things to different people. One man may compare the new Public Library to a frosted cake, or to a cigar box; another may regard it as the most beautiful building in Boston. To one, a piano-organ playing "The Man That Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" yields deep and genuine pleasure; its jaunty strains quicken his walk or his

thought; he is disposed cheerfully to mankind; he looks on the patient turner of the crank as a benefactor worthy of civic support. But to another, the machine, whether it turn out sentimental or jocose ditties, is an instrument of torture, strayed, possibly, from the Nuremberg collection.

This street music, whether it be original barrel organ or improvement thereon, wandering band of German exiles, with sad faces and quivering lips, or pathetic flageoletist, cornetist or flutist, has been called the music of the people, and they that would suppress it have been described as "grinders of the faces of the poor," "selfish," "brutal." But Mrs. Laura Chant, not unknown in this very city, wrote a little while ago to an English newspaper on behalf of the minority annoyed and injured by such music. Her statement is this: The poor have amongst them sufferers and sick children. Their sleep is more important than the jolly dance of the children who are well.

Then, too, the class known as "literary workers" complains. Street music is more distracting "than barking, crowing, hammering or bell ringing: for we are obliged to follow the tune we are sick of; its foolish argument has to be attended to throughout by the reluctant sense of melody."

The more critical in street music distinguish between the inherent hostility of the organ and that of the band. They admit that the former instrument has driven some to the last stages of nervous ruin; witness the famous case of John Leech of Punch. They claim, however, that the wandering band with its unconsciously comic, puffy bass, and wildly errant clarinet, and amazing ability to stray individually and together from the pitch recognized by savants as the only true one, is more to be feared for sporadic and chronic effect. But men of finer nerve and a well developed sense of humor smile at the horrid discord or amuse themselves by guessing the name of the tune as though they were engaged in a species of the game of letters.

So in architecture. A landlord, as in New York, paints a building yellow. He likes yellow. His neighbor abominates it and is a lot. At once there is talk of a need of a law in architecture and its branches, French principles and laws are quoted approvingly. The old American idea was that an engine house should be painted any color that pleased "the boys," with a distinct preference for red. Nor is there to-day a ready acquiescence in the idea of regulation of such private affairs by public law. So in music, is not playing the organ in the street as legitimate a business as practicing at the piano in a flat? Is not the only regulation in either case—severe sickness in the house excepted—a matter of proper hours?

Of course, in painting, sculpture and seals, there is a recognized vetoing power. It seems at present in its highest form to be lodged in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury, who, it appears, is a good deal of a dab at architecture. As soon as these forms of art are regulated safely and our painters and sculptors told just what they should and should not do, perhaps this eminent critic will devote his attention to drawing up a code concerning the discipline of amulatory organs and street bands.

Mr. John H. Barnes has written a defence of John Leech, and his verses published here in Boston the other day are clever and to the point. But he is not the first. Several have served as apologists for the Isacian, notably William W. Story.

Bjornson's latest play must be a highly enjoyable entertainment. The heroine strikes the keynote when she exclaims "One must stoop very low to be on a level with life!"

Surely the typical British burlesque is preferable to such a play; particularly that burlesque at the Gaiety in which Donna Isabella says to the Pirates, "Excuse my calling you gentlemen!"

But neurotic and etiolated heroines of Scandinavia are at least less vulgar than the strange beings who prance or decay through a certain class of English novels of to-day written by women. A heroine of Mrs. Lynn Linton does many dreadful things, among them "burning herself out at all four corners." A healthy heroine is an anachronism. The once famous description of peerless Sophia Western seems vulgar, for it is odorous with the fragrance of healthy maidenhood. "Her complexion had rather more of the lily than of the rose, but when exercise or modesty increased her natural color, no vermilion could equal it." Fie on it, Mr. Fielding; your Sophia was a red-faced country girl! Such descriptions are obsolete; but Nature does not always visit man according to his folly, and are there not Sophias still living in New England towns? Or does the lover of to-day prefer a breath heavy with sleeping potions and nerve restorers?

Mr. Howard Walker, the architect, has a delightful way of hitting out from the shoulder. "Eleven statues of indescribable variety and competing hideousness" is a good line.

The President of the Anti-Cigarette League in New York is only 15 years old, but he talks in public like a grown person. The peroration of his great speech on the distribution of badges suffered, however, by an unfortunate comparison that he introduced: "Long live our glorious league! May its course be as the bird of the Andes!" Now the bird of the Andes is not famed for fastidiousness or purity of daily life.

Collectors may be interested in the high prices brought lately by certain stamps at a sale in London. Among the principal lots disposed of were: Great Britain, the V.R. (damaged), £8; Naples, 1848, "Arms," £15; Moldavia, 108 paras, £17; Spain, 1851, 2 reales, £20; Geneva, the double stamp, £22; Vaud, 4c., £14; Winterthur, 2½ rappen, a block of four, £17; Poste Locale, a made-up plate, £32 10s.; Tuscany, 60 crazie, unused, £14; ditto, 3 lire, £26; a collection of Russian locals, £115; Cape of Good Hope (woodblock), 1d. blue, £42; and Mauritius, 2d. blue, very fine, £21 10s.

April 28, 1914
MUSIC.

The Last Symphony Concert of the Season of '93-'94—The Enthusiastic Applause Awarded Mr. Emil Paur, Conductor.

The program of the 24th Symphony concert, the last of the season of '93-'94, was as follows: Huldigung's Marsch..... Wagner
Scene in the tavern—(Mephisto Waltz), from
Liszt's "Faust"..... Liszt
Overture—"Genoveva"..... Schumann
Symphony No. 6..... Beethoven

As Mr. Paur appeared on the stage of Music Hall last evening he was greeted with hearty and long-continued applause. At the end of the concert the great audience recalled him again and again. Seldom has a more flattering tribute been paid any conductor in this city.

This applause was undoubtedly an open manifestation of the appreciation in which this admirable conductor is held in Boston and a public recognition of the faithful work done by him during the past season, rather than the expression of specific delight awakened by the concert itself.

In another column of this issue of the Journal I have discussed the characteristics of Mr. Paur, the conductor. His weakness is a seeming inability to arrange an effective and well-contrasted program. The weakness is not peculiar to him; it was found in Mr. Gericke; it was found in Mr. Nikisch. So far as program-making is concerned, no one of our other Symphony conductors has equaled Mr. Henschel.

And yet the arrangement of the program of last evening shows in a curious way the musical sincerity and modesty of Mr. Paur. Remember that the concert was the last of the season. Now how many conductors would have thought of choosing as the last number the Pastoral Symphony? How many would have been content to dismiss the audience in such a simple manner? Nine out of ten would have said "Come now, we must make a spurge." They would have selected carefully some screaming, wall-shattering, sky-awailing piece, and called in the aid of all the puantile instruments known from the time of the Assyrians, who were a people delighting in noise.

The numbers of this program are well known, and they call now for no extended comment. The Pastoral Symphony undoubtedly gives vast pleasure to many, who are thrilled by the mimicry of birds and the trick thunder storm. But at the risk of being charged with blasphemy, may I ask humbly if the second movement is not so interminable that it is almost a musical bore of huge dimensions? And is the Symphony, as a whole, even when it is "illustrated" with real wheelbarrows and stamperz ballet girls, as happened once in New York years ago, to be compared for a moment with any of the numbers of Beethoven, beginning with the third?

Mr. Paur has earned honestly his vacation. May he enjoy it as thoroughly as he accomplishes his musical duties.

The program book states that the opening concert of the 14th season will be given Oct. 13, and that Mr. Emil Paur will be the conductor.
PHILIP HALL.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Mr. Emil Paur, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, saw last evening the close of the first year of his engagement. It may not therefore be impertinent to consider the man and his work.

When Mr. Paur first made his appearance on the stage some were disappointed. They complained of the rigidity of the beat, of a certain awkwardness of bearing, of an aggressive expression of performance of duty. They missed the manicured hands, the interesting pallor, the Delsartian movements of Mr. Nikisch, forgetting that when Mr. Nikisch first stood in public on the conductor's stand he revealed in the sight of the people that species of leg clothing known vulgarly as "accordion pants."

But they that were disposed to find fault on account of the reasons above stated were soon conquered by the intelligence and the honesty of Mr. Paur. They found that he was modest and that he thought more of music than of personal exhibition. They found in a month or two that as far as mechanism was concerned the performances were smoother than during the last two years of Mr. Nikisch's rule. And little by little they began to enjoy thoroughly a symphony or an overture without any thought of the interpreter who stood between them and the composer. And this is, perhaps, the highest praise that can be awarded a conductor.

The conductor is a necessary evil. It is not necessary to agree with Mr. Rowbotham and speak disparagingly of arrhythmic music because it necessitates a separate and distinct leader, whereas in an earlier and more primitive form the first violin or the head singer could serve all required purposes.

"The conductor is a necessary evil," says Ferdinand Hiller. "The more completely his individuality disappears from the sight of the audience the better it is. There is nothing worse than a conductor who usurps the place of the virtuoso and seeks to direct the attention of the public to his own personality, to his own performance. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' The conductor should hide behind the performance of his orchestra, and find his chief reward in its excellence. Nor should he ever forget, nor should he ever wish it to be forgotten, that he himself serves a superior officer, the composer, even when it happens by chance that he himself is really the superior man."

In a word there are to-day two well defined types of conductors: The first is the virtuoso-conductor (I use virtuoso in its modern and wrenched meaning); the second is the conductor like Mr. Gericke or Mr. Paur.

Mr. Nikisch is an excellent specimen of the virtuoso conductor. Such a conductor has supreme and sublime moments, especially in the performance of romantic works that appeal strongly to a romantic nature. Thus in conducting such a composition as Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" Mr. Nikisch is not likely to be surpassed. In such a man temperament is so developed that it masters frequently the judgment, and when the work played is not largely temperamental, the conductor is bound to inject into it an element that is really foreign to it and of serious injury. The serene beauty of the ancients then becomes feverish and modern unrest. The cool and clear melody becomes a tortured strain. There are innumerable crescendos that lead to no legitimate climax. The orchestra, constantly on the rack, begins to lose the consciousness of reserve force that should be felt by an audience during the performance of a great work. Furthermore, the leading of such a conductor is apt to be fitful, moody, irregular, uneven. If there are moments of exaltation, moments of depression follow, and with them comes carelessness that is not far removed from slovenliness.

It is not to be denied that such a conductor as Mr. Nikisch is an interesting figure to many. His individuality is dramatic; he excites admiration and opposition; he is the subject of animated and often ignorant conversation. Some go to the concerts to see what he will do. The talk is about the conductor and not about the work performed under him. And does all this make for musical righteousness?

For my own part I prefer such a conductor as Mr. Paur, although I recognize fully the brilliant qualities of the other type.

It is true that Mr. Paur is not an "exciting" conductor, but is excitement the chief end of music?

I like and respect Mr. Paur for these reasons: First of all he is an excellent musician, and it is not necessary to discuss this question at length, for the fact is admitted by those who, here or in other towns, are, for some reason or other, hostile to him. He preserves rigid discipline in the orchestra, but this discipline is that of the intelligent leader, not of the prkzish martinet; and this fact is not assumed, it is proved by the performance of the orchestra at the concerts. At the beginning of the season I was inclined to doubt his sense of color; I no longer have this doubt; Mr. Paur does not splash his canvas, and he prefers a brush to a palette knife, but he is a colorist of fine taste and more than ordinary skill. His attention to detail at the first was perhaps too fussy, but it must be remembered that matters of detail had been neglected sadly for two years before his coming, and the late remarkable performances under his direction of the "Heroic" Symphony of Beethoven and the fourth Symphony of Brahms show conclusively that in the present condition of the orchestra he conducts with mastering breadth

...because he seems to be eminently honest in his treatment of composer, orchestra and audience. He is free from affectation. No one would dream of calling him a poseur.

Because Mr. Paur is honest and unaffected he is dubbed by some that regard a symphony concert as a social function a bourgeois. The word bourgeois in English meant originally "a French citizen or freeman of a city or burgh, as distinguished from a peasant on the one hand and a gentleman on the other, now often taken as the type of the mercantile or shopkeeping middle class of any country." As used by these objectors to Mr. Paur, the word has undoubtedly the French tropical and invective meaning, "vulgar," which follows closely on the heels of "homely."

This charge is brought in all probability because Mr. Paur minds his own business, and when his work is over prefers his ease in his own home to prancing about in parlors where he would feel himself chiefly an object of curiosity. The atrocious crime of working in his garden or keeping hens might as well be brought against him.

And, after all, what has a respectable private life to do with the question of the proper performance of a symphony? Would that Jules Janin were alive and in Boston that he might ridicule the affair! Do you remember his remarks toward the close of his life of Debureau?

"Some men who wish to know everything, sensitive women who cannot endure any uncertainty concerning those whom they like, would perhaps be pleased to learn about the private life of the citizen Debureau—whether he has funds, a wife, and whether his wife has presented him with many little ones?"

"Debureau has paid his taxes since the Revolution of July, and this is why he loves the date that has raised him to such a degree of importance. He has respectable furniture: Six chairs, a bureau, a bed, two cradles, a combination of bureau and writing desk, in which he keeps his shirt collars, cravats and gloves, when he puts them in it.

"His wife is pretty, bright-eyed, with a complexion full of color and tawny; and she has four children, whose sex it is difficult at present to determine, but they are jolly, nimble, clever, and they play together like kittens. Debureau is not yet a member of the National Guard.

"Outside of his artistic talent he has several social accomplishments. He can swim on his back, he can take to pieces a lock, he can play the flute, he can fence, he can write his name and he can hang a picture on the wall."

Mr. Paur is not a man to satisfy easily the naturally capricious. And it must be confessed that the popular taste in music and in performers is capricious.

As it was in the time of the Jesuit Father Louis Bertrand Castel, so it is to-day: "The pleasure derived from a popular concert is only

real for a certain number of connoisseurs and zealous amateurs. Many in the audience are bored, and they go, as to a theatre, from force of habit, because it is the fashion, or from a desire to be anywhere except at home. The rapture of the majority is a moderate pleasure, which often comes from the sight of the crowd, or circumstances that are foreign to the music. One is tired of hearing always cantatas, and one wishes cantatas; tired of cantatas, he wishes motetts; wearied by French music, he longs for Italian compositions; bored by the violinist, he yearns for the sound of the viol."

Nor is Mr. Paur a man that will endure easily patronage. He thereby offends some of our most celebrated patrons and patronesses. Perhaps Mr. Paur has recognized the fact that mediocrity or utter worthlessness in music is surest of local, or, rather, parochial patronage, which patronage, somehow or other, always reminded me of lines from Thackeray's proposed inscription to be engraven under the image of George the First—Star of Brunswick:

"He hated Art and despised Literature;
But He liked train-oil in his salads,
And gave an enlightened patronage
To bad oysters."

PHILIP HALE.

An Italian manager has found a cure for the encore evil. The following notice is placed in the vestibule of his theatre: "Those persons who wish a repetition of any numbers from the opera are begged to hand in their names at the box office. At the end of the performance they will enjoy the encores demanded on paying for their seats over again."

A contemporary, in discussing "English as she is spoke," complains of the use of the word "buffet," and denies it a place in our language. Truly an absurd protestation, for the word has been used by English writers of authority since the early years of the 18th century. To pronounce the word as though it were French is, indeed, an affectation.

"Yellow writing paper is now in fashion." Why should not there be symbolical colors in correspondence. An invitation to a stag dinner should be written on red paper or with red ink. A lover's complaint suggests blue or green. A creditor may be appeased temporarily by the use of paper with a heavy border of black.

There is still debate in conservative England over the question of the earth's flatness. Here is the stumper proposed by the Secretary of the Universal Zeiotic Society: "If the world be a globe, how is it that one end of the Manchester Ship Canal is not 272 yards lower than the other?"

ONLY A LETTER.

Letter-writing, as far as men are concerned, is almost a lost art. Once in a while a Lowell shows us that there are successors to Pope and Swift, Gray, Howel, and the many French masters of the epistle; but the man of to-day, even though he be learned and a wit, is too often a disappointing creature when he writes to a friend. No doubt the type-writing machine will in time do away with the art of chirography, and letters of a friendly or domestic nature will be as colorless as any printed announcement. Men seem impatient of pen and ink. How many would endure to-day a squeaking quill? Yet it is hard to imagine the possibility of certain letters of the last century or early years of this century being written with the steel weapons that, to be sure, were not known, but that now sold in quantities to any corner have no individuality. Men are careless about their signatures. Anything seems to serve, and here, as in the East, the higher the rank, real or alleged, the worse the scrawl becomes.

Women are still great letter-writers. De Quincey admitted the fact that amongst all the celebrated letter writers, "a large overbalance happens to have been men;" and he added, "but more frequently women write from their hearts." Here is a possible reason for the strange chirography natural to some women and acquired by others. It is true that there are fashions in handwriting. Fifty years ago women in England and in New England were taught what was then known as the Italian hand, which has been described as a collection of spear-heads and arrow heads at an angle of 45 degrees. N's and U's, M's and W's were easily confused; motherly affection and maidenly confession took hieroglyphic form in expression; and yet many a man to-day looking over old letters acknowledges the Italian hand as supreme calligraphy.

Then came a reaction. Women, young and old, grew bold and coarse in penmanship. Sprawls and scratches, dashes and ungainly characters became fashionable, because they were supposed to show masculinity; but the handwriting was the roughness of weakness, which has been defined as the "roughest roughness which cannot stop itself."

Of late much information has been poured out by self-constituted authorities on the elements of the proper and artistic letter. The woman is told that there should be the sense of position and proportion, as on the title page of a book; that there should be recognition of the value of blank space; that a letter should be framed in by its edges; that a number should never be used for the name of the month; that there should be careful paragraphing; in a word, "as note-writing is the one thing done by a great many women who have not the habit of doing their hair, the one task should not be an ungainly and a shuffling piece of work."

But if a woman writes under the tutelage of such advice, if she has one eye on a chart of penmanship and the other on Gould Brown's "Grammar of English Grammars," will not the letter be a cold and priggish affair? Will she not cease to merit the praise of De Quincey? Does the school-boy care if the words of loving counsel run up hill? Would not a swain suspect the sincerity or the ingenuousness of the sweetheart's love who crossed all t's and punctuated irreproachably with semi-colons and even into colons? The veriest scrawl is perhaps but a proof of the anguish of separation. Then there is the paradox of a formal invitation to an informal dinner. There is, to be sure, a momentary shock when there is evident confusion between "too" and "to," but let us remember that many wise people of the East look askew at any calligrapher, and the sweet heroine of "The Golden Butterfly" grew up without the knowledge of the alphabet or the pen.

Prof. Victor Horsley of London has demonstrated that "in the majority of cases death from gun wounds in the brain is due to arrest of respiration and not to the stoppage of the heart's action." So when you're shot in the brain, keep right on breathing and you'll come out all right.

A captain of the Connecticut fainted in Meriden, Conn., from exhaustion while making a speech. Nothing is said about the condition of the audience.

A license has been granted to the managers of Music Hall and the "Pops" will not be merely an ironic term without real sound or meaning.

The Corinthian Yacht Club has again confirmed the old adage, "It is not for everyone to go to Corinth."

The straw hat is now taken out of the household barrel and anxiously inspected.

In brevity of speech Col. Grant favors his father.

A New York poet thus immortalizes the complaint of the forsaken son-in-law of Mr. Mackay, the Prince Colonna di Galatro:

"Since she left me, Padre Mackay
Times with me have not been nice;
I have eat at table-d'hôte—
Twenty soldi was the price.
Oh, the feed's magnificent,
Bought by you with hands so free!
O the lovely, lost Spaghetti!—
Bringa my Princess back to me!"

Here is an agreeable specimen of suavity in modo: "Mr. — is a young musician of solid merit, who has much to gain by dismissing the seemingly ever-alluring subject of self from too continuous consideration."

May 1/94

LILLIAN RUSSELL AT THE HOLLIS.

The Lillian Russell Opera Comique Company appeared last evening at the Hollis Street Theatre in Lecocq's "Giroflé-Girofla." The cast was as follows:

| | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| Giroflé-Girofla..... | Lillian Russell |
| Don Bolero..... | Jigby Bell |
| Aurora..... | Marie Dressler |
| Marasquin..... | Mr. Perugini |
| Mourzouk..... | William Frustie |
| Pedro..... | Charles Campbell |
| Paquita..... | Marie Celeste |

It is always a pleasure to hear one of the better works of Offenbach or Lecocq, even when the libretto suffers a sad sea change, and appears in English heavy with puns and gags or mutilated sadly for the sake of the young person who plays such a mighty part in shaping the literature of the stage, and before whom even reckless managers stand in awe. For Offenbach and Lecocq knew thoroughly their trade. They were content to write operatic tunes; they knew how to fix the jingle to the text or the situation. "La Belle Héloïse," or "La Fille de Madame Angot," is in its way a great masterpiece as "The Marriage of Figaro" or "Lohengrin."

And so while the performance last evening was by no means ideal, and while it would not have driven the Parisian *fleurbaud* to frantic expressions of delight, it nevertheless gave much pleasure.

The comedy was often burlesque; gags were introduced freely by Mr. Bell, and there was a general absence of Gallic flavor, which, it is true, sometimes is as rank as garlic injudiciously employed. But French comedies rarely visit us, and in their place we must welcome the home productions.

Miss Russell sang with much spirit, and she has gained in freedom of action since she appeared here in the same part about a year ago, although she was logy at times, and in frivolous dialogue and by-play she showed occasionally a deliberate and maddening resolve to be gay at any cost. In other words, Miss Russell is not a French woman, and she appeared in a part that demands a more mobile face and more suggestive attitudes and speech. On the other hand, she sang the music better than the average Frenchwoman seen in such parts. Mr. Bell wore Don Bolero's clothes and was a ten amusing in his own peculiar way. The other parts, with the exception of Marasquin, were taken satisfactorily, and Pedro and Paquita, who usually pain an audience, were, last evening, welcome apparitions. The chorus and orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Julian Edwards, did good work, although the pirate's chorus was for once ineffective. In the second act a "Cachuca" ballet was led by Miss Lillian Thurgate. The operetta is handsomely mounted.

PHILIP HALE.

This is May Day, once a mighty holiday. It was a day of dancing and singing, of wreathing poles and crowning girls as queens. Milkmaids and poets rejoiced. The nightingale sang, and turtle began to be in season. Nor was the day, nor was the month without superstition and superstitions saws. Mrs. Pepys went down to Woolwich to gather May-dew, which a Mrs. Turner told her was the only thing in the world to wash her face with; but Mr. Pepys stayed at home, and was "contented with it."

There are rhymes in plenty. Here are some:

"A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay."
"Mist in May, and heat in June,
Make the harvest right soon."

The troubadours sang of May and love. There is a quaint, a homely, a pathetic English May carol, that strikes a solemn note.

"The life of man is but a span,
It flourishes like a flower;
We are here to-day, and gone to-morrow,
And we are dead in one hour."

The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light,
A little before it is day;
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May!"

These lines are from a Puritan version of the old carol sung by young men and maidens who wandered about the fields and woods on May eve, returning early in the morning with green branches and flowers.

Even in New England the day was once celebrated. Pagan rites were revived in ceremonies about the be-flowered pole. School children lied them to the woods and returned with blossoms or pneumouia. In truth our climate often frowns on such attempts at jollity. With us May-day is chiefly a day of deliberation over the proper weight of flannels. As the old adage had it,
"Change not a clout
Till May be out."

And yet one old custom might be appropriately observed here in Boston to-day. Formerly, in England, the sports of Robin Hood were imitated in costume on the village green. Why should not the Bostonians resurrect antiquity on the Common? Mr. Frothingham as Friar Tuck, Mr. MacDonald as Little John, Mr. Cowles as Will Stukely could wear easily the fit and proper dress, and Miss Waltzinger is a charming Maid Marian. Perhaps Tom Karl could be persuaded for the occasion to don once more the garb of Robin Hood. Or the merry outlaws might play at their games in the Public Garden, choosing any of the statues as a target for their winged arrows. And beer in the keg would be a substitute for brown October ale.

Open street cars often shut human lungs.

The subway is underground, for a time at least.

They stood on a street corner. The linen of one was shy, and the boots of the other were ventilated. They were discussing economic questions, and the one said to the other, "But I tell you, wealth and money are different things."

Dr. C. A. Bartol, our honored townsman, regards Zola as "one of the greatest novelists and writers of our time." The doctor thinks the French Academy makes a mistake in refusing to admit the perennial applicant: "When they shut out men like him they tend to lower the standard of the academy and to make it something like a simple social club." So, too, the Pope of Rome is disgusted at the Jesuits of Placentia, who burned lately books written by Zola, and he says, "Instead of burning books they think wicked, it would be better if they would try to write good books themselves."

When a famous hotel like the St. Charles, at New Orleans, is destroyed, the loss is not confined to the building; innumerable associations expire in smoke and flame.

Sir James Stephen knew the value of a short and explicit will. His is as follows: "This is my last will. I give all my property to my wife, whom I appoint sole executrix."

MUSIC.

The First Piano Recital of Mr. and Mrs. Paur—A Steady Crescendo of Musical Skill and Enjoyment.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Paur gave a piano recital last evening in Steinert Hall. This was Mr. Paur's first appearance as a pianist in Boston. The program was as follows:

Concerto for two pianos (M3).....E. Paur
Mr. and Mrs. Paur.
(a) Variations on a German National Air (op. post.).....Chopin
(b) Two songs without words.....Mendelssohn
Andante and variations for two pianos, op. 46, Schumann
Mr. and Mrs. Paur.
Carnaval.....Schumann
Mr. Paur.
"Manfred," Impromptu for two pianos.....Reinecke
Mr. and Mrs. Paur.

The arrangement for second piano of Mr. Paur's new concerto was played by Mrs. Paur. It could be unfair to judge of the merits of the work from such a hearing, for a second piano, however well it may be played, gives no orchestral effects, and the solo part suffers necessarily from the absence of contrasting color. The impression made, however, was this: That while thematically the work is not of striking interest or beauty, it is well made and shows the thorough musical training of the composer. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Paur appeared to marked advantage in the performance.

But the other pieces for two pianos gave much pleasure, for the ensemble was excellent. There was musical subordination one to the other, and the courtesy demanded by the composers did not become undue deference. Performances of such pieces are not to be of deadly respectability and dullness, and, indeed, the only delight often arises from the mediocrity or other worthlessness of the performance. There is the desire to see how badly the two pianists can play at the same time or alternately, and there is also the desire to see how they can play in the anticipation of a possible and complete breakdown. But, as played by Mr. and Mrs. Paur, the pieces seemed longer an invention of the Adversary, who delights in trying men's souls.

Mrs. Paur displayed again the characteristics shown at her first appearance: earnestness, accuracy, smoothness and musical phrasing. Mr. Paur has apparently richer virtuoso blood. He played more readily, dextrously when it is needed, a brilliancy that is not always free, however, from coldness and rigidity. Yet he can play with tenderness, as was observed in his treatment of the "Carnaval." He was almost always interesting and often wholly admirable. Neither he nor his wife is apparently a gorgeous colorist, but we have had of late in Boston a surfeit of tonal color, and a healthy diet is appreciable after the debauch. There is such a thing as too much melody in piano playing, and vigorous prose, so even well balanced and distinctly it is always welcome.

Domestic musical happiness becomes sometimes musical indiscretion when it is paraded in the sight of the people. Added to musical indiscretion is sometimes an irresistible desire to show the domestic happiness to the audience, from a desire to excite envy, or from a lack of proper and decent reserve, or from the empty wish to let people know that there is no skeleton in the chamber closet. It is a pleasure to state that Mr. and Mrs. Paur appeared together in public as dignified and courteous musicians.

The second recital will be given next Monday evening, and the program will be as follows: Concerto pathetique for two pianos, Liszt, Mr. and Mrs. Paur; Sonata in F minor, No. 23, op. 57 (Appassionata), Beethoven, Mr. Paur; a, Clavierstucke (op. post.), Schubert; b, "Etude," Liszt, Paganini; c, "Schifflied," Liszt-Franz; d, Chat Potouais, Chopin-Liszt, Mrs. Paur; "Don Juan," Fantasia, Liszt, Mr. Paur; rondo for two pianos, op. 73, Chopin, Mr. and Mrs. Paur.
PHILIP HALE.

LAOONICS OF DRESS.

Mr. Edwin Russell, an authority, it appears, on all questions relating to art, has turned his attention to matters of dress, and published his opinions, the result of long observation and study, in the form of aphorisms, maxims, epigrams, or, to use his own term, "laconics." An epigram has been described as a half-truth. Mr. Russell in his laconic utterances is necessarily unable to cover completely a subject, and quotations from his collection will show that when he cries out "Evil" there is at the same time something good which has escaped him.

According to Mr. Russell, "High collars destroy graceful conversation." But is a man without a collar more at ease in society, or is he more brilliant in his talk? The high collar is often of advantage. Did not Dr. Holmes recognize this fact when he wrote these impassioned lines:

"But, O my friend! my favorite fellow-man! If Nature made you on her modern plan, Sooner than wander with your windpipe bare— The fruit of Eden ripening in the air— With that lean head-stalk, that protruding chin, Wear standing collars, were they made of tin!"

"Diamonds decrease in beauty as they increase in size," says Mr. Russell. This proposition admits of debate. Instead of discussing the point, let us think of laconics which carry a more profound meaning; for instance, "A lady is not known by her diamonds," "Diamonds do not go with green peas and a knife," or "A big solitaire does not wash a dirty shirt."

"Jet is wicked." Pray, what does Mr. Russell mean by this statement? And here is he a discoverer. That fascinating writer, J. R. McCulloch, in his "Dictionary of Commerce" gives a glowing description of jet, Lat. *gagates*, in which he speaks of its usefulness as a fuel, and he adds that vessels, snuff boxes, rosaries and necklaces are made out of it; he admits that it is distinguished by its brilliancy and conchoidal fracture, but he denies by implication any overt act of wickedness. The elder Pliny, a mighty learned man in his day, recites a list of the good deeds of jet. The smell frightens serpents. If you write with jet on an earthen pot the writing will never rub out. Jet boiled in wine is excellent for the toothache. Taken with wax it cures scrofula and the king's evil. What! Jet wicked? Go to, Mr. Russell, go to.

"Do not wear selfish clothes," says Mr. Russell. This is excellent advice, if the author of the laconic defines "selfish" clothes as "clothes that have not been paid for;" otherwise the saying is cryptic, as is this: "Dress objectively, not subjectively." As for the laconic, "Large persons should not lose sight of their advantages," there is an easy answer, which is, "They don't." Mr. Russell has unaccountably omitted laconics that must have suggested themselves to him, such as: "It is hard to associate virtue with a red necktie;" "Unblackened boots magnify the feet," and others still more familiar. He should revise his article before he allows it to go into the world in more permanent form.

To I. F.—The g in Mr. Perugini's name is soft, as in gin, and not hard, as in gout.

The Amherst Glee Club will make a musical tour of Scotland and England. In view of the fact that England is sending us constantly her concert singers, it is only fair that we should return the compliment. There are Boston singers now among us who have won renown in London: Miss Marguerite Hall, Mr. William J. Winch, Mr. Max Heinrich and others. Nor must the success of the old Lotus Glee Club be forgotten. The Amherst Musical Association, however, is the first American college club to try its luck in England.

The life saving stations along the Atlantic were closed Monday, and until Sept. 1. Sailors in peril must save themselves. A penny-wise Congress cannot understand why there should be a storm in a summer month. Unfortunately, nature does not regard the actions of legislative bodies, nor do the winds take a four-inch vacation.

Brooklyn erected a statue to Henry Ward Beecher. His wife is obliged to move from her old home because she cannot afford to pay the annual rent of \$800.

A Dutch paper publishes the following advertisement from a disconsolate wife: "Adolphus. Return to your Matilda. The piano has been sold."

Is the story about the loss of Mrs. George Gould's diamonds a case of the ruling passion strong in wedlock? For it is some time since Mrs. Gould left the stage.

Now that the State House is saved, confirmed letter writers to the newspapers will be obliged to find another subject for the exercise of their ingenuity and passion.

■ Brazil has a warm regard for the United States.—[Exchange.]

This is nuts for us.

Senator Turpie, with his "three lies, gross, palpable; three lies basely born, etc.," should take lessons of our old friend Touchstone: he should begin with the Retort Courteous before advancing the Lie Direct.

This is the anniversary of the death of Hester Lynch Salusbury, "the beautiful Miss Salusbury, afterward the wife of Thrale, and again the wife of Piozzi. Though it is many years since she asked questions and wrote books, she is more familiar to this generation than many a neighbor. She was short, plump, brisk, with

a "florid and flourishing entrance" into a room. She tells us that Dr. Johnson once saw her in a dark-colored gown and said: "You little creatures should never wear those sort of clothes, however; they are unsuitable in every way. What! have not all insects gay colors?" But did Dr. Johnson really say "those sort?"

Does anybody to-day read Mrs. Piozzi's "British Synonymy, or An Attempt at Regulating the Choice of Words in Familiar Conversation?" What a singular, stilted, queer old book it is to be sure! There is a page, for instance, on "Drunkness, Intoxication, Ebriety." "An odious synonymy to women and foreigners from climates where the country's warmth needs no additional or facitious fire," says Mrs. Piozzi. Here is a pleasing extract from the same page: "Nor is the brute creation unwilling to participate in the vices of humanity. A game cock will eat toast dipt in strong beer with infinite delight, as feeders know full well, when they instigate the noble creature to his ruin." It is of interest to note in this connection that Mrs. Piozzi's first husband was a brewer.

Coxey's speech from the Capitol steps is now among the great speeches that never were delivered.

The Directors of the Dresden Court Theatre have ordered that "in the performance of drama and opera no call-outs will in future be permitted except at the conclusion of a piece." No wreaths and flowers of any kind must be presented when a recall takes place. This excellent example should be followed in all civilized communities. It is hard to tell which is the more intolerable nuisance, the eucore, or the "floral tribute," which is often prepared carefully by the manager or the husband, real or alleged, of the prima donna, and hoisted into prominence by a trained usher. The enjoyment, for instance, of listening to the Bostonians is marred sadly by the passionate eagerness of the principals to anticipate an encore.

Mr. Hudson and Mr. Howard Walker should remember the lines of Walt Whitman:

"All architecture is what you do to it when you look upon it; Did you think it was in the white or gray stone? or the lines of the arches and cornices?"

By stopping Mr. Emery in his importation of mahogany would not the Mosquito Government sting rather than "cripple" a valuable industry?

It was 136 years ago to-day that a young woman of sporting proclivities bet at Newmarket, England, that she would ride 1000 miles in 1000 hours. She did it in little more than a third of the proposed time.

The presence of the Hagenbeek animals in town reveals the fact that there are young women who would fain add a lion's and a tiger's whiskers to their collection.

So the dividend of the Monte Carlo Company is reduced greatly this year. Is this due to general hard times, or to the exploit of the man in the song who "broke the bank," etc?

Today is the anniversary of the birth of Michael, who for a long time was popularly supposed to have given his name to "Old Nick." Pridaux, the theologian, Kotibug, who was assassinated, possibly for having written that dreary play, "The Stranger." And men died on this day of the month, as Benedict XIV. Psalmanazar, the humbug, and Thomas Hood, the poet of rare fancy. Illustrious names, yet perhaps James Morrison, "lygeist" and pill maker, who died in 1840, was as famous as Pope or poet, historian or humbug. By using two or three pills at bedtime, and a glass of lemonade in the morning, he feared neither heat nor cold, dryness nor humidity, and was always in high spirits. Unselfish man, he sold his pills to suffering humanity, and in ten years paid into the British Government a revenue of £60,000.

"Boxing calls for all manly qualities, and I hold that it is better for a man to stop the insulting talk of a street rough with nature's weapons than to draw a 'gun,' which seems to be the judge of Americans' disputes."

So thinks and says Mr. Peter Jackson. Peter, thou reasonest well! It is the more to be regretted that the ideal "Uncle Tom" made a weak lead by speaking of the "200 years" life of boxing.

Mr. Jackson, at your leisure in the Quincy House, overhaul your Virgil, or, still better, consult the twenty-third book of the Iliad, and you will find there an account of a prize fight, or contest of manly strength, that will make your mouth water and your eyes bug out. You may read there that old Nestor plumed himself on beating in his youth, when he was "young chinn'd," great Clytomedes, Eneus's son, at buffets. Then you will read, if you are so inclined, of the fight between Epeus and Euryalus, which, according to the Greek idiom, was a corker. The prize was a mule, "patient of toil." Epeus seems to have been the Charley Mitchell of his day, so far as boasting was concerned: "Who stands forth I'll burst him, I will bray his bones as in a mortar. Fetch surgeons enow to take his corse from under me." Nevertheless, he did not Euryalus. As Chapman reports the match:

"At length Epeus spy'd clear way, rush'd in, and such a blow
Drove underneath the other's ear, that his neat limbs did strow
The knock'd earth, no more less had he."

It is a pleasure to notice, by the way, that Chapman prefers the heroic "wrestle" to the effeminate, puny, modern "wrestle." And yet how many a doting father has chided his son for the pronunciation "wrestling" as for the act itself.

An editorial article in the Herald of yesterday sneers at Bohemia and speaks half contemptuously, half patronizingly of Fitz James O'Brien (whose name, by the way, is not spelled correctly in the article), George Arnold and Henry Clapp, contrasting them with "men like Mr. Howells and Mr. Aldrich." The article declares "we have no room for Bohemia in the present development of the literary class." But first of all,

the writer of the said article shows clearly that he has no idea of the true meaning of the word Bohemia or Bohemian. Let him turn to the fifth chapter of Thackeray's "Adventures of Philip" and learn of the country which claims Prague as the "most picturesque city in the world." This same Mr. Aldrich once knew the "land of lotoseating, where men call each other by their Christian names, where most are poor, where almost all are young, and where if a few oldsters do enter, it is because they have preserved more tenderly and carefully than other folks their youthful spirits."

Take up the first number of Vanity Fair, which appeared Dec. 31, 1859, a paper written by Bohemians and published by Bohemians in Bohemia. On page 12 there is a poem signed "T. B. A." The title is "At the Cafe," and cafe is without an accent. Here is the first verse:

"We were all very merry at Pfaffs.
Did you think
While I laughed with the rest, just a trifle too gay,
That my mignonette was false, that I buried my friend,
That my castles in Spain had been plundered that day—
Did you think?"

Has Mr. Howells with "troops of friends and the highest satisfactions of life" ever equaled the brilliancy of Henry Clapp that illumined the dramatic columns of the old Saturday Evening Press? Mr. Aldrich is undoubtedly a man of fine taste. Graceful as are many of his verses, has he ever struck such a human note as O'Brien in his "Wharf-rat," "Tenement House" or "Ode to Kane?" Delightful as are Mr. Aldrich's short stories, do any of them surpass O'Brien's "Diamond Lens" or "The Lost Room?"

"We have no room for Bohemia in the present development of the literary class." But it seems we have room for the dude, for the fashion oracle, for the woman of "excel-

lent family" and queer English, for the prig, and for the bigot. Would that there were more Bohemianism in "the present development of the literary class," whatever this last phrase may mean. Bless your soul, man, Bohemianism is not synonymous with drunkenness or any species of disreputable living. Let us remember the charming lines of John Boyle O'Reilly on Bohemia, which the choir will now sing.

THE CHOICE OF A NAME.

There is much in a name, Shakespeare to the contrary. A poem, a horse, a steamer, a yacht, a sleeping car—what demands do they not make on the imagination of the owner. A battle ship may be known as the "Terrible" or "The Destroyer," but neither name would soothe a railway traveler to sleep. A horse may be entered as "Scratch," but many would shudder at the sight of such a word on a Wagner car.

If a choice of names taxes the ingenuity of the namer, the name chosen often baffles the curiosity of the reader. Who was Mand S.? Etruria, Campania, Lucania are intelligible, and so is Apulia; but why Pavia? Is there indirect reference in this latter case to *pavo*, peacock? "Tace, madam," answered Murphy in Fielding's "Amelia," "is Latin for a candle." Or why should Mr. Bennett or the Herreshoffs name the new yacht, the proposed "world beater," *Prunella*? Is there thought of (1) a genus of deciduous, herbaceous plants; or (2) of sore throat, sore mouth, thrush, or neuralgia of the heart; or (3) of the pupil of the eye; or (4) of fused nitre; or (5) of a kind of woolen cloth, otherwise known as *prunello*, a word found in a famous couplet of Pope?

The late Senator Stockbridge owned a valuable horse, Electioneer, and another known as Ambassador. Is either of these names worthy of a noble beast? The horse has been a long-suffering animal. Often the owner has insisted on transferring his own prosaic name to the horse that carries his fortune. He may show his admiration of a politician or a pugilist. Men may bet on his daughter's name. But the Greeks could teach us here a lesson, as in nearly every other walk or occupation of life.

There is an old Greek poem, the "Alexandra" or "Cassandra" of Lycophron, once thought to be the most obscure book in the world, darker even than the works of Hegel or the verses of René Ghil. There is a French edition of this poem, and in the appendix is a list of the names of Greek and Roman horses. And what were some of them? Not Alcibiades, Jr.; not Old Soc; not even Aspasia, Sappho, Lais. But we find Eagle, Sea-bird, North-wind, Lightning, Dapple, Terror, Wolf, Falcon, Crow, Mouse, Speed, Arrow, Flea. Perhaps the most famous horse of antiquity is Bucephalus, bought for \$15,000 even in those days. And why was he thus named? Either on account of his fierce aspect, or because a bull's head was stamped on a shoulder.

How those noble horses were honored after death! The great Alexander conducted the funeral rites of Bucephalus and built a town about his tomb. Or read the epitaph of Euthydicus: "O marble tomb, what holdest thou?—A swift steed.—What is his name?—Euthydicus.—His glory?—He conquered in the races.—How often was he crowned?—Many times.—And who drove him?—Cœranus.—O glory greater than that of demi-gods!"

But to return to names. If the example of the Greeks were to be followed we might name a swift racer Trolley or Volt; and, as an indulgence in Sophoclean irony, the glory of the turf might appropriately be called Messenger Boy.

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MUSIC.

The Fourth Concert of the Cecilia in Music Hall.

The last concert of the eighteenth season of the Cecilia was given last evening in Music Hall. The program included the "Mia Mater," from Dvorak's "Stabat Mater;" "Soft, Soft Wind," Stanford; "Russian Sleighing Song," Delibes; "Come, Fairies, Trip It," Illiffe, a Sanctus by Palestrina; "Cupid is a Wayward Boy," Lloyd; "The Little Brown Bee," Mrs. Beach, and "Hear My Prayer," Mendelsohn.

The program was not one of marked interest, nor did the performance, as a whole, show this excellent society at its best. There was good singing, there was precision of attack, but there was a lack of the brilliancy that is peculiar to the Cecilia in its happier hours. When there was no accompaniment there was a tendency to fall below the mark. No doubt the nature of the program had much to do with the comparative and respectable mediocrity of the performance, and the weather of the last few days has not been merciful to singers. The pieces by Stanford and Lloyd are hopelessly academic, a fustian word for dull, and number by Palestrina was like unto

Miss Anna Muldoon sang Stanford's "Little Red Fox," Sullivan's "Orpheus," and the solos in "Hear My Prayer." She has a voice that would be agreeable throughout were it not that certain tones are of somewhat acid quality. Some things in technique were well done last evening, and she was often interesting. Miss Muldoon has evidently a musical temperament, but whether she is fully prepared at present to sing in concert is another question. She was recalled after Sullivan's "Orpheus" and she repeated the last verse.

Mr. MacDowell played pieces by Bach, Chopin, Albinetti, Liszt, Geisler and his own "Shadow Dance" and "March Wind." He gave much pleasure, and he was twice recalled.

PHILIP HALE.

To-day is the anniversary of the death of Dr. Isaac Barrow, who, over 200 years ago, was an eminent mathematician, a learned divine, and a devoted Royalist. He was a prodigious smoker, as tobacco helped him to think, just as Mr. Erik Jorgenson, who is now in Massachusetts, developed "some of his best ideas" for slaughtering men by means of able guns, while he smoked peacefully a briarwood pipe.

Postmaster General Bissell has practically determined that no saloon keeper can be appointed Postmaster.

Petroleum V. Nasby would have been the proper person to discuss this question with Mr. Bissell.

Mr. Sargent's lunette picture for the ceiling of the Public Library is now on exhibition at the Royal Academy, London. "The picture shows several archæological figures." This bare statement is calculated to throw certain sensitive preservers of Boston morality into convulsions. Let us hope that Mr. Sargent remembered St. Gaudens and did not forget to represent his figures as wearing anachronistic trousers, ulsters, pyjamas, and things.

No screens in the liquor saloons of Marlboro'. Now is a good time to revive the plan proposed by Punch years ago. A large, bulgy, straw man, with stove pipe hat and expansive coat, should be anchored at the end of the bar nearest the door, that thirsty souls may drink modestly, in his shadow, unobserved.

Mr. Francis Wellman, who will marry Miss Emma Juch, is "neither critical nor fond of music." The marriage will undoubtedly be a happy one.

Miss Beatrice Harraden arrived in New York on a ship that passed quarantine in the day. She is described as "an old-fashioned literary woman throughout in dress, appearance and manner." Pray, what does this mean? Is she like Sappho, or Mrs. Behn, or Mrs. Centlivre, or Mrs. Dacier, or Mrs. L. H. Sigourney? And how does a new-fashioned literary woman look?

Many a pin-speared bug is avenged. Secretary Morton has stepped on the Chief Entomologist of the Department of Agriculture.

Gen. Randall, commander of the Chicago wing of the Commonwealth army, does not approve of Generalissimo Coxey's strategic movements near and in Washington. But there were rash Marshals that criticised Napoleon Bonaparte.

According to Truth (London) the correct gown for an unhappy wife on the stage to commit suicide in is white satin, cut very décolleté.

The tramps of the Commonwealth are apparently the happiest when they are bathing or barbered. Is it possible that the caricaturist and the paragrapher have deceived us all for years?

The State House front is "saved," but the work of salvation is not yet complete. Here is Faneuil Hall in imminent danger of burning, and Paul Revere's house in North Square is going to ruin, and the people on the easy side of Beacon Street see in the proposed improvement the abomination of desolation, and these are indeed terrible times.

May 5, 94

The Democratic Senators who are now looking kindly on the Tariff bill remind one of the Oji proverb, "When your father's slave is chopping wood he says it is soft."

They were talking about detective stories, and an Englishman was moved to tell of a woman who, a dozen years ago, was discussing with a lawyer the case of Lefroy, charged with murder. "They cannot possibly hang him," she said, "as there is not a particle of conclusive evidence against him." "Not conclusive!" replied the man of law. "What can be more conclusive than finding the murdered man's watch in the prisoner's pocket?" "Good heavens!" retorted the Englishman.

THE OGALLALLAS.

Performance of the Bostonian's
Opera at the Tremont—An In-
teresting Musical Set-

allallas," an opera in three acts, text
by Allison and music by Henry
Hopper, given by the Bostonians last even-
ing at the Tremont Theatre. The performance
was in Boston. The cast was as fol-

..... H. C. Barnabee
..... Edgar Temple
..... W. H. MacDonald
..... Eugene Cowles
..... George Fox
..... Bertha Waltzinger
..... Jessie Bartlett Davis
..... Josephine Bartlett
..... Lola Hawthorne

or twenty five years ago dime novels
of Indian life were issued
They were devoured by the boys, who
had a horrid joy in reading them furtively in
bed, or at night when they were sup-

posed to be asleep, or, and best of all, in the
room. Behind the covers of a geography
or a size turked "silverheels," or "Mad
the "Death Shot," or "Heavy
ing," or that masterpiece, "Snaky
as." These books were once
used analectically in the old
aid North American Review; some of
were excellent reading; but as a rule the
as one of blood and thunder cheaply told.

was a noble Indian, a comic Indian, a
man of unparalleled ferocity and mean-
There were lovers in captivity, and the
was wooed alternately by Red-man
treasurer. The hero was a dead shot and
in one day more marvelous exploits
can be found in all the ingenious works of
Dumas.

the libretto of "The Ogallallas" is an
fashioned Beadle dime novel, with notes
interlunations by Mr. Barnabee.

and of school girls, under the charge of a
or, falls into the hands of Indians, then
the tender mercy of renegade Mexicans.
are rescues and counter rescues. Each
son in the piece is armed with a nice new
re and a song. There are handsome cos-
mes, and the happy ending to the whole
air need not be described.

Mr. Waller made his music seriously, and it is
to be dismissed without due consideration.
melodic invention and sense of rhythm do
seem to be strongly marked. His phrases
often badly balanced. His sections of
ody are too often jumbled together so that the
show, and his sentences are sometimes
clutic. He is not always fortunate in
for the voice, even when the tune does
way from him and wander at will.

is most ambitious he is
ate the librettist in dullness,
other hand there are effective
ies, a sense of color, although
too partial to gray, a decided feeling for
umentation, although it is at times crudely
sed, and a conviction and musical
sly that gives promise of better work. Mr.
er did not write a comic opera; he wrote
for a serious text, or rather he tried in
music to express that which the librettist
work out in his own term. Some of the
given to the Indians is effective and
ly original. In the first Mexican color
not as successful, for Cardenas's song in
ird act is cheap stuff. Mr. Waller's
is full of contradictions. It does
seem possible that the dreary
e to the third act and the dance in the
ct were written by the same person.
larly worthy of notice are the waltz in
t act and the quartet in the second. The
s a rule, are vague and wandering, and
et in the second act is constantly blinding
ci. The instrumentation, as far as can
red from the performance last night, is at
erouty; there is too much garbling at
times in the wood-wind. But crude as
of this music seems, there is promise for
ture.

Performance ranged from fair to mid-
in a decided tendency toward mid-
ere is one exception to this remark,
Waltzinger was almost always excel-
lently admirable. This is her last sea-
the Bostonians, as who has joined Mr.
Hopper's company. The Bostonians
replace her easily. With more study
greater opportunities Miss Waltzinger
to become an ornament to light opera.

"Hood" will be given this afternoon
2. This evening the cast will in-
clude, Mrs. Davis, and Messrs. Barnabee,
Cowles and MacDonald.

PHILIP HALE.

City hoodlums threw bricks
party and thus inflicted pain-
of course, all wrong, and the
ed be punished summarily, but it
characteristic of human nature
ight of an anachronistic coach
to stir resentment in the breast
able. The feeling is not one
which is a protest against a peen-
d ostentation, aggravated by herri-
d clanking and general turmoil.

of horses pile up, and the indignant
moment, he accepts the in-
conceringly, and moves directly for
off and most conspicuous seat.

many political, social and economic
reached one of Macaulay's descrip-
the youth, George Fox: "With a per-
ter, with the expectation of a labor-
and with an intellect in the most
of all states, that is to say, too
and for liberty, and not suffi-

A correspondent asks the derivation of the
term "bucket shop." The following ex-
planation has been accepted by some: The
Board of Trade of Chicago would not allow
a deal in options of less than 5000 bushels of
grain. In order to catch men of small means,
what was called the Open Board of Trade
began business in an alley under the regular
Board of Trade Rooms. There was an ele-
vator to carry the members of the board to
their rooms, and occasionally a member, if

trade was slack, would call out "I'll send
down and get a bucketful pretty soon," re-
ferring to the speculators in the Open Board
of Trade below. Hence the term "bucket
shop" came to be applied to all grain gam-
bling institutions, and subsequently to un-
authorized offices for other descriptions of
gambling and betting on the markets, the
stocks, etc.

But the symbolist, the man of fantastical
corners, would welcome rather this grotesque,
wildly absurd, incredible transfer of mean-
ing. In Norfolk, Eng., the beam on which a
pig is suspended after he has been
slaughtered is called a bucket. The applica-
tion is easy.

And from this Norfolk custom comes, per-
haps, the old slang, "Kick the bucket," to
die. For the slaughtered pig was hung up
by passing the ends of a bent piece of wood
behind the tendons of the hind legs, and so
suspending it to a hook in a beam above.
But the slang phrase may have had a far dif-
ferent source. By the way, what is the
origin of the parallel phrases, "Stuck his
spoon in the wall" and "Shut his knife?"

The English claim that the bucket shop is
an American institution, but it is known in
England. Witness the late case of a London
outside broker named Grosvenor, who told
his clients to "bull," and then "beared"
himself with their money; and when they
did not pay their accounts, he had the nerve
to hale them before a judge, who, of course,
non-suited him.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The season of '93-'94 is now a matter of
record. There will still be performances of
operetta, and there may be a pianist or a singer
who will insist on appearing in public, owing
to the present deplorable looseness in the regu-
lation of concerts by the police; but the season
is over.

Alexandre Guilmant, the celebrated organist,
played here for the first time Sept. 25.
Although all the circumstances that attended
the performance were not favorable, his play-
ing of pieces by Bach and himself excited ad-
miration and delight. There were, indeed,
some sanguine men who dreamed
dreams and saw visions and prophesied
freely of a consequent mighty and
abiding interest in the organ and organists. But
as far as any such interest was concerned, Guil-
mant might as well have stayed at home and
dressed salads. Organ recitals are, as before his
visit, few and far between, and the majestic
instrument is regarded chiefly as a prop to con-
gregational song. Nor did Guilmant's visit
raise the salaries paid to those who have studied
and mastered the organ as well as to those, who,
amateurs or pianists, amuse themselves on a
Sunday by pulling stops and tapping the pedals
with the left leg after the manner of a boy try-
ing the temperature of water before he wades
out.

Then there came a Welsh choir of hearty,
thick-haired women who sang a few Welsh
tunes, and there were solo numbers composed
by such Welshmen as De Koven and Mascagni.

The Suffolk Musicales started bravely with
the assistance of Emma Eames, who made her
first appearance here in concert Oct. 17. This
series of concerts promised much and gave
little, although Slivinski and Marteau were
heard at them during the season.

De Pachmann is the greatest of the pianists
who visited us. There were the same charac-
teristics that before made his recitals delight-
ful and perplexing; but he displayed in ad-
dition a depth of conception and a breadth of
style that put him easily in the front rank of
pianists of to-day. It is to be regretted deeply
that neither this remarkable player nor Mr.
Marteau was heard with the Symphony Or-
chestra.

Mr. Josef Slivinski descended upon us for the
first time. When Poland was "ploughed by
the hoof of the ruthless invader," the crop
seems to have been largely made up of
musicians; and they and their descendants
have avenged their fair land by invading all
other countries peacefully or hostilely inclined.

Mr. Slivinski was heard with a moderate
delight, akin to that experienced by the weary
of the family when, after a vexatious day,
greeted lovingly by estimable wife and
at spring, who lead him to the dining
with the mutton, respectable and

Wandering singers that were heard at Sym-
phony concerts were Nordica, Eames, Materna,
Blauvelt, Trebelli and Busoni, Mrs. Paur.

Baermann and Max Heinrich also appeared at
these concerts.

To say that all the song recitals were of
marked interest and worth would be to stretch
the truth for the sake of mistaken and mis-
leading courtesy. Those given by Emma
Eames, Miss Franklin, Miss Hall and Mr. and
Mrs. Max Heinrich led easily. Recitals
were also given by Mrs. Cushing, Mrs. Pauli,
Miss Aagot Lund, Miss Carlsmith and Mr.
Woodward.

No notice of Gounod's or Tschalkowsky's
death was taken by the Symphony Orchestra
for the purpose of respect, education or amuse-
ment, but Mr. William Heinrich paid tribute to
the memory of Gounod by organizing a memo-
rial concert at which he sang the "Biondina"
cycle.

Piano recitals were given by Messrs. Mac-
Dowell, Faellen, Nevin, Whetpley, Whelan,
Johns, Foote, Jamison, Mrs. Allen and Mr. and
Mrs. Paur. Miss Ruediger played on a Janko
keyboard.

There were harp concerts and a zither recital.
College glee clubs gave amusement.

These operas and operettas were heard here
for the first time: "Venus," Byrne, Harrison
and Kerker, Sept. 11; "Prince Pro Tem," Bar-
net and Thompson, Sept. 11; "The Alkerian,"
MacDonough and De Koven, Oct. 16;
"The Honeymooners," McLellan and Fuerst,
Oct. 23; "I Pagliacci," Leoncavallo (Tav-
ary Company), Oct. 31; "Gabriella,"
Byrne and Pizzi, Nov. 25; "Tabasco,"
Barnet and Chadwick, Jan. 29; "Princess Nic-
tino," Byrne and Fuerst, March 12; "The Maid
of Plymouth," Greene and Thorne, April 16;
"The Ogallallas," Allison and Waller, May 4.

A two-week season of grand opera was given
at Mechanics' Building by the Abbey, Schoeffel
& Grau Company, beginning Feb. 26. These
singers then made their first appearance in Bos-
ton: Melba, Calvé, Arpolsen, Guercia,
Domenech, De Lucia, Vignas, Ancona,
Dufriehe and Plancon. With the exception of
"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci," no
operas of late years were given, but the en-
semble was so excellent and the principals were
in different ways so remarkable that
the season was eminently successful. Sel-
dom in opera here or abroad is heard such
an excellent orchestra under such experienced
leaders. Where there is so much that was
good it is hard to particularize; but it is not
too much to say that the one great feature of
the season was the memorable performance of
"I Pagliacci," with De Lucia as Canio.

An opera company known as the Tary Company
gave shabby performances at the Globe
Theatre for a week beginning Feb. 26. In
April the "Walkure" and the "Goetterdaem-
erung" were sung by a scratch company of
Germans, under the direction of Mr. Walter
Damrosch, for the benefit of the Boston Home for
Incurables.

Nor must that delightful pantomime "L'En-
fant Prodigue" (Nov. 6) be forgotten.

The Knelsel Quartet concerts were worthy of
the great and deserved reputation of the club.
Smetana's E minor quartet, D'Albert's quartet,
op. 11; Dvorak's "American" quartet and
quintet and Foote's quartet, op. 32, were heard
for the first time.

The Adamowski Quartet gave interesting
concerts. Weber's B minor quartet, and Park-
er's suite for piano, violin and cello were then
brought out.

This season saw the birth of the Boston Trio
Club.

The Handel and Haydn sang H. W. Parker's
"Hora Novissima," Feb. 4, and the work as
well as the performance gave much pleasure.
With this exception, and with that of the tes-
timonial concert to Mr. Zerrahn, the last season
of this venerable and healthy society does not
call for special comment. The yearly perform-
ances of "The Messiah" and Bach's Passion
Music are practically solemn functions; they
undoubtedly move or comfort many people;
but looking at them from the strictly musical
standpoint and not from the standpoint of reli-
gion or business, the lover of music may well
fear that such fetishism will not make in the
end for righteousness.

The feature of the Cecilia's season was the
performance of a mutilated version of Tinel's
"Franciscus," Nov. 24, and the featuro of the
Apollo's season was the production of Nicodé's
"The Sea," a work that provoked discussion
and widely-differing opinions.

If it had not been for the two weeks of grand
opera, the man or woman that regards music as
merely a genteel amusement might with rea-
son have complained of the dullness of the past
season. It is true that it was Mr. Paur's first
year as conductor of the Symphony concerts;
but Mr. Paur does not lend himself
easily to sensationalism. He is not a magnetic
conductor, as the phrase goes; his best charac-
teristics are not such as commend themselves
to those in search of excitement. However, I
discussed Mr. Paur's characteristics last Sunday
in the Journal, and there is no need of repeat-
ing what was said then. For the season is over.

PHILIP HALE.

Another infant prodigy has appeared
above the musical horizon. He is "very
bright," and wishes to read Macaulay's His-
tory and the Arabian Nights.

A SPECTRAL DISAPPOINTMENT.

Mr. Scott-Hall entered into a contract to purchase from the Earl of Abingdon an estate known as Cumnor Place. The Earl's agents told Mr. Hall that the value of the estate was enhanced considerably by the unsubstantiated presence and attachment of the ghosts of Amy Robsart, Vane and Antony, who, when they were in good spirits, enacted the well-known tragedy described in "Kenilworth." But after Mr. Hall entered into possession he could not find a single, solitary ghost; there was no clanking, no groaning, no sulphurous smell. Lo and behold, he found out that his Cumnor Place was not the ghost-embellished estate, but a new, plain, ordinary, unromantic Cumnor Place. Hence his action. The Earl replied that he did not promise to deliver ghosts with the real estate. Mr. Hall answered that he never would have given £2010 for a house let at £40, if he had not expected to secure a valuable lot of departed spirits. Thus stands the record of a case that will be celebrated.

Mr. Hall has good grounds for complaint. Of course no thoughtful person will deny the existence of haunted houses. History is full of them. There was the remarkable case in Athens, mentioned by Piny, the younger. There was the famous house in Cornhill. There was the well-attested story of Vasquez de Ayola in the stately building in Bologna. The early Fathers tell gravely of similar tales. In the literature and the traditions of all nations certain houses are haunted by the presence of spooks, amiable or malevolent.

No old farm house, to-day, in Virginia is without its family spectre, which, in some instances, takes the place of old silver, old furniture, or ancestral portraits. The ghost may be a venerable old lady, who enters the bedchamber and tucks lovingly the clothes about the neck of the guest. Or a red-nosed progenitor may go about at the dead of night offering phantom mint juleps. Or a faithful old servant may be heard rubbing down the hall floor. One of the first families has a first-class ghost. Otherwise the inmates of the dwelling

would be no better than plain people, or in poor white trash.

Mr. Hall is right. The value of an estate at least doubled by the presence of a persecuted spirit. If the house be lonely and isolated, the spirit is worth a dozen bull dogs and a repeating rifle. If the owner be a collector, the ghost is the particular ornament of his collection. If he be puffed up by thought of ancestry, it is a good and a pleasant thing for him to have his boast confirmed by a shadowy great-grandfather, though he may express remorse and thus frighten little children. A man of genuine importance must have a ghost on his estate, even if he is obliged to buy it at considerable expense.

No ghost was ever seen in a flat, and this fact is condemnation enough of modern apartment houses. No self-respecting ghost could even spend a night with any comfort in a flat. He would feel choked; he would dread the tubes that lead to the practical world without. There is no sense of privacy; there is no winding staircase, no turret, no ruined well. In the ordinary flat his presence would be felt by the whole family at once, and he would be obliged to beg pardon for disturbing so many. He could not even sit on the roof with security, on account of clothes line or corporation or private wire. A dweller in a flat is thus denied one of the luxuries of life which is, however, within reach of any poor squatter on an abandoned farm. Mr. Hall knows all this, and when he found out that his purchase did not include historic spectres he had just cause of complaint.

The news of the appointment of an official "agrostologist" to the United States arouses meretricious laughter among our English cousins. After casually remarking that agrostology is the science of grass, the Pall Mall Gazette is moved to say: "In future the more idyllic art of 'Occ. Poets' will warble of the agrostological meads of May, and delight in the placid agrostophagy of the domestic cow, leaving it to the more passion-seared to bewail the unresponsive cruelty of the agrostomous."

Mr. Howells tells us in the May Harper's that he was disappointed in the ocean when he first saw it; which leads an irreverent reviewer to say, "He might add, 'And I didn't think much of the earth, either.'"

Vereshagin, the famous Russian painter, has written a novel. One would be tempted to say, "Stick to your trade," were it not for the thought of the delightful books of Du Maurier.

Mr. Southren, the bellowing and typical anarchist, should be more accurate in his historical reminiscences. Marie Antoinette did not say, why don't they eat "cake?"

An "epidemic of burglaries" needs an emetic of police.

Many missed the Symphony concert last evening and did not know how to spend two weary hours.

May 7 - 94

Harold Frederic rises and remarks as follows concerning Mr. Sargent's work now on exhibition at the Royal Academy:

"Sargent's huge lunette and portion of a ceiling for the Boston Public Library is strangely ugly, and also strangely effective. Hundreds of critics have been breaking their necks for two days staring up at it. Nobody yet has got more than the vaguest idea what it is all about. There are violent masses of gilt hosts, and wild and archaic figures of all the gods of pagandom, old and new, rudely outlined: no color to speak of, and no sign anywhere of likeness to anything Sargent or anybody else ever did before. London waits with restrained curiosity to see what Boston makes of it."

Messrs. Danrosch and Seidl have come to a "peaceful" solution of the German opera program. This being interpreted means that Mr. Danrosch will direct the proposed performances.

America has triumphed again in an international affair. It is stated on trustworthy authority that the straw hat will be worn this summer by conservative English swells.

May 28 - 94

MUSIC.

The Second and Last of the Piano Recitals of Mr. and Mrs. Pauer in Steinert Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Pauer were heard last evening in Liszt's Concerto Pathétique for two pianos, a wearisome thing, and Chopin's rondo for two pianos. They played together sympathetically and well. Mr. Pauer played as solo numbers a posthumous piece by Schubert, a posthumous waltz by Chopin, "Schillied," Franz Liszt, and Chant Polonoise, Chopin-Liszt. She played correctly, and with quiet taste. Mr. Pauer played Beethoven's Sonata appassionata and Liszt's "Don Juan" Fantasia. In the sonata the slow movement was taken at too fast a pace and without appreciable shading. Mr. Pauer plays as though he were an accomplished soloist. He has good fingers and good wrists. His scales are often excellent, but his trill and double thirds are clumsy, and his use of the pedals is frequently an abuse. He lacks apparently a sense of color, and there is almost no gradation between a fortissimo and a pianissimo. The players were applauded liberally and recalled.

"PINAFORE" AT THE BOSTON.

"Pinafore" was given last evening at the Boston Theatre. Mr. N. Lothian was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|------------------------|-----------------|
| Capt. Corcoran..... | D. M. Babcock |
| Ralph Rackstraw..... | Mr. Montegriffo |
| Dirk Deadeye..... | Wm. McLaughlin |
| Sir Joseph Porter..... | Lew Dockstader |
| Boatswain..... | Lon F. Brine |
| Josephine..... | Lucille Jocelyn |
| Buttercup..... | Mabella Baker |
| Hebe..... | Maude Gilroy |

Age has not withered the freshness of Sullivan's tunes, and Gilbert's lines are as witty and satirical as they were in 1878. The audience last evening welcomed the popular work and was generous to the interpreters. There was frequent laughter and there was hearty applause, although the performance was by no means and ideal one. Mr. Dockstader was evidently nervous, and the ensemble was at times lacking in precision, but a few more evenings will undoubtedly put the members of the company more at ease and impart a briskness that was missed last night. Miss Jocelyn sang acceptably, and Messrs. Montegriffo, Babcock, McLaughlin and Brine were heard vocally to advantage.

Mr. Chimes, in his chair at the Porphyry Club, was telling affably of his experiences at the Hagenbeck show. "There was but one disappointment, gentlemen; Hagenbeck has only two educated boars. Why, we have at least thirty right here in the club."

And old Chimes added: "In front of me sat two men of aggressive prosperity and ostentatious evening dress, evening dress that was full to bursting. One said: 'I see Sully opens to-night,' and the other replied, 'I don't care much for Dan or 'The Old Corner Grocery.' I have seen 'em enough.'"

Mr. Chatschumian did not like Chicago. "It impressed me as a modern Babylon, purely a business city, engrossed in things material, while Boston seems possessed by

more culture, refinement and decorum." It may not be impudic in this connection to add that Mr. Chatschumian is "a handsome young man; his manner is modest and charming;" and gold spectacles "give him a scholarly air." It may also be remarked that Mr. Chatschumian evidently knows his business.

The death is announced of Leopold Sacher-Masoch, Pan-Slavist and literary man. It is not unlikely that his name will in a short time be known chiefly by specialists, on account of "Masochism," the strange mental-physical perversion described by Krafft-Ebing. For in the romances of Sacher-Masoch unhappy heroes—ironical term—suffer from this perversion.

This is the festival of the apparition of Michael, the archangel, that has given so much trouble to the commentators on that strange verse (9) in the General Epistle of Jude. Jewish legends tell us that Michael buried the body of Moses; hence the mysterious 6th verse of the 34th chapter of Deuteronomy. The Moslems claim that as Gabriel is their friend and protector, so Michael, or Mikail, is the protector of the Hebrews. Some medieval books represent Michael as weighing souls in a pair of scales, and Daniel was told in a vision that Michael was one of the "chief princes." They that wish to examine the meaning of the text in Jude are referred to Hone's "Ancient Mysteries," page 134, where they will find various information. It is said that the managers of an institution for the encouragement of British talent, "less versed in biblical criticism than in art," offered a prize in the early years of this century to the painter who should best represent the contest over the body of Moses.

L. B.: The first performance of "Pinafore" in this country was at the Boston Museum Dec. 2, 1878. The cast was as follows: Captain Corcoran, J. H. Jones; Ralph Rackstraw, Rose Temple; Deadeye, B. R. Graham; Sir Joseph Porter, G. W. Wilson; Boatswain, J. S. Haworth; Josephine, Marie Wainwright; Buttercup, Lizzie Harold; Hebe, Sadie Martindale; Bob Becket, W. Morris. Mr. John Braham was the conductor.

May 9 - 94

Walter Camp testifies that 75 per cent. of injuries received in foot ball are due to the "nature of the field." The late Artemus Ward made a similar discovery, for when he was once engaged in physical controversy, "the ground flew up" and hit him on the head.

Five barrels of rubbish are all that the law allows, so live within your means.

Here is a novel letter:
"Editor of Medical Department:
"Why does a person grind their teeth while sleeping?" J. F. G.
We can only ask: Does he grind their teeth while sleeping. And if he does, why do they let him—(New York Sun).

It is nearly 16 years since the people of Boston first heard "Pinafore." The operetta is now at the Boston Theatre, and any one who attends the performance may well ask himself was the "What—never?—Hardly ever" joke ever a good one. Gilbert still approves of it, for it is introduced in "Utopia."

There are two Hamlets in town this week, and again there is dispute as to whether the Prince really knew a hawk from a handsaw. If the play were the work of a dramatist of to-day and it were offered to a manager, would he accept it? Would he not say there is too much talk; or might he not object to it as a melodrama? Yet the tragedy, written by Shakspeare for money, and undoubtedly without thought of psychological problem, is popular as a theatre piece; probably because every man thinks he could play the leading part, or at least knows how it should be played, better than the actor cast.

In the march of modern improvements it will not be long before builders will equip houses with telephones, messenger calls, police and fire calls, exactly as they now do with gas fixtures and running water. After that it is to be hoped it will not be a long step to automatic servants.

Having done our duty all winter, and patronized artistic shows, in a little week, or ere we can have forgotten how a symphony sounded, we shall be sitting amid clouds of smoke to reap our reward in beer, small talk and light music. It is the prudent eater that loses not his appetite for a good dessert because the roast and the game were appetizing.

are prejudiced against English news- and condemn them in bulk. Their full attention is invited to the follow- of an incident in London humble he quotation is from the Pall Mall

thlor's worth doing at all, it is worth well. Mr. William Plum thinks his wife beating, so he began three days after age, and has stuck to the system loyally 11 years. Now last Sunday week, our readers may not have been informed, Mr. Plum brought home a friend to dinner. His wife pointed out, somewhat inhospitably, perhaps, that although there was dinner enough for themselves and children it was impossible to make it run to such as did not bear the name of Plum. Mr. Plum thereupon threw the dinner at her—considering how little there was of it this was false economy—struck her, parenthetically assaulted one of the children, and kicked her. Then it seems the menage dropped back into its usual daily average of assault. And then suddenly, all unawares, Plum down he drops into the Police Court for assault. "Can't I kick my own wife if I like?" inquired the outraged Briton with pathetic dignity. He knows now."

Some of the members of the A authors' Club, New York, shied violently at the name of Mr. Archibald Gunter when he was proposed for membership; but have they read his last novel, "A Princess of Paris?" The heroine is Hilda de Sabran, Countess O'Brien Dillon, Princess of Paris, and her opinions and her English are as mixed as her titles. Her neck and arms "gleam with ivory effects," which are only equaled by "the same old tobacco flavor" of O'Brien Dillon's marital salute when he returns from the wars and exclaims, "Madame la Comtesse Dillon" instead of plain "Hilda." And such a novelist, a verbal Hans Makart, the creator of Mr. Barnes of New York, of Mr. Potter of Texas, and of Mr. Pool of Siloam, is commanded to stay outside of the Authors' Club, as Zola is denied a seat in the Academy!

THE APOLLO CLUB.

The Apollo Club gave the fourth concert o the 23d season last evening in Music Hall. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The program included numbers by R. Becker, Gade, Debors, E. Cutter, Jr., Cornelius, Mendels- sohn and Foote. The singing of the club was excellent, and the soloists, Messrs. Parker, Cushman and Denison, gave pleasure. The charming "Gondola Song" by Gade was re- peated, and Mr. Cutter, after his "Jack- rner," was obliged to bow his acknowledg- ments. Miss Currie Duke played the violin. In the latter pieces she pleased by the leading s, own, but she is not yet ready to do justice to more heroic numbers. In the Wieniawski polo- naise her intonation was at times distressingly false. She was loudly applauded and recalled.

up off the grass" is a sign with mean- Washington, D. C.

Coxey says that she is "only able to and the machinery of justice." That re than her divorced husband can do. She satisfied?

on American missionaries are perse- by Turks or Chinese there is indigna- here, and talk of "heathen dogs" and ats of thunder and guns and bloodshed. strikers in the town of Stoneham, s., attack Armenian workmen, the latter called "scabs" and are arrested.

here has also been much indignation in United States over the alleged outrage- treatment of Jews and Siberian prisoners by the Russian Government; and some of more inflammable of our philanthropists, e and female, have cried "On to St. ersburg," and "Down with the Tsar, thearina, the Tsarevitch, the Tsarevna and arism." But John Slavonski, "an inof- sive, hard working Russian Jew," was ven, with his family, from his home by a nken mob. Brick and stones were hurled nst the doors and windows of the teuc- nt. Axes chopped the wooden partitions. Slavonski's baby was hit with a stone, and ay die. And did all this happen in some ussian city, or in a Russian village? O, no! The outrage was committed Tuesday night in the Christian town of Portland, in the State of Maine, where prohibition rules.

We read that at the services held here in ory of Mrs. Blavatsky "her local fol- ower, in the spirit of Chela, attended to the number of 50." Now "Chela" is a term for the prehensile claw of crabs and lobsters, also of scorpions, but it is not likely that the word is used in this sense. It is more probable that it is the Hindu Chela, "slave, servant, pupil, disciple;" here a pupil of oc- cultism. One who goes through the various degrees of Chelaship becomes a malatma, which must be a very pleasant thing.

Certain of the School Committee do not believe in the old round band style of pen- tanship, "with any amount of flourishes." The making of such flourishes is usually at- tended by singular gyrations of the exposed ongue, and this fact has not escaped the notice of acute students of the habits of the human young.

Richard Croker may retire, but he will for the store.

"During the last five years \$18,445 has been spent upon tobacco for the public in- stitutions of Boston." The tobacco must have been of good quality. Were plugs given to the "plugs?" The despondent probably received a finer cut, as "solace," and descendants of the Pilgrims found symbolic comfort in "Mayflower."

To-day is the anniversary of the death of Mme. Récamier. The memory of this beau- tiful woman, who was adored by Kings, Dukes, Princes, Generals, poets and philo- sopers, is now preserved in cold cream.

To-day is also the death day of Richard Wilson (1782), an English landscape painter, who died "neglected, unappreciated. He was accustomed to say that posterity would do him justice, and now (1826) his pictures produce astonishing sums." He was not the last. Wilsons are living to-day right here in Boston.

"Boston the Greater" includes Boston the Less. Let it not include it, as the whale did Jonah. The town of Boston should be al- lowed to be something more than a mere combination railway station—restaurant— shop for the benefit of suburbans.

In the State House near a stairway is painted this sign: "Gents Gallery." It is unfortunately true that there are "gents" in town, and perhaps it is right that a gallery should be set apart for their use. But should not men have also a gallery?

"Gent" has been defined as a contraction of gentleman—in more senses than one. There are restaurants patronized by "gents;" at least they are invited within by name. Then there are "gents cafes," in which the word "cafe" is made to rhyme with "safe." Tailors recognize this species of mankind, as Dr. Holmes knew when he wrote,

"The things named 'pants' in certain documents, A word not made for gentlemen, but 'gents.'"

But the Commonwealth of Massachusetts should not give the word official sanction.

So, too, the word "lady" is now, through absurd misuse, almost a term of reproach. It was Walt Whitman, who, in "Democratic Vistas" spoke of the "daze, this fossil and unhealthy air which hangs about the word Lady."

So Walt Whitman suffers alike with Brown- ing. There is to be an "International W. W. Society" with essays and papers and elucida- tions and expositions and annual dues. There will be a charter and a President, and five Vice Presidents and ten Directors. Poor Walt! Can they not read you aright? Do they not remember your words:

"No shuttered room or school can commune with me, But roughs and little children better than they."

Tip, the man-killing elephant—he has a record of seven murders and four dangerous assaults—is to be put to death in Central Park, and there is debate as to the best method of execution. There are other ways of killing an elephant than by choking it with butter.

A juryman in New Bedford is so deaf that he did not hear of a proposed visit to exam- ine machinery, and he did not turn up at the appointed time. It will be remembered that Judge Bridlegoose in Rabelais finally be- came so blind that he could not distinguish clearly the points and blots of the dice he threw in settling a case, and yet many of his judgments were confirmed by the Superior Court. This juryman might read the facial character of the contestants, and at any rate he would not be swayed by the arguments of counsel.

It seems that there is a young man in town who may do something in music if patrons and patronesses do not ruin him with flattery. An esteemed contemporary gives a sketch of his life, a sketch couched for the most part in passionate phrases. It appears that the young man has "a very dark complexion, black hair and large expressive eyes as black as night, full of expression and sparkling light. . . . His favorite hour for practice is at twilight." The statement that the embryonic genius is "a level headed boy" is a drop to bald prose, but it is reassuring. Gush is not a nutritious diet for growing talent.

Mr. Isaac Zangwill finds beneficial richness in sewer gas, and he predicts that in a more advanced stage of civilization it will be manufactured and brought by pipes to the humblest home. Nor is it unlikely then that it will be found at every well-appointed bar, and there will be trap-openers as well as wine-openers. "Have another sniff with me" will be the loudest outburst of hysteri- cal generosity.

Lovers of books who hardly recognize the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, should ponder the fate of Henry Justice, of the Middle Term, Esq., who was tried in 1736 for stealing books out of Trinity College Library in Cambridge. On May 10 he moved that he might be burnt in the hand and not sent abroad on account of this "unhappy mis- take." He was told that his crime was aggravated by his education and profession, and he was sentenced to be transported to "some of His Majesty's plantations in America" for seven years.

It will be remembered that Puviss de Cha- vannes was proposed as the decorator of cer- tain walls of the Boston Public Library. It is interesting in this connection to note an English criticism of his last work, exhibited in the new Salon at Paris: "Puviss de Chavannes is a painter of whom one desires to speak with respect. Yet what else is there to say of his vast decoration for the Hotel de Ville than that it is broken in com- position, and chilly, even frigid, in color? The work is not for an instant comparable to the masterpieces of the Pantheon or of Amiens, and it is with a becoming sense of fitness that it was hung in a draught."

A STUDY OF BOOTS.

A wise man of France has invented a science which he names "Scaphology." The science is the art of telling personal character by observation of the boots worn by the per- son. "Show me your boots," says the Frenchman, "and I'll tell you what you are." This ingenious discoverer claims that the equal wear of heel and sole accompanies "energetic character, sound business principles, and a capable mother." To him badly frayed toes are the sure indication of roguishness.

Unfortunately for the gratification of curiosity, the inventor as yet has not dis- closed fully his scheme, nor is there any complete and trustworthy treatise on Scaphology, as there is on palmistry, or as Cardan's book on the art of understanding men by the wrinkles of the foreheads. In the absence of any such treatise, hints and suggestions may be welcome to serve in the completion of the needed book; but, stay—is such a science possible?

For is there any inflexible law concerning the wearing of boots as concerning the tides or the return of a comet? The Frenchman

may say, if a man wears congress gaiters, he is either fat or lazy; but thin men and brisk men are seen with these very boots. We know the evil significance found by Edgar, son of Gloster, in creaking shoes, but is not a congregation often disturbed by the en- trance of a worthy member whose shoes cry out along the aisle? Is the man of patent leathers always a dude; or is the man of un- blacked boots always a coarse slob; may he not be a scientist whose head is in the stars, and whose feet are in the gutter, like the philosopher of old? Should we look askew at cloth slippers, embroidered with a dog's head or a rose? Is not the wearer often a hero, a Bayard, who wears them, that a fond and misguided sister or wife may not be grieved by a silent reflection on her taste? Leg-boots are often the sign of a solid Westerner who has lands and beeves.

It is to be feared that the learned French- man has not taken into due consideration the influence of fashion. The first wearer of russets was undoubtedly looked on with sus- picion as frivolous. Some laugh at cork soles, but the ancient Romans wore them, especially in winter. Shoe buckles were the proper thing in England before Queen Mary, and be-diamonded buckles even now grace occasionally the feet of women. Some would abolish "rights and leits," which are of huge antiquity. High heels are an ancient abomination. Men were once as apparently coquettish in their foot dress as were women. The toes of shoes in the time of Charles VI. of France were turned up like old-fashioned skates; the toes, or tips, of the common peo- ple were half a foot long; "by wealthy peo- ple a foot, and by Princes two foot." Stern men may follow a foppish custom that they may not seem singular.

Or would the Frenchman claim that a small-footed woman is necessarily vain, as some believe that all large-mouthed are generous? Did the gay Rhodope's little shoe charm King Psammithelus when the eagle dropped it in his lap? Equally lucky was patient and sobor Cindorella. The slayer of Holofernes had twinkling feet, and Solomon, as well as Restif de la Bretonne and the hundreds observed by Binet, have ecstasized over beautiful "feet with shoes." The Frenchman might as well say that the early Californian who preferred a death with his boots on was a coward.

Let us consider for a moment a singular abuse of language. It is a fashion now to speak of Mr. Swett as an "artist," and of Miss Sweet as an "artiste," and thus grammatical tribute is paid to sex. Now the word "artiste" in English, as in French, is both masculine and feminine. Mr. Swett, the accomplished thunderer at the piano, is an "artiste" and Miss Sweet is an "artist," so far as any distinction of sex is concerned. But nine out of ten who employ these words believe that "artiste" is distinctly and distinctively feminine.

The word "artiste" was introduced into the English language in consequence of "the modern tendency to restrict 'artist' to those engaged in the fine arts, and especially painting." Artiste means a public performer who appeals to the æsthetic faculties, as a professional singer, dancer, etc., also one who makes a "fine art" of his employment, as an artistic cook, hairdresser, etc.

If you wish to be very particular in designating sex, why not say "artistess," as did Horace Walpole a century ago? But Charlotte Brontë knew no such nonsense. In "Villatte" we find the sentence, "He told me his opinion of the actress; he judged her as a woman, not an artist."

There is the same mistake in regard to the words "violinist" and "violiniste." The latter word is French, not English, and it is both masculine and feminine. But how often, in English, is a male fiddler called a violinist and a female fiddler called a violiniste!

The word artist is applied loosely, yes, recklessly. Of course, here in Boston every man, woman, or child who sings, paints, or plays is an artist, in a complimentary sense. One may fiddle better than another, one may not sing as well as another, but all are artists. This enviable condition reminds one of the old story about whisky: "There is no bad whisky."

"A giant hand will clutch his heart, his respiration will cease, his limbs will shoot out convulsively and stiffen in an instant and he will totter and fall to the floor, lifeless."—[Local Contemporary.]

This is merely a modern and hysterical manner of announcing the fact that an elephant "will take cold pizen." But the elephant is a sagacious beast.

There is an old superstition that May is a trying month to persons sick with long established or dangerous complaints. Hence these sayings: "He'll never get up May-hill," and "If he can climb over May-hill, he'll do."

This is the season when if a maiden goes into the fields early in the morning and is fortunate enough to hear a cuckoo call for the first time, by taking off her left shoe and examining it she will find inside a man's hair of the same color as that of her future husband. The cuckoo has been heard in Washington, D. C., all winter.

May 13-9

In these days of studies of Western life, New England life, prairie life, etc., etc., a disagreeable reviewer remarks that, written by Harte, Thaxter, Wilkins or Garland, any one of these books might be called justly "A Study in Cranks Anywhere."

The tender-hearted, in deploring the bungling taking-off of "Tlp," the elephant, should remember that in comparison with certain executions where men are the victims, it was a happy and enviable death.

The Chicago newspapers have renewed their old practice of encouraging the "Colts" by abusing them.

ABOUT MUSIC.

As "Utopia" will be produced to-morrow evening at the Museum, let us consider to-day the career of Arthur Sullivan.

Sullivan, the operetta writer, was really first known in this country as the composer of "Pinafore," which celebrated work was first given in the United States at the Boston Museum, Dec. 2, 1878. J. H. Jones was Capt. Corcoran; Rose Temple (Mrs. Jones) was Ralph Rackstraw; B. K. Graham was Dick Deadebe; Geo. Wilson was Sir Joseph; Joe Haworth, who was seen as Hamlet last week, was the boat-swain; Marie Wainwright sang Josephine; Lizzie Harold was Buttercup; Sadie Martinot was Hebe; and W. Morris, now a leading man, was Bob Becket. John Braham was the conductor. I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Frank E. Chase, the brilliant writer on dramatic subjects, known to many by his signature "The Man Who Laughs," for the cast printed above.

The success of "Pinafore" was great, and it exerted a serious influence on the history of light opera in the United States. Opera bouffe, operetta, or "comic opera," terms used loosely, but by no means necessarily convertible, was thought by many, who were fond of music, an evil thing. It was during the season of '87-'88 that "Papa" Bateman brought over a French company with Tostée, Leduc, Duchesné, Iruia, Aujac and Lagriffoul, and gave American audiences liberal doses of Offenbach, perhaps strong doses would be the better phrase. It is true that earlier works by the French master had been sung in this country. "La Chatte Métamorphosée en Femme," for instance, was sung in 1860 by a French company in Philadelphia, of all places in the world. No doubt there were Offenbachian performances in New Orleans—would that there were a history of the opera of that city! But the true Offenbach rage began with the apparition of Tostée. Then followed operettas by Hervé, Lecocq. Aimée delighted thousands. These operettas were heard in English versions sung by English companies. And then there were performances, at first in German, of the earlier operettas of Strauss and those of Suppé. The Gallic spirit of Offenbach and the performers of his operettas shocked many, especially those who did not understand the French views of life and those who judged the operettas by hearsay. If this now seems incredible, remember the outcry raised against "The Black Crook" during its first season; press and pulpit protested against such immorality; and even Olive Logan wrote a denunciatory article in a magazine buried long ago. The orchestra chair in any theatre devoted to the time to operetta was regarded truly as a seat in the pit, and the more sanguine objectors hoped and perhaps prayed for a thunderbolt or an earthquake, or any other destroying perturbation of Nature.

Now, "Pinafore" was first made known to the great public by companies made up largely of church choir singers, and many regarded this fact as a guarantee of good faith and a virtuous performance. Men who had never been in a theatre laughed and beat their sides over the "What, never?" joke and found a fearful pleasure in the "big, big D." Some who were tempted at first to don false beards that they might not be recognized in the theatre saw their neighbors' wives and children and cast off henceforth all doubt from their souls. George William Curtis wrote a delightful paper about "Pinafore" in the Easy Chair. Deacons in good and regular standing found the show to be an innocent amusement. The taste, once acquired, grew. Each one of Sullivan's following operettas was welcomed. The taste became more catholic. Other composers were names to conjure by. The skirts of the church choir chorus girls were gradually shorter and shorter; but the audience suffered patiently the curtailment. The first hearers of "Pinafore" would now undoubtedly rejoice at the sight of Tostée; but she, poor woman, died nearly 20 years ago, broken-hearted at the loss of her daughter.

Many a theatre-goer of to-day became such from enjoying the first performances of "Pinafore."

And yet Sullivan had written amusing operetta music before "Pinafore" swept all before it. Here is the list of his light operas: "Cox and Box," 1867; "The Contrabandista," 1867; "Thespis," 1871; "Trial by Jury," 1875; "The Zoo," 1875; "The Sorcerer," 1877; "H. M. S. Pinafore," May 25, 1878; "The Pirates of Penzance," 1880; "Patience," 1881; "Iolanthe," 1882; "Princess Ida," 1884; "The Mikado," 1885; "Ruddigore," 1887; "The Yeomen of the Guard," 1888; "The Gondoliers," 1889; "Utopia," 1893.

Sixteen operettas in 26 years. Offenbach wrote, between 1850 and 1880, 102 works for the stage.

Some have claimed that Sullivan's popularity is due largely to the wit and the humor of Gilbert, the librettist of the very great majority of his operettas. It is undoubtedly true that he was most fortunate in his librettist, as was Offenbach in the aid of Meilhac and Halévy, now grave Academicians. They played into each others' hands, and the result was a spontaneity as well as a coherence not often found in the history of operetta.

Nevertheless, the humor of Sullivan, peculiar, characteristic humor, was revealed in his first work, "Cox and Box," the text of which was written by Burnand. Witness the "Rataplan," the solo "The Cockchafer Sings," and the lullaby "Hush-a-bye, bacon." Has Sullivan ever written more seriously and with more musical intention zeyer, fresher, better music, music that lends itself pliantly to grotesque fancies and odd turns of speech?

On the other hand Gilbert's librettos, when set to music by others, by Clay or Cellier, have not been so immediately or permanently popular. I do not say that "The Princess Toto" or "The Mountebanks" deserved such swift oblivion; there are delightful things in the libretto of the former, passages of exquisite fooling. I state merely a fact. And certainly popularity is a fair sign of some excellent quality in an operetta, a form of dramatic entertainment which is not to be taken seriously, which should be a worthy excuse for the loosening of the waist-coat. Thus, for example, the thoughtless music lover may look askew at "Erminie" and its popularity; but there are tunes in this same little operetta, and there is music that hits the situation on the stage.

Nor are the operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan of equal worth. "Ruddigore" is a dreary thing, and "The Gondoliers" is something like a verbal and musical pot-pourri, gathered from its predecessors.

Some deny the possibility of the existence of musical humor *per se*. Perhaps it is true that such humor depends solely on an association of ideas; grant the premise; is there not talent displayed in setting the train of thought in motion?

Here is a case in point. The accompaniment of the Grand Vizier's song in Mr. Chadwick's "Tobacco" illustrates the sentiment of the text; as in the harmonic progression after "And seldom know exactly where I'm at;" as in the rising and the falling of the market; as in the hint at "Where did you get that hat?" which follows "I get the shade when others greet the sun." These are examples of genuine and delightful musical humor. Of course, if the hearer is dull of ear he will not see the joke; but even the verbal jester puts some faith in the intelligence of the man who is the subject of jocular experiment.

Now Sullivan has the great gift of humor, as had Mozart, and Rossini and Offenbach, as have the Dvorak of the dance, and the Verdi of "Falstaff," and many humbler Frochmen. Add to this humor an undeniable lyrical gift. His lyrics may sometimes approach dangerously near the sheet music platitudes so dear to the English girl who cannot sing, but tries to sing because she feels it a duty that she owes society; but they are often sweet, simple, pathetic. He has dramatic instinct, limited it is true, but sufficient for the purposes of his librettist. His technique is wholly admirable. He knows the capabilities and the limitations of his singers; he knows the value of an effective as well as "a friendly" chorus, and in writing a chorus or a finale he understands the great value of artful simplicity. How discreet, how clear, how beautiful is his instrumentation! There is no attempt to be heroic in a trifling matter; but the trifle is a masterpiece of trifling. The better operettas of Sullivan are coherent musically. They do not resemble an album of popular songs with here and there an interpolated chorus. There is

a sense of proportion and there is a feeling of inevitable sequence, missed often in works of greater pretension. Furthermore, Sullivan is the head of a school, in which the pupils have followed their master and at a long distance. There is such a thing as a Sullivan school of operetta, just as the music of Sullivan has its indisputable hall mark. He has occasionally assimilated, borrowed if you please, the thoughts of other musicians, but he has presented them clothed in the dress of his own tailoring.

And now comes one and deplores that these gifts have not been exercised with a more serious, nobler purpose. "What a pity that Sullivan did not devote himself exclusively to grand opera, or to the writing of oratorios, as 'Rabab,' 'Jehonathan,' or 'Chelub,' or to the composing of academic symphonies!" Fudge, sir, fudge; likewise, go to! Sullivan has tried his hand at grand opera, oratorio, orchestral works. In such work he showed himself to be conventional, respectable and often dull. Remember that a sparkling operetta is an infinitely greater work than a commonplace, respectably made grand opera.

Operettas as well as grand operas are for the most part the creatures of fashion and the day. An operetta that satirizes a fashionable craze or a local political situation may die with the craze or with the solution of the political problem. It is unsafe to judge of the future of contemporaneous works. But it is not rash to affirm that the name of Arthur Sullivan, if it escapes utter forgetfulness, will be saved by his delightful operettas; not by "Ivanhoe," not by the "Light of the World," not by the fact that he was a Doctor of Music, and was knighted by the Queen.

PHILIP HALE.

A MALE EFFEMINACY.

Science and fashion do all that is in their power to make man a coward. On the one hand he is taught to fear his food: microbes and bacteria lurk in that which was for centuries regarded as wholesome; milk must be sterilized, water must be boiled; the fruits of the earth are but the servants of appendicitis. Everything that has a pleasant taste is therefore suspicious. Adulteration rules from pepper to bread. The innocent cook may be a Borgia. Economy in dress, as shown by the wearing of ready-made clothes, may be rewarded by the pestilence. The street is full of cars, velocipedes, more to be feared than a lion in the way. But why go through the dismal catalogue?

Some claim that the beginning of a return to personal bravery must be the abandonment of some little comfort, artificial and effeminating. Why not begin with a stern putting aside of the umbrella?

The umbrella was for years, yes, centuries, foreign to the genius of the English speaking nations. The thing itself is of tottering antiquity. The old Egyptians knew it, but it was a shade from the sun, and its use was almost always restricted to persons of royal blood. It is true that Romans held it over their heads, but they were weaklings afraid of the sun, theatre-loungers who es-

umbraculum. The world-city knew

in Eastern countries, as in the time of Queen Anne the place of feathers, and men, sought shelter in 1732 that Wolfe—after General—wrote from Paris: "I use umbrellas in hot weather to keep them from the sun, and the same kind to save them from rain. I wonder a practice is not introduced in England." Beaure, Spens and John James were the first who used this protection (ridicule more cutting than the sword, man, the lord of creation, newspaper, and if there is a warrior, he arms himself with an umbrella, though the sun laughs in his face.

Several reasons why the disease by men would be of great benefit: first place the umbrella in countries is still an enemy. It is so from India to Abyssinia, where a mighty ruler is said to have walked the whole earth under the shadow of an umbrella. Surely a good American should shun the appearance of imitating the East. The abandonment of this luxurious article will toughen the system, and make it sensitive to colds and bronchial affections, and after all how little real protection is afforded by an umbrella; the passer by is not run the risk of physical injury from a thoughtless bearer who stabs the air or the weapon as though it were an Indian club. There will no longer be that irresistibly irresistible temptation to theft. There are embezzlers who date their downfall from the day they took neighbors' umbrellas fearing lest they might get wet. How much nobler would man appear in doing and defying the fury of the elements, and sneaking along, struggling with a shield that is the sport of the wind, and a constant anxiety either spread, or bagging after the fashion of the species known as a gamp.

May 14 - 94

Portrait medallion of Jenny Lind has unveiled in Westminster Abbey, and all Mall Gazette, edited by that fine old Tory, William W. Astor, is still in dumps:

She was not English by birth, which is why she is commemorated in our national church. "She could easily be high D in rich full tones," which is why she is put in Poot's Corner. She

her pretty, nor wicked, nor greedy, of conduct, endless charity, unfeeling and a shyness which had not been universally associated with prime reasons, presumably, we put her in the most foolish Philistinism as this excellent woman and we have no greater for our she could reach upper D, and

confessed that the Gazette is early in the right.

"A hump?" is asked by the walls of an Englishman, admitting that he knows the meaning of the "improper question," is moved to parody as follows: "Cochin, non humpum, mutant, qui mare currunt."

is sound doctrine that comes across the Atlantic: "As for the 'fitness of any for exhibition,' the judge is the artist and critic, and not the civil magis-

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is a case that was lately in an English court, and it is of interest to all dwellers in this country. How far can a colt walk before it has eaten yew leaves; and is the owner of a yew tree liable to the owner of a colt which died of eating from the same? Judges decided that nobody is under obligation to remove poisonous shrubs from his hedge or from the neighborhood of a highway by reason of fear that passing vehicles may die. In the present instance the colt trespassed and ate at its own risk; the Judges declared that if it had kept to the master's side of the hedge while it fed, the master was not entitled to compensation. Appeal was taken against this judgment. The case, by the way, that eats yew leaves, dies within five yards of the spot where it was found, although he has been

"UTOPIA."

A Heavy Libretto Lightened by Charming Music.

"Utopia Limited, or the Flowers of Progress," a comic opera in two acts, text by W. S. Gilbert and music by Arthur Sullivan, was produced last night for the first time in Boston by R. D'Oyly Carte's London Opera Company at the Boston Museum. There was a very large audience. Mr. John Brahan was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

King Paramount the First, King of Utopia..... J. J. Dallas
Scaphio..... Two Judges of the Utopian Supreme Court..... Frank Danby
Phanias..... pian Supreme Court..... J. H. Poskitt
Lord Dramaleigh, a British Lord Chamberlain..... Frank Boor
Capt. Fitzbattlease, First Life Guards..... Clinton Elder
Capt. Sir Edward Coreoran, K. C. B. of the Royal Navy..... Mr. Peterkin
Mr. Goldbury, a Company Promoter, afterward Controller of the Utopian Household..... John Coates
Sir Bailey Barre, Q. C..... Percy Charles
Mr. Blushington of the County Council, Buchanan Wicks
The Princess Zara, Eldest Daughter of King Paramount..... Miss Isabel Reddick
The Princess Nekaya, Her Younger Sister..... Miss Aileen Burke
The Princess Kalyba, Sisters..... Miss Millicent Pyne
The Lady Sophy, their English Gouvernante..... Kate Talby

Mr. Gilbert's "Utopia" is "Limited," so are his wit and fancy in this operetta.

There is the same old Gilbertian philosophy of inversion; there is the same old logical reasoning from an absurd premise; there is the same old delight in paradox. But the old spontaneity is no more; the ridiculous promises do not seem so reasonable and right; there is no longer the inexorable logic that leads to an inevitable conclusion. The author brings in characters and introduces them to the audience; they promise rare amusement; they only raise a laugh and either disappear from the stage or lugger without justifying cause. The men from England simply serve at the end of the first act as stalking horses behind which Gilbert shoots his pointed arrows at the audience. In the second act they might as well be Utopians, for their mission is talked about, and with the exception of assistance at the Court reception and the enlightenment of Nekaya and Kalyba, they play but a slight part in the movement of the story. In the first act, after much verbiage, the voice of the Gilbert of old is heard, and the lines allotted the Flowers of Progress are worthy of the author of "Trial by Jury," "Patience," and "The Mikado." But here is a specimen of the Gilbert of to-day, and the specimen is a favorable example of the second act: "Government by party! introduce that great and glorious element—at once the bulwark and foundation of England's greatness—and all will be well. No political measures will endure, because one party will assuredly undo all that the other party has done; and while grouse is to be shot and foxes worried to death, the legislative action of the country will be at a standstill. Then there will be sickness in plenty, endless lawsuits, crowded jails, interminable confusion in the army and navy, and, in short, general and unexampled prosperity."

No, no, Mr. Gilbert: this will never do. People do not go to an operetta to listen to such heavy sarcasm.

It would be strange if there were not good lines in a libretto of 50 pages written by so clever a man as Mr. Gilbert. There are good lines, and they are chiefly in the first act; but they are comparatively few. When Zara introduces Sir Bailey as

"A marvelous Philologist who'll undertake to show, 'That 'yes' is but another and a neater form of 'no,' the hearer recognizes the humorist who amused him some years ago, and he wonders if it is the same man who puts the dull speech about 'an ideal—a semi-transparent Being, filled with an inorganic pink jelly'—into Scaphio's mouth."

The Gilbert of "Utopia" is the Gilbert of "The Mountebanks." The temporary peace with Sullivan may have promoted temporary good feeling and ameliorated a condition of heart. It did not sharpen the wit, it did not fire the fancy.

Sullivan's music is delightful. It is true that he indulges in reminiscences. He quotes deliberately from "Pinafore" and how it artfully was the quotation welcomed last evening. Then there are suggestions of "Trial by Jury," "Patience," "The Gondoliers." In a word, his style is eminently Sullivanian. Particularly worthy of notice are the humorous and laughful dance, the duet of the young princesses, the long song of Lady Sophy, the ironical ditty of the King, and the finale of the first act. In the second act the music is not as distinguished. The song for the tenor, in which he depicts the fact that he cannot do himself justice, the negro minstrel scene, the unaccompanied chorus, the quartette, and the song of Lady Sophy are successful, each in its way. On the other hand the first song of the King, "A King of autocratic power we—" and Goldbury's praise of the "bright and beautiful English girl," are cheap, mechanically and in treatment, and the latter is a deliberate bid for the applause of the unthinking. Perhaps on the whole Sullivan in this operetta did not strike as rich a melodic vein as in the earlier of his famous works, but there is a mastery of expression in "Utopia" that surpasses his former endeavors. In appreciation of the subtleties of rhythm, in the accentuating the intention of the text, in the discreet use of simple and beautiful use of orchestral instruments, "Utopia," if it is not his masterpiece, certainly stands fully abreast of his best operettas. In this operetta is an admirable sense of musical proportion. There is not too great a slant toward the purely sentimental. Nor, on the other hand, is too loose a rein given to the comic element.

Mr. D'Oyly Carte should have sent over a better company. Gilbert's text often suffered from the inability of certain comedians to speak the lines distinctly and intelligently. Miss Reddick, a rather pretty girl with an unpleasant voice and rudimentary ideas concerning vocal art, was a sad offender in enunciation. Nor was there any reason why some of the best lines should have been cut out. Nor was there any reason why the comedians should have tried to improve the original text. Miss Kate Talby was, on the whole, an excellent Lady Sophy, although she once or twice neglected to follow the explicit directions of the librettist. Miss Burke and Miss Pyne were charming as the young girls, and Mr. Coates was not a bad Goldbury. But the thoughts of King Paramount and Scaphio and Phanias did not move in the King

of Mr. Srs. Hooper and Danby were an improvement to the librettist and a serious blemish in the performance. These comedians were playing in an operetta by Gilbert; not in a routine farce-comedy, where facial contortion, clumsiness and athletic juggling and foolish vocal tricks raise a laugh. Mr. Poot-kitt had an absurd part, but there was no apparent need of his aggravating the absurdity of it. The other chief parts were taken by persons of comparatively inoffensive mediocrity. The chorus and the orchestra did excellent work. The operetta is mounted handsomely. The costumes are rich and effective, and the court reception is a feature of the performance.

Some have predicted that "Utopia" would not appeal to Americans on account of its local satire and its local spirit. But the satire and the spirit of Gilbert in his happier days were often local, yet, at the same time, universal. The intelligible and of universal application. The great trouble with "Utopia" is the weakness of the satire and the feebleness of the spirit. Two or three good lines, a burlesque of negro minstrelsy and a gorgeous dress parade do not make an operetta. If "Utopia" becomes popular it will be due to the spirit of Sullivan that may perform the miracle of vivifying an inert mass.

PHILIP HALE.

"Warble me now, for joy of Lilac-time."

Commodore Fyffe has "nearly reached the age limit," but is not many a good tune played on an old fife?

It is a singular proof of perversity in taste that the trimmings of women's hats this summer—the season of the sun, the lusty holiday of nature—must be "morbid" to be in fashion. The most coquettish hat is that which suggests subtly the hearse.

Is there anything more distressing and dreary than a hand organ playing popular airs of to-day? O yes; a hand organ playing popular airs of 20 years ago. There is one in town, and the "Roses" waltz, and "Captain Finks" assume a false gaiety, for they know that they are dead and buried.

Sixteen hundred and eighty-two pilgrims from the United States visited Shakespeare's birthplace during the year ending March 31. According to the Detroit man, they should have hunted in London for the old house where Bacon first appeared.

Here are definitions from a new English dictionary:

Bicycle: Pleasure's treadmill. Ink: A black fluid often used to make black seem white.

Paderevski says that he suffers from insomnia, that he is a martyr to nervousness, that he "goes through positive tortures in playing." Then why does he not stop playing? He already has a fortune. Or is this wail a part of the business?

May 16 - 94

There was laughter here in the divorce court when it was announced that the horse tamer was afraid of his wife, and yet such irony was known to the Greeks and loved by them. Remember, too, that when James in his general epistle wrote, "Behold, we put bits in the horses' mouths that they may obey us; and we turn about their whole body," he also wrote, and in the same chapter, "But the tongue can no man tame."

Another instance of irony is the fact that the two leading comedians, say rather, buffoons in "Utopia," excite laughter by plunging madly into the horse-play that Gilbert has protested strenuously against.

Miss Olive Schreiner, although married, is still Olive Schreiner; for her husband, a man of unusual amiability, has added her name to his, and thus destroyed his identity, or at least become the shadow of a name. Nor will anyone that has read "The African Farm" be surprised at this, remembering the snap-jaw judgments on man contained therein. It was George Moore, whose last novel, by the way, has been treated outrageously by a saucy and malicious circulating library organization in England, who thus analyzed her once famous story: "Descriptions of sand hills and ostriches sandwiched with doubts concerning a future state, and convictions regarding the moral and physical superiority of women."

Miss Sadie Martinot must be in dire distress. The auctioneer has not only knocked down her diamonds and outward trappings; he has exposed her *lingerie intime* to an unfeeling and heartless world.

And now the Gerry society has taken away "alcoholic" candy balls from the little children. Pretty soon New York will be uninhabitable for all except members of the Gerry family.

This is the feast day of St. John Nepomuc, the patron Saint of Bohemia. But this Bohemia is merely the land known to the geographer and the statistician. It is not the Bohemia with a seaport discovered by Shakespeare. Nor is it that larger and freer and more glorious country which allows all beings, provided that be generous and honest,

were they were

And this is the day of St. Brendan, otherwise known as Brendan of Ireland, who discovered the famous island never found again by mortal, although dreamers and merchants and adventurers have sought it anxiously. The voyage is restful. Hope is the steersman. The sails are belled with illusions. You pass the Encantadas, you sight Atlantis, you see in a mirage Eldorado, Cockaigne, and the land of Prester Jehu. The great white whale Moby Dick spouts securely in the distance, for Capt. Ahab is no more; and that ship, that ship sailing against the wind is commanded by our old friend Vanderdecken, who wonders why no sailor will take letters from him to Holland.

May 17-94

The fire excited sympathetically flaming rhetoric. Of course the fire itself was referred to as a "holocaust." It seems that there were "human ghouls" searching among the ruins; truly a rare sight, as your "ghoul" or "ghul" is a demon, and is with difficulty torn away from a tomb, his favorite dwelling place, or ejected from a victim of hydrophobia. It is to be hoped that Vivekhananda Sawmy or Mr. Norendra Nath Dutt will recognize the superiority of the Western article of evil spirit.

When there was a dearth of "human ghouls," "human vultures" were observed to be busy. Nor did the firemen escape hysterical description; they were compared, and indeed ungraciously, to "devils in the pit of Hades."

Yes, there were many ram-shackle houses burned, and the philosopher will argue that the fire will make for the future good of Boston. But of what consolation is such optimism to the poor people now without a home. Even the little trinkets that were burned or lost were of as much value to the owners as are the curios that embellish or disfigure a parlor to the dwellers in Beacon Street.

Firemen are not susceptible to social distinction. They play heroic parts in tenement house, warehouse or mansion. No wonder that Labouchere's Truth praises Detaille for painting the heroism seen at a fire instead of painting the brutal butchery of battle.

New York has shown again its customary courtesy to Boston. Its newspapers complain that "Tabasco" is not hot enough for them.

Lillian Russell believes in rotation in office. The g in Perugini is now pronounced hard, as in gilly and "Git."

The New York Sun claims that there is no verb "replevin," and thus disagrees with the dictionaries, from Walker to the Century.

That modest but profound thinker, Joe Howard, says that we are "in a transitory period." This shows the advantages of education. Common people say "transient."

Seventy-seven years ago to-day there died in England a man named Samuel Jessup. He was a man of more than ordinary ability. In 41 years, he took 226,934 pills, which is at the rate of 29 pills a day. The year 1814 was his comet year, for he then swallowed 51,190. In addition to the pills, he consumed 40,000 bottles of "mixture, juleps and electuaries," but he did not die until he was 65.

Dr. Everett prancing on the floor of Congress and pitching into the West End is like unto the horse in Job: He smelleth the battle afar off.

A New York ice dealer is accused of running a training school for boy pickpockets. His defence will probably be that he needs apprentices in his business.

When Dr. Parkhurst argues from the premise that "there was no voting at Nazareth in the days of Mary" he must anticipate the answer, "They didn't know everythin' down in Judee." But the female suffragist may study with profit such words as these:

"The attempt to transform woman into a female duplicate of man is a farce. If you succeeded in convincing man by your work and by your attainments that the only difference between man and woman was a slight difference in organic construction, you would lose that unconscious tribute which he now pays you."

And the characterization of the present suffrage movement as "an agitation by andromaniacs" is an exceedingly happy one.

May 18-94

The Rev. Mr. Brady's encouragement and welcome to wheelmen may strike some as singular, but his letter is full of sense. People's Church of a Sunday may yet remind one of the vision of Ezekiel. "The wheels also were beside them, and every one stood at the door of the east gate of the Lord's house."

The Piano Recital of Miss Jennibelle O'Neil in Steierner Hall-Dramatic Notes.

Miss Jennibelle O'Neil gave a piano recital in Steierner Hall last evening. The program was as follows:

Sonata quasi una fantasia, op. 27, No. 1.....Beethoven
Nocturne, E flat major, from Sonata No. 2.....Chopin
Rondo, E flat major, from Sonata No. 2.....Chopin
Romance, op. 44, No. 1.....Rubinstein
The King's Hunting Jig.....Schumann
"Carnival".....Schumann

Miss O'Neil has good and flexible fingers, and in certain ways she shows the results of excellent training. She is not, however, ready for performance in public.

Her ambition is beyond her present capacity. It would appear that in her painstaking endeavors to acquire technique she had neglected or lost sight of the spirit of the pieces played last night. Thus, in the first movement of the sonata there was an absence of poetic feeling; there was rigidity instead of a fluid tempo; there was a prevailing loudness that was almost harsh and irritating. This lack of musical feeling was also noticeable in the ethereal nocturne by Field and the passionate romance by Rubinstein. And, indeed, throughout the concert there was little evidence of a sensitive musical nature.

Nor was her technique always adequate to the appointed task, nor was her sense of rhythm strongly marked. One bad habit, that of neglecting to attack precisely with the two hands, should be corrected at once. And Miss O'Neil should remember that beauty of tone should be sought out earnestly, as some toil after virtue. Strength is admirable in its proper place, but it must be the strength that includes tenderness.

Miss O'Neil has no reason to be discouraged; on the contrary she should persevere and, above all, listen to her own playing. There are many pianists, professional and amateur, who can read notes fluently, even when they are arranged in long and involved sentences; but they read without rhythmic swing, without a sense of the plain or subtle meaning, without even an appreciation of the punctuation; and they read with a loud, confident, unyielding, aggressive voice that soon wearies the hearer. Surely Miss O'Neil does not wish to be enrolled in this catalogue.

PHILIP HALE.

"A hot May makes a fat churchyard."

—Cold Saw.

There is at least one man in town whose name is hardly ever spelled correctly in print, and ten to one it will not appear in due form in this paragraph. He is the delightful, the exquisite painter of infinite riches in a little room, Ignaz Marcel Gangengigl. Endless are the variations on this Bavarian theme. Sometimes we read "Gaugengiggle," sometimes it is "Gangengigl," or it is "Gaugengiggle," or it is "Gargengargle." And yet the name is not difficult to remember. There was the musician Jean Mandelaine Schnitzhoeffer, for instance, who wrote on his visiting card, "pronounce 'Guillaume.'"

"William Winter has gone to Europe for rest." It is to be hoped that he will not run across any of the foreign-tongued actors and actresses whom he has so misunderstood and maligned. It would be pleasanter for him to meet his old friend and wooden idol, Mary Anderson.

Corbett is known to the French as a master of facial massage.

Mayor Matthews has "nothing to say" about Mr. Doogue. The flowers speak for the latter.

Probably the real reason of Gilbert and Sullivan's new quarrel is that each blames the other for the cool reception of "Utopia" by the London public.

"Hellgoland" is not an auspicious name for an operetta. An audience may insist on putting too strong an accent on the first syllable.

There's an unusually fine crop of moth-millers this season.

It is thought that over 100 cats perished miserably in the great fire. Was there an effort made to save them, or were they controlled by the "supernatural impulse" that ruined their Egyptian ancestors, if Herodotus may be believed. "The Egyptians standing at a distance, take care of the cats, and neglect to put out the fire; but the cats, making their escape, and leaping over the men, throw themselves into the fire; and when this happens, great lamentations are made among the Egyptians."

This is the anniversary of the death of Perrault, writer of fairy tales, and Ephraim Chambers, the author of a scientific dictionary. The works of the former are fresh and beautiful to-day; the dictionary of the latter is in large part out of date. Such stories as Cinderella and Tom Thumb and Bluebeard are immortal. The science of one century is often the laughing-stock or the pity of the century that follows.

And this is the death-day of the Rev. John Lawrence, who loved gardening, "the most wholesome exercise, being *ad ruborem non ad sudorem*; it is such an exercise as studious men require; less violent than the sports of the field, and more so than fishing." And truly it is a good and a wise thing to be on familiar and friendly terms with Earth, for she will look for you some day and insist that you be her tenant.

MR. C. R. ADAMS'S CONCERT.

Mr. Charles R. Adams, assisted by his pupils, gave an oratorio concert last evening in Union Hall. The program included the first scene in the second act of "Der Freischuetz," Miss Katharine Roche, Miss Ida Butler, Mr. H. W. Koves; the second scene in the third act of "Lohengrin," Miss Grace Gardner, and Mr. Adams; the "Garden scene" from "Faust," Mrs. Frances D. Wood, Mrs. C. C. K. Fish, Miss Edith Br. Ford, Mr. Meriam Bruce, Mr. F. W. Perry; and a scene from the second act of "Il Trovatore," Miss Leonora Cousins, and Mr. Adams.

Mr. Adams was in good voice and displayed to advantage his taste, experience, and vocal skill. Miss Gardner showed present proficiency and still greater promise in the part of "Elsa;" indeed, her performance was worthy of warm commendation.

Mrs. Wood was vocally an admirable Marguerite. Her voice is of good compass. Her tones are even, and of rich, sympathetic quality. Her tone production is excellent. She sings with ease, and without facial or bodily contortions. Furthermore, she displayed from beginning to end an intelligence, a musical understanding that is rare in these days, when amateurs are so apt to spurn serious instruction and rush upon the stage, their vocal performances would have done credit to many professionals who attract audiences and provoke applause. Mrs. Fish and Messrs. Bruce and Perry showed the results of good training.

There was a large and enthusiastic audience. PHILIP HALE.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

A lieutenant in the German army proposes to buy land in the Hawaiian Islands, and if he fails in this he hopes to secure a small island outright. He calls himself a Fruitarian, and he is at the head of a band of men and women who, dissatisfied with modern civilization, wish to escape its evil influence, or, as Schopenhauer puts it, confine their efforts to securing a little room that shall not be exposed to the destroying fire. If they cannot reform others, they will reform themselves. And how do they purpose to kill the old man and put themselves in harmony with righteousness? They will eat nothing but ripe fruit; they will not touch cooked food of any kind; water will be their only drink; they will live in huts; they will give up "the furnishings and comforts of civilization, and they are to eschew all clothing." It is perhaps unnecessary to add that these men and women are described as "sincere and enthusiastic."

It is doubtful whether a diet of fruit will bring calm or exalted happiness. The authorities are here at loggerheads. Many believe that such a diet induces profound, dangerous, soul-wrecking melancholy. Crato and Villanovanus utterly forbid the diet. Mag-ninus says that fruit should not be eaten in great quantity and Nicholas Piso nods assent to this proposition. The people of Fessa were continually sick, because they ate fruit three times a day. And yet others allow the use of ripe grapes, figs, pomegranates and oranges.

Water, as an exclusive drink, is not without danger; it suggests plumbing, which is modern civilization. The eye is apt to be deceived, for the fairest river in Macedonia made all cattle black that tasted of it. Even the Marquesans, simple as was their diet, and before they knew the habits of the white man, drank often, the stimulating juice of the arva root in preference to spring water, and at dinner the calabash was passed around with merriment. Nor did these unsophisticated islanders reject cooked food, in the form of pig, bread fruit or man.

Will absence or eschewance of clothes bring of itself peace to the soul? Alas, History shakes with its head a denial to the fond supposition. There was the sect of the Adamites, described by St. Epiphanius, and wretched was life to them. There were the Monks of Palestine spoken of by Evagrius—"they wore a girdle only; they grazed as the beasts do; they became at last mere brutes." There were the Picards of the 15th century, who thought they were the only free people in the world, and that those persons who wore clothes were slaves; but they plundered country houses and killed about 200; and wretched was their violent death. Remember, too, the miserable enthusiasm of those early Dutch Anabaptists who, in a state of religious frenzy, threw their garments into the fire, and were put to death because they would not cover themselves.

The Fruitarians are not the first to dream of a happy life in some far-off land. The Fortunato Isles are sought by many voyagers—the disappointed, the morose, the hopeful, philosophers and poets and philanthropists; but the islands always lie just beyond the horizon, whatever be the sea. They belong to the Kingdom of Utopia, as does the City of the Sun. Some of the voyagers touched at Brook Farm and tarried for a time. Some, like Coleridge and Southey, meditated a Pantisocracy on the banks of the Susquehanna. Others have drifted to the lands of strange sects. However they all may cut loose, apparently, from the modern civilization, they find that the old problems spring up on virgin soil, nor will a diet of fruit and water prepare suddenly for the enjoyment of an ideal life, chase it as they may, unclothed or in rigorously correct costume. And yet the

dream is pleasant, and in these days of materialism, when so many are "demented with the mania of owning things," the delusion is not without nobility.

These are the days when the provision man or the poulterer is afflicted sorely with heteropheny. He writes down "chickeeu," and he sends out a hen.

And how do you broil chicken when you finally secure it? Do you follow the golden Southern rule?

"Divide your chicken down the back and flatten it, seeing, as you have a heart within you, that no bones are broken. Set it lovingly on a trivet placed for the purpose in a baking tin into which water, to the depth of an inch, has been poured. Cover your tin; bake the sweet offering for 10 minutes or so; take it from the oven; touch it delicately with the purest of pure olive oil, and for another 10 minutes broil it over a good, brisk fire."

It is doubtful, however, whether any white person should be trusted with the broiling of a chicken. The Southern Mammie knows the art, and the chicken is not rebellious to her. Some of those dwelling below the line believe that the North envied the South her broiled chickens, and were willing to fight for the recipe, guarded once so jealously.

Or would you try the French way? Broil the gentle and innocent thing, already quartered; when half done put it in a stew-pan with gravy, white wine, salt and pepper, fried veal balls, onions, shallots, and gooseberries or grapes. As the mixture stews, thicken the liquor with yolks of eggs and the juice of lemon.

So too you may learn of the haughty Spaniard. For he eats chicken cooked in a marmite with rice, artichokes, green and red chillies, and salad oil, and the savory mess is served in the marmite itself.

Or you may try the Dutch fashion. Boil the chicken with rice or vermicelli, spice with pepper and cloves, and add at table sugar and cinnamon.

The chicken, unlike peacocks, pigeons, ducks, geese, teals and pecked fowls, does not breed melancholy, so old Burton, the authority of authorities, declares. You may eat it, therefore, in peace. But it must be a chicken, not a hen.

If Mr. H. W. Parker accepts the invitation of the Yale corporation to succeed Dr. Stoekel, the Battell professor of music, his departure will be a distinct loss to Boston. There have been rumors about his departure for a month or two. In New Haven his labors would not be so confining as here at Trinity; he would have more leisure for composition, and he would enjoy professorial dignity, that is, if he cares for such a thing. Let us hope that this same professorial dignity will not choke the rare spontaneity of his musical thought.

Miss Kate Sanborn spoke entertainingly concerning the wit of women. Now, if the chief element of wit is surprise, as some have claimed, are not women witty in daily action more than in speech? Miss Sanborn, by the way, might well have added to her list Sophie Arnould, the wittiest woman of France, whose "piquant anecdotes, repartees and bon mots" are preserved in "Arnoldiana." They are almost always malicious, sometimes too free for this strait-laced age, but they are well worth reading, unlike other collections of jests.

Opponents in New York of the female suffrage movement, which has assumed formidable proportions, should fortify their courage by the thought of the great speech by M. Porcius Cato against the abolishment of the Oppian Law: "Pray call to mind all the female laws by which our Ancestors have restrained that Sex, and whereby they have made them subject to their Husbands, and yet though they are tied up by all these, you can hardly keep them in order. What if you should suffer them to carp at particulars, and extort such and such things from you, so as to make themselves equal to you; do you think they would be tolerable to you? No, as soon as ever they are equal, they will be above you."

An English newspaper, commenting on gregarious admiration of certain pictures, which is the "very antithesis of artistic appreciation," predicts that the "social columns" will contain paragraphs in this style: "Smart people are taking down their Rossetti's Annunciations now, and are hanging Gainsborough's new Hippopotamus in the place of it. This Hippopotamus is to be the correct thing in pictures this year, and no woman with any claim to be considered smart will fail to have it over her piano. Marcus Stone's new engraving will also be rather chic. Watts's hope is now considered a little dowdy."

ABOUT CLUBS.

Would Those Now Alive Please Dr. Johnson?

A Modest Proposal for an Ideal Dining Club.

No Officers, No Speeches, No Songs and a Plain Table.

Let us dismiss at once as unworthy of favorable consideration any club organized for a specific end, political, social, philanthropic, literary, artistic, religious. No club that exists for the express purpose of ameliorating or reforming the physical or mental condition of mankind, not even the Suicide Club once visited by Mr. Stevenson, can answer the one great definition of the one Great Clubman: "A club is an assembly of good fellows, meeting under certain conditions."

In the catalogue these large societies with houses, owned or mortgaged, with Presidents and stewards, with libraries and poker rooms, with dues and lists of debtors, with hy-laws that were not made for the officers—in the catalogue these things go for clubs. Such organizations were known in the dawn of the world. Livius cites the regulations of an old Roman club; the Greeks had their lounging rooms; and no doubt in Egypt Menu-hotep often sat down to a dinner at the Sarcophagus Club, and feasted on beef, kid, wild goat, gazelle, geese, ducks, wildeons, quails; or he belonged, perhaps, to the Architects' Club; for, as has been finely said, in Egypt "Architecture darkened the sun."

No, Dr. Johnson would not approve of our modern pompous institutions. As a citizen of the world, he would feel it his duty to examine their claims. Then would he wonder at a club where the members plumed themselves on the superiority of the bath, soap and towels. He would understand a club where genteel and inoffensive dandyism reigned, for in his day there were similar societies, made up, according to Horace Walpole, of traveled young men, who wore long curls and saying glasses. He would smile at any band of young or older men to the number of 100 or 400 who swore that they were united by a life-long tie of friendship, for the thought of one club, at its largest composed of 35, to which he belonged, inspired him to say: "I should be sorry if any of our club were hanged. I will not say but some of them deserve it."

George Moore says that this is the genesis of the club—"Out of the Housewife, by Respectability." Do you remember his description of the modern institution? "You can't have a club room without mahogany tables, you can't have mahogany tables without magazines—Longman's, with a serial by Rider Haggard * * *—a dullness that's a purge to good spirits, an aperient to enthusiasm; in a word, a dullness that's worth a thousand a year. You can't have a club without a waiter in red plush and silver salver in his hand; then you can't bring a lady to the club, and you have to get into a corner to talk about them. Therefore I say a club is dull."

"A club is the weapon with which men of leisure kill time," as Frank Chase once said. But this is a mercantile age, and by some a club parlor is an anteroom to advancement. The artist hopes to find a pompous amateur whose ignorant enjoyment of a picture may lead to patronizing purchase. The young physician sits patiently for the bones of practice tossed carelessly in his direction. The embryonic or complete politician plays his game with club checker men. That young man whose chief anxiety apparently is the precise height of a shirt collar modulates the natural rough freedom of his speech and hunts quietly an entrance into society.

Then there are men who look on a club as a respectable hotel where the rates are low.

From the very nature of things a club of even 100 will not contain 100 clubbable men. Probably 75 will be rather dungeonable bodies. So let us turn to dining clubs, where there should surely be good fellowship.

And let no one shudder at the thought of gluttony, which certain philosophers have thought worthy of encouragement, and for these reasons: "Physically, it is the result and proof of the digestive organs being perfect. Morally, it shows implicit resignation to the commands of nature, who, in ordering man to eat that he may live, gives him appetite to invite, flavor to encourage, and pleasure to reward."

But many a dining club spreads a Barmecide feast, or there is the uneasiness of Damocles or the thought of Borgian vengeance.

A dining club that has a mission tacked on to the bill of fare is not a club in Johnsonian sense.

Consider the mockery of such functions. Philanthropists eat heartily and then bewail the condition of the poor at home, or they talk of redeeming India from degradation, or they listen to some glib foreigner descended among us as a wandering meteor with a plan to rescue America from the thralldom of materialism.

Politicians assemble and too often wish the knives of table enjoyment at their neighbor's throats.

Or it is a literary dining club. One member reads a sentimental poem, another delivers himself of a humorous essay, and still another strikes in passionate tones, and with considerable facial expression, of the privilege of listening to such masterpieces—including his own speech. The article read are afterward sent to magazines and generally rejected.

Or it is a dining club of reformers. After the last course, statistics serve as cordials, and a discussion of the tariff is supposed to be a digester.

You, my good sir, are not Ishmael; you belong to several clubs; tell me now, with how many of the genial fellow-members would you really care to dine in close communion, say, next Saturday? You belong to the Polyanthion, for instance. Its roll of membership includes distinguished names, names that are often found in the newspapers signed in protestation or an appeal that is perhaps a nine days' wonder. Out of the 400 members, are there more than 10 with whom you would sit down in the Arabian sense?

A man may be a worthy citizen, an irreproachable husband, reasonably generous, liberally educated;—but you do not wish to join knees with him under a table; nor is his name necessarily Dr. Fell.

As in the days of Dr. Johnson, so it is to-day: your ideal club, that which answers his definition, is a dining club.

It has no house, no rooms rented by the year, no officers, no steward, no regular waiters.

The membership should not exceed the number 12, and the number 9 is better.

No member should be allowed to bring a friend to the dinner, and there should never be an honorary guest, a lion of whatever species, for he is a spectre at the feast.

The dinner should be simple. There should be no made-dishes, no ices, no dessert of any kind. Let it consist of beefsteak, bread and potatoes, or chops with tomato sauce, or a dish of smoking Frankforters with beer from the keez, or spaghetti with Barolo or Chianti, in a North End restaurant. For this club should wander from tavern to tavern.

Alas! here is an obstacle. It is hard to find even a poor resemblance of the ancient tavern, with sanded floor, plain, heavy furniture and shining pewter.

At the meetings of this club there should be no speech. There should be no head at the table. There should be no reading of poem or prose, no experimenting on the assembled dogs; and the mildest attempt at relieving the intellect by such a waste-pipe should be rebuked by prompt expulsion. Any attempt at song should meet with personal violence.

Each member should settle his score then and there. Do you remember that in the famous club which dined at the Turk's Head, Sir John Hawkins once refused to pay his share of supper, because he ate no supper at home? And it was then that Dr. Johnson was moved to remark:

"Sir John, sir, is a very unclubbable man."

The number once established, nine or twelve, should under no circumstances be increased. When death empties a chair, the chair should be filled, if filled at all, by a unanimous vote.

Conversation may be general, or one may sit still, and not be called to contribute; or the club may resemble the Hum-Drum described in the Spectator: It was made up of "very honest gentlemen of peaceable dispositions, that used to sit together, smoke, their pipes, and say nothing till midnight." For the closest communion is social silence. Your true friend sits by you. You know that he is near, and that you can speak to him if you are so inclined. In silence you are happy with him.

And there shall be smoking of pipes if any are so inclined. The fact that in many large-sized and housed clubs the pipe is taboo and the cigarette, with its sickening stench, is not only allowed but welcome, shows the genuine corruption of these pretentious institutions. The pipe, the emblem of peaceful fellowship, banished from a club! Do you remember Queequeg and Ishmael taking alternate puffs from the cannibal's tomahawk as they were in bed together that cold night at the Scouter Inn, New Bedford. Peter Coffin, landlord? Faraway, in Types, held in her delicately-formed olive hand the long yellow reed of her pipe, with its quaintly carved bowl, and "every few moments languishingly giving forth light wreathes of vapor from her mouth and nostrils, looked still more engaging." Or listen to Thackeray as he speaks to Brown the younger at the club: "I have no doubt that it is from the habit of smoking that Turks and American Indians are such monstrous well-bred men. The pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the philosopher and shuts up the mouth of the fool; it generates a style of conversation, contemplative, thoughtful, benevolent, and unaffected." At the same time let us have freedom at this club; the use of the pipe should not be compulsory.

And, last of all, the eighth rule of the Two-Penny Club mentioned by Addison should here prevail: "If any member's wife comes to fetch him home from the club, she shall speak to him without the door."

PHILIP HALE.

At the last performance of Ibsen's "Wild Duck" over a hundred were unable to get orchestra chairs, such was the demand for seats. Ibsen may be a wild duck in London, but he is not apparently a dead duck.

The artistic pride of England has received a deadly blow. The famous cartoons of Raphael are now declared to be copies, and the originals have been found in Russia, so the experts say.

Chap-book is a new name for an old thing, that is, the name is not over 70 years old, and the thing itself saw the birth of Queen Elizabeth. The hawkers or peddlers who wandered about from village to village, spreading pamphlets, and often much mischief, were known as chapmen. These pamphlets sold were popular stories, or ballads, or tracts. Autolycus, unkindly set down in the east of "The Winter's Tale" as a rogue, had chap-books among his wares. There are collectors now who hunt these pamphlets eagerly, whether the tract be in black letter or the ballad be of a scurvy nature. Some of the pamphlets have been thought worthy of republication.

And now in the month of May, 1894, a little pamphlet appears in Cambridge entitled "The Chap Book." Twenty-four are its small pages; there is a poem, hardly a ballad; there are pictures, and of a wild and wondrous nature, pictures that make the on-looker pinch himself, ignorant of whether he sees night fancies, fevered and grotesque; there is a review of a poet by a poet; there is a story; there is a singular article entitled "A Bitter Complaint of the Ungentle Reader;" there are notes and advertisements of books. And all is for 5 cents.

This little chap-book is full of suggestion.

It may irritate the prosaic, who regard books as useful furniture that supply information, and should be kindly treated, as a cow, but who have no passion for them, do not stroke their sides, do not get up of a night to see if the book is there where it was last placed. Or as one of the contributors remarks: "To enter a library honorably is not to go elam-digging after useful information, or even after emotions."

What, pray, would our respected friend Gradgrind make out of Mr. Roberts's poem "The Unsleeping"? Imagine him endeavoring to extract a fact from the very opening verse:

"I soothe to unimagined sleep
The sunless bases of the deep;
And then I stir the aching tide
That gropes in its reluctant side."

What does this mean, sir? Gradgrind could not answer. Does Mr. Roberts know the solution of the riddle? But what has problem or answer to do with such a poetical thought as

"Space in the dim predestined hour
Shall crumble like a ruined tower."

Nor is Bliss Carman's review of Mr. Francis Thompson's Poems couched in conventional phrases. It appears that the said Thompson is "no little wooden Wordsworth; to read him is like chewing sand." The next sentence informs us that Thompson's private life is food for the paragrapher. Leaving comparisons drawn, or, rather, cut, from sarcophagy, we find that Thompson's imagination "has never had its hair cut." The said imagination is a still more baleful quantity: "It dances before him like a jack-o'-lantern and leads his judgment down woful, dark days of flinty diction, where the forlorn reader tolls after him, distraught and out of temper, only to be dragged at last in some ferocious solecism of idiom and good taste." And in another page Mr. Carman complains of the "essentially bad manner of Thompson!"

This little book is entertaining. There is the enthusiasm of youth tempered agreeably with disdain for the commonplace. There is the feeling of delight in color, perfume, and rhythm. There is left in the month of a reader a pungent, fragrant, exhilarating taste, although the tongue may have been pricked for a moment.

To-day is the anniversary of the funeral of Mr. Samuel Baldwin, who 158 years ago, was dropped into the sea off Lynnhington. He was a man of a peculiar sense of humor; for he requested a watery interment, "to prevent his wife from dancing over his grave."

It is now proposed to build "model" tenement houses in the burnt district. The only trouble with such a scheme is that the poor, for some unaccountable reason, are apt to shy at anything that is advertised as "model."

Is civilization always an enemy of nature? The electric lights have killed the beauty of the stars.

Ought we to blame a foreigner for believing that American civilization is a chromo when he might easily read that "Mrs. — and Mrs. —, young ladies prominent in social circles, are en route to Boston on bicycles. Both are familiar with the use of a revolver and ready to defend themselves if necessary."

Even the apathetic and degraded Oj of the gold-coast knows, though unconsciously, the irony of American civilization. Listen to his proverb: "They send an intelligent messenger; they do not send one who is able to walk fast."

A caterer in town is a profound student of human nature. In his circular he recognizes the emptiness or mockery of social functions by beginning thus: "Should your necessity or pleasure cause you to require the services of a caterer."

In a much frequented street the foreign seller of foreign goods, conscious, no doubt, of his own rectitude, does not hesitate to put his name "Bunkio —" on a sign to invite custom. *Absit omen!*

Prof. Bell's investigation of the problem, How to see easily and distinctly at a long distance, say from Boston to New York, will not provoke general enthusiasm. Business trips to the Metropolis and summer separations are now admirable fosterers of domestic faith, and there is nothing finer or nobler than the same faith. The knowledge that the household eye, like the Pinkertonian, will never sleep and will be able to detect all curves, however skillful they may be, will tend to make many a man sneak, even when he is engaged in legitimate transactions.

Every now and then you'll find in a newspaper an itemized bill of fare for a cheap and toothsome dinner, such a dinner as to prevent a man from wandering from his own fireside. One of these bills, headed "Plain Fare," reads as follows:

"Calf's liver.
Boiled rice. Potato balls.
Stewed apples and custards."

Let us not stop to discuss the question of apples, but mark the added recipe for the liver:

Lard two pounds of calf liver, season with pepper and salt, and fry in butter on all sides. Add 12 small carrots, 12 small onions, a bunch of mixed herbs, a glass of claret, and sufficient stock to cover the liver. Boil gently for an hour, and serve at once.

Now the claret seems indispensable.

And the modest clerk or workman should bear in mind that it is false economy to buy claret—or claret wine as it is sometimes called—by the bottle. Import your claret by the pipe, or better yet, by the tun. You will then be always able to season calf's liver; and what remains may be applied directly to your own.

It's time that the spell of sheep-killing weather were over.

For at least two years in Boston there has been a crying demand for protection on the open street car, for something to serve as the gate on the box car. Other cities take better care of their people. On New York open cars a chain is run along through a series of rings on the upright at the end of each seat, so that egress on the left hand side is impossible. It is but a moment's work to unhook this chain and coil it and extend the chain on the other side when the car is at the end of the route.

In Kansas City they have street car luxuries. An electric button at the end of each seat enables the passengers to signal the motorman when they wish to stop. Now, the people of Boston are not asking the West End for this button, or for soap, water and fresh towels on each car, but surely an open car should be protected, so that the passengers may be saved from their own carelessness.

Admirable as is the new Union Depot in many respects, it could be made still more convenient. The doors of egress—the doors that lead from the waiting-rooms to the trains—should be distinguished from the doors of entrance; and in front of the ticket offices there should be railings that would necessitate the forming of a line.

Anglomaniacs should observe reverently this day, as it is the anniversary of the first creation of baronets, 283 years ago.

How the English appreciate and love us! It was only the other day that the Chronicle published this paragraph: "Dr. Smith is a charming specimen of the best type of American, and, indeed, it is difficult to believe that he is not an Englishman."

If a man indulges in a "jag" why should not the consequent remorse be known as the aftermath, especially as the primary meaning of jag is "a small load of hay." In some English countries a jag is synonymous with a bargain.

"Utopia" has not contributed a line or even a catch word to the popular speech of the day.

The more bloodthirsty the lion, the greater the gaping crowd. If Nere should eat his trainer, that is, eat him up and thoroughly in the course of a performance, hundreds, yea, thousands reading of it would be stirred to the very depths of their being, and they would besiege the theatre. You remember the Englishman in one of Sue's novels who followed a show in its travels simply that he might be present at the inevitable accident. He lives to-day and his name is Legion.

You read, dear Sir, or Madam, with a shudder of the cruelty of the days when such a man as Savonarola was strangled and burned; we say Savonarola, because to-day is the anniversary of his execution. But if you were to read in the Journal that next Saturday at high noon a notorious public offender, politician, director in some corporation, or plain ordinary criminal were to be burned at the stake on the Common, just about where the biggest ball game is played; that Gov. Greenhalge, Mayor Matthews, and invited guests, as Vice Admiral Sir J. O. Hopkins, K. C. B., would be present; that appropriate music would be played by a leading band, etc., etc., do you not think that the streets in the neighborhood would be blocked for hours? It is not likely that you will read any such announcement, for cruelty is largely a matter of geography and fashion. Cruelty is comparative. You read of Savonarola and sigh; but you read that "only seventy families are now homeless" on account of the late fire, and you turn unmoved to an article on the beauty of the raspberry or the last discovery concerning the first pie-bakery in town.

Eli Yell won the first game with Princeton. Base ball pitchers need earcaps as much as catchers need masks. Is there not too much of this howling by spectators and coaches? Long ago the Chinese regarded unearthly noises and the making of faces forerunners of victory.

Of course there was a celebration at New Haven after the game, but it was a comparative failure, as only one Freshman was injured, and his injuries are not serious.

So, too, the Sullivan benefit at the Casino Monday night was a sad disappointment. To quote the indignant language of an esteemed contemporary: "The exhibition itself may be characterized as tame—too tame to suit the educated taste of Boston sporting men whose appetites have all winter long been whetted with something very much stronger than friendly bouts with pillows for gloves."

Garner has so much to say about apes that he finds no time to answer Labouchere's "searching" questions about his African trip.

Somebody has discovered that the earliest polonaise tunes are Swedish. The dance itself, then, may be properly called a Swedish movement.

Why do the New York newspapers continue to sneer at "Tabasco?" They now say that Mr. Chadwick ought not to have written "down to a very low level." It must be remembered that the German or Germanized musical critics of New York are really serious in claiming that "Die Meistersinger" is an uproariously comic opera.

The latest English newspapers give interesting accounts of meetings of the National British Women's Temperance Association, otherwise known as the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Association. It seems that all great evils are abolished at these meetings by "a rising vote." Thus the temperance women made stirring resolutions against lynching, and the resolutions were carried by a rising vote. On Miss Willard's invitation women rose to claim votes. And women also rose "to remember those who had gone before." When there was not a general rising the members were weeping on each other's necks, "or embracing each other with every demonstration of affection." No wonder that one newspaper rose to remark: "A little more balance, ladies, and a little more restraint."

Albert Smith was born 78 years ago to-day. In his day he was called a funny man, and people laughed at his jokes. He wrote a lot of books and gave comic lectures; and who this year remembers much about him? Which has the longer, or say the shorter life—a joke or a tragedy?

"Cricket is a rich man's sport," says a contemporary. Because it's an all-day game?

This is the birthday of Queen Victoria, who in the course of her life has probably given away more shawls than have any two of her contemporaries, and yet there is no recorded instance of her thus honoring a Boston man.

They are desperate fellows out there in Colorado. Gov. Waite is talking about his wild desire to "bare his breast" to bullets, and Adj. Gen. Tarsney claims that the blood of Coxe's men will be the seed of a revolution with practical guillotines, thoroughly equipped electric chairs, with sponges and buttons in working order, lamp post zibbets, general, all-destroying flame and fury, and things and things. The old proverb is right: Speech is silver.

A public meeting of the Browning Society is, indeed, a mighty serious affair, a solemn function, and it is to be regretted that any reader, even if he be a "young society man," should so far forget his consecrated office as to smile or snicker during the exercises.

No wonder that he was sternly rebuked by the Council of the Society, and it is a wonder that he was not sentenced to jail for 30 days, with the punishment of a low diet and the task of committing to memory "Red Cotton Night Cap Country."

Such commemorations of Browning anniversaries should be more carefully prepared. A seventh son of a seventh son should be secured, if possible, as the chief interlocutor; and all members, for a fortnight before the meetings, should observe a body-purifying fast, after the fashion of the Turks' Ramazan. If the flesh is weak, the members should even then abstain from gross meat and sensual drink. If the minor poems of Browning are to be read, let them follow the example of Bayes in "The Rehearsal," and "make use of stew'd prunes only," but when there is to be a mind-racking investigation of the longer poems or plays, they should "take physic and let blood."

It seems that a man must pay for a railway car ride even if he is not furnished with a seat. That is to say, you make a contract with a party or with parties; you buy a ticket; if you can find a seat, you may sit in it; but the mere fact that you buy a ticket does not give you the right to attempt to let go of the hot end of the poker.

Too many street and railway companies in the United States care little or nothing about the privileges of the passengers that help their existence; and some take apparently a malicious pleasure in not giving them suitable or even decent accommodation. Now the passengers themselves are largely at fault in the continuance and growth of this evil. They rarely remonstrate. They are too "good-natured," which is another word for "cowardly." They shudder at the thought of being known as "kickers" or "cranks." And so they fall, or in this case stand victims to the intolerable greed of a corporation. Eternal "kicking," however, is the price of liberty.

Mr. William Murphy, the graduate of the Athletic Department of Yale, is suffering. It appears, from the results of education. Mr. Ward of the New York nine realizes the pecuniary drawing power of the educated short stop and does not give him a day off. The unfortunate young man is obliged to take "long railroad rides," and "put in three solid hours work a day." It is not surprising, then, that Mr. Murphy is fast waxing desperate, and is so far forgetful of the dignity of his proud position that he actually contemplates studying medicine or even law.

If women will persist in riding bicycles, why will they not have the courage to wear knickerbockers, the genuine article? Turkish trousers are all very well in operetta, but knickerbockers are frank, simple, and better adapted for riding. They are, as a rule, much more becoming, as some in this city have already discovered. Then, too, the free use of knickerbockers might help in doing away with the ridiculous prudery that is still, unfortunately, an American characteristic.

The report of the closing exercises of the Plumbing School in Parmenter Street is interesting and disappointing. It is interesting to learn that the young students are proficient in the art of making joints and seams. It is disappointing to find that there is no instruction in the art of presenting a moderate bill. Essays might have been read on "Why solder is so expensive" and "The necessity of taking up all the flooring" and "Dispatch in work is a loss to the plumber." The fact that such essays were not read confirms the theory that plumbing is a cryptic science, and that plumbers are bound together by terrible oaths, as were they that took part in the mysteries at Eleusis.

To-day is the festival of many saints; of St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, of St. Aldhelm, of St. Urban, of St. Gregory VII., of Sts. Maximus and Venerand, of St. Dumhade and of all unknown and untitled men and women of saintly life who closed their eyes on the world this day, whether their last look was in a Pacific isle, Eastern desert or New England bedroom.

Great and wondrous are the deeds of saints recorded in the calendar. When St. Aldhelm did not happen to stand near a clothes peg he hung his cloak on a sunbeam. Was he tempted mightily, yes, cruelly? Then would he plunge himself into ice-cold water as high as the shoulders and there would he sing psalms. And other ways of resisting temptation did he invent, ironical in themselves, surely a stumbling block to the majority. And men called him an angel before he died. No doubt he was; and remembering him let us also remember the sturdy line of Walt Whitman: "Three scythes at harvest whizzing in a row from three lusty angels with shirts bagged out at their waists."

The Roseberry finds itself among thorns.

Mayor Matthews should be more punctilious in affairs of etiquette. When a Vice Admiral comes ashore to pay his distinguished respects, the Mayor of the town should be ready to receive him, and not be, like Baal of old, talking somewhere else, or pursuing, or in a journey, or peradventure sleeping. In former days some hearty, fine, bluff old sea-dog would not have brooked the neglect; and on his return to his ship, grog would have been served to men stripped to the waist, and the guns pointed unpleasantly toward the town would have asked flaming questions.

This week's Puck has an amusing editorial article on plays that teach a moral lesson. Here is an extract: "It is only necessary for some hairy crank in Scandinavia or Russian Tartary to get an idea in his head that if a married woman finds out that her husband's great uncle had scrofula, her clear moral duty is to kill all her children and set fire to the house. That is absolutely all that is necessary—that, and keeping away from the barber." Then Puck remarks, "Every play that pretends to teach a moral lesson is a fraud on the public in every line wherein it strays from its strict dramatic purpose." But just where and when did Ibsen claim that his plays were to "teach a moral lesson?"

Mr. Robert Buchanan, a man who is said to be always in hot water except when he should be, has gone and done it again. He came before the curtain the second night of half a play he has written, and gave the audience curious information concerning the private life of a critic who had been unable to appreciate his genius. The Pall Mall Gazette is moved thereby to ask why the critic should not be allowed to make observations on Buchanan's "personal habits, past life, ancestry and so on from his stall." Such an entertainment here or in England would draw, if it were well billed.

The important fact is telegraphed that the newly-chosen dean of Radcliffe College is of "excellent family, as she is the great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin." Now Franklin did not travel much on his family, nor did he on the other hand despise the honorable calling of his father, who was a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler. It is a pleasure, then, to learn that the new dean is a learned, sensible, and refined woman, and in view of this fact that she is an auto-math or autodidact should not be brought against her.

This is the festival of St. Philip Neri, of whom many remarkable tales are told. Sometimes during his devotions his body was raised yards high. He could detect hidden sins by the smell of the sinners, and he himself was so dilated as to his breast by holy love that the gristle which joined the fourth and fifth ribs on the left side was broken, which gave his heart more room to play in. He was the inventor of the oratorio, a species of musical entertainment that is supposed to combine the pleasures of operative intoxication with the honors of spiritual sobriety; and as such inventor he is the patron saint of the Handel and Haydn.

This is the death-day of Mr. Samuel Pepys, who was in the habit of keeping a diary in which he jotted down with impartiality petty actions, foolish pranks, acute observations, accounts of conjugal squabbles in which he was chief offender, and high resolves. Never has there been such an unmasking to the world. It is the more to be regretted that prudery still prevents—even in the new edition—complete publication of the records of this little great man.

"Papa," said young Augustus Purley, "How do you spell nag—with or without a tail?" "Ask your mother," said Mr. Purley in his voice, "she ought to know."

And yet Augustus asked in good faith, although the question was to his father's ears a mockery. Capt. Burton follows the Craven dialect and spells the verb knag, a form that Rev. W. Carr thinks allied to the Scottish snag, to snarl. American writers generally use nag, after the S. E. Worcester-shire fashion, although Jesse Salisbury tells us that naggle is also heard in that district.

A man that swallows a collar button, as did the man in Northampton a year ago, has this advantage at least over him who drops it on the floor; he knows where it is.

Mr. Higginson's letter to Capt. Wiggin is short and sensible. "Cheering to worry an opponent is shabby," says Mr. Higginson, and the thoughtful public says amen. Unfortunately it seems to be the belief among many college students that games are to be won by the lings of the spectators, and that the foe is to be conquered at the expense of decency and fair play.

Marie Tempest proposes to be another Rosina Vokes. Miss Tempest is a young woman of more than ordinary natural advantages, with a marked ability to turn the stage into a teapot for the display of her more violent emotions. Miss Vokes's artistic equipment was larger and fuller.

Miss Tracy won the love of Dr. Woodcock by lacing his boots when he was rheumatically inclined. As Mrs. Woodcock, she will undoubtedly expect the favor to be reversed.

Mr. W. W. Astor is reckless. He has hired Thomas Nast to draw political caricatures for the Pall Mall Gazette, and his paper has the audacity to say to England: "As a nation we are not literary, and we never were, and it will certainly be centuries hence if ever we become so, and it does not much matter whether we do or not."

The discovery that modern dancing is injurious is announced with flourish of trumpets and beating of drums, as though it were new and important. The bill of particulars includes strain on nervous system, late hours, exposure to cold, floating microbes, stomach-shattering suppers, colds, bronchitis, laryngitis, pneumonia, pleurisy, heart trouble, sudden death. But this alarm is an old one, and the details are almost all to be found in old books, as, for instance, in a German pamphlet: "A Demonstration that Waltzing is a chief Source of the bodily and mental Weaknesses of our Generation." This little book of 71 pages was written by Salomo Jakob Wolf; the second edition was published at Halle, 1799.

may 27-94

IN AN INN.

A Rambling Series of Gas-tronomic Digressions.

The Ineffable Glory of Tender, Modest Chives.

"Respect Your Dinner; Idolize It, Enjoy It Properly."

There are many restaurants in Boston where hunger may be stayed, and life nourished. There are huge dining rooms in hotels that boast of miles of water pipe and tons of food. There are eating houses where men may stand as they smoke or they may sit perched in air. There are "ladies' and gents' dining saloons" with all that should go with the title. There are "electric dinners," eaten without doubt at the implied speed. There is even a "Del-montco," at least so a placard boasts. But how many restaurants worthy the attention of the thoughtful are in this city?

There are large rooms, with mirrors, with carpets, with expensive furniture, with electric lights, with endless processions of waiters, with swollen bills of fare, with a mitchiv clinking of ice in pitchers, with confused, huddled, boisterous speech, with a hurry as of running after trams, the crowd is there and ice cream seems synchronous with scow. And here prices are high and the dishes are without individuality. In such a room the privacy of a small table is tumultuous. There can be no concentration of the mind on the great duty and pleasure of dining in a fit and becoming manner. It is almost impossible in such a place to order intellectually and at the same time sensuously. The interminable catalogue of things you don't want confuses the judgment. The waiter, impatient, refuses calm deliberation. And perplexed, discouraged, you order boiled when you wish roast, and you have not the presence of mind to reject the impertinent potatoes, which seem to grow, and before your eyes, on the American dining table in public or at home.

Lot of the national weakness for violent exhibition of doubtful decorative taste, passion for gregarious declamation—are those the characteristics of a judicious, contemplative diner? Let us rather put against "waiters with their hair curled, pheasants roasted with their tails on, and a dozen spermaceti 'candles,'" "simplicity, in modesty, hospitality," and as Thackeray says, "add them up, oh candid reader, and answer in the sum of human happiness, which of the two accounts makes the better figure?"

In a huge hotel there is no genuine hospitality. The hotel may be controlled by a syndicate; the guest is run by an impersonal machine. Or say there is a landlord, a being of flesh and blood; 99 times out of 100 he is invisible to mortal eyes, and he is the man described by Ruskin: "The modern unkeeper, proprietor of a building in the shape of a factory, making up 300 beds; who necessarily regards his guests in the light of Numbers 1, 2, 3—300, and is too often felt or apprehended by them only as a presiding influence of extortion."

Some landlords put their trust in space and splendor; others appeal to economy. There is no reason why the latter should be neglected in this series of digressions. As a nation, we are spendthrifts in food, and we get little in return for our money. There are humble rooms in Boston where plain and cheap dishes are admirably prepared. There is a place in a narrow street, rather a lane, off Washington Street, where fish balls, eggs, coffee and rolls may be obtained most reasonably, and they are much better than in the pretentious hotels. But these simple dishes, even if pie in various alluring and deadly forms be added, do not constitute a restaurant.

And there are restaurants, reasonable, no doubt, and with wholesome cookery, into which the sensitive may not enter. I knew of one with the sign, "Regular dinner for 30 cents." Let us not stop to consider whether an irregular dinner might not have some morbid charm. Regular in this case is probably synonymous with square. But this sign is so managed by an arrangement of strings that it dances deliriously in the window; up it goes, and down it goes, and even the passer-by, though he may not be hungry, is compelled for a moment to watch the sign. Half the customers within are obliged to see it; all know it is there. Willy-nilly they eat in unison with its movements. With each leap food is bolted. Now, in your ideal restaurant all things animate and inanimate should aid and soothe digestion. The symbolist may say that the landlord is his brother; and the jumping sign is a symbol of the chemical action that must follow the inward reception of a "regular dinner;" but perish such symbolism!

There is no more delightful reading than a bill of fare. It may provoke dissent, as does the organ of the political party to which you have long been opposed, or have just left for prudential reasons. It may excite the imagination, it may whet the appetite, it may comfort the owner of a weak stomach.

To judicious readers, then, Thackeray's masterpiece is not "Vanity Fair," or "Henry Esmond," or even "Barry Lyndon," but his "Memorials of Gormandising," contributed to Fraser's. Those sketches should be given as a gift to every bride; they should be learned by heart and with intelligence by all that purpose to appease skillfully and permanently the stomachic appetite of man. No restaurant keeper should be allowed to ply his trade until he is prepared to pass a rigid examination on the contents of the little book before a committee appointed by the Mayor.

How fond great novelists were of describing the joys of eating and drinking. Dickens and Thackeray, Homer and Scott, Dumas, admirable cooks, are only names taken at random. The greatest of English novelists in the opening chapter of "Tom Jones" presents a "bill of fare to the feast" as an introduction to the work. In this degenerate age the heroes and heroines are neurotic, emaciated, scrofulous, without sound stomachs, victims to paresis. No wonder that there is little attention paid by them to table pleasure.

The ancients understood these things better, although, alas, they carried their zeal to excess. Herculaneum alone held 900 public houses. The dining rooms were in the upper story, and thus was a "modern improvement" mocked prophetically. Sometimes in these inns the flagons were changed to poets, a sad commentary on human nature. Perhaps Nero was never so tyrannical as when he restricted innkeepers to the providing of boiled vegetables.

In the time of Charles I there was music at the supper in the inn, and the barn was dearly loved. The landlady sat at table with her guests, and if she had daughters, they sat too and entertained with pleasant conceits. And after supper both men and women smoked pipes to "dissipate the evil humours of the brain."

We have lost much by the abolishment of the quaint names of houses of eating. There is still "The Bell in Hand," but where are the "Pleades," the "Red Lion Inn," the "Admiral Vernon," the "Black Horse," the "Blue Anchor," the "Bull," the "Bunch of Grapes," honored once by Gen. Washington, the "Green Dragon," the "King's Head," the "Lamb," or the "White Lamb," on the sight of the present Adams House, the "Liberly Tree," and others, now gone with the men that ate and drank and talked therein.

Madam, do you know the value, the inestimable value of chives? Mrs. Lincoln, the oracle of many Boston housewives, does not in-

clude the chive in her alphabetical list of things desirable. I do not mean the word used in thieves' cant for knife, which is pronounced as though written chiv or chivy; I mean the smallest cultivated species of *allium*, the *allium schoenoprasum*, truly a high-sounding name for a little thing. An old herbal of the 16th century declares that it is "not of yo

kynde of lekes, but of yo kynde of an vulon." Have you ever used the olive in omelette or scrambled eggs? Do you know the additional glory it lends to a salad? You may see chives as you pass through the market; and do you recognize them with joy, as of one who meets a faithful friend of pungent yet modest conversation? Would that they grew in plots in Copley Square for a season that all might become acquainted with the appearance!

After all, perhaps the finest feast on record is that enjoyed in imagination by Schacabac, the hare-lipped, the sixth brother of the harbor, when he was pressed to eat by the Barnecliffe, whose beard was long and white. There was the goose with sweet sauce, and dressed with vinegar, honey, dried raisins, gray peas and dried figs. There was the lamb fattened with pistachio nuts. There was the ragout with the flavor of amber, cloves, nutmeg, ginger, pepper and sweet herbs, so well balanced that the presence of one did not injure the flavor of the rest. There was the lozenge of musk to aid digestion. And when these things were actually set before Schacabac, ten to one they did not smack so well as the phantom dishes that mocked his palate.

Or read this description of a simple dinner that may be obtained at moderate cost in any decent restaurant of Paris, the Meccæ of good trencher-men. Radishes, "small, roseate, green-leaved," and sardines. Then a light and appetite-pricking *potage au Laitue*. A mystic arrangement of soles, crayfish and mushrooms, with a glass or two of Barsac. Then *Poulet Saué*, and a salad *Romaine* flavored with young garlic. Asparagus follows, and an ice, cheese on a cool leaf, and coffee. Do you know of any place in Boston where such a light and refreshing dinner could be served, artistically and promptly, and without robbery? I do not; not even in the inn to which I most resort.

We read that the Americans eat more meat than the people of any other nation, and our bosoms glow with national pride; but it does not follow that we, as a nation, live better than our European, South American, African, Australian or Asian brethren. You can get a better cooked, better served, healthier and every way more satisfactory dinner in little towns of France than you can in the small societies of the United States and at one-half the price. For us cooking is generally in bulk. So many heads, so much to be boiled, roasted or fried. If you don't like ham, help yourself to the mustard. The landlord would stand aghast if he were told that his obligation to each guest were personal. Nor does he know the value of chives. Do you Madam? You should.

PHILIP HALE.

ON THE PEDESTAL.

Public appreciation of the work of a dead man of large distinction, whether he be soldier, poet, politician or philanthropist, is apt to solidify in the shape of a statue. This appreciation often cools before the statue is cast. The statue may never be raised. There may be a fund; there may be competitive designs; there may be newspaper cuts of the statues as they will eventually look; and there will certainly be many in the latter case who will go about, like the architect Apollodorus of old, condemning the statue, whatever shape it may assume.

The modern sculptor is handicapped seriously by modern costume in his treatment of men of this generation. His task is to subordinate dress or to cause the viewer to forget it. For the average subject is entitled neither to General's uniform, doctor's gown nor pseudo-toga; he wears conventional clothes; his hat is usually a derby or a stove-pipe, and there is not an article of his dress that suggests flowing lines to the sculptor who is requested to turn the commonplace into that which pleases or strikes.

An English newspaper reporter talked lately with three Academicians. They were a sculptor, Mr. Brock; Mr. Fildes, the well-known painter, mentioned in "Utopia," and Mr. Thornycroft, a sculptor. Mr. Brock admits that he does not see "how you can make a coat and a pair of trousers artistic—at any rate in statuary." A century ago the dress of a gentleman, with picturesque coat, knee breeches, stockings, shoes with buckles, was "distinctly attractive." In painting or a portrait bust modern costume does not present many difficulties; "in the case of a statue, dress constitutes at least three-fourths of the whole work."

Mr. Fildes, on the other hand, sees nothing in modern dress that the artist "need vex his soul about." The eminent painter is evidently an optimist. He thinks

Velasquez would have been delighted to paint the costumes worn by English ladies, and a true artist need not shudder at the leveling conventionality of man's attire. "Heaven forbid," says Mr. Fildes, "that the time should ever come when Englishmen with their average amount (or lack) of taste should be allowed a free hand in the matter of dress. Consider the deplorable things one sees at fancy-dress balls. When I think of a smart young Englishman in evening dress, I am fain to confess that the thought of allowing him to follow his own fancy is terrible—it is indeed."

Mr. Hano Thornycroft has a hope—"It is perhaps a vain one"—that the commonplace of to-day will seem picturesque to posterity. And he has the courage of his prophecy, for he is putting Lord Granville in evening dress, and his Sir Stuart Bayley will wear spectacles. Even Mr. Thornycroft shies at the silk hat, and is "sorely afraid that the thing could not be treated artistically at all. In sculpture it could gain nothing, save from the point of view of form, and I believe the most absolute blackness and careful polish are indispensable to a respectable silk hat."

And yet many are best known to-day by the shape or by some peculiarity of this very stumbling block, the hat. Familiar instances are ex-Senator Evarts and Judge Woodbury. The familiar appearance disappears in any artistic modification of costume. What is to be done? In days of more picturesque costume the painter often introduced a purple curtain and a rising thunder-cloud to enhance the glory of the sitter, or a notorious niggard was represented in the act of signing a check. Our sculptors cannot resort easily to such means, and any return to the nude would provoke comment here in Boston. Either there must be a change in costume, and a distinguished man who expects a statue must dress for future fame, or he should show the great indifference of Porcius Cato, the Censor, to the erecting of statues, and remark, "I would much rather be asked why I have none, than why I have one."

A local contemporary is puffing Yates at the expense of Thackeray. It was the nearly unanimous opinion at the time of the famous quarrel that Mr. Yates violated grossly the laws of decency and was expelled justly from the Garrick Club.

When Mounet-Sully wonders at the small houses drawn by him and at the same time calls "The Cid" a "fery play," he shows that he has no sense of humor. To English speaking people "The Cid" is a soporific.

The English show their appreciation of us by constantly urging us to assist liberally in raising "memorials" to their departed. The other day it was Tennyson; now it's Keats.

Coquelin, the playactor, is a man of singular discrimination. As a Frenchman, he will play in Munich, but not in Berlin. And yet Bavarians invaded France.

An English newspaper calls the corset "woman's best friend." This is one of the friends that stick closer than a brother.

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Sunday, even in Boston, is growing more and more like a holiday in the looser sense. And many regret it, and they would no doubt prefer the good old days when it was the custom of Gwrgi, a Welshman at Ethelfrith's Court, to have a male and female Kymry killed for his own eating every day, except Saturday, when he slaughtered two each, that he might not sin by breaking the Sabbath, thinking cannibalism the lesser offence.

This is the birthday of Thomas Moore, of whom George Saintsbury has perhaps said the finest word. "It is not common nowadays to meet anybody who thinks Tommy Moore a great poet; one has to encounter either a suspicion of Philistinism or a suspicion of paradox if one tries to vindicate for him even his due place in the poetical hierarchy. Yet I suspect that no poet ever put into words a more universal criticism of life than he did when he wrote 'I saw from the beach,' with its moral of—

"Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of morning—
Her smiles and her tears are worth evening's best night."

Yawp and yap and yap and other variations are old words, Senator Hill.

"The stately stagge that seemes so stout,
By yalping hounds at bay is set,"
And so "Yap" is a little dog. The heroic form of the word is "yawp," as when Walt Whitman chants,

"I too am not a bit tamed—I too am untranslatable;
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world."
It's a good word, even if it is not in Shakespeare or the Bible.

Ab, the immortal pasado! the punto reverso! a real duel here in Boston! "The manly conduct of principals won admiration," says one of our daily philosophers, guides and friends; but after all the true bravery of the duellists was shown by their willingness to fight near the small-pox hospital.

Revival of "Patience" by the Manola-Mason Company.

"Patience" was given last evening at the Tremont Theatre by a company under the management of Mr. Harry Askin. An audience that crowded the theatre showed the interest taken in the opening of the annual summer season of light opera. Plants and flowers gave the theatre a pleasing aspect. It is to be hoped that Mr. Askin will receive liberal encouragement in his undertaking, for amusement is needed sadly throughout the summer by those who are obliged to remain within city walls.

The cast last evening was as follows:

| | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------|
| Reginald Bunthorne..... | Geo. W. Wilson |
| Arabella Grosvenor..... | John Mason |
| Charles Calverley..... | Wm. McLaughlin |
| Major Murreleford..... | Lindsay Morrison |
| Leunt, the Duke of Dunstable..... | John Lloyd |
| Bunthorne's solicitor..... | Harry Chase |
| Th. Lady Angela..... | Hilda Hollins |
| The Lady Saphir..... | Tracy Fitzgerald |
| The Lady Ella..... | Nannie Morse |
| The Lady Jane..... | Kate Davis |
| Patience..... | Marion Manola |

While the performance was not an ideal one, it gave pleasure. Indeed, it is hard to kill the wit of Gilbert and the music of Sullivan when they are combined, as in "Patience." Some have wondered, perhaps, whether this operetta would outlive the aesthetic craze it ridiculed. Oscar Wilde has dropped the lily and the sunflower, and is now the proprietor of an engraving factory, in which he is the chief workman. But Bunthorne did not die when Wilde, the aesthete, turned himself into a cheap cynic. Bunthornism still exists, although it is not as rampant and aggressive as in the first days of "Patience." And Bunthorne still publishes his poems, and draws pictures, and writes articles for publishers that hunt for the singular and the grotesque. If there had been no Oscar Wilde it is doubtful whether "The Yellow Book" would have appeared this year, and then we should not have had the pleasure of ruzzling over Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's queer designs or of admiring the cynicism of the brilliant essay on Cosmetics. Gilbert's Bunthorne was not merely a caricature of a well known poet.

The fleshly poet is the chief character in "Patience," and how seldom is the part satisfactorily played. It is either dry and rigid, or it is burlesqued or the poet becomes an agile dancer with a topical song. Not an easy part to play; perhaps Mr. Wilde himself could alone have done it full justice. Mr. Wilson was moderately amusing, but his performance was without fine appreciation and without any distinct flavor. Mr. Mason was far more successful in his treatment of Grosvenor. Mrs. Manola-Mason was admirable throughout as Patience. Her conception of the part was Gilbertian; it was consistent from the beginning to the end; it was simple, and sweet and lovable. Miss Davis was an excellent Lady Jane, and almost always amusing by unexaggerated methods.

It was Sullivan who was the chief sufferer in the performance, for there was much false intonation, and, with the exception of Mrs. Mason, there was no singer on the stage that calls for serious attention, although Mr. McLaughlin declaimed his first number in manly fashion. Mrs. Mason often pleased in song, but she has been heard here to her greater advantage. Perhaps the most satisfactory musical number was the First Dragon Chorus, which was delivered with great spirit, and funny and inspiring was the march of these soldiers as they came upon the stage. The orchestra was, for the most part, efficient, under the careful direction of Mr. Julian Edwards. The chorus showed in business the results of painstaking training and seldom are so many pretty girls seen at one time. The sumptuous beauty of the Lady Angela and the exotic charm of the Lady Saphir should not—as, indeed, they could not—pass unnoticed. The costumes were effective, and evidently no pains were spared in the mounting of the operetta. There were frequent and hearty expressions of delight, and Mr. and Mrs. Mason and Mr. Wilson were welcomed again most heartily to the city of their many friends.

PHILIP HALE.

A DOUBTFUL VIRTUE.

One of the sayings of Walt Whitman has long been a stumbling block to his admirers. In the first edition of "Leaves of Grass," as in the latest, there are these lines:

"Do I contradict myself?
Very well, then, I contradict myself;
I am large—I contain multitudes."

And now comes Mr. Hutton with his article on Gladstone in the Contemporary Review, in which he deals with the popular conception of consistency as a virtue, a virtue that is supposed popularly to include morality. He says, "I think it a very much overpraised virtue, and one frequently incompatible with 'integrity of purpose' instead of its natural complement." Again he says, "There are too many Englishmen to whom the desire to learn, and especially to unlearn, error is almost unintelligible, and who regard an upright mind as a sort of organ for professing one unchanged and unchangeable conviction from the earliest maturity to the edge of the grave."

Before the declarations of Whitman and Hutton, Emerson spoke of foolish consistency as the "hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines." And no less a man than Maine in his "Ancient Law" referred to "the doubtful virtue of consistency."

Consistency is often another name for obstinacy or prejudice, and either of these personal characteristics is molded by ignorance or selfishness. Because a man brought up under certain conditions has a well defined set of theories and beliefs at the age of 20, is he necessarily to be applauded because he has preserved the set intact when he arrives at 60? The physical man has changed during that period nearly half a dozen times; his body is constantly inconsistent; is it not possible that experience may modify or upset mental judgments? A man may plume himself on changing the weight of his flannels by the calendar, because he was thus taught in his youth by a semi-barbaric father, and he calls himself consistent. Equally consistent is the Pennsylvania farmer that still votes for Andrew Jackson as a Presidential candidate.

He that changes his opinions is not necessarily a turncoat in politics, art, social relations, or religion. Yet the dread of this reproach makes some men hypocrites. Does anyone think the less of Ruskin because in mature later years he recanted statements of his brilliant, audacious youth? Saint-Saëns was honest enough to declare that his judgment concerning Schumann's piano-quintet was changed materially three times, and for his honesty he, as well as Ruskin, has been attacked flippantly for inconsistency. You might as well reproach a man for not fulfilling his boyish pledge of eating doughnuts three times a day, now that he is rich and independent enough to afford the luxury.

Vacillation is one thing; inconsistency is another. Unhappy is the man who cannot make up his mind in a matter; but more unhappy is he that at the end of a month, or even a week, or even a day, hugs himself, secure in the infallibility of his opinion. Such a one is a petty tyrant, more to be dreaded than a Caligula. To him Janus has only one face; the one made by him, which smiles on him. Facts may turn out falsehoods; the apparently inevitable may vanish as smoke; the impossible will ring the door-bell; that which was once a delight may now be gall; but the consistent man will never turn a hair. And so consistency may be a stumbling-block to society, philanthropy, art, literature; it may turn its prey into an apparently self-satisfied self-tormentor; it may wreck a household or a nation. It is so hard for a man to realize that he is not a fixed individual, but that his life is a hard race between progress and decay.

MAY 29

This is the day of days to the Jacobites of Boston; and there are Jacobites here, who try to look on all important occasions as though they had stepped out from the canvas of Van Dyck or Lely, and yet they are harmless enthusiasts, not without a certain pathos. It is the birthday of that graceless, worthless, selfish, and yet lovable friend of Nell Gwynn, his sublime Majesty Charles II.

And furthermore it is Oak Apple Day, the holiday kept for years in old-fashioned English towns in memory of King Charles's preservation in the oak of Boscobel. There he was, high up in the tree, like a boy stealing apples at the risk of his neck. A famous oak,

"Wherein the younger Charles abode
Till all the paths were dim,
And far below the Roundhead rode,
And humm'd a merry hymn."

And yet, ye queer American Jacobites, the birthday of Patrick Henry is still more worthy of your celebration.

Mr. Pinero's definition of a comedy is subtle and hard to better: "A comedy is a farce written by a dead author."

A skirt divided against itself cannot stand—at least not in El Paso.

The end seats in street cars furnish no end of copy.

The matrimonial chapters in Emin Pasha's life read as though they were designed for Thomas Hope's "Anastatius." But who reads to-day that once famous book attributed to Byron?

The list of men lately knighted by Queen Victoria confirms the impression that in England the title Mr. is a genuine distinction.

Here is comfort for women. In England, as here, the costumes of warm weather lend them gorgeous coloring and the fascination of suggestion; while a group of men, such as we may see on a metropolitan platform on the arrival of a business train, is one of the ghastliest spectacles which has ever desolated the civilized world.

"You're quite in the flats" is an old-time expression for being melancholy, or low in mind. And how appropriate does the phrase seem to the folding Bed-ouins of Boston as hot weather approaches.

The French Bonapartes now claim that Prince Victor thought of sending or did send a challenge to the German Emperor on account of caustic remarks made by the latter about the first Napoleon. Now that war is such an expensive and a terrible affair, why should not all international difficulties, when arbitration fails, be settled by a personal set-to between the heads of the conflicting Governments? Either France or Germany could better afford the loss of Carnot or William, estimable men as they may be, than the financial and human loss that attends war. The duel, if conducted on French principles, need not be a dangerous affair, and even a little blood-letting might be of advantage to the health of the victim. Of course, if this theory were established, rulers in democratic countries would be chosen on account of their physical prowess or familiarity with the use of weapons, and views on tariff and coinage would take a secondary place.

The North End Mafia should understand clearly that the verdict of a jury is not to be overthrown by an appeal to a knife.

Appropriately enough, there is little talk about the National Whist Congress.

Who first discovered that mint went with innocent lamb and fiery brandy?

Richard Croker's horse has won a race. It was undoubtedly well heeled.

MAY 30

In other scenes than these have I observ'd thee, Hag;
Not quite so trim and whole, and freshly blooming, in
folds of stainless silk;
But I have seen thee, bunting, to tatters torn, upon thy
splinter'd staff,
Or clutch'd to some young color-bearer's breast, with
desperate hands,
Savagely struggled for, for life or death—fought over
long.
Mid cannon's thunder-crash, and many a curse, and
groan, and yell—and rifle-volley's cracking sharp,
And moving masses, as wild demons surging—and lives
as nothing risk'd.
For thy mere remnant, grimed with dirt and smoke, and
sopp'd in blood;
For sake of that, my beauty—and that thou might'st
daily, as now, secure up there,
Many a good man have I seen go under."

WALT WHITMAN.

And there are orators with sonorous voices and smug words, spell-binders of high and low degree, who tell to-day of the mighty sacrifices for the maintenance of the Union; but after all there is one short, simple speech that mocks all rhetoric, partisan or patriotic, and that is Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg. And fit and noble reading for the day—as for all American days—is Whitman's "Drum Taps;"—next to Lincoln's speech the supreme expression in words of the hopes and the fears and the mighty meaning and the almost ineffable pathos of the Civil War.

It appears, according to the reports of investigation concerning the Roxbury fire, that there was plenty of water, that there were men enough, and that the mistake of a District Chief was merely "an excess of zeal." It also appears that there was a wave of fire which "swept over without any warning." The fire, then, should be censured severely. Any decent, self-respecting fire gives fair notice of its intentions.

Yale has yelled another victory. It is to be hoped that when the Ellis visit Cambridge, Harvard will give a large object lesson in courtesy to visitors.

There was a great scene at the Casino Monday night. Mr. Peter Maher in the sixth round punched wind out of Mr. George Godfrey and continued his good work, finally delivering a right half-arm jolt on the jaw, which discouraged Mr. Godfrey so that he would fain rest. And then 3000 men yelled and "waved their coats." As a contemporary puts it:

"It should not be understood that this is a description of disorder. It was simply the spontaneous outburst of pent-up enthusiasm."

Hooray!

Mr. Howells is still a delight. The passing years only enrich his humor. "'Tom Jones,'" says Mr. Howells, "I find simply tiresome. Why such books should be read in these days I cannot conceive." By the way, sir, how many readers to-day can tell the title of your last novel?

The refined contemporary that is so shocked by the little boys over the door of the Public Library notes with feverish interest that women are wearing in the street stockings with black feet and brilliant tops, and it even goes so far as to name the wearer of "bright heliotrope tinted hose."

A girl was waiting for a street car. She was dressed neatly, not trigged as if for a holiday. She stood well on her heels; lithe, graceful and fresh, what wonder if men looked at her a second time. Her hat was a

in the way of becoming simplicity, with just a touch of the fashionable morbidity in trimming. Two young women passed her as they sat in a street car. They were dressed expensively and flamboyantly. Their hats were like unto a complete vegetable garden. And one said to the other, "Just see that girl on the corner. How conscious she is of her hat!"

If the dresses worn by the girls in "Patience" are really early English, then may any man envy with just cause the early Englishmen.

Women's clubs are a part of modern invention. The newspapers in Paris announced May 28, 1736, that Miss Sallé, a famous dancer, who plumed herself on her spotless reputation, although epigrams of the day hint that her prudery was a mask, instituted a society known as "The Indifferents." Each candidate was subjected to rigid scrutiny. There were rites and solemn oaths of secrecy. The badge was a ribbon striped black, white and yellow, with the device of an icicle. The members were sworn to fight against love, and if anyone turned traitor she was expelled ignominiously. And in order to make the club more desirable men were admitted to membership.

June 3

This is the death-day of Cecily, Duchess of York, who had trouble enough, and is now known chiefly as one of the famous female bores in "Richard III."

Do you remember Douglas Jerrold's legends of Fireside Saints? The legend of St. Norah is of perennial charm, appearing as it does to so many housewives. St. Norah was a poor girl who went into service. "She prayed to St. Patrick that he would give her a good gift that would make her not proud, but useful, and St. Patrick, out of his own head, taught St. Norah how to boil a potato—a sad thing, and to be lamented, that the secret has come down to so few."

The two last cases here of woman-murder with atrocious attendant circumstances lead one to believe that there are now two more instances of acute Sadismus. The murderers are undoubtedly in the same class with Bichel, Menesclon, Alton, Tirsch, Verzenl, and the grisly horror known among men and women as "Jack the Ripper." And possibly from the commission of similar crimes in rider, less analytical days, did the idea of Hungarian vampires spring into the popular fancy.

MRS. HENPECK (visiting her first husband's grave)—Yes; here lies a hero. You would not be my husband to-day had he not been killed in the war.

MR. HENPECK (fiercely)—Yes; what a curse war is!—[Puck.

The death of Tip, the elephant, is fresh in the minds of all. Seventy-four years ago to-day in Geneva, Switzerland, there was a somewhat similar tragedy. A trick elephant, who had been regarded as a pattern of respectability, suddenly broke loose and owned the streets of the Swiss town. His owner, a Miss Garnier, begged that he might be killed, but the authorities were interested in the "noble and gentle creature," and loath to put an end to his frolics. They were persuaded. At first a dose of three ounces of prussic acid in 10 ounces of brandy, the animal's favorite drink, was administered, without effect. Then the elephant took three boluses of an ounce of arsenic each, mixed with honey and sugar. He never turned a hair; indeed, how could he? Then they fired a cannon at him, and the ball entering his head behind the right eye, passed through and came out behind the left ear. In two or three seconds the elephant fell without a convulsion. His death was deeply mourned, and 300 or 400 persons ate his flesh without injury, although one or two suffered from acute indigestion on account of their greed.

It is now claimed that "Box and Cox" is a posthumous work of Francis Bacon. Box is Bacon himself. The names begin with the same letter and Box for his breakfast ate bacon. Cox ate a chop, modern for "Chap," hence the conclusion Cox is the poet Chapman. Mrs. Bouncer is Queen Elizabeth, for as she let the same room to two tenants, so Elizabeth "conferred some favor upon Bacon and Chapman, leading each to suppose that he was the only one so honored."

And here is most substantial proof. The name of the play is thus printed on the back of the chief edition:

B O X
A N D
C O X

Read the columns from top to bottom and you have Bacon Oxdx. These four last letters are a cipher message to the initiated, but the contributor to the Pall Mall Gazette who has made this interesting Baconian discovery does not think it best to translate the cryptogram, or chronogram, or what you will.

A bookseller in town says that it is the habit of certain women of "the upper circles" to order a lot of French novels for examination. There is a long delay in returning them; and when they come back to the shelves, the pages are all cut, there are abundant marks of perusal, but rarely is one bought. The young girls who help themselves freely in candy shops and then buy 10 cents worth are undoubtedly the daughters of such women.

June 1 - 94

June damp and warm
Does the farmer no harm.
A good leak in June
Sets all in tune.

It never clouds up in a June night for a rain.
—[Old saws.

And so other saws might be quoted, saws of contrary sense, and of probably equal misinformation. Fishermen and farmers are not your only weather prophets. There are townsmen who trust not Governmental or professional prediction; they consult private thermometers and barometers; they keep long records; they calculate the future from the past. Thus do they amuse their leisure, as others play at whist or see a comedy. Not afraid of swaling, guttering candle, death tick or midnight barking dog, they fear the omens of the sky. Full of saws, with brains stuffed with knowledge of winds and clouds, they are often found in a rain storm without an umbrella, on account of some slight miscalculation.

A bicycle was going slowly by the Porphyry Club, and Old Chimes was interested in the sullen, despairing face of the rider. "Why is it," he said, "that such a healthy exercise seems to thus depress the spirits?" The bicycle shrieked; the wheelman stopped and used an oil can. "The French riders don't have as much bother," said Chimes, "for they have a *huile* that is always oily."

It is Chimes who claims that clubs were known at an early date in Judea, otherwise there could have been no parable of an unjust steward.

Two women in Chicago are fond of horse-back riding; they spurn the side-saddle and ride astride, or astraddle, astridlands or umpstridden, or whatever form you please. Their preference excites attention, and it is telegraphed throughout the land; but many brave and sweet women rode man-fashion in this country long before there was a Chicago. And there are women to-day on Southern fields and New England farms that ride thus, gracefully and without fear.

Many will mourn the removal of the night-lunch carts, and not only those who have thus been able to sustain themselves during the night watches. The carts pricked the fancy of the philosopher, who, although he never entered one of these ambulatory restaurants, speculated concerning the sight inside. The cart was picturesque; it lent color to the dull street; it was undoubtedly of bodily benefit to many.

June is dear to brides and poets. If you marry in June, choose the day of the full moon or the conjunction of the sun and moon. The ancient Romans thought happiness would thus be sure. But why did they appoint as goddess of the 1st of June Carna, the tutelary goddess of door hinges and the genius presiding over man's liver?

The poets have done much to awaken exorbitant hope in the fairness of June, and, according to some, they have grossly exaggerated. What month, with even the most honorable intentions, could live up to Mr. Lowell's famous lines?

"A gentleman named Prof. Stanley Hall has discovered an appalling fact. Of 6-year-old children entering Boston (Mass.) schools 60 per cent. have never seen a robin, growing corn, blackberries, or potatoes; 71 per cent. do not know beans (doubtless their fellows soon teach them, metaphorically at any rate), and 18 per cent. have never seen a cow. Some of the latter were of opinion that cows in picture books are always drawn life-size, so that if you casually trod on a cow you would crush it to jelly. Of course this is very dreadful, and Mr. Hall makes a homily from it about crowded cities. But the obvious remedy is not so much to abolish or distribute cities as to take the child to the nearest cow and let it have a good look. A whole school might be taken into the country once a month to confirm its impression of the cow. There are usually some things after all still unknown to citizens of 6, and they have time to learn. What does the village child of 6 know about a hansom cab? Yet a hansom cab is a much more sublime and wonderful piece of the world's furniture than a cow."—[Pall Mall Gazette.

June 2, 94

So prudery has invaded again the United States Senate. Fiddlers must henceforth call for "cat integuments." Geographers and sailors will speak of "The Integument of Canso." The gutter must go; the guttural must change his voice; and gutta percha must melt for very shame.

If you wish to encourage the meat man in preparing bills that err in his favor, pay him promptly once a month.

Although the charges made against Stanley are not lightly to be believed, they have been made before. Lieut. Westmart opened his mouth. When Stanley was in the employ of an American newspaper and before he had seen an African swamp he had the reputation of a hot temper, and his last public performance in England showed no change in character. It is to be remembered that the chief of an African expedition must hold tight to the severest discipline. When Capt. Burton went, disguised, to Meccah, he was discovered by a servant on account of a variation from a common Moslem daily practice, slight to Burton, but of awful meaning to the Moslem. Burton immediately killed the servant, for his own life depended on silence. And yet you will find no mention of this little incident in his "Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to Al-Madiuah and Meccah."

"If north wind blows in
June, good rye harvest."

—[Old Saw.

How provincial our city newspapers are in comparison with those of New York. There was not one in Boston yesterday that announced this important news: Mr. Eugene Higgins drove a coach from Paris to Maisons-Lafitte and back the 31st of May.

President Cleveland is reported to be hopping mad. And as he leaps into the air he is heard to mutter between clinched teeth, "Oh, sugar!"

The Rev. Mr. Lansing is not unlike a celebrated character in operetta; he means well, but he doesn't know. It was only a few weeks ago that he censured Ibsen's "Ghosts," although he never saw the play, and now he makes statements publicly that, uttered on the stage, would shock the most hardened and debased theatre-goer. "All theatres are at one time or another panders to vice and immorality," says Mr. Lansing, if he is reported correctly. Fudge, Mr. Lansing, fudge.

Two of our esteemed contemporaries are making faces at each other in a dispute over the propriety of abbreviating titles. Surely the shortening of any title is preferable to the hideous fashion of putting universally the calling of a man before his name, as "Architect Wheelwright," "Barkeeper Martini," "Hen raiser Bantam" or "Pianist Paderewski."

The dark horse in the race to the French Academy turned out to be a Sorel.

Mr. Paul Bourget's election to Academic chair was not a surprise, and yet his subtle immorality is more to be censured than is the occasionally too frank realism of Zola. Bourget calls himself "a maniac for psychology and a passionate lover of analysis," but this statement does not wash his literary robe, neither does the fact that he dedicated one of his earlier books to Henry James, the American who lives in London and writes books in which the action is still life. In the "Physiologie de l'Amour Moderne" Bourget shows a cynicism in treatment of corruption that Zola in his bourgeois frankness need not envy.

The many friends of Mr. Gardner S. Lamson will be pleased to hear of his good fortune. He has just accepted an invitation to take charge of the vocal department of the School of Music, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, and he will leave Boston in the early fall. At the same time they, as well as all lovers of music, will regret sincerely his departure. It is gratifying to local pride when Universities like Yale and Ann Arbor look toward Boston for fit occupants for professorial chairs.

Mr. Whistler, the arrogant poseur who throws his paint pot in the face of the world, wrote lately an indecent letter about Mr. Du Maurier, because the latter described him as Sibley in the novel "Trilby." Mr. Du Maurier says in reply, "If a barge insults one in the street, one can only pass on. One cannot stop and argue it out. * * * Mr. Whistler has taken the matter so terribly seriously. It is so unlike him." Mr. Whistler will hunt long before he finds the proper repartee.

IN AN INN.

The Random Reflections of One Sitting at Table.

From the Thought of Bunthorne
to Hagenbeck.

A Passing Look at the Grotesque "Yellow Book."

Belshazzar, the King, made a great feast to a thousand of his Lords, and drank wine before the thousand. And the King and his Princes, his wives and his concubines, drank out of the golden dishes that Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of the temple which was in Jerusalem.

And great and glorious was the feast at which Tamburlaine the Great drank koumiss, hydromel and wine, and gave to his generals golden and bejeweled crowns.

And sumptuous was the feast at which Trimachio told his crazy stories and boasted of his wealth.

Better, far better, is the simple meal served in the box at my inn—the box of snug old-fashion. And more to be envied than the guest at royal banquet is the dog that plays with his bone under the old-fashioned barn; for there is no true happiness in a brilliant crowd; dishes prepared in bulk are without taste; there is no sense of personal comfort when you are part of a mighty spectacle.

This inn is, indeed, old-fashioned. There is no register of names. There is no lift for humanity or baggage. There is no telephone, one of the greatest of modern impertinences. There is no news stand. Candles and oil lamps do not tempt to suicide. The waiter is old, bald, clean shaven, and he answers to the name of Robert. He is not noisily spry, he is a little rheumatic. Few dine in the small public room, whose boxes are only comfortable for two. When the air is chill, a wood fire corrects the temperature. You smoke if you are so inclined, for women—and they are rare visitors—dine upstairs. You may read between the few courses without exciting attention. And after your appetite is satisfied you may sit and talk with your friend indefinitely, for there is no thought of "Next!" in Robert's mind. Sometimes you stay; sometimes you lounge in the neighboring, populous streets.

The other night we went to "Patience," and there was much that interested in performance and in audience.

The hearers were not the hearers that laughed at the first performance of the operetta in this city; and yet "launched" is hardly the word to be used in describing the effect of Gilbertian wit; "smiled" is better. There is no use in quarreling with the taste of an audience; but there is no harm in remarking that at the performance of "Patience" last Monday night, that action which approached horse-play the nearest was applauded the most loudly, just as the stupid topical verse introduced by Mr. Wilson in the second act excited more merriment than did the preceding lines of Gilbert.

I have an idea that Bunthorne was not after all a half-bad fellow—as the English say when they are warm in praise. I mean Mr. Gilbert's, not Mr. Wilson's Bunthorne. The average woman would have found more variety in listening with him than in listening to the cold, colorless voice of Grosvenor. Nor is the influence of the real Bunthorne on art and the whole intellectual life to be whistled away lightly. To have called the attention of the world to the burning glory of the sunflower was a braver deed than those performed by less grotesque figures. Mr. Wilde described the flower as "iconic," did he not? The finding and the applying of that adjective outweigh the ability to sign checks with security. I grant you I should not like to see Bunthorne opposite in this very box; these cadaverous, yearning poets often guffaw at table. There are men whom you would go a pilgrimage to see, yet you would not eat with them. There are men whom you would trust with money for tender or tough children and know that they would not lay platitudes for deceit after your eyes see nothing earthly, and yet you would not rub elbows with them. But even if Bunthorne is a humbug, a deceiver, he teaches the beauty of color in art, in language and in life.

The audience seemed dazed at some of Gilbert's lines, indeed many of the best lines were received in dead silence. When Lady Jane raised her skirts that she might pursue the paid poet, there was inextinguishable laughter. Is it not possible, is it not probable that farce-comedy in later years has blunted the edge of receptive intelligence? The sight of a man running his head against a door, or stumbling over a chair, or receiving a well-directed and apparently viciously applied kick with a large foot heavily encased, convulses an audience, when a line of biting wit leaves a hall or a stage. And so the fall of the rapturous and physically generous maidens disconcerts in effect the charming music of "The Silver Churn."

The female chorus gives the lie to the legend of scrubby, undeveloped American girls. Plump are many of these girls as any party that invites the appetite. Not fulsome in their charms, but well rounded, with curves, not lines. Eminently pleasing were the three leading rapturous maidens. And fortunate in her name is the lithe, supple, tropical Lady Saphir. Trixy Freganza! a name that is compounded of Southern perfume and burning sun and the thought of jocosity. Did she invent the name or was it given her at baptism?

In "Patience" the line: spring from Gilbert's brain. In "Utopia" he laboriously achieves an idea and then hammers it thin.

And then we went to hear Mr. Durward Lely sing Scottish songs. Did you see his advance circular? The laudatory extract from the "Pertshire Constitutional and Journal" is a masterpiece: "Although his society is sought by the best in the land, to the humblest in his profession he has ever a kind word; and Durward Lely, the artist, is Durward Lely the gentleman. His charming manner and chivalrous feelings have never been contaminated by the fumes of the burning of the incense on the altar of success; great as he is he remains unspoiled: *mizima ars celare artem* was never better exemplified." Truly there are managers, beside the wonderful advance agent of Paderewski, the hypnotist.

But Mr. Lely was well worth hearing. A program devoted entirely to Scottish tunes might be intolerable to all save Scots; in moderate doses these tunes give pleasure. Not the least of Mr. Lely's vocal accomplishments is his clear, distinct enunciation. The dialogue and the lyrics of "Utopia" suffered sadly in this respect from the incompetence of the comedians.

This going to see the lions is no new thing. Samson went to see one, and although it roured against him he turned it into copy for his celebrated riddle. Two hundred and eighty-nine years ago to-day King James I. and his family went to the Tower to see the Hagenbeck show of the time, a much inferior affair by the way, although to please the monarch, a lion was occasionally set to combat with dogs, bulls or bears. On this occasion a live lamb was let down to the lions. They only stared, and the lamb went toward them. They "looked very gently upon and smelled on him without any hurt. Then the lamb was very softly drawn up again, in a good plight as he was let down."

Have you seen "The Yellow Book," an illustrated quarterly that has one number and may have more? I looked at it the other night when it rained, and no sane man would leave an inn, at least such an inn as mine.

There are strange illustrations, and the most of them seem merely pricks to idle curiosity. There's Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, for instance. Is he sincere, or is he a cheap Whistler at his deliberately worst, with the thought of sensationalism and accruing profit? I do not mind his woman playing the piano in an open field; for such practice should be encouraged, especially by all dwellers in flats. But what shall be said of his portrait of Mrs. Patrick Campbell Tanqueray II, with legs, which though concealed, stretch out apparently like endless flutes; and does not "L'Education Sentimentale" remind one of a study in freaks? His "Night Piece" is a ghastly translated burlesque of Rossetti's "Jenny," a grotesque fancy of Rops seen through English eyes.

Or is Laurence Housman's "Reflected Faun" more intelligible? Is it not like unto a pictorial puzzle with the legend, "Find the original of the water woman?"

But marvellous is the sombre mystery of Nettleship's "Head of Minos" with bound mouth and eyes of awful impartiality, which have looked, since they could tell light from darkness, unmoved on man and woman. And full of haunting, unhealthy suggestion is Rothenstein's "Portrait of a Lady," with her morbid, unsatisfiable face, that of an Aholibah whose mind workings are revealed in the last number of "La Vie Parisienne."

Men whose opinions I should respect tell me that the reading matter of "The Yellow Book" is poor stuff. Is "Modern Melodrama," by Hubert Crackanthorpe, not without appalling truth and cool surgeon-like strength? It is not pleasant, to be sure; but we are past the day when a subject must be agreeable to give pleasure or to receive artistic treatment. This story in an English way, lurid as it is, is a pale reflection of a tale, or rather study by Paul Alexis. This man Crackanthorpe did not first meet his subject on the dissecting table.

Brilliant, artificially brilliant, viciously brilliant is Max Beerbolm's "A Defence of Cosmetics." Yet, is there no worldly and yet artistic wisdom in this paragraph?

"Indeed, indeed, there is charm in every period, and only fools and flatterers do not seek reverently for what is charming in their own day. No martyrdom, however fine, nor satire, however splendidly bitter, has changed by a hair the known tendency of things. It is the times that can perfect us, not we the times, and so let all of us wisely acquiesce. Like the little wired marionettes, let us acquiesce in the dance."

Some have ridiculed the idea that the young man in Ella D'Arcy's story "Irremediable" should have married Esther Stables and thus fastened upon him all misterful, soul-subverting passion, hatred. But Esther's red-brown hair waved and twisted vigorously, and little curls grew at the nape of her neck, "tight and close as those of a young lamb's fleece; and her neck here was a 'fritable, too, in its smooth creaminess.' And W. Louchby, the bank clerk, was but a man, and he had kissed her in the twilight, in the month of August, in the unreasoning salt of youth.

PHILIP HALE.

EARTH TO EARTH.

The observance of Memorial Day brought naturally to mind the thought of the world of buried dead, soldiers, civilians, women, little children, all that rest after the fever of life. Heroes that are worthy of yearly decoration were never recognized as they fought the good fight, and many who labored for all are remembered by none. But without considering the inevitable irony that attends posthumous deification or neglect, let us for a moment ponder this question: Would the general adoption of cremation lessen the sentiment now attached to the graveyard and the funeral ceremony?

Although we recognize the beauty or strength of a soul, its earthly home is that which is most familiar to us. The tenement of clay may be cracked; it may be damaged, until it is beyond repair; but its failings and even its ugliness are dear to us. We do not judge solely by the exterior; but it is hard to think of or recognize the intangible spirit without the exact remembrance of the body. In burial this body is still in a measure with us. We are of the earth, earthy. We depend on the earth for food and life. Not without reason did the old Englishman smell of a fresh clod every morning. Morbid poets have sung of the conqueror Worm, but if the horror of the grave were believed in thoroughly this method of burying our beloved ones would have been abandoned long ago. The body, though interred for years, suffers no transformation in the eyes that once looked upon it, though the eyes themselves are dimmed.

We bury our dead to preserve them, as it

were, says Capt. Burton; but the Moslem tries to secure rapid decomposition, and makes the graveyard a dangerous as well as a disagreeable place. And certain moderns, Christians and excellent people, follow the Eastern example in their hurry to destroy all traces of the existence of a friend. The earth, once thought so friendly, is now considered the deadliest foe. The dead philanthropist is an enemy to man. Gods-acre is the nursery of death. Therefore, say these men and women, let us burn the bodies and preserve or scatter the ashes. But what distinction is there in a vase of ashes? Or if the ashes be scattered, who can say with the poet Ebn Zaiat, "My companion used to tell me that if I should visit the tomb of my loved one my grief would be a little bit assuaged."

Surely there is as much tender respect shown in the lowering of a body to its resting place as in the preparation for the furnace. Surely there is greater comfort in visiting the known home of a familiar form than in mourning over a pot of ashes. Nodding funeral plumes, the hideous hearse, pretentious monuments, the show of crape have made death terrible and sometimes vulgar. But what peculiar sanctity, what ineffable peace is associated with the thought of a hillside cemetery in a country town! That which was maintained by the earth has become a part of it. The grass may be the "beautiful uncut hair of graves." It is not a base or a degrading thing to nourish Nature. And the beauty of burial finds fullest expression in the thought of Omar the Teut-maker, as it passed through the English mind of Fitzgerald:

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Pledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
Ah! lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen."

Mr. Corbett should surely fight Mr. Jackson at the National Sporting Club. "Its membership is made up of dukes, earls, and titled men"; such as Bishops and Colonels, probably. And then "no sport or tough can get into the clubhouse at any price unless he is introduced by the Prince of Wales."

The doctors insisted on taking out the tumor that encysted in staying in Emperor William's cheek. It's the old story of royal bad blood.

Prof. McGarvey seems to be a better Bible scholar than is Col. Breckinridge; for he finished the parallel between the Colonel and David, and to the Colonel's cost.

It is an American invention that has discovered the maximum of protection against bullets.

"A dry May and a dribbling June
Bring all things into tune."

There is a vast difference between "consciousness" and "conscientiousness," as the readers of an esteemed contemporary remembered the other evening to their amusement.

June 4 - 1894
THE "POPS."

One of the most agreeable of amusements in Boston is the Promenade Concert. It is true that the phrase is a misnomer. Men and women do not promenade at the concerts; and in Mr. Ash's ingenious dictionary of a century ago promenade is defined as "a walk in the fields to take the air." But let us not be too fastidious in the use of words. The thing itself is dear to many Bostonians.

It is, therefore, to be regretted that there are discordant voices in the joyful harmony. First, there are some who claim that there should be no reserved tables; they would even abolish the pecu which is supposed to separate the sheep from the goats. They reason as follows: There is no deliberate and foreordained happiness. A man cannot say to himself next Wednesday I propose to be jolly, to have a good time. Pleasure is a thing of the moment. Like the young man in "Great Expectations," the pleasure-seeker says, "Halloo! Here's a hall and here's music. Let's go in." But if you act on the spur of the moment you find that nearly all the desirable seats, often all were engaged and sometimes a week before. No reserved seats! Is the rallying cry of some of the discontented; without reserved seats there is a more free and easy spirit, there is more neighborly feeling.

The doing away with reserved seats would be coupled with the taking down of the pen. There are some who object to the inclosure on democratic grounds. There are others who, at these concerts as at other entertainments, are unhappy unless they can show in the eyes of the public that they are able to secure the most expensive seats. Such people do not necessarily go to a concert or a theatre to enjoy the show on the stage; they regard themselves as the real show; they rejoice when they are thus seen; they would not take it amiss if they were applauded at their entrance. Others say that the pen is a security against contact with "undesirable persons" or "persons they never expect to know." But one look at the sacred inclosure gives the lie to such a snobbish statement.

Then there are some that are seriously disturbed because there is talking during the music; and others would be indignant if they were not allowed to talk. The latter say, and with some reason, "We come here to enjoy ourselves; to smoke, to drink a glass of beer or lemonade, to see the people; and to this enjoyment the music should be a pleasant background. If I, for instance, take a pretty girl with me, must we keep still as though we were at a Symphony concert or a Browning meeting? Let there be jolly music, marches and waltzes and gay overtures; but let us not turn pleasure into a solemn duty."

There are also those beings known as encore fiends, who take it as a personal grievance if any piece that pleases them is not immediately repeated when they manifest their approval by noisy applause and howls and whistling. If in a long program the conductor does not think it best to yield to them, then there is an uproar; the conductor is hooted; and the next piece is not heard until the aggrieved tire themselves out. To be sure this is all informal, and for this reason it may seem delightful to some.

Fortunately, all agree in this: The music is well chosen and well played. Many thus find innocent entertainment. They that make serious objection to the pen and to the good sense and firmness of the conductor have a simple remedy. They need not subject themselves to the alleged or real inconveniences.

June 5 - 94

More Ancient by a year and just as Honorable as ever!

Mr. McAllister makes out a good case for the existence of Boston society. According to him, its leaders are cultured, philanthropic and free from vain-glorious extravagance. And, then, there is no McAllister among them.

So Mr. William D. Howells will spend three months in Europe. It is not a long stay, but such an experienced fault-finder will be able to see and hear and read much that will keep him in his normal state of discontent. Let us hope, however, that he does not neglect to work at that fine vein of humor which he discovered lately. Very precious to a nation is the humor that compelled him to describe Mr. May Thorpe as a "great tragedian."

Will Mr. Howells call on Mr. George Moore or will he neglect him and thus show ingratitude? It was Mr. Moore who wrote this summing up of a literary matter: "Henry James went to France and read Tourgueneff. W. D. Howells stayed at home and read Henry James."

It looks well for the broom-makers. Here's another clergyman in town that wishes to "sweep all of the theatres out of existence." Sydney Smith's friend, Mrs. Partington, seems to have a goodly supply of American cousins.

Asphalt is taken from a lake of pitch on the Island of Trinidad.—[Exchange.

And there are men now living in Boston, or the neighborhood, who know this to their cost. The tragedy of one expedition would be of ghastly interest, were it told in Stevensonian detail, and there are survivors who can, at least, give the facts, if they are so inclined.

An evening contemporary confounds accusation with conviction in criminal cases, and sighs oftsoons because juries do not have more blood in their eyes. Its process of reasoning is simple: If X is accused of murder he is, undoubtedly, guilty; to the gallows with him! The evidence, it seems, is only a trifling matter of detail.

This closing century is defined as the century of trash in woman's costume. "Perfectly worthless things have become so generally accepted that women put them on apparently without any sense of derogation." Among these worthless things are jet, imitation lace, artificial flowers.

June 6. 94

Lillian Russell is still suffering from a severe attack of peruginitis.

And now Mr. and Mrs. John Mason are brought before the public without scenic costumes, decorations, accessories and "other paraphernalia." Here is no malice domestic; it is rather a case of foreign levy. Alas, that Grosvenor the idyllist should be bothered by sordid, material cares. And what is this absurd story about the Masons' jealousy of the "success" of Mr. Wilson? Surely jealousy was never so ill-founded, and, besides, as Mr. Mason says, he and Mr. Wilson have been friends for years.

Paderewski speaks of America in the best terms.—[Exchange.

The hypnotic pianist knows his business, if he is nervous, for he purposes to visit us next season.

But your phenomenal pianist is not a thing of modern invention. There was the ingenious Mr. Scarborough of Spalding, England, who betted that he would strike a million notes on the piano in the space of twelve hours, and he accomplished the feat June 4, 1828, with 30,000 notes over and 15 minutes to spare. His hourly record was duly chronicled, as a steamer's run, and his crowning achievement was 127,512 in the seventh and eighth hours.

Prof. Whitney of Yale shows remarkable strength against disease, particularly when it is remembered that he has for years chosen a diet of Sanscrit roots.

Music, a magazine published in Chicago, has been publishing illustrations of pianists' hands as they appear at the keyboard. It is probably due to Western envy of Eastern musicians that the hands of all Boston pianists appear as though they needed chiefly massage and manicuring.

The Trustees of the Public Library again point with pride at the rapid accumulation of books and the doubled use of Bates Hall, which is now sadly crowded and also unpleasant on account of foul air. They again draw up a catalogue of the virtues of the ideal and desired Librarian, who must indeed be a paragon, a very phoenix. They say nothing, however, about the flimsy, wretched cards provided for residents, cards that crumple after a day and look cheap and most unfit.

To L. B.—You say you do not understand the meaning of the phrase "bags of culch" that you found in a Boston newspaper, and you ask if it is slang. Culch is a good, sound word. Its first meaning is rubbish or refuse, from rags, bits of thread to broken crockery or shavings from an ash pit. It may also mean lumber. If you think your neighbor deserves rough treatment you may call him "a mean old culch!" For the word has "a secondary sense of disgust." And then, culch is the mass of stuff of which an oyster bed is formed. You may also spell this word "culch" or "culsh."

A physician in New York State has invented a "sanitary chaliceholder," and with a fine commercial instinct has filed an application to protect the "patentable features of the communion outfit." The artistic taste of the communicant has been consulted, for he can choose between a "tail rack" and a "tray form." The rack is regarded as preferable, as "the individual cup presents a much more attractive appearance." But does not all this read as though it were from some sacrilegious burlesque? Thus the "chalice of the grapes of God" is tinkered by the fearful and patented in sanitary, yet fashionable form.

June 7 - 1894

"Breakfast is the bitter test of conjugal devotion."—[The wares of Autolycaus.

And it is not unlikely that the fame of Rosebery, Premier of England, will ride on the back of Ladas in greatest security to posterity.

Which was more talked about yesterday, the Tremont Theatre-Mason affair or the sugar question at Washington? Undoubtedly the former. And yet the two subjects are hardly of the same importance. Are we growing like the Viennese, who think their mission in life to crowd the theatres and the churches and leave the management of their affairs, political, financial and educational, to the men carelessly set in authority over them?

Not that theatrical amusements should be undervalued. The appearance of such comedians as Mr. and Mrs. Mason in a delightful operetta gives legitimate pleasure to many. But why should a squabble between them and their managers crowd the newspaper's columns or convulse the town?

The momentary doubling of the role of Patience suggests the experiment of giving operetta with all the chief parts doubled. The rivalry would benefit the hearer. Applausive factious in the audience would spur the singers to greater endeavor. Nor would the eyes of the spectator be twisted and his mind distracted, as when he struggles in the circus to watch double or triple rings.

It is an agreeable proof of the growth of artistic culture to find that Mr. Chase of the Watch and Ward Society could discover nothing "objectionable" in the exhibition of the Kilanyi living pictures at the Park. His judgment is confirmed by Mr. John Stetson, a keen connoisseur and rigid moralist. Mr. Stetson says that the pictures are "beautiful and chaste," and then in a discriminating manner, he adds: "If there is to be any adverse criticism, it could be properly directed against what I consider unnecessary draping of some of the figures."

Is there really an imperious demand for another theatre? There are sanguine individuals who have heard such appeal in night watches or at high noon; for, lo, the Arena Building is to be turned into a combination theatre and hotel. Meanwhile in Boston, the city that plumes itself on music, there is no opera house, there is no Music Hall worthy the name, there is no suitable concert-hall for string-quartet or recital. And when one well-known architect in town suggested a combination opera-house and hotel in Copley Square he was sat upon, and derisive thumbs were pointed at him by those who found a more musical atmosphere at the corner of Falmouth Street—or St. Stephen, as the inhabitants prefer—and Massachusetts Avenue.

When Mr. Labouchere is in doubt he plays the abolition of the House of Lords.

Musicians and dime museum managers should remember the 7th of June, for on that day, in 1830, Michael Boal, a chin performer, first appeared in London. His performances "depended on the rapid changes in the shape and the size which he gave to the cavity of the mouth." The striking of the chin, after the fashion of flint and steel, caused the lips to clap together. Thus sound was produced; the pitch varied according to the shape of the mouth. Mr. Boal was accompanied by a violin and guitar.

And it was on the 7th of June, 1826, that Mr. Chamberlaid surprising things in London. He ate phosphorus, drank solutions of arsenic and oxalic acid, swallowed spoonful of boiling oil and helped himself with his hand to molten lead. And he then sat in an oven where the heat was 220 and watched the cooking of a leg of lamb. What would his weekly salary be to-day?

use 8.44
It on 28th of June it rain,
It foretells a wet harvest, men said.

If it rain on June 8, it will rain forty days after.
—(Old Saws.)

Club restaurants furnish pleasing and curious problems in addition, multiplication and proportion. The Lightning Calculator himself would be baffled by many a bill in these restaurants, where members are supposed to get the best at the lowest rate, a supposition by the way that should be numbered among the wild illusions of youth. As old Chimes was saying: "When I dine here alone I can get a simple and good meal for .75. When I dine with another, the same order costs me \$1.25. If three or four of us sit together and I still order the same dishes, my check is for \$1.50 or \$1.75. A most ingenious system; I wonder who invented it."

And as they sat at table, one young man with a cigarette thumb and a cigarette mouth began to prate and babble concerning stocks. To him his neighbor spake as follows: "But what's the use of being long of Atchison when one's short of life?"

There was a pause; the young man seemed nervous, and he lighted a cigarette; then the talk drifted toward art. There was dispute over Mr. Beardsley, the eccentric compound of Japanese sincerity and French caricature. There was talk of a landscape, American, which was exhibited lately. "It's bad," said Gamboge, "it's outrageously bad; it shows that contempt for nature which is not bred by familiarity."

Why should the employes of the gypsy moth department be required to wear uniforms? So that the moths will be able to recognize them and then obey?

Mrs. Alice Shaw, who whistled with impunity in the presence of the Prince of Wales, has much to say about the glory and the physical advantage of her art; but she gives no formula for whistling in tune, and, indeed, she knows none.

It is all very well to speak enthusiastically of the interest taken by English noblemen in horse-racing and pooh-pooh at the protests in "ultra moral circles" against Rosebery's devotion to the turf; but book-making has been for years and is a terrible curse to England. Thackeray was no milk-sop; and yet he asked in Punch, "What good ever came out of, or went into, a betting-book? If I could be Caliph Omar for a week, I would piteh every one of those despicable manuscripts into the flames; from my Lord's, who is 'in' with Jack Snaffle's stable, and is over-reaching worse-informed rogues and swindling greenhorns, down to Sam's, the butcherboy's, who books eighteenpenny odds in the tap-room, and 'stands to win five-and-twenty bob.'"

Or, if you admire Mr. Howells and vote Thackeray tiresome and old-fashioned, read George Moore's "Esther Waters." You will find there a masterly exposition of the corroding evil; and surely Mr. Moore has never been accused of "ultra-moral" principles.

June 9. 84
This is the anniversary of the birth of John Howard Payne, the author of the words of "Home, Sweet Home." The song was not written originally for Adeline Patti, although many have apparently good reason for holding the contrary.

There are many astrologers, professional and amateur, in town. Let them keep this day soberly, for it is the 213th anniversary of the death of William Lilly, an acknowledged master of the astrologic art. Holder of the hazel-rod, caller and dismisser of demons, prophet, author, he is nearest us to-day by his remarks on the death of his second wife. "For whose death," says Lilly in his History of his Life and Times, "I shed no tears. I had live hundred pounds with her as a portion; but she and her poor relations spent me a thousand pounds." To this last sentence he adds the *Gloria Patri*, in full; and within twelve months he was married to No. III. There is a fine specimen of brutality that Mr. Pops might envy. No. II, by the way, Lilly tells us, was "of the nature of Mars."

The astrologers of to-day who read the stars and wrench from them their secrets to supply copy for newspapers or to give points to stock gamblers and amorous servant girls may read with profit this sentence from Lilly's "Merlini Angliæ Ephemeris": "We (and it was ever our judgment) that Religion, Sobriety and such like virtues may contradict the worst signification or indication of the stars; and those that live according to the dictates of the divine word are above the reach of their most malignant effects."

Ironical fact, the Secretary of the association that passed a protest against lynching in the Southern States is named Bowie. Is it possible that he is a distant relative of the redoubtable Colonel?

Prof. Roth of Tubingen, the great philological authority, and editor of the celebrated Sanskrit Dictionary, put the late Prof. Whitney of Yale above Max Muller.

Mr. Adamowski is giving the composers of this town an opportunity that is of benefit to them and pleasant to the audiences at the promenade concerts. It is too often the case that a young and almost unknown composer cannot hear his own music and thus correct himself or know encouragement. There is such a thing as hothouse forcing and fostering of a sickly talent, and such talent finds social watering and exhibition. There is, on the other hand, a readiness, as in Mr. Adamowski's case, unfortunately rarely found in conductors higher in authority, to look kindly on compositions by young men that are just at present without "patrons" or "patronesses."

Mr. Penfield's advance posters of Harper's Magazine are a delightful departure from the conventionally prosaic and ugly handbill of announcement. It is true that they do not rival the masterpieces of Chéret and Choubrac, but they have feeling, and they are not over-elaborated.

In Connecticut a convicted murderer will now be required to commit suicide, for they propose over there to put into operation an automatic gallows. It is strange that they do not call it a "sanitary gallows;" for so afraid is this generation of death that the word "sanitary" is most loosely applied; besides, the word in this connection would

be a euphemism, such a one as was dear to the Greeks.

Anglo-maniacs will undoubtedly read, or, at least, buy Capt. Mahan's books after Oxford has given him an honorary degree.

The more respectable you make the drink the more dangerous it is.—[The Edinburgh Committee.]

Not to the health, O, Scottish Solons.

Female clubs are often organized for social purposes, such as protesting against the tyranny of man. It is a relief to find that at the great female congress at Marlboro' the Hostess Club provided "a dainty luncheon, with delicious salads, rolls and coffee." The making of a body-and-soul-satisfying salad should gratify the wildest ambition of any woman. For it is indeed a masterpiece.

Why in the world should Americans be expected to take a lively interest in the Tennyson memorial, even if it is to be an "Iona cross;" or in the Tennyson beacon, even if it is to be 716 feet above high water. Tennyson, it is true, wrote in his younger days certain verses complimentary to the United States, but they disappeared from later, revised editions, although the verses were not unworthy of his muse.

Robert Louis Stevenson does not approve of the portraits of himself that appear in magazines and newspapers. But he says nothing about the pen-portrait by George Moore: "I think of Mr. Stevenson as a comely youth weaving garlands of sad flowers with pale, weak hands, or leaning to a large plate-glass window and scratching thereon exquisite profiles with a diamond pencil."

June 10. 1894

IN AN INN.

The Random Reflections of One Sitting at Table.

Concerning the Proper Treatment or Disposal of Club-Bores.

Also a Pot-Pourri on Themes From Operas and Magazines.

That almost any club might be weeded judiciously of bores is not the discovery of Truth or Mr. Labouchere. But who is to weed, and in the thorough process what will become of the club?

There is always a Committee on Elections; why should there not be one on ejections? But are there not bores on election committees, and would they not be found on the very committee of ejection?

And what is the definition of a club bore? When a man first enters a club as a member he finds no bores. If he is young and with a bundle of illusions, he delights in the fact that he is at last associated with many distinguished citizens. He reads with self-complacency the roll of the club, just as he writes many letters the first month on the provided paper. He is surprised at the small attendance at meetings of business. He talks freely outside about "dropping into the club," particularly when the hearer does not seem to him an eligible person. And as he becomes acquainted more and more with his nominal associates, he is sure that each in his way is a remarkable man. Because he is a new member, he is generally the recipient of flattering attention. If he is willing, yes, eager to touch the bell of irritating invitation, some are equally willing, yes, eager that he should touch it. Some see in him a new target for the arrows of their wit. Some rejoice at the sight of a live person who has never heard the famous and the particular story that they are said to tell so well. The new member is in many ways a boon to the old stagers. If he is a good listener, he is voted an admirable acquisition.

Little by little novelty becomes habit. He has heard the favorite and time-approved stories; he has heard all the tales of private prejudices, disappointments, rejoicings, griefs. The one whom he once thought bluff and frank now seems arrogant. The pedestaled wit never gets off his pedestal. The marvelous operation—No. 487 for appendicitis—no longer excites his surprise, although the surgeon tells of it with love of lingering detail. The book-worm has bored through the tablets of his mind. The enthusiast on any social or inventive or political subject has set off all his fireworks. He himself has nothing new to offer. And he discovers suddenly that the club is full of bores. Yet they were once delectable in his sight, and he listened to them greedily. Now he talks fiercely of the necessity of preserving the reputation of the club, and moves for the appointment of a committee to eject undesirable members. He, himself, would possibly be the first to be removed were inexorable justice meted out.

There is no man in a club that is not likely at one time or another to be a bore to some member.

Disraeli once said, "The true bore is that man who thinks the world is only interested in one subject, because he himself can only comprehend one," but this saying, like many scattered by Disraeli, is only a half truth, perhaps no truth at all.

Any man with a purpose, whether it be to write a symphony, ride a bicycle, or master the art of cookery, is very apt to be a bore. An enthusiast is almost always a bore. The man that strives to eschew all forms of speech save epigrams is always a bore. And the habitual storyteller is a veritable *teredo*. But do you know of any club that is free from these varieties of mankind? Or do you suppose for a moment that you never indulge in individual boreism? I know of one ingenious clubman that proposed to seclude himself from boredom by entering the room with a portable picket protection which would prevent the immediate proximity of any undesirable member; while a little aperture, closable on the inside, would admit of cheering glass, or magazine, or cigar when brought by the waiter; but the scheme is impracticable; at least, he never put it into operation.

I know of another plan that was proposed in a club about three years ago. It was designed as a protection against all riders of hobbies, disputants with strident voices, and all sociable sinkers of artesian wells. It was as follows: A room on the top floor should be reserved for all ineluctable talkers on the tariff, on Wagner (for or against), on the genius of Dodge MacKulgit, on "Literary Boston," and all other painfully familiar subjects. The chairs and tables in this room should be fastened securely; the walls should be padded; and it would be an excellent idea to substitute mattresses for rugs or carpets. Thus the wranglers would be protected in a measure, and outsiders would not be seriously disturbed. Members who wish to engage the room for an hour or an evening should be obliged to leave their names with the steward, before 12 noon of the same day. After they are in possession, the door should be locked, and the only communication with the outside world would be the dumb-waiter, which would respond silently to any order shouted down a tube. Just before the closing of the club these disputants should be released; if they insist, in anger or in despair, on leaving the room at an earlier hour they should not be allowed the privileges of the house the same evening.

An old gentleman that has given this subject of bores earnest thought and a scrutinizing judgment declares himself in favor of an amendment to the above. He advises the erection of stalls in the largest room of the club. There should be a sign over the gate or door of each stall, as "Yachting," "Music," "Medicine," "Pornography," "Flylur Maculnes," "Modern Novels," etc., etc. Then any one feeling himself impelled as by a demon to converse seriously on one of these subjects must take accomplice or victim into the fit and appropriate shed where the conversation can in no way disturb the other members. If the shed be occupied, the demon-inspired must wait. In the most confirmed cases—as in that of old Mr. Auger, for instance—when no victim can be found, the steward will then assign a waiter, who must listen without yawning or contradiction. Of course the waiter will receive extra compensation for such service; say fifty cents every half hour, said sum or sums to be charged in the monthly dues of the gentleman who would talk.

Miss Gladia Ravogli, one of the sisters described, and unjustly, by a ribbent Wagnerian as the "Revolving Sisters"—unjustly because the soprano certainly was a woman of distinguished beauty.—Miss Gladia Ravogli has made a little sensation at the Covent Garden by her assumption of the part of Siebel in "Faust." Operatic Siebels may be divided roughly into two classes. Some are thin and appear to be apologizing uneasily for lungs rather than for voices. Others are fat, swaggerers with voices that would wither all the flowers in Margaret's garden even if Mephistopheles had not inflicted his curse. Thou there have been a few and blessed exceptions.

But when we come to inquire into the precise nature of Miss Ravogli's performance, there is little definite information. The brilliant reviewer for the Pall Mall Gazette starts out by saying that her Siebel is "by no means a perfect performance; it is, especially at the outset, self-conscious and restless; it needs to be cured of all sorts of facial tricks and unnecessary forgetfulness. Nevertheless, the part is really a creation." But how is it a creation? We learn that in the garden scene "she sang well, and, above all, she acted up to her singing. She caressed her flowers not with an eye to the boxes and stalls, but with an interior conception of that which it was appointed to her to fulfill. In point of fact, she made Siebel not only a possible but a prominent character, and thereby converted 'Faust' for the moment into a novelty." But have you now any definite idea of her concep-

tion of the part, especially as her conception was "interior?" How hard it is to convey in words to a reader who did not see a performance the brilliant or sombre characteristics of that performance. The Pall Mall Gazette man is a writer of generous vocabulary, gentle humor, biting wit, keen discrimination and large sympathy; he is a colorist to boot; but he has not explained in a satisfactory manner the individuality of Miss Ravogli's Siebel.

This reviewer is tired of the traditional Mephistopheles, and I rawn with him. To be sure Plancon sang the part on this particular occasion, and he "embodied the tradition to its last possible perfection. In truth, one gets weary of the old Mephistopheles ideal. It is so ruddy, so obvious, so everything but subtle and impressive."

The average Mephistopheles is a compound of a bully and a clown. He has not known apparently demoniac anguish. His only remembrance of the flames is shown in choice of costume. In the last act his chief anxiety is that the curtain should fall before the nearest restaurant closes.

Victor Maurel, who may come over to us next season, dressed the part of Mephistopheles in a mouse-colored costume as well as in black; for he sang this role although the music is not suited to his vocal compass. When he thus appeared at the Opéra in Paris in 1880, there were protests against his defiance of tradition; and some said that red was the fit and becoming color of the carnivalesque demon of opera, who is in no respect the mocking, intellectual hero of Goethe's poem.

London hears new operas, Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" and Verdi's "Falstaff" are still the talk of the town. The title of the new opera to be produced at the Savoy is "Mirette." The French libretto is by Carré, the author of "L'Eufant Prodigue," and the music is by Messager, the composer of that most delightful opera-comique, "La Basoche."

Here in Boston when there is a short season of opera we are invited to listen joyfully to "old favorites." If a new work is proposed, the managers tremble with fear of pecuniary loss, and they are justified in this emotion. Just as the hardened frequenters of Symphony concerts are most pleased by the endless repetition of overtures and symphonies with which they are thoroughly familiar, so the opera-goer of the town would fain hear "Faust" and other works in which they "know what's coming."

The modern magazine is in many instances a picture with explanatory text written up to or around or down to the pictures. Sometimes there is an article of a reformatory nature. Then there is a wilderness of advertisements dotted with pictures of aggressive and impudent children who have been fed on some glutinous preparation; and there are cuts of corsets, garters and bicycles. There is poetry, written as a rule by the editor and his friends, or signed by some respectable and "yours truly" person. The book notices proclaim excitedly the merits of the summer or winter line of literary goods exhibited by the publishers of the particular magazine.

Since these things are so, "The Chap-Book," the little five-cent semi-monthly, is a rare relief. In true literary worth the second number is not the equal of the first; but even in this second number there is the freedom of thought and expression that is rewarded by the public-fearing publishers of the monthly picture-books as extravagance if not absolute licentiousness. If Stoddard's article on "Mr. Parker's Sonnets" disappoints, there is "The Prayer in the Rose Garden" by Bliss Carman, "Concerning me and the Metropolis" is more precious than the ordinary elaborately illustrated article on a foreign town. Then there is the wild fancy of Charles Mincer Thompson which is worth quoting in full. It deserves separate paragraphs.

The success of the Minneapolis casts another gloom over St. Paul enthusiasts.

IMPORTANCE.

"The Last Day is.
"The earth drops through space like a ball
dropt from the hand. Flame trails after it like
a red cloak outborne by the wind.
"Far away in a garden on one of the planets,
where their only companion is the sweet dusk,
sit two lovers who think that love is eternal.
"They are silent.
"Suddenly the girl points toward the sky. And
as she does so the loose sleeve falls back from
her white arm.
"Look, love! she cries.
"Yes," answers he; 'It is a falling star.'
"But he is thinking of her arm."
PHILIP HALE.

WORKERS IN COLOR.

We now live in a period of experiment in literature as in art. It is a period of unrest and groping. Form in its ancient sense is reckoned a clog to the imagination. The suggestion, subtle or crude, is more to be desired, some say, than are the premise and the logical deduction. It is the nuance, and not the color, that should be sought with tears. Ideas are conventional and mercantile; ideas are destructive to the supreme expression of art. The expression should be color, perfume, unregulated music; it may be obscure, it may be grotesque; it should never be the bald and clear statement of a gross fact, and facts are gross and vulgar. You may create a new shudder; you may excite the contemptuous laughter of the purblind prosaic; you may not, you must not be understood by the crowd. Your vocabulary must be your own, the result of the ransacking of dictionaries, a labor quickened by artistic frenzy. The printed page must glow prismatically, or the sentences must be dead ebony knots, according to the wished for effect. If you tell a story, let the subject be an episode in a life, the episode or rather the feeling of a day. You must not strive to correct an evil; you must not point a moral; you must not serve any purpose; you are to simply put into words a passing emotion.

The searching after the unexpected and the unthought of in words is no new thing. To sweat in the full expression of the ineffable is no new thing. The decadent dates from the pride of Byzantium. Petronius knew the value of "the phrase," even in his hideous satire. "Curiosity of diction, unfailing loyalty to speech, eager search after the strange" proclaim Apuleius a decadent. These men, and other men of fantastical mind in the time of Queen Elizabeth, in the days of Baudelaire, now in France and in England and even in Belgium—they do not disdain gutter-speech or rustic proverb, or idle slang. Or they coin words when the memory fails or that which has been prepared for use seems inadequate. In ancient times, as now, these jugglers with words were looked at askew by self-appointed masters and critics of style; they were called torturers of sentences, wantonly obscure, peevishly affected.

Grant that some of this generation ride recklessly on Pegasus, with abandoned rein. Grant that the phrase is not all, is not supreme. But also grant that such colorists are of precious value, if only in reassuring English-using people of the glory of their language. Too many poets and too many tale-unburdeners have satisfied themselves with a shop-keeping speech suitable to a nation of shop-keepers. The luxuriant tree of Nature has been cut and trimmed into a Noah's Ark shrub. Licentiousness of idea was pardoned by some, though under protest, if the form of speech was orthodox. Shelley and Swinburne and some of the youngest poets have shown that the resounding flexibility of our mother-tongue was a birth-right, as was the inexorable antithesis dear to Pope.

Or are the glories of Nature intelligible? Do her miracles of tints, her spring suggestion and her autumnal foreboding, her indolent extravagance of summer and her wintry haud on the human heart, admit of precise definition in language that would please Jevons and Gould Brown, adamant respectively in matters of logic and grammar?

A welcome then to adventurers who strive to bring back forgotten or new treasure to a language. Laureled wreaths to the inventors of phrases that corruscate and haunt! Time, the last sifter, may keep only a page

or two, but such pages will not only then be as Oriental perfumes; they will have served up to the final judgment as a model or a stimulant for all cunning workers, who, knowing that nearly everything was said centuries ago, find infinite delight in felicitous reiteration, and escape thus from the carking commonness of the merely respectable phrase.

Our Jacobites celebrate—at least they should celebrate—to-day the anniversary of the birth of the "old Pretender," otherwise known as "Mr. James Misfortune." The last chapters of Thackeray's "Esmond" will be appropriate reading.

Here is a serious blow to reckless landlords and shiftless plumbers. It is proposed to form an insurance association for the protection of house owners and tenants from insanitary property.

June 11-94

A WHISTLING GIRL.

Mrs. Alice Shaw, who for some time has devoted herself to high-class whistling, believes that the constant practice of the art is beneficial to the health, and she recommends the exercise to her "weak-chested, slender-throated sisters." She is not the first that won a certain fame by the display of this art.

In the 17th century a young fellow in the service of Mr. Marie Cureau de la Chambre of Mans was known as "Le beau siffleur," and his skill was such that he was borrowed to enliven social gatherings. When his master was appointed physician to the King of France, the young whistler delighted Paris; but he fell victim to hospitality and wet his whistle too often. The beautiful Giuseppa Grassini, who charmed the first Napoleon with her song, was a whistler of marvelous dexterity. Then there was the German, Mr. von Joel, who earned a handsome living by whistling, until the muscles of his mouth refused to adapt themselves. To-day there are men, women, and girls known as "whistling artistes." Few, very few, whistle in tune. The wind bloweth where it listeth.

When Mrs. Shaw urges the importance of whistling, as she would the use of tennis, Indian clubs or the foil, she whistles at all tradition. Proverbs and stories are against her. The most familiar proverb, considering the whistling girl and the crowing hen, is something musty, as Hamlet would say, and yet it is found among many nations. Georges Kastner, a man not ungallant, declared that women seemed deprived of the faculty of whistling; that women of the country and women of the people seldom whistled, even when engaged in occupations in which men by whistling encourage horses or call dogs, or express their wishes to other animals. "Still less do they dream of thus diverting themselves or beguiling the time." The Germans say of a whistling girl, "She'll have a beard;" and when one strives in vain, they have this mock: "There's no use in making a little mouth; whistle!"

Whistling itself was long in disrepute. The clown in Dryden's poem "whistled as he went, for want of thought." They once said of a second-rate singer, "He that cannot sing may whistle;" and yet as "to whistle" in German also means "to drink," the saying may have had another twist. In the familiar English phrase, "wet the whistle," the word whistle may or may not stand for weesle or windpipe; the meaning is obvious enough. Then there is a touch of contempt in the phrase, "Whistle for it." Again, to whistle is synonymous with "to build castles in Spain." Nor should we forget the demoniac side, for there are sailors that can compel a wind by mystic whistling.

Mrs. Shaw is undoubtedly right in encouraging her sisters to practice the art, not that they thus may become red-cheeked and bulbous, for in this neurotic age such personal characteristics may be deemed disfigurements. But whistling will be of convenience to women. When they have all mastered it, there will be no need of frantic waving of parasol to arrest the street-car driver in his mad flight. Husband or child can thus be readily called. The servant will be trained to obey the signal. The languishing pianist will then have no cause of deploring the weakness of feminine applause. Nor should any man mock woman in her endeavor to thus perfect herself, as he laughs when she essays to throw a stone, for with the march of events and the final "emancipation" of woman it is not unlikely that the old Scottish song will be sung, though it will be altered slightly in the gender:

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lass;
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lass;
Tho' father and mither, and a' should go mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lass.

It is truly an opera-bouffe war out in Colorado. The "deputies" surrender and cheer the soldiers that were ready to shoot them.

On St. Barnabas
Put the scythe to the grass.
On St. Barnabas' Day
The Sun is come to stay.
Rain on St. Barnabas' Day is
Good for grapes.
Barnaby bright, Barnaby bright,
The longest day and the shortest night.
—(Old English Saw.)

This is the anniversary of the death, or, at least, the burial, of Roger Bacon of six centuries ago. To-day he would have been an Edison. In his own time he was accused of magic, as one relying on the aid of demons, although Mr. Bayle, the celebrated Mr. Bayle, says that "it is very probable that he performed nothing by means of a compact with the Devil." Many and marvelous were his findings out; for the camera obscura, the air pump, the diving bell, gun powder are laid at his door by some. Is it not more than likely that his famous brazen head was a rude phonograph?

The Society for the Beautifying of Boston should offer a prize to be given to the first bicycle rider that succeeds in maintaining a "pleasing expression" when on the wheel.

June 12-1914

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Revival of "The Pirates of Penzance" at the Tremont—Other Theatrical Notes and Comment.

Mr. Askin's company appeared last evening at the Tremont in "The Pirates of Penzance." Mr. Julian Edwards was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Edward..... | George W. Wilson |
| Richard..... | William McLaughlin |
| Samuel..... | Lindsay Morrison |
| Frederic..... | Clinton Elder |
| Mr. Gen. Stanley..... | A. F. MacCollin |
| Kate..... | Maude Hollins |
| Edith..... | Hilda Hollins |
| Isabel..... | Trixy Friganza |
| Edith..... | Nannie Morse |
| Edith..... | Kate Davis |
| Mabel..... | Camille D'Arville |

A large audience was often delighted by the performance, if applause is the inevitable symptom of inward pleasure; and yet the performance was in many respects unsatisfactory. Summer entertainments are not, perhaps, to be judged with a rigid scrutiny; indeed, every allowance should be made that is reasonable; for light opera, even when the comedians are only moderately amusing and the singers of slight worth, enlivens many evenings that would otherwise be dull.

But certain suggestions may be made and facts may be stated. Miss D'Arville was received with wild enthusiasm, such as greets the return of a General from a nation-saving battle, and, indeed, she bore away the vocal honors of the evening, a light task by the way. Miss Davis was dramatically entertaining, and vocally she was a paradox that would have pleased Frederic and the pirate band; for the truer she was to him, the more false was she to the pitch. Mr. Elder should not labor so in his efforts to please. When he tried to do his prettiest, he was at his worst. The same may be said of Mr. McLaughlin, who is entirely too boisterous in his struggle to rivet the attention of the audience. Mr. MacCollin was almost the only one that had an understanding of Gilbert's intentions. In his parting volubility triumphed over distinct enunciation. Mr. Wilson's Sergeant was dry, without the cilly humor that should ooze through the delightful lines.

The chorus was, as in "Patience," a constant pleasure to the eye, nor is it out of place to here allude to the personal charms of Gen. Stanley's daughters Kate and Edith. Certain hitches in stage management will, no doubt, disappear with repeated performances. Many of the numbers were sung twice last evening, and during the wait the California Quartet sang in the lobby.

PHILIP HALE.

"Circus weather, regular circus weather," you hear on every side. But are circus tents never wet, or do they never know a colder sun? The phrase, however, sticks in spite of reason and contradiction.

If the rulers of the nations of the globe had actually been in the parade with the elephants, the camels and the other animals they would not have looked more royal or more at their ease than did the nummers with educated face and whiskers—these descendants of the archimemes who, attending the funeral train, imitated the gesture and manners of the deceased. And the crowd gazed at the living replicas with about as much respect as though the Emperors et al. were present as guests of the Mayor and the Board of Aldermen.

Thirty years ago the circus was regarded by many excellent people as the last stopping place—a species of grand junction—just before the cars reached that populous resort, the Brimstone Lake. There was a book then, a prime favorite in Sunday School libraries, that painted the desperate enormities and Heliogabalian dissipation of circus life in scarlet and purple, so that the approach of the procession irritated the youthful reader beyond endurance.

It is a pity that the boy of 30 years ago does not see the circus of to-day with the same eyes: such comparison would be invaluable. Would he choose for his enjoyment one ring or three rings? Would not the long remembered "Harry Man from Bernes" eclipse the glory of a whole "Ethnological Congress?" And he would be able to settle definitely the question: Has not the elephant deteriorated within the last

30 years? Somehow to the old boy the elephant is not now as wonderful a beast, and the camel looks dirtier, and the drivers with plug hats and box coats no longer seem heroic beings, and the band does not play that foot-enticing tune, "Follow, Oh Follow Me!" But the old boy found himself last evening sauntering in Huntington Avenue, and there were many old

boys and young boys, as well as women of every age, hurrying toward the tents, and before he really knew where he was, the old boy smelled the ancient familiar smell of sawdust, menagerie and excited humanity, and he watched the wonderful feats, and he listened as well as he could to the clowns, trying to recognize his former friend, the Shaksperian jester, and before he was conscious of it he had taken in the whole show even to the drinking of lemonade.

What's this? Adelina Patti singing something by Wagner? This confirms the report that her voice is fast going.

Mr. Campanari, late of this town and of the Symphony Orchestra, has signed a contract with Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau for three years' service with them as baritone. This is good news to his many friends, who have long recognized his value as an opera singer of skill, temperament and taste.

It will be remembered that when Mr. Paul Bourget visited Boston and met so many women who liked his books and assured him of their literary passion, he was regarded as a lion of extraordinary mane and with a miraculous kink in his tail. He was pursued by interviewers and kodak-bearers, and in many ways he had reason to appreciate the lively curiosity of Bostonians. The following description of him by a cool Englishman is, therefore, not without interest. It was written apropos of Bourget's election to the Academy:

"But from the first academies have chosen to regard themselves as the rewarders of moral virtue, and in no sense as guardians of the fine arts. Bourget had to be elected some time or other; and without a doubt the women of the French middle class will like to think that a gentleman who can write in so gentlemanly-gentlemanlike a way to them of their whirs and fashions, their fancies and their frills, and quite discreetly about the flounces and psychology of 'the other person' is entitled to sit in an arm chair. We in England find him long—so very long, and duller than words can express."

Unless animated by conversation his blue eyes give an impression of fatigue, not to say dullness. There is nothing imposing in his stature or bearing. One would not, in short, recognize him at the first glance as a man of genius. Spoilt and used by the great ladies of fashionable society, he is apt to give himself airs—not of the bumptious and offensive sort, familiar enough in many literary lions, but tinged with a querulous and almost peevish conceit.

June 13, 1894

Why this laughter over Richard Croker's visit to the "ancestral home" and search of material to "substantiate the family claims?" He will undoubtedly, like the Major General in the "Pirates of Penzance," find ancestors, and they will easily become his by purchase.

Harper's Magazine tells a palpitating world why certain people are so justly proud of authenticated birth in Philadelphia. Other villages enjoy this peculiar honor, as Salem, Mass., and Cazenovia, N. Y. Nevertheless, the sons and the daughters of less distinguished towns have occasionally overcome the gloom, if not the disgrace, of such birthdom, and lived comfortably and creditably in New York, Baltimore or Boston.

Mr. Etienne Postel, late of Yale University, is apparently a fencing-master of the good old romantic school. He has crowned his work by bringing the students to a high stage of proficiency by running away with a young and pretty girl. Nothing foils him.

Horoscopes often fit in with the weather, as when oracular advice "Defer everything" is proclaimed on a broiling day.

These stories about the Sultan of Morocco have an old-fashioned ring. For many years it was unnatural for a Sultan to die a natural death.

It is a good thing to veil the thermometer in hot weather, and it is better still not to own one. If the mercury is below the feverish pitch of the spectator, he is disappointed, and depression attacks him. If the mercury is higher than his expectation, his blood boils sympathetically.

The Worcester Spy, with notes of exclamation and other symptoms of hysteria, takes exception to a paragraph that appeared in this column, and proclaims the "everlasting obligation" conferred upon Americans by the "author of Locksley Hall." The instance is unfortunate, for Tennyson in his later poem on Locksley Hall repudiated the bold democratic statements of the earlier, and uttered a pessimistic wail against the government of the people by the people.

After reading certain popular novels of the day a man should not be consistent; he should change his mind occasionally, in the interests of cleanliness.

June 14-1914

So Jack Mason and Marion Manola are to try it again. "Patience," or "Ruddygore" would be an appropriate choice for the opening night, so far as a title is concerned.

The Raconteur in the Musical Courier suggests that the "Living Pictures" might be better entitled "Hips that pass in the Night."

Dr. Newell allows that he has seen the time when one and two made four.

The "Cigar Snatcher" of Orange and Delaware counties, N. Y., who pulls pipes and cigars from the mouths of men as they pass—in the night or in the day, and excuses his rudeness by the remark, "God made pure air," is not the first in his peculiar calling. Joe Howard has been seen to operate in a similar fashion on cigarette smokers and public chewers of wooden toothpicks. To be sure, he says nothing about "pure air" to the latter and shameless offenders; he merely remarks "Don't do that," and then removes the weapon.

Some claim that the late Edmund Yates was the chief pioneer in "society journalism," but newspapers published "society notes" long before Yates saw the light. One hundred and sixty-six years ago to-day the Daily Post of London published the following paragraph: "Whereas, there has been a scandalous paper cried about the streets, under the title of 'A Popp upon Pope,' insinuating that I was whipped in Ham-walks, on Thursday last; This is to give notice that I did not stir out of my house at Twickenham, and that the same is a malicious and ill-grounded report;" and this paragraph is signed Alexander Pope. Here are all the constituent elements of a first-class modern "happening" and consequent report.

Here is another instance of "Death in the home," and, of course, it is found among the "refinements" of civilization. Beware of the tissue-paper lamp shade! It is often colored with inflammable chromate of lead. It may set itself on fire, spontaneously as it were, in the day time. Yellow and pale green are particularly baleful colors. Yet any housewife can easily test her lamp shade. If she puts a match to it and then cannot blow out the flame, it is dangerous. Even if a "sanitary" shade should thus be destroyed by accident, art would not suffer seriously.

Yes, modern science is wonderful, out of all whooping. Chrysippus, who discovered that by pronouncing hourly the words of the Egyptian trinity, Anon-Mouth-Khons, a man could traverse the Libyan desert without thirst, would cut a sorry figure in these days, although the Athenians raised a statue to him, "because he knew everything." Here's an Englishman who uses a battery of ripe melons to ring an electric bell, and now he has found out a cure for toothache. Microbes cause all fleshy ills; therefore microbes incite toothache. Ozone kills microbes; therefore ozone will cure toothache. All the sufferer needs, then, is an apparatus for producing ozone, an oxygen reservoir, and when the tooth aches, he passes a current of ozone and oxygen mixed. And so every man will soon be his own dentist.

There is talk again about "the original shortcake," and many are the recipes given. The original and delicious shortcake is always the one eaten in boyhood. It is in the same class with the "old-fashioned" doughnut and "mother's squash pie." Alas! that the honest appetite of boyhood goes, "like our youth, too soon."

It was reserved for a German naturalist, a deep thinker, to find out why certain vegetables are apt to disturb the inner economy and mental serenity of man. Dr. Pfeffer declares that plants are "irritable." The sensitive mimosa curls up when touched. And the cabbage, the cauliflower, the water-melon, the radish, the cucumber are just as sensitive, and they endeavor to curl up when taken into the human body. The learned Dr. Pfeffer says that in these forms of reaction "a phenomenon of trigger action is distinctly perceptible." Hence, no doubt, the shooting pains.

At the meeting of doctors here a paper was read on the "technique" of vaccination. It would be interesting to know how this technique compares with Paderewski's.

There is a bureau in the Union Depot for the distribution of intelligence. There are men employed as distributors of intelligence, and they have a nice new uniform to aid them in the distribution. Now, if these distributors were provided liberally with assorted intelligence concerning the movements of trains, etc., the bureau would be of real advantage to the traveling public.

THE IDEAL DIRECTORY.

Luciano's "Messiah," an opera that procures the attention of Europe, has been sung six times in Rio de Janeiro, six times in Buenos Ayres and six times in Montevideo. And who knows anything about the opera here in Boston, a city so musical that two performances of "The Messiah" are given yearly?

June 15 94

Some are asking why Mr. John Gilliat gave the title, "An Unspeakable Siren," to his cheap and nasty novel; as though a title necessarily had anything to do with the contents of a tale or essay. Why did Montaigne, for instance, head a famous essay "Coaches?" Some still approve of the Jane Austen trick in titles, as "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility." The trick is not a difficult one. These titles in respectful imitation are now given gratuitously to any writer of the old school: "Colic and Bucleic" (excellent for a summer novel), "Seen and Obscene" (with a dedication to Mr. Anthony Comstock). And often the title is the main thing.

This is the festival of St. Vitus, a saint who is held chiefly in remembrance to-day by the sorely afflicted; the most prosaic mothers hear his name with superstitious awe. And why is the memory of the martyr associated with a terrible disease? A legend of the 14th century tells that when in 303 the Sicilian youth bent his neck to the sword he prayed that he might protect from the Dancing Mania all those who should solemnize the day of his commemoration and fast upon its eve; and thereupon a voice from heaven was heard, saying, "Vitus, thy prayer is accepted." Truly a prophetic prayer, for the mania did not break out before the Middle Ages.

Would you learn of the physical and mental horrors of this plague, of the grotesque and demoniacal causes alleged, of the scenes of debauchery that accompanied the mad leaps and twitches and contortions? Read J. F. C. Hecker's "The Dancing Mania of the Middle Ages." The wildest delusions of to-day concerning silver, the tariff, or the "preciousness" of the latest English poets, will seem mature judgments of examiners of indisputable facts.

There is an old superstition that if it rains on St. Vitus's day it will rain for the forty following days.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore declares that "the day has gone by when the world has much for the sickly and feeble." And she adds, "they are the drag of society to-day and are a millstone about the neck of steady progress." It was in consequence of such reasoning that many ancient people indulged in the practice of killing all sickly and feeble children, sometimes by throwing the little millstones into the sea.

Mr. Robert Buchanan will have little sympathy in his pecuniary tronoles, for his aggressive mental irritation provoked those who in earlier years pardoned the cutaneous irritation that distinguished him when he first saw London lights.

Mr. Helme gives gratifying information about life in the North End. "In the whole course of his experience" there he had seen only three Italians drunk. Now, without casting any slur on the many thrifty and industrious citizens of that district, one may say reasonably that Mr. Helme has never observed life in the drinking houses there or that he suffers possibly from asthenopia.

Melodramatic details are given concerning the affray in the North End. La Donna stood over Amante and "muttered, 'Die, dog.'" The only dramatic solecism was that La Donna, in his excitement, shot Mr. Spera by mistake. On the stage the aim is unerring and the victim is so sure of this fact that he often flops before the gun goes off.

Mr. Thomas Riley is quoted as saying, "It is almost absurd to have Judges appointed for life. It is against the spirit of our age and country, and may prove dangerous to the people." Surely Mr. Riley would not have our Judges elected by popular vote, as in New York and certain other States. Let him read at his leisure and with careful reflection the remarks on the independence of the Judge, in the 19th chapter of Lieber's "Civil Liberty."

Matthew Arnold said that "We are what we have been." An English journal corrects the phrase, so that it reads "We are what we have eaten," and it then adds, "Do we not all know women who consist of a number of halves of ill-boiled eggs, taken with a little dry toast; of innumerable bath buns swallowed hastily with indifferent claret; of countless pretences at eating a poor dinner; and of ices like the sand of the sea for multitude?"

Fortunately for the stability of social institutions the great majority of the inhabitants of a city does not question the legitimate existence of a class known as the "upper ten," the "upper circle" or the "four hundred." It may question the right of certain members to their claim; and the questioners would under rigid cross-examination admit that their names should be found in the muster roll in the place of the impostors. Undoubtedly they are to be justified in question and in claim, for are we not all members of a democracy, believers in the doctrine that the accidents of birth and fortune should not affect the social standing of man or woman?

For the use of the distinguished class there are select directories which contain only the names of people that are "knowable" or "possible," as the euphonistic phrase goes. In such a directory there is safety, there is nothing repellent, nothing to bring a blush to the cheek of the sensitive. Common names have been "hyphenated" until they are thoroughly anglicized, and every manjack in the volume has "Mr." before his full address. This is as it should be; and yet how incomplete, how inadequate is such a directory. There is a yearly social rise; the favoring flood aids valiant swimmers in their struggles to reach the shore. The fact that the names of the new-comers were not in the social directory of the year before galls the bearers of them, and they are subjected for a time to unnecessary humiliation. Then, only the name and the street number are recorded; and what idea does such a directory give of the real consequence of the men and women enrolled therein?

The basis of the ideal directory should be the city directory of daily use, less its advertisements, lists of streets, benevolent societies and other distracting and impertinent detail. No name, however humble, should be omitted, for there is no predicting sparsely of the future. Thus, Mr. Felix O'Mulligan,

by profession a plumber, should appear in the directory with the following explanatory note: "Descended, through his mother, from Dermot Macmorrogh, King of Leinster. A coming man; he has devoted heelers, and a strong pull at the City Hall." As his family affairs and connections are at present of subsidiary interest, this note would suffice. But in the case of Mr. Cabot Clarendon, or Mr. Beacon Waterside, more would be expected. As their names are familiar in the community there is no need of digressions on their pedigrees; but it would be of advantage to the younger generation if the incomes of the said gentlemen were stated correctly, with the age of marriageable daughters and the number of sons; item, whether there is insanity in the family; item, whether the property is real or personal; and any other items the knowledge of which would prevent post-nuptial disappointment. It would be well that all items of genuine interest were noted accurately. Here is a working model: "Smith, John. No. 41.144 Beacon Street. Age 40. Brunette. Democrat. Not connected with any church. Boots and shoes. Manners easy. Unmarried. Lineal descendant of Capt. John. \$10,000 a year. For license."

Consider the advantages of such a directory. Mothers could at once judge of the eligibility of a young man. Political managers would not waste circulars before an election. There would be no need of asking awkward questions in a roundabout way. There would be the public frankness that characterizes the dwellers in the Palace of Truth. The society columns of the newspapers already give full information of the movements of people, where they go, or why they do not go, with whom they dine, with whom they drink tea. Add to these sources of information the ideal directory, and curiosity, a bane of civilization, would die at once. The objection may be made that such a volume would be expensive and bulky. Its bulk need not be extraordinary, and the city should buy a number for public use. These could be kept, chained, in public squares, or where people gather in hope of catching a meteoric street car.

Mr. Phye is the compiler of a book entitled "7000 Words Often Mispronounced." Mr. Phye could write with more authority on "One word sometimes misspelled."

"Shkotzim" seems to have made as much trouble as did the word "hypothense" when the philosopher hurled it at a raging adversary. And what is the real meaning of "Shkotzim," anyway?

The intelligent foreigner who learns English by reading newspapers was perplexed sorely the other day when he came across a paragraph in our contemporary that goes only among the rich. It appears that one of the features of a ball game was "the rank exhibition of chewing the rag by the Boston players."

We have all admired the gallantry of the Lancers as displayed in their daring charges here and in the neighborhood, but not until Gen. Champlin spoke was the overwhelming value of such soldiery clearly shown. "Why does peace reign in Massachusetts?" asked the General. A ready answer would have been, "Because there is no war." But the General looked deeper into the problem. "It is because," said he, "there are 6000 men, of whom you are a part, who guarantee her peace." When we wako up in the night let us remember the Lancers are here, and we may sleep in security. Were it not for drills and uniforms and encampments Rhode Island would declare war within 24 hours, and Vermont farmers would hasten to plunder the palaces in Commonwealth Avenue. Boston would expire in a convulsion of blood and flame. The owls would dwell here, satyrs would dance here, and the wild beasts of the islands would cry in our desolate houses.

The gentle "Listener" is right in protesting against the use of the word "team" as a synonym of "wagon." And yet in popular town speech the word team is no longer applied solely to the animals that draw the wagon. In the old dictionary of John Ash, a dictionary that contains many singular and obsolete words, team is derived from the Saxon "tyme," a yoke, and is defined as a number of horses or oxen drawing at the same carriage or plough. The compiler of that fascinating book, "The Dialect of Craven," suggests that as team was also a strong iron chain, the junction of horses by this chain might have given it the name of team. But these are both probably fanciful derivations.

Is "teamful" in the sense of full to the brim now used? Does "teamier" mean anywhere this side of the Atlantic to-day "a team of five horses?" Or is any wagoner known now as a teamer-man? Instead of coining new words would it not be well first to bring back to life sturdy and expressive words of old English use?

The class of 1876 at Harvard graduated with a roll of 162. The statistics of marriage and parentage have just been published. Eighty-six are fathers. Twenty-one have each 1 child, 32 have 2 children, 20 have 3, 9 have 4, 1 has 5, 1 has 6 and 1 has 7; 86 have 205, and the average is about 2.4 to each man. Now, would the one with 7 or the 21 with 1 prefer the statistical average to the natural dispensation? Here is a peculiar problem in parentage.

The lovers of pleasure are too often forgetful of those that pipe to them that they may dance. Musicians are seldom frugal, and in many instances it is impossible for them to lay up money against the days when their hands are stiff and their ears are dull. Even the most popular are but the favorites of a day; just as the prancing and snorting horse becomes tiresome to the owner and is finally found in cart or brickyard. Let those who are rich and fond of music remember then the existence of the Oliver Ditson Society for the Help of Poor and Needy Musicians. Mr. B. J. Lang is the President and Mr. C. H. Ditson is the Treasurer. The fund has aided greatly with money a larger number of poor and needy musicians during the past year than in any previous year.

President Eliot's eulogy of the country doctor deserves to be put in the same envelope with Brongham's praise of the schoolmaster. And who can forget, if he has ever read it, the novel by Balzac that is an enduring monument to the physician who in rural districts is the life-long friend of families, the faithful repository of secrets, a very guide and counselor.

June 17 94

IN AN INN.

The Random Reflections of One Sitting at Table.

Concerning the Alleged Passing of Gilbertian Operetta.

A Hurried Glance at Mr. John Gilliat's Volume of Lush.

Three operettas by Gilbert and Sullivan have been heard lately in Boston; one was new, two were old.

The music of the "Pirates of Penzance" and "Patience" still pleases an audience. Are Gilbert's lyrics and dialogue still so good to amuse? It is easy to say that if Gilbert

Humor do not amuse an audience, the audience is saddened. Such a reproach is a lazy reply to a fact, and the fact is this: the lines of "The Pirates" and "Patience" are not loaded surely this summer with comic shot that brings down each lunatic game. The moment that there is any clowning on the stage, there is homeric laughter in the audience. And yet the whole scheme of Gilbertian operetta is a protest against clowning. When these two operettas were first heard in the United States, they delighted thousands and they were comparatively without horseplay, introduced by anxious comedians. When "Utopia" was given here, the best lines went over the heads of the hearers, but the silly antics of two horse-collar jesters were cheered uproariously; strong men beat their sides and mopped their foreheads. Now to simply say that the audience of Boston to-day is stupid and cannot appreciate wit or humor is merely shifting a burden of proof; and it is so easy, when one is in doubt, to blame the audience.

"The Pirates of Penzance" is about 14 years old. "Patience" is younger by a year. Now 14 years is a very respectable age for an operetta. The hearer of 20 and the hearer of 34 are different persons, although the name may be the same and the facial features and expression may admit of easy recognition.

What kind of operetta, or rather comic-opera, was known here in America when these works of Gilbert and Sullivan were shown in their infancy? French and English companies had appeared in operettas by Offenbach, Lecocq, Planquette, and works by Suppé and Strauss were known. In the French companies there was little or no clowning even in the height of the merriest, and the author was respected. In the Oates company there were no purely acrobatic comedians.

In this country the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas were as a rule first made popular by companies recruited in the main from church choirs. A few comedians came over from England, but they had been trained in the peculiar Gilbertian school. Who can ever forget the uncouthness of Serret, Edward as played by one of d'Oyley Carte's men. His name was Clifton, was it not? Or who can forget the Bunthorne of Gaston, so intense and yet so artistically controlled, or the more grotesque, but still subtle, performance of the part by Seymour?

The chief anxiety of the church choir singers was to sing well their respective parts. There were excursions in the usual stiffness of dramatic action, as Miss Philipps; but the singers were generally content if they spoke their lines distinctly. As the most of them were without wild dramatic ambition, Gilbert perhaps gained thereby; for the audience heard his lines, as he wrote them. In his librettos the action and the situation are little; the unvarnished text is everything. And in the earlier days even Mr. Barnabee made no claim to riva Coquelin. By singing "The Cork Leg" he had secured a laurel wreath of peculiar brand, and he felt that he could afford to give the author a chance.

Then arose a species of actor known as the "eccentric vocal comedian;" he was called Hopper, or Digby Bell, or Wilson, or Dixey. Take Mr. Dixey, for instance, as Bunthorne. At times he was undeniably funny, but his action was never so wildly funny as was his mistaken conception of his part; and when he would wreath his lithe and imitable legs, and design with his twinkling feet strange and burlesque steps, enthusiasm struck the roof. Mr. Dixey eclipsed totally Mr. Gilbert.

To the attraction of such a comedian were soon added large girls, conspicuous by apparent absence of underclothing, by bodices of the pneumonia pattern, and by what are technically known as shades. Their apparition was accompanied by a profuse use of the lime light.

And lo, the Muse of operetta was a roused and brazen hussy rejoicing in fleshly display; her breath was hot with fever and with drink; her voice was broken with hicconchs, and she wooed with belladonna eyes; her gestures were a wriggle and a kick. Clowns danced around her a satyr dance. "Wine-openers" besieged the stage door.

And then arose the gaz in its might.

And, pray, what were the consequences of the new and improved operetta, the "operetta up to date?" The singing became of little importance. The action simply revolved about the clown. The lines served merely to relieve the jaded invention of the zag-colner. The chorus was chosen with the particular intention of arousing the interest of old gentlemen of sporting proclivities and the liquorish young that had just learned the use of the razor.

The manager said—he still says—"That is what the people want," and, sure enough, that is what many want to-day. They want it because the managers have led them to think it the proper and legitimate thing.

So when an audience now hears one of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, it finds it grey. Not having been accustomed of late to keen enjoyment of a witty text, it is disappointed if the comedians do not "do something." Thus, in the performance of "Patience" at the Tremont, Miss Davis, as Lady Jane, provoked the first hearty applause by jumping over a stump, by displaying a remarkable petticoat, by doing many things that Lady Jane, the woman imagined by Gilbert, would never have done. Thus the verses of a topical nature, introduced by Mr. Wilson, stale and stupid verses—I believe they treated

of the street-car problem—caused more merriest than any of Gilbert's humorous lyrics or his dialogue. Thus the liberties taken with the audience by Miss Freganza, liberties that would have been sternly rebuked by Gilbert or the stage manager under his control, seemed entrancing to many who watched eagerly her incongruous sportiveness.

The librettos of Gilbert—the Gilbert of the earlier operettas—are not stale. It is true that wit is the chief characteristic of them, and not situation; but the wit is, as a rule, profoundly human; and the follies and the foibles of humanity are always interesting. Nor is the audience of to-day more radically stupid than it was when it listened eagerly and appreciatively to every quip and all the logical deductions from a delightfully absurd paradox. The audience, however, is suffering from a debauch. Familiarity with acrobatic and fleshly comic opera has almost convinced it that there is no other light and pleasing form of musical-dramatic entertainment. That the audiences at the Tremont have been steadily of good size is a sign of hope to all that deplore the disrepute into which a good thing has fallen. Let Gilbert and Sullivan have at least a fair chance; let other operettas by them be revived, as "Trial by Jury," "Iolanthe" and "The Mikado." If they are given discreetly, and even seem underdone than overdone, many will recognize the fact that operetta is not necessarily a simple compound of clowning and shapes.

Operetta will in all probability be given soon in at least three theatres. There should thus be an opportunity for ambitious and capable singers of this city and the neighborhood, especially as it is rumored that new works will be heard. The performances of the last fortnight have suffered from a lack of men and women who sing respectably. No one demands in such operettas singers of unusual merit; but they that take part should at least be able to keep to the true ditch. The heroic style, on the other hand, is decidedly out of place, and it may here be said that Miss D'Arville as Mabel takes herself entirely too seriously; she sings as loudly, extravagantly—boisterously is the better word—as any tragic queen contemplating suicide or revenge.

Have you read "An Unspeakable Siren?" If you have not, Don't.

And yet there are amusing things in the book, although the humor of Mr. Gilliat is in these instances unconscious. Mr. Tancred Flemmyng is a delightful person, whether he wears "a dinner coat of violet velvet and a pale purple orchid," or smokes a "gold-tipped cigarette whose aroma was as insidious as a narcotic—elective and potent," as he reclines on a divan "among 30 cushions of 30 vague yet perfectly distinct hues." Fit companion for him is Mr. Percy Vincent, who is the proud possessor of a gold cigarette case "frosted with diamonds." Fit companion, too, is the nymphomaniac heroine with her "rosary of malechite beads," with her skinny neck, with a bow of lilies that was "adolescent and alluring," with her rare perfume, and with her medicine chest that included digitalis and pellets of sparteine. There are no poor people in the book; every body has money to spend. Nor is the book without real pretty writing, as when Alice Mazarin—it might as well be Mazarran—looks across "the wind-swept square" and observes that "a cold aniline zone slashed the west." And what a cheap cad is the bull-necked hero PHILIP HALE.

ST. BOTOLPH'S DAY.

This is the anniversary of the death of St. Botolph, the patron saint of the older Boston, or Botolph's Town in Lincolnshire, although there are some who would have his monastery elsewhere. We know comparatively little concerning him; that little is not accepted unanimously, but all is to his good repute. He traveled into Belgic Gaul. On his return the generous King of the South Saxons gave him land, "a forsaken, uninhabited desert, where nothing but devils and goblins were thought to dwell; but St. Botolph with the holy virtue and sygne of the holy crosse freed it from the possession of those hellish inhabitants." They say the good Saint died this day of June, 680. His relics were a movable and distributed feast. To find them is a game of button-button. Ely elained them, so did Thorney, and there are other places where dead, as well as living, he worked miracles. Four parishes in London alone commemorate him. And some men call him the tutelar saint of mariners.

It is the fashion in these days to smile at the simple faith of men and women in a protecting saint who wrapped the welfare of his town in the robe of his sanctity and kept it sweet and sound. It is easy to say, as did scornful Saint Augustine concerning the Roman gods, that these saints "never respected whether the city were corrupted,

and so brought to destruction, or no." It is true that towns fully equipped with saints in good and regular standing were sacked and destroyed or that the inhabitants were eaten by the Black Death; and yet the Saints were blind and deaf or impotent. Grant that there are grave objections to the working hypothesis of a patron saint; yet the idea itself is not without beauty, not without stimulus to the citizens protected by him.

The people of this town can claim justly a share of St. Botolph's protection. In naming the town the settlers that in 1630 remembered the old city in Lincolnshire acquired the good will of the saint. If his relics worked benefit in different English towns, his name ought to be powerful here, and in these days of swift communication any really competent saint should easily look after two cities. To be sure, if he listened attentively to the alarmists who cry out against the "appalling corruption" in our political and social life he might look back upon his driving out of the "devils and goblins" centuries ago as merely a light summer task. And he might say to those calling on him for assistance, "Where the populace rise at once against the never ending audacity of elected persons, there the great city stands."

St. Botolph has no monument here except in the preservation of his memory in city name and in social club. To the people in this city he is only a name. The celebration of his death day would be without general significance. To us his is not such a word to conjure with as are the names of citizens who lived and died here, names not found in the hagiology of any church. And yet these same men—aye and women too—are, in the broadest sense, the tutelar saints of Boston. Whatever they thought and did for the good of the city and its people should be remembered reverently. Their civic devotion, their protest and action against corruption in government and daily life should shape the walk and the conversation of those now living in the city they once loved and protected. In such saints dead and living lies the strength of a town. The measure of a city's greatness, "of its worth under this sky to God and man, is not the quantity of cotton it can spin, the quantity of bullion it has released, but the heroisms it has achieved, of noble pieties and valiant wisdoms that were in it—that still are in it."

The scene in court when the jury gave a verdict against Wiman might have graced a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. The foreman wept as he answered the clerk. Everybody was deeply affected. And yet why should there have been such sentimental sympathy for a man that forgot honor and the law in his haste to be rich?

It will be remembered that Mr. Pizzi's opera "Gabiella" was first given in Boston. It has just been produced in London, and the Pall Mall Gazette declares that the composer is a "maestrino," not a maestro, "who calls for only a moderate bulk of admiration."

The continual showering of titles and orders on Europeans reminds one of Lord Melbourne's answer to some one who asked him why he had never given himself the Garter. "Why should I? I am the last man on earth I want to bribe."

Muscle prevails over brains even in the universities. A Law School student at Yale, who was dropped, is now reinstated by the Faculty, so that he can run against an Oxford man and thus maintain the glory of Yale.

A colonel of the English army has opened a school of cookery in London. Here is an example for Mr. McAllister. His skill is known, and he would then not find time for writing newspaper articles.

Honors are easy at New London. If Yale has a telescope, Harvard has a secret testing machine.

The celestial broiler of June now prefers days well done. It was Mr. Lowell who liked them rare.

"Died in the wool" may be the epitaph of the Democratic party.

Let us now praise the wisdom of people known to the crowd as barbarians. At Aden, in Arabia, markets were kept in the night, to avoid extremity of heat. In Ormus, "like cattle in a pasture, people of all sorts lie up to the chin in water all day long."

Women in our hot weather should not be tempted to use the sun as a towel. Let them ponder the fate of the maid whose story is told by Amatus Lusitanus. She was a currier's daughter, some thirteen years of age. She would wash her hair in the heat of the day and so let it dry in the sun, to make it yellow, but by that means tarrying too long in the heat, she inflamed her head, and made herself mad. This is the sad story of the currier's daughter, as Englished by Robert Burton.

Nor need we plume ourselves as a nation on liberality in ice. The King of Persia had the finest of ice farms. You can read the story of how it was plowed and sown and harvested, if you care to look at Sir John Ogilby's "Asia." There also is to be found the tale of luxurious Persian feasting. "They lay pieces of ice in their dishes with fruit and other eatables, which is very pleasing to the eye, especially if that which lies under the ice appears through it."

Herman Melville's "Israel Potter" is a mighty entertaining and appropriate Bunker Hill reading, from the chapter in which Israel at the fight aimed "between the golden epaulettes, as, in the wilderness he had aimed between the branching antlers," to the sad close where the exile of 50 years is nearly run over near Faneuil Hall by "a patriotic triumphal car in the procession, flying a broadened banner, inscribed with gilt letters:

Bunker Hill

1775

Glory to the heroes that fought.

Americans should learn at least one lesson from the English, and that is in the Gentle Art of Kieking. The Pall Mall Gazette has been publishing opinions as to "the worst railway in England." The following letter may be recommended to the young of either sex as an admirable model:

"Sir—The South Eastern Railway is the very worst railway in the world. Its engines are asthmatic; its lamps are trimmed by foolish virgins; its fares are excessive; its carriages lot in the snow in winter and are furnaces in summer.

Its motto is unpunctuality; its principal station is approached through the neck of a bottle. It ruins the temper, destroys the digestion, and enables one to realize the horrors of Dante's Inferno. I am, sir, yours obediently.

THE WORM WHO TURNS.

It was Mr. Oliver Herford of Cosmopolis who replied the other day to a serious-minded person who asked what he really thought of the New Testament doctrines concerning the use of wine: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

New England has a very healthful climate. (Morse's Geography, 1796.

There was much good sense and there was true patriotism in the speeches at the reunion of the Faugh a Ballaghs.

"The crowd was insolent," when it found that trains on a certain railroad the 18th were not moving according to appointed and advertised time. Perhaps on this particular occasion the officials had a good excuse; let them have the benefit of the doubt. But there are many occasions when a crowd has a right to be "insolent;" when its "insolence" is righteous protestation. Would there were more of it; for then would the travelling public have better accommodation and service.

How often in the heat of summer carriage are business men on morning city-bound trains compelled to stand for an hour, simply because they will do nothing except to complain timidly to the conductor and the brakeman who are not in any way at fault. The officials of the railway, the men that are directly responsible for the paid-for-discomfort, sit above the railway and the station, far in the clouds, like the gods imagined by philosophers and poets. And what do these same officials do?

"They smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong. Like a tale of little meaning, tho' the words are strong; Chanted from an ill-used race of men."

The insolence of the crowd! Consider rather the insolence of the railway and the Vanderbiltian motto!

We laugh at the growling Englishman with his threat of "a letter to the Times." But the English public is more fortunate in travelling accommodations of every kind, and for this reason—it will not be imposed upon or swindled.

The death of Caleb Foote, the veteran and honored editor, calls to the mind a story told in a Vermont village years ago, when newspapers were perhaps a greater power in the land, and when the editorial expression of political belief was the talk at home and at the tavern for a week. A villager went to the Postmaster and said: "I want a good Boston newspaper." "Well," said the Postmaster, "there's the Courier, there's the Atlas," and he went through the list. "No," replied the would-be subscriber, "I want a good Boston paper, so I guess I'll take the Salem Gazette. That's what I call a good Boston newspaper."

Can (or may) a person say "woman" and not "lady," and yet keep within the bounds of respect for the female sex?

A SUN READER IN RHODE ISLAND.

Why not? Are not even Majors and Colonels men?—(New York Sun.

Children throughout the city are now indulging in a dangerous sport by putting snapper matches on the street-car rails. Indifference to approaching electric cars is the rule, not the exception, and were it not for the care of the motormen there would be a nightly slaughter of young ones. If the mothers have no control the police might well interfere.

Would not a lift with a boy furnish the glory of Bunker Hill? To the adventurous country youth the steep ascent is more to be envied than the conquest of Popocatepetl, or that other mountain with an impossible name; and to the elderly and stiff-jointed there is a lively recollection of the trials and tribulations of our forefathers.

A French medical journal claims that when a singer sniffs at a bouquet there is "a vibratory struggle between the sonorous waves and the odorant undulations; and the vocal chords become paralytic." This is the reason probably why so many operetta favorites sing so wildly out of tune after they have received the "floral offerings" of manager and best man from the usher or conductor.

Bourget's personages are as dull and inactive as the dummies of American fiction. * * * Cosmopolis is merely Mr. Henry James Galletized. * * * He has mimicked the manner of Mr. Howells, who believes that nothing is worthy of record save the gait and accent of the Boston parlor. (The Pall Mall Gazette.

Let's see. Did not Mr. Astor, when he was an American, and before he became a fine old English Tory, write a novel?

Prayer books must harmonize with Sunday gowns.

It seems that there are castles to sell in Ireland. As 1400 Irish Kings were killed in one comparatively unimportant battle years ago, it would be strange if there were not abandoned or unoccupied castles galore. Then there's "Castle Costigan, County Mayo, me boy," full of interesting associations, although Captain Costigan admitted during his lifetime, in a famous interview with Major Pendennis, that "the house of Castle Costigan is by no means what it was."

Mr. Estee, the nominee of the California Republicans for Governor, once wore a red, white and blue necktie, and some hint at his consequent unfitness for the office. A variegated cravat, they argue, is incompatible with dignity or discretion. The late S. T. Fairchild of Cazenovia, N. Y., was at a political convention with ex-Mayor Prince of this city. When the former, a very Tulkinghorn, formal, precise, a walking safe of family and political secrets, was asked his opinion of our fellow-townsmen, he replied, as he swung his eyeglasses: "A frivolous man, a frivolous man. Why, he changed his necktie every day."

The Emperor William regrets that rowing is not more popular at the German universities. It is doubtful whether the students would be willing to train. Rowing, too, would prevent them from giving their undivided attention to a thorough curriculum of beer.

To "Fair Play."—You are wrong. The transitive verb to box (to fight another with fists) has been in reputable use in the English language for at least 200 years. You are also wrong in your statement that prize fights are not allowed in Boston. There was a very pretty one between Mr. Fitzsimmons and Mr. Choyinski Monday evening, and each sport was dead game.

This is an age of daring adventure. Here is Mr. W. A. Chanler, just back from Africa. He was welcomed in New York with tooting of horns and pounding of drums. The results of his trip were the death of 27 men and every bit of live stock, and "a great measure" of personal satisfaction. "You must keep by water courses," says Mr. Chanler, "if you wish to explore successfully." That is, if you will explore water courses only.

In Huddersford, Me., lives a man so deaf that he cannot hear anything that is said to him, and yet with the faculty of discovering the approach of a band of music or a hand organ several seconds before any one else in the same room. (Exchange.

Here is a motive that should suggest to Maurice Maeterlinck a new play of shudder. The musicians should also be deaf, and then the drama would be indeed intense.

In olden days, perhaps now, the Circassian maiden in the slave market was obliged to advertise her charms, that for some years had been the object of parental devotion in fattening and beautifying. She rubbed her cheeks with a wet napkin to show that her complexion was not art; she called attention to her teeth; she desired a feeling of her pulse; she walked backwards and forwards that the beholder might be ravished by her grace. In our towns, and in the Society Marriage Emporium, the desirable maiden is spared such exertion, through the kindness of the newspapers. Thus a local daily contemporary gives a common instance by advertising the charms of a California heiress. Any man that can pay 2 cents or borrow the newspaper will learn that Miss — is "a beautiful, dashing girl" who "revels" in society.

This is vague. So is the allegation that she is "showy and has brilliant, effervescent manner." But here is a bill of particulars. "She is a blonde, a red blonde, with pearly teeth, peaches and cream complexion, and eyes usually called hazel. She laughs a great deal, and is the idol of her uncle. She has a bit of a temper."

Now this young woman is in no way whatever a public character. She is simply one of "the primest matrimonial catches," or, to use another phrase of the impassioned writer, she is one of "the belle ideals of the whole world." The next chapter will contain interesting details concerning her literary preferences, choice of out-door sports and taste in underwear. Inchoen, in Imogen's bed-chamber, was only a society reporter in disguise.

The report of the Citizens' Law and Order League states that the sale of intoxicating liquor by druggists and apothecaries has been a very great evil. So it has. The rum is seldom fit to drink.

The law will again try to preserve intact the tails of horses for their benefit. The law means well, and it should be enforced; but can it prevail against fashion and the wish of gentle woman? If women did not favor docked tails, if they refused to use horses sorely afflicted and deprived of natural glory, legislation against this species of cruelty might easily command respect. Here is a feminine paradox: A woman will weep over a canary that lost a leg by a rat bite; she will nurse anxiously a bull-dog that was wounded in drinking delight of battle with his peers; yet she will insist on docked tails as an ornament to team and equipage. And she protests when philosophers claim that she is naturally crueler than man.

PLEASANT PACKING.

Packing a trunk is a painful preparation to summer pleasure. The problem is complicated by an uncertain climate and by artificial, fictitious need. The variable climate compels changes of clothing. A chromo civilization insists that the summer exile should be surrounded by traps innumerable. Few are they that are not "demented with the mania of owning things." Few say, with the ancient worthy, "How many things there are that I do not need." Fishing boots, photographic apparatus, books, clothes for loafing and clothes for a possible hop, tennis nets and balls and rackets—the list is long, and back-breaking and nerve-fretting is the safe arrangement of such things in scanty room.

To many the proper stowing away of impedimenta is an impossible task. They go through this calculation: The trunk will hold so much, there are so many things to go in it; and a heavy man on the cover and a stout strap enter into the solution. Few husbands are considered competent assistants by the partners of their sorrows, except as weights to shut the trunk, and here avoidance is better than leanness and a good heart. Some women go so far as to look disdainfully at a husband who is a master in the art of packing; perhaps, singular to relate, they regard his talent as an effeminate gift, although there is a taxing of strength beyond endurance. And no old-fashioned mother has any confidence in a boy's ability to pack away his necessities, which are legion. The burden, then, falls upon women; and during the preparation, or rather the operation, the wise man shuns the house. After the locks are fastened there is a reaction. Nervous excitement is followed by prostration; hysteria awaits indifference to all earthly things; and when the goal is reached the one important, the one indispensable thing is not in the trunk.

Now in certain, perhaps all, European towns there is a blessed race known as professional packers. They are found in their highest development in Paris. Books or gowns, china or angle-defying household odds and ends have no terrors to these placid and skillful mortals, who move as on rubber castors. They are unacquainted with perspiration. Their backs have oiled hinges. Their knees are cushioned. They look at the trunk long and earnestly. They look at that which must go in it. They hypnotize the inanimate. And unless they are interfered with by a nervous American who happens to engage them, presto! everything is in order. All that remains is the payment of an exceedingly moderate bill and a port-boire. If the trunk is to go around the world have no fear; so securely is it packed that there is no jostling, no fretting.

Where do these mysterious beings learn their art? Is there a training school, or are they born packers? With some the skill is undoubtedly a birthright. Even here in New England a widower, in summing up the merits of his wife, will say regretfully: "She was a born packer." And why should there not be professionals in this very city? There is room for such men and women. A journey would then be shorn largely of its attendant horrors. The body would not be exhausted unnaturally just on the eve of departure. In piping hot weather there would be the keenest of enjoyments, viz.: the watching of others at work. There would be peace in the household. A meal would no longer be a movable feast. The trunks would indeed be filled, but they would be filled with gladness and with mirth.

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MUSIC.

"The Mascotte" as Performed by the Manola-Mason Company at the Park Theatre.

Audran's "Mascotte" was given last night at the Park Theatre. The performance was the first of the Manola-Mason summer season at this theatre. Mr. John J. Braham was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|-------------------|-------------------------|
| Pippo..... | John Mason |
| Lorenzo XVII..... | George W. Wilson |
| Rocco..... | George C. Boniface, Jr. |
| Fiametta..... | Helen Dayne |
| Frederic..... | Trixy Friganza |
| Parafante..... | Marie Broughton |
| Bettina..... | Marion Manola |

Mr. and Mrs. Mason may well be proud of the reception given them last evening. The tribute paid was spontaneous and overwhelming. At their entrance they were greeted respectively with enthusiasm, and their songs were repeated again and again. After the first act there were curtain calls, and the audience was not satisfied until Mr. Mason returned thanks in a short and appreciative speech. After the second act Alderman Barry, in behalf of Mr. Mason's friends, presented Mrs. Mason with a diamond, and she spoke a few words in return. All the speeches, in fact, were to the point. Mr. Mason assured the audience that he was now repaid for all the trouble he had gone through, and his wife said in her turn that she could only express her thanks and wish that she could say more.

When the short time given for the preparation of the overture is considered, it may be said justly that the performance was a smooth one. It is to be regretted that the characteristic and charming air of Bettina in the second act and the so-called tune of the disguised Pippo in the same act were omitted, and Frederic was robbed of her vocal's cry of "Fulmine!" Pippo's number was replaced by a so-called "Saltarello," which turned out to be a familiar combination of kicks, guitars and splits.

Mrs. Mason was dramatically an agreeable Bettina, although she did not choose to follow the Parisian traditions of the part, and Mr. Mason acted and sang the lover's role convincingly. Messrs. Wilson and Boniface indulged freely in gagging, and, in fact, reconstructed their dialogue to the evident great pleasure of the audience, which laughed heartily at jests, new and old. The remaining support was adequate. The chorus owed careful training. In Mr. Braham the company has a tower of strength.

The theatre was prettily adorned, and the introduction of electric lights and electric fans made it thoroughly comfortable. "The Mikado" is promised for the week beginning July 2. Until then "The Mascotte" will be the overture.

It is to be hoped that Supt. Carter's report will not end in smoke.

The Plymouth seems to be founded upon a rock.

The story of the underweight of Hancock, the grand-on, brings to mind Mr. Dana's famous remark about the overweight of Hancock, the grandfather.

Do not be deceived. "Oscar in Africa" is a boy's book, and it tells nothing about the present whereabouts of Mr. Wilde.

The Tichborne claimant characterizes the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge as "relentless." The unfortunate daughter of Coleridge could have used justly the same adjective.

People that can afford to wear diamonds at breakfast and in the street cars can afford to pay a high tariff on them. Let the great Rothschilds wince, our withers are unringed.

The appearance of Harry Hill before the Lyceum Committee seems like a foretaste of resurrection day. Many thought he was securely buried.

TO-DAY'S COLLEGIAN.

Twenty years ago a young man went to college for the purpose of study. Self-reliance was also taught, though there was no such professorial chair. Contact with young men from more remote States, you see, fellows that had inherited other beliefs and prejudices, was supposed to sandpaper character. Twenty years ago few, if any, went to college for the express purpose of honors in boating or base ball. If it occurred to a stalwart youth to row or to play ball, he did his best for the college; if he was not inclined to put himself in training, he was not condemned as a traitor to Alma Mater, nor did he suffer keen self-reproach. Athletics were then a pleasing pastime; a contest between rival colleges was an agreeable incident in student life.

We have changed all that. Many still go to college for the educational and social advantages; but many go to the leading universities because they feel sure that as athletes they will be famous. Are they uncertain concerning their mental ability? They are reassured when they read in the newspapers that Faculties reinstate dropped students who otherwise would not be able to contend in athletic sports for the glory of the college. Are they doubtful of the future after graduation? They read with envy of college graduates who receive large salaries for services as professionals; who are cheered by the crowd when they appear at the plate; who are dear to the managers because they are drawing cards; whose daily life is chronicled that all may read.

From the opening of the fall term there is feverish excitement concerning the formation, trial and ultimate choice of nine or crew. It is said that the best athletes are the best students. It is true that a hard student needs bodily exercise, and that he may be skillful at oar or bat; but to claim that enthusiastic devotion to training for a contest is the inevitable characteristic of a high-stand man is rank nonsense. A man whose soul is bent on a game that necessitates the work of a college year can seldom fix his mind intently on his studies.

These contests are no longer of parochial interest. There is not a sport in the United States who does not include them in his calculations and experiments in the doctrine of chances. As the fatal day approaches the sanitary condition of crews and nines is a matter of telegraphic interest. Graduates who were supposed to have been wise in their own generation drop business that they may give advice to their successors. Proud fathers of oarsmen put money upon their sons' strength and boast of it in public places. Is the ball game played in a strange city? Hundreds follow the nine that they may yell it to victory by encouraging their own men and by shaking the nerves of the enemy. After the decision of the event, "a large amount of money changed hands." If we may believe the newspapers. And young fellows, hitherto undecided, join the ranks of the winner. The Faculty of the triumphant college rejoices, therefore, in its men of muscle.

Now such college tests of strength and skill are excellent, to be commended, if they occur in moderation and without the accompaniment of the betting book. Are such tests now contrived in moderation? Are they free from much that is professional in an offensive sense? Is there not present a sad confusion of values? And, lastly, is physical superiority the crowning and the enduring glory of a university that exists for the purpose of shaping men for the Republic and the world?

Mr. W. D. Howells proposes to make a careful study of Holland.—(Exchange).

Say rather a careful study of Mr. Howells in Holland. And he can do that in the allotted two months.

The society reporter had a beautiful time at the "graduating recital" of the New England Conservatory College of Oratory, and her criticism is the delight of dressmakers. It appears that one of the orators "is an artist through and through;" for she was "gracefully gowned in cream crepe de chine of the Empire style with bertha and gold spangle lace." It is the more to be regretted that the young orator met with a severe accident. "Her dark hair caught low at the neck with a bunch of blush roses."

If Collector Warren regards the measurement of lumber as a perplexing problem, the seller of cord-wood in the country knows no such difficulty, for his measure is short and cheerful.

Our old friend, Mr. Morrison I. Swift, is in delightful humor, full of hope, bubbling over with anecdote. Although Wednesday evening he spoke in a "low, weak tone of voice," he was unwounded, that is, if we can believe Mr. Herbert Casson, "by assagai on poisoned arrow."

Mr. Swift rejoices in a "campaign of education." So does his trusty follower, Old Sport. When 15 of the army went to see Senator Hoar, Old Sport took part in the discussion, and there was a good deal of interesting talk. "After it was all over Senator Hoar said, politely, 'I've learned something to-night,' and Old Sport spoke up and said: 'You're not the first one we've learned something to.'"

Nor should finical persons point derisive thumbs at Old Sport for his use of the verb "to learn." Old Sport is an Elizabethan; he knows his Shakspeare; he has authorities at his fingers' ends.

Mr. Swift admits that the next delegation will make a better start for Washington. The procession will form probably at the Circus Grounds. Just 200,000 people will cheer the men as they march. If the soldiers go through the Back Bay "they will be invited to dine at every house." No doubt old silver will be given to them for camp utensils, and family portraits by Copley and Sully will be presented as gonfalons. Gonfalon, by the way, is the appropriate word, for, according to the ingenious Jeremy Collier, it is "a banner cut at the lower end into several jags."

June 23 - 94

"A TALE OF SOCIETY."

Do the male and female writers of certain fiction that is found on the news-stand and on the railway cars paint a realistic portrait of fashionable life in New York city? Novel after novel appears with this one theme: social life in the metropolis. The plot is of a rudimentary order, for mystery and melodrama are now tabooed. The action is, as a rule, an intrigue in polite life, to use a grand-fatherly phrase, and the intrigue is contemptible, disreputable. The men all belong to clubs, and often indulge in conversation that would not become a barroom, for bar-rooms have their etiquette, even if it is primitive. Few of these men work, except at gambling in stocks. They are never poor; indeed, poverty is to the writers of these books only a term used by political economists and philanthropists, a term without real meaning. They are either astride the roof-ridge of the Temple of Society or they are anxiously climbing up the gutter pipes. They know something about wines and liquors and cordials; they know still more about horses, which appeal to their commercial instinct. They dance "divinely." They wear "perfectly-fitting" clothes. Women are to them interesting animals. Children are a plague like the mosquito. The country is a summer house for pleasure and vain display. The nation is simply a name without any peculiar significance. Religion furnishes a profane vocabulary. Death is a long, dull sleep after a rioting fever.

The women are fit companions for these males. Modesty is only an art of coquetry. A husband is a possible accommodating bank that gives unlimited credit; he is, if he is good-natured, a cloak to cover indiscretions, or he is an excuse for loose conduct. The light of these women must shine before men. If they read, they affect that which happens to be in fashion, and a glance at a table of contents provides conversation when they meet a literary lion, who has been caught to decorate a parlor for an evening. Oscar Wilde is to them a brilliant playwright, for in his heroines they recognize themselves; they prefer, however, the serpentine dance and the imported French singer of songs, which they hope and believe are truly Parisian. They are devout Episcopallians, on account of the allowed rest and recuperation of Lent. If they have children who happen to be handsome they like them when they are well dressed and on exhibition. A son is preferred; for the daughter may be a rival. Narcotics are their staff of life. Costumes are the end of life. They are afraid of death.

The writers of novels that are filled with the pranks of such people are not always penny-a-liners or traders in eroticism. Women and men of character and position write such silly books. They call themselves realists or satirists. They say that they describe life as it is, or rather as they see it; or they pretend to whip fashionable folly. But they describe the life of a few as though it were the life of all men and women of wealth, and their satire is without right-

eous indignation. The sympathy or the wonder of the weak and the snobbish is appealed to, and if there is satire it must be read between the lines by those who see the absurdity of the life depicted. That there are frivolous and indecent people in what is called society is true of every age. But to

take the exception for the rule, to consider such trashy novels seriously, to argue from them concerning American life, would surpass the absurdity of the most absurd of the novels.

Here's to Frances Willard, drink her down, down, down.

Local comic opera is local gag law.

So it seems that there are to be startling revelations about Miss Pollard. Anything more startling than her description of herself when on the stand?

Lillian Russell is indeed a wonder. She recovers as quickly from a severe surgical operation as from a husband.

"Woman is gregarious." That's the reason probably why she rushes instinctively to a crowded seat in the street car when there are other seats empty.

To-night is Midsummer Eve, for to-morrow is Midsummer Day, the festival of the nativity of St. John the Baptist. It is a night of magic and wonder.

Gather fern seed and you will walk invisible. Would you know whether your lover is true, oh timorous maiden? Then set opine in clay on a piece of slate and keep it in your room; if the stalk to-morrow morning inclines to the right, blush and rejoice; if it inclines to the left, seek a more faithful swain.

If you fast to-night and sit in a church porch you will see at stroke of 12 the spirits of those of the congregation who will die this year; they will knock at the door in the order and succession of their departing.

The season of madness begins this night, the midsummer madness. Sleep not in midsummer moonbeams, lest your brain crack.

In olden days great bonfires were lighted, and people danced about them, and men and boys jumped through the fire as jumped the children of wicked King Manasseh in the valley of the son of Hinnom. Or they rolled a wheel, and thought that all their ill-luck would roll away from them together with it.

And if a virgin fasts to-night, and lays out at 12 a clean cloth, with bread, cheese, ale, and then sits down, leaving the street door open, her future husband will enter and bow to her; he will fill a glass, will leave it on the table, bow and then withdraw.

In Ireland they lighted fires in honor of the sun, and the souls of all left their bodies and wandered to the place, by land or sea, where death would strip them of the body.

Judge O'Brien follows the precedents established by such Judges as Gibbon, Coleridge and Thackeray, and decides in favor of "Tom Jones." Mr. Comstock need not read this masterpiece of fiction unless he is so inclined.

Bartholdi's Liberty will not shine after the 30th. The light goes out under a Democratic Administration.

Since the Chairman of the London Committee has resigned, Atchison is neither fish nor flesh nor good red Herring.

"Dutch" Carter of Yale is a bigger man than old man Dwight.

June 24 - 94
Another prize fight in Boston, and neither police nor Aldermen cared to stop it. Of course, in spite of all the jabbing and blinding swashes it was a "harmless test of skill;" but Mr. Harris could not get up after the sixth round, just the same.

Sympathy is cheap and it flows readily. Embezzle, forge, steal, and "Poor fellow" will be the verdict of the weak-kneed and faint-hearted. It was so in New York last week. It is so in Boston now.

It seems to be the opinion at Harvard that individuality is an obstacle to athletic success. But is not Mr. Carter of Yale an "individuality"?

St. Gaudens has again sent a medal design to the modest Senators. If he was wise, he clothed the chief figure with a sugar barrel.

So Rubinstein is coming over again. They say that the claw of the lion is as mighty as ever, although his mane is a little thin.

Mr. Kipling's joke about the great American pie belt is old, oh, so old; almost as old as some of the railway station pie.

Somewhat or other it is not easy to get excited about Prince Poniatowski.

This weather does not soothe the irritable Democrat in Senate or at home.

That it should have been the city editor of the peaceful Transcript!

IN AN INN.

The Random Reflections of One Sitting at Table.

Concerning the Discoveries of Bold Local Adventurers.

The Lost Golden Book, the Com- plete Treatise on Mascottes.

There are more intrepid discoverers than Huc, Burton, or Mr. Richard Harding Davis, and they are to be found right here in Boston. You already know, Miss Eustachia, the story of that gallant fellow who left the jealously-guarded, secure bank of the Charles and plunged into the jungles of the South End. After a disappearance of two days he crawled up the steps of the Porphyry Club and was raised to his feet by Charles, the faithful Charles, who from a window saw him, tattered and torn, face bleeding, yet with a triumphant eye—the other was blackened. After a dose of strong water was administered to Lancelot, he told of strange adventure. And he told of wild men seen in street and eating house, men as monstrous as the manticora that has double rows of teeth in its mouth, and carefully trimmed mustachios. And he told of other curious things, of which I must not tell you. But all his hardships were repaid, for he had found an oasis, with trees, and grass, and birds, and little children and nursery maids, of pleasing carriage and roguish glance. Then one brave man, a venerable man with a patriarchal beard, said—and his voice came as through a long distance telephone—"Why, you must have been in Chester Square. It's years since I have heard of it." And now the square has again disappeared, as Brandan's Isle or the city of Is. Massachusetts Avenue has swallowed it up.

Then there are discoverers of remarkable bargains in hats, shirts, suits for winter and summer use. One brave fellow will risk his life in searching for the best cup of coffee; another will tempt the rage of an indignant liver by hunting the best meal at the cheapest price.

It was my fate to be deceived by one of these heroes. My mouth was watering, for I had just read these delightful lines from the gourmet's column in the Pall Mall Gazette:

"Let nature and art meet in gentle rivalry, and stewed cherries will develop into more ambitious compote, fashioned thus: To the cherries, stoned with care and skill, add half the kernels and then water and sugar in due proportion. See that a fire-proof baking dish receives the mixture of such joyful promise, and keep it imprisoned in the oven until the fruit is quite tender, a pint of claret having in the meanwhile been poured upon it for encouragement. To harmonize with so graceful a device the accompanying cream must be whipped. If art triumph over nature, then may you revel in *artistic jubile*; the cherries stewed, again in sugar and water, but a tiny, tiny portion of arrowroot mixed with the sirup, and, when arranged in small silver dishes, one for each person, a liqueur glassful of kirsch poured upon them, set alight and the fiery dainty served burning, and filling the room with sweet spicy fragrance. And who shall say that in this case nature is not abandoned to good purpose?"

The voice of the discoverer was as tempting as that of the Serpent remembering the promise of Lilith. It told of a little inn with a wind-swept piazza, from which you could watch the water and sleeping boats; it told of fish, which, as they awaited the human repurchase, generously whispered the secrets of the sea, which they had left that day; it told of oysters that are the glory of a nation, and it gurgled sympathetically as it recalled the cooling beer from honest keg. Man is but flesh and blood. I followed the voice that led me to a South Boston car.

But travelers tell strange tales. The house was there; the piazza was there; and so were the water and the boats; and the breeze was so fresh that it could not endure the smell of food, so we ate in a room whose windows looked toward. Ate will do; though fed is the fitter word. The little-neck clams sighed at the thought of their long absence from home. The clam chowder was passable. The fish reminded one of trunk hinges now found only in a family garret on a New England farm. The lobster said: "How warm it is!" The salad-oil was like unto that smooth, fat oil which is the terror and preserver of children. The bread was a triumph of adulteration. The assorted pickles were fragmentary, communistic in flavor. The beer was brought in bottles; Sulky, it would not foam; its temperature was Laocicean.

Was the discoverer absent? Not a bit of it. Pressing me to eat, he said that I was out of tune. Why did he enjoy himself? Simply because he was a discoverer.

At one table sat a young man and a young woman. Lovers, they were happy. They ate chowder and drank beer. For an hour they said nothing. They looked at each other; they ate chowder and drank beer. They did not know of the existence of snowing with-

Two mothers, at another table, divided a bottle of beer and compared babies. To the looker-on without family prejudice there was little choice between the two bundles of hot pulp. To the mothers, there was a difference as great as that between a Velasquez and a Whistler.

Tragedy sat at another table. She was a tall, rather ungainly woman, with Santuzza face and Down-East accent. She sat opposite a man of breeding, who listened respectfully to her nervous and disjointed garrulity. She used her knife dramatically in eating and accentuating her speech; but he never flinched.

Let these discoverers discover. It is better, far better in my inn.

Would Messrs. Chivot and Duru have recognized their libretto, if they had been at the Park

last week? I doubt it. And yet if there is a traditional French performance of Audran's charming work, there is, alas, a traditional English performance, in which Bottina will not wear wooden shoes, in which Loreoux XVII. is a clown, in which there is omission of tuneful numbers, and an introduction of gags that are generally stale and impertinent.

And why, Oh why, do the Bettinas of this day disdain the charming couplets in the second act, "Ahi for my village" to quote from the deodorized version. Bettina is in Italy, to be sure, but Audran has the blood of Southern France, and this delicious tune with its drone accompaniment smells of the Midi.

They order this matter better in France, and we have been favored in our generation by French men and women who have braved the Atlantic and displayed to us their art. The last French company I saw in "La Mascotte" included Paola-Marié, Mézières and Duplan. Oh, joyful night! Do you remember Lorenzo and Rocco as they chuckled over the famous treatise on Mascottes.

And what true lover of books would not walk miles to see that famous treatise. It is not in our Public Library. I doubt if you will find it among the treasures in Rome or Paris. Perhaps Lorenzo received the only copy and lost it. Irreparable loss! What are the missing books of Tacitus to it? Alas, we know not the full title, or the author, or the publisher, or the date. We only have Antonio's vague description: "A complete Treatise on Mascottes, with instructions concerning the proper method of preserving them unsoiled." And Lorenzo and Rocco never got beyond the third article in the book. Like the lovers in Dante, that day they read no more.

Have you the misfortune, Miss Eustachia, to be on intimate terms with any virtuosos? Then you know full well the childish vanity and temper of the race. Of course there are exceptions, but they seldom visit us; and then the most amiable are apt to be topots or practical calculators of chances. You know the music of Stephen Heller, for I have heard you play that ravishing "In Pen and Ink" by him, as well as that piece of brain-fuddled Dutch jollity known as "In Fenders' Genre." Almost forty years ago Heller wrote Mrs. Danckwiler a letter, which has just been published in Le Ménestrel. He writes of virtuosos and their habits or aberrations of mind, and he wrote for them this reasonable excuse:

"I believe that the childish disposition of the majority of great virtuosos (and Liszt is not an exception) is the result of long and brutalizing work performed by their hands, which, by the way, were never created to execute the "Saltito mortale" on the tight-rope piano. Not with impunity does a man practice ten hours a day for fifteen or twenty years at twisting his hands and preparing them for gymnastics against nature. Some of these virtuosos become childish, obstinate, capricious. Others have a cracked intellect, as Liszt, who has intellect, but of an unwholesome, unhealthy species."

I think I shall send the letter, of which the above paragraph is only an extract, to the young woman in the neighborhood, who is so addicted to the pursuit of one of Sousa's marches and the "Estudiantina." A vain pursuit, by the way, although she gets up early, puts on her hunting boots and chases the flying notes until the curfew bell. Her bravery and her industry are admirable; would that they were consecrated to some charitable purpose, as teaching Italians in the North End the original and proper use of the razor.

Dancing on the stage, so far as this country is concerned, seems to be one of the lost arts. It is confined at present apparently to contortions of the body, which have been imported from Parisian dance halls of unquestionable character. These upward, sky-defying kicks in the face of the audience, these jagged guitars, and these hideous splits are without artistic beauty, without serious charm. Such dancing, to use Mr. Help's fine phrase, is nothing but "the laborious intrepidity of iudeorum."

PHILIP HALE.

DISGUISED PYTHAGOREANS.

The police authorities frown on the sale of beans and brown bread on a Sunday. Brown bread is merely an accompaniment to a plate of beans, and may be dropped easily from the present discussion; but the bean is the glory of Boston, as the olive was the glory of Athens. The fame of Boston baked beans is in all nations. They that would use the word as a taunt are the most envious. And yet the police would not allow the sale on Sunday. Why not?

The superficially minded find no ready answer. To say that the decree is simply an exhibition of arbitrariousness is a growl and not an answer. Let us in a spirit of love inquire.

The use of beans has been discountenanced from the time of Amphiarus, a mighty diviner by dreams, who was the first to abstain from the vegetable as prejudicial to that science, to the golden days of the School of Salerno, which prohibited beans in any form, "for they give the gout." But it

was the great Pythagoras that was the sternest foe to Boston's pride, although there are irreverent scholars who maintain that while he thundered against beans to eat them greedily. Perhaps Pythagoras was taught this aversion by the Egyptians, with whom he once dwelt, for they sowed none, and their priests would not look at them, fearing pollution. The disciples of Pythagoras abominated them, and they would not even tread down the growing bean, and when ten of the disciples were attacked and they might have escaped by crossing a bean-field, they died rather than trespass; and when another disciple was brought before Dionysius and asked to explain the strange heroism of his fellows, he replied, "They suffered themselves to be put to death rather than tread beans under foot; and I will rather tread beans under foot than reveal the reason."

Many reasons, singular, grotesque, fantastical, have been given for this mysterious abstinence. Windet says that the reasons were holy and mystic, which these disciples

revealed to no man; and indeed a Pythagorean woman cut out her tongue, lest torture might wring confession. Explorers in folklore have spoken of a fancied resemblance of the bean to human flesh and ascribed the fear of cannibalism as the guiding reason. But Aristotle hints at a more probable cause, and it is this: Pythagoras, knowing that beans were used in the election of magistrates, by this allegory forbade his disciples to meddle with the Government. And so when Eupeides exclaimed, "They are miserable, very miserable who use beans," he thought undoubtedly of the possible evils of popular elections.

Hence the action of the police authorities. To abolish at once the use of the bean, to shatter every bean-pot with the staff of the law, would incite a revolution terrible to contemplate. Fearing, however, investigation such as now prevails in New York, they forbid the sale on Sunday, the day on which the sun dawns on beans, as a gentle hint to let police affairs alone. They are Pythagoreans in disguise. Is this surprising when Jacobites are to be found here? But let not the people be mocked. The next official step will be to forbid the plate of beans on a week day. Must beans be eaten in secret and in fear and trembling? Must the bean-pot be concealed as a forbidden idol? Forbid it, shade of Gilson! The citizen has one duty, viz: to remember that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty and beans.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

The Revival of "Falka" at the Tremont Theatre—Other Theatrical Events and Dramatic News.

Mr. Askin's company appeared in Chassaigne's "Falka" last evening at the Tremont. Mr. Julian Edwards was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Brother Pelican..... | Geo. Frothingham |
| Boleslas..... | Kate Davis |
| Alexina Von Kelskirch..... | Maude Hollins |
| Falka..... | A. W. F. MacCollins |
| Boleslas..... | Wm. McLaughlin |
| Tanner..... | Chas. R. Burroughs |
| Arthur..... | Clinton Elder |
| The newspaper, Falka's servant..... | Henry Stanley |
| Falka..... | Camille D'Arville |

In view of certain statements that were made during the past week, the declaration of the following facts is pertinent and of interest.

A contemporary stated Sunday that "Falka" was "quitting at the Folies Parisiennes" in Paris. This is not true, and for these reasons: "Falka" or rather "Le Droit d'Aïnesse," as it is known in the original French, was first produced at the Nouveautés, Jan. 27, 1883. Miss Uxalde was the original Falka. The operetta was a failure, on account of the dramatic and musical worthlessness of the second and third acts. There were in all only 49 performances. In the year 1883 there was in Paris no such theatre as the "Folies Parisiennes." For these facts see Noel and Stoullig's "Annales du Théâtre" for 1883.

It was also stated that Miss D'Arville created the part of Falka in London. Let us see. To create a part is to be the first to represent a part or role, and so to give it its character. Now the first performance of "Falka" in London was at the Comedy Theatre, Oct. 29, 1883. The part of Falka was then played by Miss Violet Cameron. "Her charm," said a reviewer of the performance, "is pronounced, and her vivacity unquestionable. Her voice was never in better order, nor her spirits more buoyant," she sang on this occasion a new romance, "Specially written for Miss Cameron by the composer, called 'At Evening.'" Much of the cordiality of the reception given to the opera was due to this pretty and popular actress.

In October, 1883, Miss Camille D'Arville was singing at the Avenue Theatre, London, and Oct. 3 she appeared as Gabrielle Chevreton in Mr. Farnie's arrangement of "La Vie Parisienne." It is said that she then "managed her voice with much dexterity, and looked very charming in her handsome dress."

For the above facts concerning the London performance of "Falka" see Austin Brereton's "Dramatic Notes," Nos. 5 and 6, published in London by David Bogue, 1885.

But, after all, the question now is not when, where, or how Miss D'Arville sang the part of Falka in London, but what did she make of it last night in Boston. It may be said in a word that she appeared to far better advantage as Falka than as Mabel in "The Pirates of Penzance." She acted with more freedom, and was at home in man's costume. Miss D'Arville has so many excellent characteristics as an operetta singer, that it is the more to be regretted that she is often careless in her vocal art. She has, for instance, an unpleasant trick of wheezing when she takes breath, a trick that she learned lately and could easily unlearn. She is a clever woman and knows as a rule how to conceal a vocal natural deficiency; she also knows how to appeal to an audience; her physical charms, her good nature and her briskness in action form no small part of her equipment. If she would take her vocal art more seriously there would then be little else but words of hearty admiration from all hearers.

The support was one of respectable mediocrity. Miss Maude Hollins showed fitting temper as Alexina, and Mr. Frothingham was a. Unctuous Brother Pelican, who wanted, among his other wants, a greater familiarity with his lines. Mr. McLaughlin appeared to advantage as Boleslas, and Mr. MacCollins was a dull Falka. The operetta is prettily mounted, and the chorus did good work under Mr. Edwards's direction.

The curtain did not rise until nearly 8.30, and long waits and encores, genuine and forced, protracted the performance to a late hour. There was a large and applause audience. The operetta itself does not gain by repeated hearings. Mr. Farnie's libretto does not hang together, and Chassaigne's music is neither strikingly tuneful nor original.

PHILIP HALE.

A BLOODY PARALLEL.

The atrocious assassination of President Carnot in certain features of detail recalls the horrid deed of Ravallac, who stabbed King Henry of Navarre. James Howell, that delightful gossip and pryer into hidden things, was in Paris in 1620; and in a letter to Sir James Crofts he describes the incidents attending the famous tragedy of 1610. Howell fell in with "a French gentleman, who amongst other Curiosities, which he pleased to show me up and down Paris, brought me to that place where the late King was slain, and to that where the Marquis of Ancre was shot, and so made me a punctual Relation of all the Circumstances of these two Actions; which in regard they were rare, and I believe two of the notablest Accidents that ever happened in France, I thought it worth the labor to make you partaker of some part of his Discourse."

And now let Howell tell the story in his own quaint, rambling fashion: "France, as all Christendom besides; (for there was then a Truce 'twixt Spain and the Hollander) was in a profound Peace, and had continued so Twenty Years together, when Henry the Fourth fell upon some great Martial Design, the bottom whereof is not known to this day; and being rich (for he had heap'd up in the Bastle a Mount of Gold that was as high as a Lance) he levied a huge army of 40,000 Men, whence came the Song 'The King of France with Forty Thousand Men;' and upon a sudden he put this Army in perfect Equipage. * * * But going one Afternoon to the Bastle to see his Treasure and Ammunition, his Coach stopped suddenly, by reason of some Colliers and other Carts that were in that narrow Street; whereupon one Ravallac a Lay Jesuit (who had a whole Twelve Month watch'd an opportunity to do the act) put his Foot boldly upon one of the Wheels of the coach, and with a long Knife stretch'd himself over their Shoulders who were in the Boot of the Coach, and reach'd the King at the end, and Stab'd him right in the left side to the Heart, and pulling out the fatal Steel, he doubled his thrust; the King with a ruthless voice

cried out 'Je suis Blessé' (I am hurt) and suddenly the Blood issued at his Mouth."

And Howell tells of the great mourning of the people and of the terrible punishment to which Ravallac was doomed. "Many Consultations were held how to punish Ravallac, and there were some Italian Physicians that undertook to prescribe a Torment that should last a constant Torment for three Days, but he escap'd onely with this." Then comes a description of his torture and execution, a description that strikes terror to the stoutest soul. The lover of the morbid will find it in the 18th letter of the first volume of the "Familiar Letters." We have quoted from the 6th edition, 1688.

It was thought of old that Ravallac was incited to murder the King by reading John Mariana's treatise, "De Rege," in which the great divine and scholar examined whether it is lawful for the people to rid themselves of a tyrant, and practically approved of Clement's murder of Henry III. of France. Some idea of the book and the times may be gathered from this one point made by Mariana: "8. That although there seems to be no difference betwixt an assassin who kills with the point of a dagger and a man who administers poison, yet because Christianity has abolished the Athenian laws, by which criminals were ordered to swallow a poisoned draught, a tyrant should not be dispatched by poison mixed with his food, but the poison should be applied either to his clothes or the saddle upon which he sits."

Bayle, in the article "Mariana" in his great dictionary, gives much singular information concerning the reasons, real or alleged, for the deed of Ravallac; and he there states that the assassin Clement "has been publicly approved of, and has even been honored with Panegyrics; the other never was to my knowledge." And Howell in 1620 said of Ravallac that he was "now a common name of Reproach and Infamy in France." Cesare Santo will not undergo the horrible tortures to which Ravallac was submitted, but his name will be an astonishment, a proverb and a byword among all nations.

Hot Coffey!

Let us hope that it will not be Coffey and pistols.

The latest hit off Staggs is for a home run.

Oscar Neebe, a Haymarket Anarchist, after talking wisely about the murder of Carnot says: "I don't bother myself much about affairs outside of Chicago." Neebe would not now bother himself about affairs outside of Joliet Penitentiary, had it not been for Gov. Altgeld's wish to enlarge the Anarchist's sphere of action.

The murder of King Henry IV. by Francois Ravallac in 1610 was the last instance of regicide in that country.—(Boston Herald.

But how about the killing of Louis XVI.?

Perhaps our esteemed contemporary does not regard that famous drop of the knife as an instance of regicide. It was Burke who called a commonwealth in which it was believed that "all Kings, as such, are usurpers, and for being Kings may and ought to be put to death, with their wives, families and adherents," a regicide commonwealth by establishment.

The important news was telegraphed yesterday that Secretary Lamont has seen the residence of the late President Carnot, but "only from a distance." His case is almost as pitiable as that of the old Frenchman who never had visited Carcassonne.

And now Brown, Jones and Robinson all tell of what they knew or thought about the late President of the French republic. Perhaps they were introduced to him at a reception, or perhaps he was pointed out to them as he was driven. At any rate, they now look wise and discuss, in street car, office or club, their personal grief and the future of France.

The passionate headline writer tells us that New York newspapers are "unanimous" in their condemnation of the deed of Santo. Why should they not be "unanimous?" Even the cynical Sun has moments of humanity.

That was a clever and sensible woman who said at a dinner table when a male neighbor was coarse in speech, "I am no prude, and do not mind a décolleté story when it is told with refinement and decency, but I cannot endure moral onions."

There is no question that the boat had more passengers on board than she ought to have carried.—(New York Herald.

And that is the story in a nutshell of the foundering of the tug James D. Nicol. And that is liable to be the story of accidents nearer home.

The good feeling between the crews of Harvard and Yale is said by a New York correspondent to be so strong that "even Bob Cook might go to Cambridge, were he asked to do so by Harvard's boating authorities." When Bob Cook is seen at Cambridge giving Harvard aquatic advice, President Eliot will be seen hustling in a Republican caucus, and a meal at Memorial will be a scene of Heliogabalian luxury and unbridled licentiousness.

Mr. Campanari, formerly of this city, was most heartily applauded at the great Saengerfest Concert in the Madison Square Garden, New York, when he sang thrice before an audience of 12,000. It is the same Mr. Campanari who was not allowed to sing at a Symphony concert by Mr. Nikisch, and yet was solicited by the "magnetic leader" to appear at the Buda-Pesth opera house under his leadership.

Marietta Alboni, the great singer, was born in 1823, not 1826, as stated by certain contemporaries. She retired from the stage about 1863, and not "about 1866." Her 50th musical anniversary was celebrated Dec. 1, 1892, and among those who took part were Melba and Plancon. When she visited the United States in 1852 "she was welcomed," says a French writer, "with the eccentric exclamations used in that country when anything extraordinary or unknown occurs."

Albion, "Venus's trials," a Waltz. The man called her, sang in Boston at the inauguration of Music Hall, Nov. 20, 1882. She sang only soprano or mezzo-soprano arias, "the same as in her opening concert a few nights before"—"Casta Diva," "Non più mesta," a canzone from "The Daughter of the Regiment," and in a trio from "The Barber of Seville."

Albion also sang in opera in this country. Thus, for example, in 1853 in Philadelphia, she was heard in "The Daughter of the Regiment," "Cinderella," "Sonnambula," "Norma" and "The Barber of Seville."

June 27-94

This seems to be Yale's year.

Col. Wheelwright's letter of resignation in its child-like simplicity and ingenuousness reads like an extract from "Rollo in Cambridge."

Dr. Miner spoke temperately the other night about "The only way to begin life." The best way, as Dr. Holmes once hinted, is to be very careful in the selection of one's parents.

According to the telegraphic report of Emma Juch's wedding, diamonds now take the place of orange flowers.

No Italian's lemonade will satisfy a thirsty but fastidious negro.

That was a very pleasant mill in Salem Monday night, and it may be here remarked that prize-fighters will find Salem a delightful summer retreat. It is the home of such people as the Endicotts and the Peabodys, and Hawthorne meditated there his "Scarlet Letter."

The engagement of Miss Day to Senator-elect Martin looks like a renewal of an old and famous partnership.

This is, indeed, a terrible story of false lights and wreckers and arson and piracy, but let us go slow. The wicked coast bears the suspicious name of Guysboro'.

Mr. Tenney, who showed such talent in the course of Backstopping at Brown University, has been honored by being called to a professorship in the Boston Faculty. Here is another instance of the great advantage of a collegiate education.

The Somerset Club now spells its steward's name Maudit.

The present rivalry between the operetta theatres reminds one of the traditional good old days of Mississippi River steamboating, when each company offered a free ride and a bottle of wine.

Editor Bean County Clarion and Farmers' Friend—"No, Silas Hopkins, you can't expect me to take such a scraggy, meau lot of vegetables as that for subscription to my paper for next year." Silas Hopkins—"Well, you oughter, then! Them's the kind o' vegetables I raised from follerin' your advice in your 'Hints to Farmers' Column.'"—[Puck.

This is the anniversary of the death of Christian Heinicke, who "spoke sensibly within a few hours after his birth, and when 10 months old could converse on most subjects." There's no knowing what would have happened if he had not died at the age of 5.

This is also the anniversary of the death of John Murray, who, in spite of Byron's famous line, "Now Barabbas was a publisher," was most generous to authors, and should, therefore, be remembered lovingly.

Henry Irving has written a letter to explain that he is not the son of a tailor. Not that he looks askew at the calling, for, as he says, "It is a useful and honorable craft, and the world would be cold and indecorous without it."

People who are looking for summer boarders should remember the superior claims of rubber plants, palms and ferns. To be sure, these plants do not pay a high price, but they never find fault with the beds, they never grumble about the quality of the eggs, butter and milk, they are not always asking for fresh vegetables, and they are not noisy.

It is the aim of the association known as the Walt Whitman Fellowship to advance "the principles of human progress which he taught," and appeals are made, therefore, to the workman to become a member by paying \$2 annually. Now it is an ironical fact that Whitman, the poet of democracy, has been appreciated hitherto chiefly by the literary aristocracy. Symbolists and decadents have delighted in his mysticism and his glorification of Adamhood, but he is not known generally by the people, nor does he lit apparently the workmen, whose glory he chanted so bravely.

ABOUT A MOUTH.

Latoly in an English court, in the course of the hearing of an application, the plaintiff's solicitor asked His Honor to make an order for a special inspection of a woman's mouth for the purpose of examining a set of false teeth to see whether or not they were properly made. The Magistrate read the section of the Act of Parliament, and said the application came under the words "property or thing." "Could a woman's mouth be called a property or a thing?" He was not prepared to say that it could be, therefore he could make no order on the application.

It may be argued seriously that a mouth is the property of the owner and is indeed convertible property. On the other hand, it is a characteristic or distinguishing thing. A great English General once said, "Give me a man with plenty of nose." Any lover says, "Give me a woman with a pretty mouth," and such is the fortunate dispensation in the allotting of folly to mankind, that no lover finds fault with his sweetheart's mouth. Is the mouth absurdly large? Then, has she a frank, generous disposition. Is it absurdly little? Then is it called a rosebud. Are the lips thin and primly set? Then is she a woman of decision. Are they thick? Then is she good-hearted and affectionate.

In romances we read of heroes' mouths with "exquisitely chiseled lips," mouths that "resemble Cupid's bow," and there are other fine and complimentary phrases; but indifference to dentistry, occasional shaving of the moustache and the reckless use of tobacco play havoc with the beauty of the male organ. The average man reminds one of the verses of Dr. Holmes addressed to the portrait of a gentleman.

"Thy mouth—that fissure in thy face,
Is something like a chin—
May be a very useful place
To put thy victuals in."

What are the attributes of a beautiful mouth in woman? There is an old Spanish saying that a perfect and absolutely beautiful woman must have thirty beautiful distinguishing points. Brantome has preserved for us these Spanish verses, and we learn from them that the teeth must be short and white, the lips must be red and fine and the mouth must be close. But this, like many a generalization, is somewhat vague. Let us consult the wisdom of the orientals. Solomon praises teeth that are like "a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing;" he compares perfect lips to a thread of scarlet, and they drop as the honeycomb, and the roof of the mouth is like the best wine. The Kama Sutra calls the perfect type of female beauty "Padmini," or the "Woman Lotus," and the lips of the Padmini are red as a rosebud or coral, and her teeth are as white as the Arabian jessamine; yet, strange to say, among the sixty-four liberal arts of the accomplished Hindu woman enumerated in this same book is that of skillfully coloring

the teeth. The women of many strange lands are not content unless they follow this Hindu custom, so true it is that beauty is largely a matter of geography and time.

When the beggar maid came before the King Cophetua,

"One praised her ancles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien."

To every lover there is one feature of his adored one that is a fetch. Separated from her, he remembers her by one of Nature's gifts. To many, as in the case of the young man described by Belot in "La Bouche de Madame X," it is the mouth, the mouth that gently mocked or timidly gave rapturous hope, that is this fetch. Now, a fetch is surely often a thing, and it is often property. Why should the English magistrate have hesitated?

"The Purple Light of Love" is the title of a new novel. Why the choice of purple? Why not green, or yellow?

The late William Walter Phelps had no prophetic fear of Maxwell Evarts, or he would never have left Yale \$50,000 toward the erection of another college building.

Mr. Maxwell Evarts is a graduate of the class of 1884, but when he speaks of President Dwight as "the viper nourished in one's breast," he talks like a Sophomore.

Who is Mr. Evarts's candidate for the Presidency, after he has disposed of poor Mr. Dwight? "Dutch" Carter is still an undergraduate. But perhaps "Bob" Cook could be persuaded to accept the office?

The Norwegians are indeed a wonderful people. Some of us here would borrow their system of rumselling, others would borrow their school for cripples. As yet there has been no imperious demand for the erection of a statue of Ibsen.

If there was punch yesterday at Cambridge, there was a motto to the bowl, and it read: "Punch, brothers, punch with care."

It was a great day for President Eliot, but was there that "old convivial glow" the warm, champagny, old-particular, brandy-punchy feeling" so accurately diagnosed by Dr. Holmes?

To-day is an anniversary of famous births: Of Henry VIII. of England, the merry monarch that believed in and practiced wifely rotation; of Charles Mathews, who was almost as great a comedian, and of Jean Jacques Rousseau, who smacked his lips as he wrote his "Confessions," not knowing how he would distress Mr. Anthony Comstock.

A headline in the esteemed and precise Transcript last evening assured the reader that Dartmouth had just celebrated its "125th Centennial." We congratulate the Transcript on its scoop. But why should Dartmouth have been so coy hitherto in concealing its honorable age? It saw the rise and fall of the schools of Athens, Alexandria, Edessa and Tarsus; its professors were in active correspondence with Pythagoras; the mound-builders were among its pupils; the report of the discovery of the Garden of Eden created much discussion in an early Faculty meeting. And why in the world did not Dartmouth give an honorary degree to Christopher Columbus?

Mr. Henry A. Clapp is now a master of arts. For a long time he has been a master of dramatic criticism.

Zola seems to have written his "Lourdes" for the purpose of advertising the New York Herald.

The Democrats of Pennsylvania are Singularly glad.

The point is raised that the Evangelist Leyden was not pelted with "stale eggs" in a New Hampshire town. But should a volley of fresh eggs be regarded as the fit reward of oratory or the supreme expression of popular appreciation?

Dr. Tourjee's most fitting memorial is the New England Conservatory.

This story of the capture of 64 whales by the Narwhal is indeed tall blowing.

Mrs. Dupuy is a sensible woman. She comes from the provincial bourgeoisie, and prayed that her husband might not be elected President of the French Republic.

At the Medical Alumni dinner there was talk about "uprooting" quackery. Would it not be easier to strangle it?

The Bostonians have bought Victor Herbert's opera, "Prince Ananias." The comedian's gag will no doubt be "I'm something of a liar myself." At any rate we may rest assured that Mr. MacDonald will have a chance to show his manly form, and that Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis will have a fat part; otherwise the Bostonians would not have accepted the opera.

June 27-94

Now if Yale will clean out Oxford all will be forgiven.

Mr. Plaisted has seen a great light.

The move in Congress for the better protection of American plays is against pirates, not critics.

This is the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, but let us rather call to mind the noble deed of St. Betsy. St. Betsy was wedded to a knight who sailed with Raleigh and brought back tobacco; and the knight smoked. But he thought that St. Betsy, like other fine ladies of the court, would fain that he should smoke out of doors, nor taint with 'bacco smoke the tapestry. Whereupon the knight would seek his garden, his orchard, and in any weather smoke *sub Jove*. Now it chanced as the knight smoked St. Betsy came to him and said, "My lord, pray ye come into the house." And the knight went with St. Betsy, who took him into a newly-cedar room, and said, "I pray, my lord, henceforth smoke here; for is it not a shame that you, who are the foundation and the prop of your house, should have no place to put your head into and smoke?" And St. Betsy led him to a chair, and with her own fingers filled him a pipe; and from that time the knight sat in the cedar chamber and smoked his weed. And this and other wondrous stories may be found in the hagiology of Douglas Jerrold.

This is the anniversary of the death of Henry Clay, an American statesman who gave his name to a cigar.

This is also the anniversary of the birth of Peter Paul Rubens, who painted many gorgeous pictures, some of which would undoubtedly shock Secretary Carlisle, the prominent art critic.

Casimir-Perier sounds like a champagne firm.

Fred Pfeffer has shown that an admirable second baseman may not know how to run a restaurant.

It appears that Gov. Hogg is passionately addicted to music. He was moved to oratory by hearing a Deer Islander play the piano, and in the evening of the same day he expressed a desire—natural and laudable—to meet Camille D'Arville. He should visit us in the season, when he could discuss Brahms with Mr. Paur and hear "The Messiah."

What was Dr. Everett doing in the tents of the Philistines Commencement Day?

Mr. Horatio W. Parker, now of our town, and future Professor of Music at Yale, has been made a Master of Arts by that university. But thus far "Horn Novissima" is still his greatest honor.

Far from madding political anxiety and strife, Mr. John E. Russell enjoys the fragrance of a white rose tree, and slugs its praises as though he were Hafiz or Mirza Shafay. And when the Democratic ambassadors journey to Leicester, they will find him undoubtedly lying beneath this rose tree, or as L. Quintus Ciucinnatus was once found, "either making a ditch with a spade in his hand, or a plowing, or about some other country work."

If officers of the Charlestown prison must shoot, let them shoot accurately. A course of instruction at a range would be of valuable assistance to them in the discharge of duty and revolvers.

Our esteemed contemporary that "is read by the people who have money to spend" has hit upon a novel thing in journalism, viz.: the combination of a puzzle department with picturesque head lines. Here is an excellent example from yesterday's issue:

"PRES. ELIOT'S DAY"

IT WAS AS WELL AS CLASS DAY AT HARVARD.

The puzzle is one of punctuation; and, by the way, was not Wednesday Commencement Day?

A circular in proclaiming the advantages of a certain bicycle speaks at length concerning the healthy exercise found in "riding the enervating wheel."

People that will not be comforted and talk continually about the heat should remember the golden words of Jacob Abbott in "Learning About Common Things." They run as follows: "Do people ever fret and complain because the sun is hot? Is that right? No, it is very wrong, and people who fret and complain because the sun shines bright and the day is warm ought not to have grapes or peaches."

When Miss Tadema chose "The Wings of Icarus" as the title of her novel was she aware that the same title pleased Charles de Bernard half a century ago? His story is mighty entertaining reading to-day. Thackeray praised it in "The Paris Sketch Book," and, by the way, he did not hesitate to borrow from de Bernard.

June 3

It may be remembered that a year ago, when Yale won at New London, there was tumultuous rejoicing. Jewels were presented to the victorious Ives, and a young gentleman in New Haven in the ecstasy of public thanksgiving blew off four fingers of his right hand with a cannon cracker.

But this year the colors seemed depressed, as though someone stood behind each oarsman and whispered: "Thou, too, are mortal," or "Brother, you must die."

To quote from a morning contemporary: "The very men in the victorious eight felt keenly the mortification of the defeated crew. They did not smile, they did not laugh, they did not cheer, they did not gloat." If they had only thought of this possible mortification during the race and not rowed as hard and as well!

Under the circumstances it would appear that an apology from Yale would be graceful and timely.

How to put 600 prisoners into 463 cells is a puzzle that should irritate justly the city fathers when they see it a practical experiment in South Boston.

It is to be regretted that Gov. Hogg made no gloss on the famous remark of Gen. Sherman concerning Texas.

An act of the British Parliament dated 54 years ago to-day put an end to the use of the pillory in the United Kingdom. This instrument has been seen in Boston, and as late as 1803, two men, by order of the Supreme Judicial Court, were put in the pillory in State Street. The whipping post was also a cherished institution about that time, and it was ambulatory.

Many rejoice in the abolition of such "barbarous punishments," but it is an open question whether post and pillory were not efficacious and salutary. There are certain offences, such as wife beating and cruelty to children, that might well be treated by flogging in turn, and many a cheap scoundrel who laughs at a prison would be deterred from cowardly crime by the thought of a whistling whip.

Good men and true for their convictions have been set in the pillory, and they counted the disgrace as honor. But Dr. Johnson thought such disgrace ineffaceable. When Boswell mentioned "an instance of a gentleman" who was not dishonored by it, the doctor replied, "Ay, but he was, sir. He could not mouth and strut as he used to do, after having been there. People are not willing to ask a man to their tables who has stood in the pillory." But would Johnson have refused to sit at meat with De Foe, whose "Robinson Crusoe" he wished were longer, or with Hester Prynne, who stood here on the platform "nearly beneath the eaves of Boston's earliest church?"

The men that are most ingenious in explaining Harvard's defeat never rowed when in college.

To "Constant Reader:" No. Lafcadio Hearn's article, "The Red Bridal," in the July Atlantic is not a biography of the Governor of Colorado.

It is stated on good authority that the students in a Long Island School of Medicine are instructed at graduation never to answer the call of a patient who is not known to be well-to-do. Truly the poor have no excuse for living in these days; but how about the oath of Hippocrates?

To X. X. X.: The name of the President of France is pronounced as though it were spelled in English Cassemer-Perryay.

The New York Herald publishes the fact that "Mr. Cleveland is satisfied." It might have put it that Mr. Cleveland is very easily satisfied.

A modern Macedonian cry from Harvard: "Come over, Capt. Cook, and help us."

Henri Rochefort says that the choice of Casimir-Perier for the Presidency is "the worst it was possible to make." Mr. George Francis Train has not yet vouchsafed his opinion.

Here is the record of another saint preserved in Jerrold's golden book. St. Sally, from her childhood, was known for her innermost love of truth. It was said of her that her heart was in a crystal shrine, and all the world might see it. Moreover, when other women denied, or strove to hide their age, St. Sally said, "I am five-and-thirty." Whereupon next birthday St. Sally's husband, at a feast of all their friends, gave her a necklace of six-and-thirty opal beads; and on every birthday added a bead, until the beads mounted to fourscore and one. And the beads seemed to act as a charm; for St. Sally, wearing the sum of her age about her neck, age never appeared in her face. Such in the olden time was the reward of simplicity and truth.

July 1 - 92

About 1200 young men are now undergoing examinations for admission to the two undergraduate departments of Yale. These departments are apparently the Nine and the Crew.

The stories told of the scenes between Casimir-Perier and his mother have a Plutarchian flavor that is refreshing in these days of political intrigue and selfishness.

The classification of umpires by the irritable Fred Pfeffer reminds one of the famous chapter in the history of Iceland: "There are no good umpires."

It is proposed to revive the Greek Olympic games, and in Paris, of all cities in the world.

"Great Caesar!" is an exclamation appropriate to the month.

"All the women when passing the Elysée Palace make the sign of the cross and the men remove their hats."

This is not in special honor of the late President. The same respect is shown in Paris to the corpse in the most squalid quarter.

IN AN INN.

The Random Reflections of One Sitting at Table.

The Miserable Hypocrisy of an Exploder of Fireworks.

A Word About "Esther Waters," Invented by George Moore.

When John Adams prayed for national stentorophonic rejoicing on the Fourth of July he did not anticipate the possibilities of the modern American cannon cracker, or of the combination of a small boy with a large horn.

Not that the ordinary cracker of Chinese invention was unknown in his time. Carlo Buffone in Ben Jonson's play approved of certain wine at the Mitre. "I'll wash my temples with some on't presently, and drink some half a score draughts; 'twill heat the brain, kindle my imagination, I shall talk nothings but crackers and firework to-night."

When Mr. Pepys took one of his walks abroad in 1661 he saw boys in the streets "flying their crackers."

De Foe knew how to use the noisy thing in verse:

"These are the squibs and crackers of the law,
Which hiss, and make a bounce, and then withdraw."

But the American cracker has all the arrogant bounce of nationality. This cracker is, indeed, your true patriot, as the phrase now runs; it is self-assertive, boastful, a proclaimer of its own superior righteousness, thoughtless of the comfort and the rights of others; a loud noise, without any other purpose in life. And it costs considerable money.

The Chinese cracker, prepared by the almond-eyed, to whom the law, as interpreted by Judge Colt, refuses certain privileges of whites, is a paradox. It was said of old that no Chinaman could view undisturbed the destruction or the loss of paper; and yet after the explosion of one of his crackers, the air and the street is full of worthless paper wad.

I have a friend, a man that professes to care little for the so-called pleasures of this world, and every Fourth of July he quits the town. In fact, he disappears the night before. To seek peace in a pastoral retreat, no doubt. On the contrary, a kinsman has a family of interesting and assorted children, and to them my friend Chimes appears as a summer Santa Claus. He arrives in the quiet, unsuspecting village with boxes and bundles of an inflammable, explosive nature. There are firecrackers galore, from the modest species of China to the triumph of American impudence. There are torpedoes; there are all sorts of ascending and stationary fireworks: things that burst, that soar, that sizzle, that revolve, that scatter, that delight and that disappoint. What a kindly-disposed, generous fellow! How he must be beloved by the young barbarians all at play.

Let us tear the philanthropic mask from the rascal's face. Refreshed by the country night and prepared by a hearty breakfast for the day, Chimes gathers the children about him, laughs gently as he lights the first stick of punk, and then proceeds to let fly the crackers. He holds the punk. He sets the fire. Cracker of China or America, 'tis all the same to him. The torpedoes he abandons to his young friends; for the torpedo is too small game for him. Refreshed in his work by a fortifying lunch, he resumes the labor of the day. Dinner is announced; wearied but not sated, like the wife of Claudius, he leaves the scene of his exploits; but he has thoughtfully saved packages of crackers for the reading of the shuddering night. When it is dark enough good Mr. Chimes is in fine form; he is lord of the pin wheel and master of the rocket; his stalwart form stands out framed in pyrotechnic glory, like Caspar in the Wolf's Glen. Not till the last firework smoulders does he stay his hand; and then he sighs for a barrel that he may say a flaming good-night. It has been the hardest day of the year and yet his face glows with pleasure. "We must give the children a good time. They are fond of fireworks, and you know we were all young once," says the impostor. Meanwhile the children hope that some day they will be allowed to hold and apply the punk.

This peculiar way of snibbing and cracking the young is inspired by the same process of thought, by the same hypocritical reasoning that compels a man to take a boy to the circus so that the young one may rejoice and be glad. The man is a martyr to a feeling of duty, he will tell you. He himself has not seen a circus since Lent's flourished with Carlotta de Berg, and the Levantine Brothers, and Robert Stickney followed by the adoring eyes of women as he controlled the fiery steeds and tossed a hand exultantly skyward. "Circuses nowadays are poor things. At the same time the boy might like to see the animals." Oh, the contemptible liar!

When a circus is in town every man borrows a boy, if he happens to be without one who calls him father.

Chimes told me of a singular Fourth of July spent by him three or four years ago. Either the shipper or the expressman had blundered; for only a third of the ordered fireworks was at hand. Disheartened, and knowing the impossibility of securing at that late hour an adequate supply, Chimes turned his attention early in the day to fireworks of a liquid nature. Remembering a chemical formula which he had learned at Harvard, he brewed a mighty, a fragrant, a potent punch that would have melted the heart of President Eliot and his aiders and abettors in enforcing punchy abstinence.

It was a punch like this that drew from good old Dr. Beauford in the 18th century the remark that "temperance is a vice which has not even the recommendation of transient pleasure."

To this punch Chimes gave most thoughtful attention before, during and after luncheon. He drained the last drop as the sun went down in an alcoholic mist. And the punch was of such mystic brew that the pyrotechnical display in the evening surpassed that of Rome, Versailles, or the Crystal Palace. The airward flight of a rocket seemed multiplied and stormy. Each ninewheel assumed gigantic proportions and solved the problem of perpetual motion. Each roman candle was provided apparently with a ball for each day of the year. A tiny cracker was a ton of dynamite. Such was the influence of a stimulant on a sensitive imagination.

But the children to whom Chimes sacrifices himself yearly were sorely disappointed, for they were little children with stomachs that knew not alcohol, and they were not so easily deceived.

Have you read "Esther Waters," by George Moore. It is a novel well worthy of careful reading and rereading.

To many George Moore is a disagreeable man who writes disagreeable books.

His "Confessions of a Young Man" shocked some, and to those who know not artist life in Paris the book must be largely *caviare*. "The Mummer's Wife" seemed unnecessarily unpleasant to many who were constrained to admit its strength. His "Impressions," as well as his "Confessions," gave the idea of bumpiousness, of a chip on the shoulder of the author.

"Esther Waters" is an uncommonly well-constructed, well-written novel. I do not say that it is a great book, for "great" is a word not to be applied loosely; but it is far superior to the novels with a purpose, religious, humanitarian, or erotic, that are talked about at present.

The story is the story of the struggle of a servant girl with an illegitimate child against the world, the world that denies the right of such a child to live.

The hospital, the baby farm, the daily drudgery are most carefully described, and yet there is no thought that Moore, after the fashion of certain Frenchmen, wrote the story simply to introduce these "documents." Esther marries finally the father of her child and lives with him comfortably until, ruined by betting, he dies and she is again obliged to go into service. She finds her old

press in whose house she first met her lover. The mistress, a woman of fortune, has yielded from the betting passion of the Squire. Esther's boy becomes a soldier. He visits his father in the country. "All was forgotten in the happiness of the moment—the long fight for his life, and the possibility that any moment might declare him to be mere food for powder and shot. She was only conscious that she had accomplished her woman's work—she had brought him up to man's estate, and that was her sufficient reward. What a fine fellow he was!" And here the story ends.

Although the book is a strong indictment against the betting craze, it is not merely a zealous tract against a vice—a tract sugar-coated with incident and dialogue. Charles Reade often forgot, alas, his art in waging war against abuses. Who would not exchange a wilderness of such blue books as "Hard Cash" and "Put Yourself in His Place," full as they are of epigram and marvelous description, for such a masterpiece as "Peg Woffington" or "Christie Johnstone"? The sense of art is never absent in Moore's book.

In his "Confessions," Moore tells of his passion for the strange, wild language of the Symbolists and the Decadents. But in "Esther Waters" he uses simple, virile English. The style is characterized at the same time by artistic restraint. There is no painful elaboration. There is no attempt at fine writing. There is not a sentence that is not to be comprehended at once by anyone of modest education. Here is an instance of his employment of description, realism that is not baldly photographic, but is subtle and suggestive. Esther, tired and hungry, sees the Strand crowd. "Poor and dissipated girls, dressed in vague clothes fixed with hazardous pins. Two young women strolled in front of her. They hung on each other's arms, talking lazily. They had just come out of an eating house and a happy digestion was in their eyes. The skirt on the outside was a soiled mauve, and the bodice that went with it was a soiled chocolate. A broken yellow plume hung out of a battered hat. The skirt on the inside was a dim green, and little was left of the cotton velvet jacket but the cotton. A girl of 16 walking sturdily, like a little man, crossed the road, her left hand thrust deep into the pocket of her red cashmere dress. She wore on her shoulders a strip of beaded mantle; her hair was plaited and tied with a red ribbon. Corrupt women passed, their eyes liquid with invitation.

The high bar-loafer, the man of hit, hooked nose and the waxed moustache, stood the door of a restaurant, passing the women in review. Two young men, with betting-book and bar-room on their faces, swaggered out of a tobacconist's. The doors of the public houses were open, and the toppers could be seen sitting on high stools in varnished interiors."

I fear, Miss Eustachia, that you will cock your pretty nose at this description and, indeed, at Esther. You prefer to read of interesting courtesans with sceptical tendencies, of emancipated daughters of emancipated mothers, all moving in the best of society. But from your carriage window you can see such street scenes in Boston. Esther Waters lives in town. Perhaps she is now in the basement of your house, even if it is on the water side of Beacon Street.

PHILIP HALE.

A DOUBTFUL NECESSITY.

Mr. Richard Henry Dana, in an address before the New England Conservatory of Music, said the other day that music is no longer a luxury, it is a necessity. The zeal of his house has devoured his judgment. Why is music a necessity? And is there any reason for the inevitable corollary, "Your sons and your daughters must be musicians?"

History teaches, the Rev. Mr. Haweis to the contrary notwithstanding, that music has been frowned upon by great masters of philosophy and morals as tending rather toward immorality than toward righteousness. But let it be granted that this subject is still debatable; let us look at the practical as well as the artistic side.

Music is an art. It should not be a trade. Poets are born, not made; and though there are jinglers who are paid weekly for putting advertisements into rhyme, they are not enrolled in the world's catalogue as poets. A rhyming dictionary will not take the place of that which is vaguely known as inspiration. So in painting, technique can be taught, but it will not of itself color eternally a canvas. And technique is never in any art synonymous with inspiration. Music is an art, not a trade. But this is a nervous, superficial age. Every one must be "highly educated." The ambitious father says, "Jane must sing." Little Jane may have an ear that is only an anatomical organ; an ear that is not capable of distinguishing musical tones; but that makes no difference; the girl is sent to a master of singing, and the master, a child of this world, seizes the situation and the opportunity. Or the father says, "Mary must be a pianist." Perhaps the child is fond of music; perhaps she is indifferent in the matter; Mary is obliged to practise so many hours a day; she has an allotted task, and if she has the fear of her parents before her eyes, she is faithful as the blinded and plodding horse in the brick-yard.

This generation has decided that music is a trade that is open to any industrious person. The father says, "If I meet with business reverses, my daughter will be able to support herself by teaching the piano or the art of song." Music is thought to be a genteel profession, not beneath the dignity of the well-born. So there is an endless procession of the blind led by the blind. For the ability to play five hundred notes in a given time is not necessarily the display of musical

talent, nor are industry and good will the distinguishing marks of musical genius. Everybody to-day is a so-called musician. And yet how few have temperament, without which the rest is as nought; for absolute mechanism, while it may be in a sense commendable, can never take the place of temperament, which is a birthright, which thrills, which moves, which is superhuman.

And so music is made easy, to the great joy of music schools and piano makers. Anyone can go to Corinth in these days. But when all your neighbors are artists, what becomes of art? That which is common cannot be rare. That which is a necessity cannot be artistic. For the flight of art demands uncommon wings, and the soul of the artist is not the creation of a school. An intelligent young man does not go to a boot-maker and say, "Here, I do not like the boots you made for me; it is true they fit me, but I should have made them differently," and yet he hears de Pechmann or Paderewski, and he exclaims, "I, too, have studied the piano, and I should play the sonata or the nocturne this way, not as you prefer it."

Art is not a republic, it is an aristocracy. Art is not for the public at large, it is for the elect few. There is no such thing as necessity in art. Art is of spontaneous, erratic birth. It laughs at obstacles; it defies conventional training. It does not admit of household growth; it loathes the factory. Musicians are not turned out to order, as screws or a batch of baker's bread. Music schools are useful in furnishing an opportunity for a born musician, and this is the end of their usefulness. They cannot make the crooked straight. They cannot supply cars to those that lack them. They cannot supply a soul to the merely industrious. Nor is it a necessity that they should work miracles. For art is not synonymous with business or a calling.

July 3, 1894

In a great city like New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, the day, and even the night previous, is insufferably noisy with the constant rattle of Chinese crackers and firearms.—[An English Traveler.]

The man who treats railways as Joshua did the sun and moon, who suspends manufacturing and refuses milk to little children, is named Debs, just plain, simple Debs.

"The truth is, every woman should be born a widow, with a comfortable income," says Sophie in "The Wares of Antiochus."

The operatic warfare in New York will call for the reserve of veterans. Rosa Hasselbeck Sucher is no chicken, and de Reszke, the tenor, is as shy about his age as is any woman. If Sibyl Sanderson comes over what will poor Massenet, a grandfather by the way, do in Paris? One woman will rejoice at least in the display of her own talents in this city, and her name is Zelle de Lussan.

And Tamagno will visit us. When he was here with Patti in 1890 he did not make a very favorable impression, and his friends claimed that he was not heard to advantage on account of the climate. A thick, powerful, bull-necked tenor, who insists on washing his stockings and other intimate articles of dress in his room at the hotel, if rumor is trustworthy; and he is said to be "near," very "near."

Tamagno was not the first rich musician who thus economized. When Spohr visited St. Petersburg he called on Clementi and found him with his pupil Field, the composer of melancholy nocturnes, at the wash tub. Clementi was not abashed; he remarked that washing in the city was dear and badly done.

The late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge had a singular habit. He would never, if he could help it, assign counsel to a prisoner, on the ground that, by encouraging accused persons to expect gratuitous legal assistance, the Bar would be deprived of its proper work; but when he did, he paid the fees out of his own pocket. Thus did he show practically "his devotion to the interests of the profession."

Some one sang lately the praise of dandelions on a grass plot, and found that "their golden blossoms are symbols of substantial prosperity." They are hot things to look at in a hot day, and they war with the apparent coolness of the grass. Nature is apt to laugh at the discomfort of man.

And man himself, even when the dog-star begins to bark from the sky, is needlessly, cruel to his neighbor. You walk on the baked pavement, persuading yourself that there is a breeze, and suddenly you run against a fat man with a crimson or yellow cravat ruthlessly exposed. The blood of the most phlegmatic boils at the sight, and the plunge into a beer saloon or apothecary's is the result. The ideal soda-water-tender never wears a flaming cravat. His dress is a symphony, or a siphony in cooling color. It would be an interesting experiment to see how a blazing cravat and jacket worn by the clerk would affect the sale of mineral waters and temperance decoctions.

So, too, a horn, blown from fish cart or tally-ho, for business, pleasure or patriotism, intensifies the heat, and a brass band is synonymous with a furnace.

"The gulf between Emperor William and the aristocracy is widened." Little does he care, for Mr. Poultney Bigelow is still faithful.

The rule that evening dress should never be worn before 6 P. M. does not prevail in France. Pianist or singer, mourner or wedding guest, fears not the light of the sun on a yellow tail. Witness the funeral of Carnot. The late Hannibal Hamlin was in this respect a Frenchman *comme il faut*.

"Davy Jones" Produced for the First Time at the Boston Museum—Other Theatrical Events of Interest.

"Davy Jones," a nautical oporetta by Mr. Fred Miller, Jr., was produced for the first time on any stage at the Boston Museum last evening. The cast was as follows:

Commodore Dominick Shay..... Dan Daly
Sally Lee..... Len F. Brine
Ship..... Harry Kelly
Ship..... Eddie Smith
Tim Tani Foco..... Robert Evans
Treasury..... Jere B. McChiffie
Quintess..... Richard Carle
"R"..... Maude K. Williams
Rogaine..... Maude K. Williams
Hollies..... Gertrude Fort
Princess Manolla..... May S. Boyeson

Mr. Miller is known in this city as the ingenious author of the libretto and the music of "Ship Ahoy" and "The Golden Wedding." This statement alone will give the reader a fair idea of "Davy Jones," if he has seen either of the oporetta above mentioned. A large audience last evening gave evidence of appreciation and enjoyment, and many of the numbers were repeated.

This oporetta was written undoubtedly for the summer season, when the hearer is not disposed to be critical and merely seeks relief from meditation on the cruel temperature, the theatre was comfortable, and the comedians were familiar with their parts. The reviewer should therefore remember the famous recommendation attributed to President Lincoln: "This lecturer will please immensely all those that like this kind of a lecturer." And if the audience applauds, as it did last night, the manager and the composer may well be satisfied.

The plot of a summer oporetta is usually mid-summer-madness, and "Davy Jones" is no exception to the rule. Mr. Miller has a certain vein of melody, and feet beat time to his unpretentious tunes. The audience enjoyed the antics of Messrs. Daly, Kelly, Smith, Evans, McChiffie and Carle, and the singing of Miss Williams and Mr. Brine was heartily appreciated. Miss Gilroy made the most of a slight part, and she was welcomed heartily by her admirers, who are many. The chorus was eminently satisfactory, and the orchestra did good work under the direction of the composer. "Davy Jones" would gain in interest if specialties were introduced, and if greater opportunity were given to the comedians. Mr. Daly is deservedly a great favorite here, and it is a pity that he has not more room for his eccentric dancing. An Italian Prince of the 17th century would have engaged him at once for private amusement; if he could have seen him in "The Golden Wedding," and although last evening Mr. Daly made a decided hit in "Don't get gay with Shay," he had too little freedom for the full display of his delightful eccentricities.

Flowers were generously awarded the popular favorites, and, as has already been stated, there were many evidences of popular enjoyment.

July 4 - 94

It is a habit, say rather a vice of this age to smile at Fourth of July patriotism. "All holidays are a bore," say many, who, like the Kings of Persia, have summer and winter houses, and love to shun the crowd, the mob, as they are pleased to dub seekers after cheap and moderate amusement.

To such the Fourth of July is a *dies irae*; a full day of noise and tumult; a day of popular perspiration and indigestion; a day of accident by flood and fire. And the great significance, the peculiar holiness of the memorial escapes them.

That brave and modest adventurer Dr. Kane was not of them. In the record of his first Arctic travel he noted: "Our American birthday could not pass us without at least a festive effort; so we tapped a bottle of Heidsieck in the cabin, and all hands spiced the main brace." And the next year in the little port of Proeven, he wrote: "We saluted the town with one of the largest balanced stones, which we rolled down from the cliff above; and made an egg-nogg of elder eggs; and the men had a Hosky ball; and in a word, we all did our best to make the day differ from other days—which attempt failed. Still, God ever bless the Fourth!"

Nor did Kane and his men forget the anniversary when on their second journey through the Kingdom of Ice they rowed in the face of death. They took "a patriotic egg-nogg, the liquor borrowed grudgingly" from an alcohol-flask, "and diluted till it was worthy of temperance praise."

By the way, will the mystery about Kane's marriage ever be cleared up? Was he or was he not the husband of Margaret Fox? Copies of that strange book, "The Love Life of Dr. Kane," are now to be found in second-hand book stores of the city. The disappointing life by Elder is not easily obtained.

It is said that Mr. Emil Paur is much impressed by the activity of the Jamaica Plain mosquito, and he has ample opportunity to study its tone production, for, like all Germans, he loves dearly to eat in his garden in the cool of the evening. But he would find the Brookline mosquito equally worthy of his attention, and if he wishes to investigate thoroughly the subject he should spend a part of his vacation in New Jersey. Mr. William Gardiner, in his "Music of Nature," speaks of different musical insects, as the quail, for example, which gives to the animated orchestra the A, as though it were an oboe. Why should we not be able to read next season "The Mosquito" as read from the Musical standpoint," Paur.

Let us go back to Dr. Kane a moment. His adventures are mighty interesting and appropriate reading in this weather. A free ice water fountain is dedicated to-day in Providence. But the illustrated edition of Kane, with its views of icebergs and ice-fields, would as quickly cool the public, if copies were chained in public places, at the disposal of the tired and the heated.

A translation by Miss Gertrude Hall of Paul Verlaine's "Clair de Lune" has the place of honor in the last number of "The Chap Book." Miss Hall is a woman of fine fancy and felicitous expression, and she thus honors our town; but Verlaine, like other decadents, is untranslatable. The strange aroma is dissipated during the voyage to an English-speaking land. "Effective enterprize" is a poor substitute for "*la vie opportune*," and "maskers delicate and dim" does not reproduce the haunting beauty of the line ending "*masques et bergamasques*."

So there may be a beef famine here, all on account of Debs, Eugene V. Debs. The hungry will be obliged to seek satisfaction in the thought that Mr. Debs is "editor of a magazine at a salary of \$3000 a year, and is fairly idolized by the firemen." Then, too, it must be remembered that no less an authority than Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek declares that beef does harm to the wits.

Was there not a story current some time ago that the old Public Library building might be turned into an opera house, or the site at least be used for such a purpose?

This eating of cream and currants is nothing new, although it now provokes discussion. There are men that eat cream on raw tomatoes, on currants, even on gooseberries, and roll their eyes in ecstasy. Others swear that he alone knows the supreme glory of a melon who pours cream into the half of one and then scoops with a spoon.

There is no inexorable regulating of taste in these matters. A well-known epicure in town insisted the other day that lettuce should always be treated with sugar and vinegar. On the other hand, Mr. Arlo Bates, just before his setting sail for Europe, received a severe shock from the seeing of an apparently respectable man pouring cream on strawberries and then mashing the berries with the back of a spoon.

July 5 - 94

Poultice Day.

O for the horns of Elfland "faintly blowing!"

The yearly sight of the yearly people before the yearly booths.

There was at least one orator yesterday that deserved respectful hearing. He stood near the corner of Boylston and Tremont Streets, and he proclaimed the virtues of sarsaparilla-mead, which "cools the brain, enriches the blood, exhilarates, but does not inebriate, etc." The formula of invitation was not particularly novel, but with seductive voice and knowledge of human nature he played on the hearts and the stomachs of the gapers. From time to time he quaffed a glass of the mixture—"oh, how delicious!"—as though it were Falernian, or

"That Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena."

Some regard the Fourth as a study in pessimism.

How Schopenhauer would have enjoyed our great holiday, Schopenhauer, who wrote an essay on "Noise," which he considered the most impertinent of all forms of interruption. Perhaps he would have rewritten, if he had visited us in July, this paragraph about the Germans, apropos of the remark of Thomas Hood concerning their love of noise. "That they are so," says the arch-pessimist, "is due to the fact, not that they are more fond of making a noise than other people—they would deny it if you asked them—but that their senses are obtuse; consequently when they hear a noise it does not affect them much. It does not disturb them in reading or thinking, simply because they do not think; they only smoke, which is their substitute for thought."

Few men apparently could resist such an appeal to their vanity as is made subtly by a sign in Washington Street: "Five barbers are waiting to shave you." And yet if all men were as vain as women allege, there would be 500 customers to each barber.

It is strange that Messrs. Corbett and Jackson do not agree in choosing Boston as the scene of a friendly test of skill. Police and Aldermen are well disposed toward public display of the manly art, and the hotel

accommodations are excellent. Many pugilists have given our city the warmest certificates of recommendation, and it should never be forgotten that in Boston Mr. John L. Sullivan received in the presence of a shouting and cultured audience an adequate recognition of great services rendered his townfolk by maintaining the glory of the city against all comers.

The promise of such an athletic exhibition here might persuade Mr. Gladstone to accept the invitation to visit this country. In his books about Homer he has shown an intimate acquaintance with the rules that governed the classical ring.

The strange story of Mr. Hall of Manchester, N. H., is another chapter in "The History of Lost Minds."

To L. B. F.: "Ballistic," the word that you read in connection with the test applied to the Carnegie armor plates, means "of or pertaining to the throwing of missiles; projectile." Thus a ballistic pendulum is an instrument for determining the relative velocity of projectiles.

Debs is an ironical commentary on Independence Day.

New Jersey law seems to regard Aimée's will as an episode in opera-bouffe.

There was plenty of proof through the night that our flag was still there.

The strength of Miss Sibyl Sauderson, the soprano who will sing to us next season, is in her statuesque neck and arms. She also has a few high tones in her voice.

It is at last decided that Prendergast killed Mayor Harrison.

July 6 - 94

The Vigilant must not be discouraged. Scottish water is notoriously wretched stuff; hence the invention years ago of Scotch whisky.

Yale showed its characteristic nerve by letting off Fourth-of-July fireworks in conservative Oxford. Ambassador Bayard was more diplomatic. All possible unkindness was buried in a punch brewed under his personal supervision.

Yesterday saw again the publication of the same old letters of complaint concerning the Chinese patriotism of the Fourth. For many, even in most respectable quarters, missed their wakeless nights.

Mr. Debs let off his fireworks, as any good American citizen. "The first shot fired by the regular soldiers at the mobs here (Chicago) will be the signal for a civil war," and Debs said this "calmly and thoughtfully," undismayed by the whirr of pin-wheel and the whizz of rocket.

This civil war will, according to Debs, be unlike all civil wars hitherto known in history, for there will be "bloodshed."

"Ninety per cent. of the people of the United States," says Debs, "will be arrayed against the other 10 per cent., and I would not care to find myself out of the ranks of labor when the struggle ended." Which, being interpreted, means that the 90 per cent. will follow Debs, who will occupy a prominent seat on the band wagon.

Gen. Coxey talked something like this a short time ago, and where is Coxey now? Mr. Carl Browne spent the Fourth in Washington, appearing in a living picture entitled "The Death of Liberty."

Another living picture was Mr. Croker in Tammany Hall.

The little town of Marion is filled with doubt and anguish. The summer boarders are unable, it seems, to decide upon the play for the opening theatricals. But the night will soon pass; "the horse that guide the golden eye of heaven, and blow the morning from their nostrils" are even now beating their hoofs on the horizon. For we learn by "a special dispatch" that "Mr. Richard Harding Davis is daily expected, and his advice will certainly have great weight." The amateur looks out at a window and cries, "Why is his chariot so long in coming?"

What a responsibility to be thrown upon one so young! But Mr. Richard Harding Davis has shown such endurance and courage in his explorations among the thickets of London and the jungles of New York that he will undoubtedly be able to settle this vexed point between two cocktails, and without removing his helmet-hat and trusty rifle.

Thirty Consuls sat down at meat with Mr. Patrick A. Collins in London. This dinner surpassed in pomp the memorable table d'hôte in Venice when Candide ate with a half dozen Kings.

The Forest Hills entrance, is squat and fat, a caricature of ugliness unworthy of the park and the flag.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Arthur Nikisch when she lived in Boston was in the habit of singing in public, and money was asked at the door for the privilege of hearing her. Her husband showed rare devotion and bravery in accompanying her, cheered, perhaps, by the declaration of the excitable Mr. Finck of the New York Evening Post that she was a great exponent of German song.

Well, about a month ago Mrs. Nikisch sang in Leipzig, where she was once a soubrette in a theatre. Surely, O ye admirers of her, surely, O, Mr. Finck, she was appreciated in her old home. In this connection it is interesting to read the remarks of the Leipzig correspondent of the Musical Courier, a newspaper that has always been a staunch friend of the Nikischian couple. "Mrs. Nikisch's singing merits no dissertation. The little episode so well known in America was conscientiously enaged. A long prelude upon the piano by her husband, a long, ominous silence, expectation worked to the highest pitch, and then Mrs. Nikisch sang as she sings."

"The Nikisch who conducted," adds the Leipzig correspondent, "was not the Nikisch of five years ago. . . . His apathy on this occasion was exasperating." Possibly hard work in the gay Hungarian city has cooled his fiery spirit. He must have changed wonderfully, for the correspondent writes that "impassability rather than spontaneity seems now to be his principal characteristic."

Drinking out of a bottle is not necessarily the mark of a solitary toper. At least when Bismarck was caught thus consuming a pint of champagne, he said that he followed the order of the doctor and thus "assimilated wholly the carbonic acid." Others before him had thus assimilated wholly the alcohol without thought of scientific reason.

July 7 - 94

It may be said, apropos of the Zola question that will be raised, as the story goes, at a meeting of the Trustees of the Public Library, that the starrng of books is done apparently at random. Some books are not allowed to be taken from the shelves on account of rarity or testamentary condition. But the star often shines as an emblem of the modesty of the Trustees. An amusing list could be drawn up of books in the library that are not starred, although they are far more objectionable in text and tenor than some which are not prohibited. Perhaps the Trustees decide in these indecise matters by throwing dice or drawing straws.

No one disputes the fact that three or four of Zola's novels, although they are written honestly and are in the highest sense profoundly moral, are unsuitable for Dick, Tom, Harry and Jane, who are led to their perusal chiefly by this continual shout, "Zola is immoral; Zola is obscene." Now Zola is neither immoral nor obscene, in the true meaning of these words; but it does not therefore follow that the callow or the foul-minded should be allowed by the Trustees to read his novels.

There are books in the library, books in dead or foreign languages, that are of value to the scholar and the antiquarian. They contain passages that in this age are considered "objectionable," an age, by the way, that allows silly novels reeking with lush to be sold for a cheap price at any news stand, and not only allows them but talks about them. And when the scholar or the antiquarian would fain consult one of these uncommon works of another century he is treated as though he were simply a hunter after naughtiness.

There is, alas! some truth in the ironical epigram of Ouida: "To the pure all things are nasty."

The old query is again raised, Should woman smoke? A contemporary thinks that she should wait at least until she has been married five years before she uses tobacco. Why five? And if a matron is allowed to smoke, why should there be discrimination against an elderly maiden who might thus find solace?

If married women are to smoke, let them take to the pipe and frown on cigarettes. The pipe will demand full attention; it does not throw out such a sickening smell; and above all it lulls to peaceful contemplation and induces silence.

The jar of tobacco may yet supersede the jar of the family.

To "Old Subscriber": You are right. When an Englishman is enthusiastic he is often heard to say, "It's not half bad." This phrase should be distinguished carefully from "It's not half-and-half bad."

When will someone have the courage to omit the mention of the precise calibre of a revolver in describing a case of murder or suicide? The phrase "dull, sickening thud" is nearly obsolete, and the calibre phrase, as well as "Willing hands raised him tenderly," might well follow it into limbo.

The Theatre Libre was to do great things, but, as a matter of fact, it has effected nothing worth a moment's reflection. What notoriety it has achieved has been won by pandering to morbid and unclean tastes. —(N. Y. Evening Post.)

This statement is an excellent example of Philistinism and nuttuth.

Yvette Guilbert, it appears, has a double who undoes her in Paris. The double looks like her, sings her songs, grows thin with her in summer, and fattens when she waxes fleshy. "But all this," says Yvette, "is merely what celebrity brings one to." It may here be observed that Yvette proposes to visit us next season, and the French press agent is a man of subtle and winning ways.

Until the 11th of August the Dog Star grins in rage against humanity, so the ancients tell us. "The sea boils, wine turns sour, dogs begin to grow mad, the bile increases and irritates, and all animals grow languid. It is a time of burning fevers, hysterics and phrensies." Here is possible excuse for Debs, Waite *et al.*

Mr. Swinburne is not poet laureate to England, but to the world at large. Does he pitch into the Tsar? He also finds copy in the assassination of Carnot.

Is there not a certain free-masonry between men with long beards, or, at least, is there not a bond of sympathy that dispenses with all formal introductions and such silly rails put up by society for its protection? Two men with patriarchal beards meet in the street. They look at each other respectfully, then almost affectionately. "That's quite a beard. How long have you been growing it?" The other answers: "O, about 15 years. That's not a bad beard of yours." The conversation takes a more general course, flows in various channels, and soon there is a remark about the necessity of quenching thirst. And never does either one suspect the other of being "Hungry Joe," or one of his relations.

July 8 - 94

EXTREME CRUELTY.

An Englishman once said that life would be endurable were it not for its pleasures. Among such pleasures, perhaps that which is first is the hot weather dinner party; for there are otherwise estimable citizens who insist on such formal and lavish hospitality, even when the mercury mounts before the glowing eyes of the rash on-looker. Now a dinner in a room overlooking the sea and pungent with salt, vigorous air is all very well; but a dinner in town is worse than Spanish cruelty.

The long day necessitates the public exhibition of evening dress, and the heat forbids the concealing cloak. Few have the superb courage to solve the problem by appearing in the street with the swallow-tail thrown gracefully over an arm, comfortable as to the head on account of covering of straw. Then modern civilization still commands the combination of linen and starch in more intimate dress. What is gained in coolness of coat is lost in shirt and collar. To be sure, our young Alcibades may follow the example of Chicago youth and remove the coat with the appearance of the soup, receiving a check from the butler as a guarantee of recovery. But until the fashion oracle of each newspaper assures the gaping reader that this innovation will be welcome, no one will dare to make the first removal.

Just as in winter, there is nothing more delightful than a town party—never let it exceed the number eight—met together with gluttonous intent sandpapered by gentle breeding, so is there nothing more wretched than the sticky condition and

feigned joy of a formal summer dinner in hot weather even the stoutest eater would faint a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, and ice water is more to be desired than burgundy or champagne. Potato salad is more congenial than filet, and the once feared tomato surpasses the glory of any made dish. Furthermore, the simple and cooling food of summer must be eaten in utter abandonment of conventionality. No one should be compelled to express an opinion even on the Peary expedition. One's costume should be Edenic.

Think of the cruelty of a formal dinner in this weather, even in a well-appointed town house. The most placid housekeeper, rejoicing in an army of servants, cannot command the humidity of the atmosphere. She, too, must glow, for in this age of prudery perspire is too masculine an expression, and so the saying goes, "Beasts sweat, men perspire, women glow." The conversation of the most brilliant wilts with the shirt collar. Frivolity is a burden. Yet there are earnest souls that persist in discussing Ibsen, the tariff, the future of France, Brahms and other heating subjects. The heat increases with each stately course. Wine is a mocker. Oh, the ghastly attempt at merriment! Oh, the rapture of the return home, with the speedy disrobing and the approximation to the famous wish of Sydney Smith.

There are grades even in such fierce cruelty. Master of refined torture, of Inquisitorial torment, is the dinner giver who lives in a sky flat of an apartment house. The fiery roof breils and roasts the guest in rivalry of the range that heats the dining room. The freshest air is that which comes from the confined court. Ice melts in the face of the thirsty, and flies patch the cheek

of beauty. Friends leave the table enemies. The last fifty verses of the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy are but a feeble expression of the feeling of guest toward host. In a more advanced stage of civilization such unseasonable invitation will be punished by fine and imprisonment.

Will Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Gould be thoroughly pleased when they read that they are "plain looking" people? The intelligent foreigner wonders daily at the confusing wealth of the English language.

"It was noticed that the leaders of the mob were mostly foreigners." This fact is noticed in almost every so-called uprising of workmen, with attendant arson and pillage.

If neither Emma Eames nor Emma Calve is invited to join the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau company next season, who will do the quarreling that gladdens the press agent?

Mr. Turner, the Tammany Hall Congressman, has now two ice wagon routes in New York. This reminds one of De Quincey's famous table of grades in crime.

Mr. Howells is still at it, telling the world what he thinks of Thackeray. It's a pity that Thackeray cannot tell the world what he thinks of Howells.

"Mr. Debs has a charming wife, a lovely home, and influential relatives." Now's the time for these relatives to show their influence over him.

The English pat Mr. Gould's head and say the Vigilant is the best yacht in America. It may yet be the best yacht in England.

IN AN INN.

The Random Reflections of
One Sitting at Table.

Thoughts Suggested by a Certain
Revival in Operetta.

Concerning the Peculiar Beauty of "La Belle Helene."

There's a good deal of operetta here in Boston.

Now, summer operetta is not unlike the summer drink recommended by the late John Phoenix: "Three parts water-gruel, two root beer; thicken with a little soft squash and strain through a cane-bottomed chair."

The weather has had a two-fold effect on these operatic performances. It has at times discouraged attendance. It has also mollified stern criticism.

The extreme heat might well have been an excuse for looseness in chorus dress and the consequent display of what is known euphemistically as the human form.

It speaks well for the morality of the town—particularly after the late Jeremiads and the attempt at the redistributing of the population—it speaks well, I say, for the morality of the town, that the temperature was not seized eagerly as an excuse for the complete revelation of temperament.

"The librettists were respected. The Mikado" suffered no strange but cooling transformation; "Falala" was dressed as though the action were in the temperate zone; and "Davy Jones" was without water nymphs or mermaids clad simply in long hair and water drops.

To-morrow our old friend Offenbach returns to town, a welcome visitor. It is hard to choose between the "Grand Duchesse" or "The Fair Helen" (if you wish an English title.)

Perhaps you do not like "La Belle Helene." Miss Eustachia; perhaps, as a college graduate, you have discovered that the story of Melihac and Halevy does not agree in certain particulars with the account of the Siege of Troy given, say, by Mr. Bulfinch in his "Age of Fable;" perhaps you object to certain anachronisms; or, if you do not take the machine so seriously, perhaps you do not admire the character of the heroine. I assure you the French librettists dealt gently with her; her country people and the gossips of antiquity and the philosophers whom you have been taught to respect told singular stories about her that I would fain disbelieve. But surely, as a woman of wit, you must recognize the diabolical cleverness of the text, and the charm, the sparkle, the mad jollity of the music. Don't be foolish and conventional enough to despise Jacques Offenbach, Miss Eustachia. He was a genius; in his way he was as great as Beethoven or your friend Brahms.

You respect Saint-Saens, you tell me. Then you should read his essay on Offenbach, and do you know that in days gone by he and his friends took pleasure in appearing in "La Belle Helene?" Regnault, the painter, or your idol, Bizet, was the heroine; and Saint-Saens was the Calchas. You read last winter some essays on music by Hanslick. I hope you did not fail to include his article on Offenbach among them.

At any rate you will admit that Helen must have been a fine figure of a woman, and you will also admit that Miss Hall has a physical right to assume the part.

But what were the characteristics of her beauty?

Homer simply tells us that when she walked toward the Scaean towers where Priam and his counselors sat like cold, spiny, weak-voiced, chirping grasshoppers on trees, "ev'n those cold spirited peers, those wise and almost withered men, found this heat in their years, that they were forc'd (though whispering) to say: 'What man can blame the Greeks and Trojans to endure for so admir'd a dame so many miseries and so long? In her sweet countenance shine looks like the goddesses.'" But he gives no bill of particulars. Marlowe's Faust saw "Helen of Greece, the admirablist lady that ever lived," and he chanted the praise of her beauty in glowing, immortal lines; but again there is a lack of itemization. Heywood, in his chapter "Of Faire Women," gives the roll of her 40 suitors. The wise Ulysses was among them, but he says nothing of the color of her hair or eyes. Rossetti is more precise. He tells of the carven cup, moulded like her breast, and offered by her at Venus's shrine. Brantome says this cup was of gold, but Pliny declares that it was of electrum.

You must consult the article on Helen by the celebrated Mr. Bayle. If you wish to gain some idea of the surpassing charms of a woman whose list of adorers is the envy of the restless woman of all times. A sly dog, this celebrated Mr. Bayle! In the article itself see how solemnly he preaches: "Helena, daughter of Tyndarus, King of Lacedaemon, was the most beautiful woman of her age; but otherwise without the least honor or virtue, and her whole life was full of unhappy adventures. There are some authors who have given so particular an account of the perfections of her body, that they cannot be excused, even when they say in express terms, that they only did it by way of amusement." Truly this is disappointing to the earnest seeker after truth; but take courage; these authors are quoted at length in the interminable notes to this bald statement.

Thus we learn from Constantine Manasses that her beauty owed nothing to art, and that her complexion, "without having occasion for washes, had a noble lustre." Her legs were well made, she had a little mouth, a long and very white neck, large eyes; and from the appearance of her neck Lucian conjectured her to be born of a swan.

You will find in old French books a list of the 30 things which are necessary to make a woman perfectly handsome, and there was not one of these which Helen wanted. I regret that I must here skate quickly, as over thin ice. I refer you to Brantome.

Her beauty was undoubtedly confirmed by abundance of out-door exercise; for when Venus in Lucian counsels Paris to run away with Helen, she tells him that she was well acquainted with the Spartan games of skill and strength.

We know also that her beauty did not lie solely in her hair; for once she cut off her hair to the roots, in order to show her sorrow for the death of Clytemnestra, her sister. She was still very beautiful. It is true that one diligent investigator is of opinion that she cut off only the ends, as is done sometimes to hinder them from branching.

You are aware, probably, that Helen had five husbands. For this she would not have attracted unusual attention in Chicago, but she lived in ruder times, before the fame of Chicago was in all nations, and so Lycophrone called her naughty names.

Some say she was 50 years old when Paris ran away with her; others affirm that she was nearly a hundred; but these are mere matters of detail.

At any rate she died; and in an unpleasant manner, although the accounts vary. A revengeful woman sent servants dressed like Furies, who took her from her bath and hanged her. Or she strangled herself, and near the oak that bore her fair body, an herb grew afterward, and they that ate it were quarrelsome. Or she was crucified by Iphigenia. Or she was choked by maids of the widow of Tlepolemus.

She met a dismal death, although she worked miracles before and after it. She

deprived of sight a poet who had slandered her. She gave great beauty to a very ugly female who was brought daily into her temple.

It was reserved for a gallant Frenchman to discover that Helen had much wit and eloquence. "There is great probability, madam," says the Chevalier de Mere, "that her beauty was not alone, since all the Gods interested themselves to give her to those who were their favorites; and if she had only had a good face and a fine shape, she would have been but a very indifferent present for them. I imagine that what they valued in her was of more importance; it was her art of pleasing, and gaining the affections by her conversation."

Truly a remarkable woman, as you will more fully see if you read carefully the annotations of Mr. Bayle. And then when you reflect what the witty librettists might have done with the rich material at hand, I think you will find their conduct was singularly discreet and their style eminently sober.

And yet there is no satisfying answer to the question, Pray, just how did she look? There was a portrait of her that was still to be seen in the time of Caligula, but there is no description of the portrait. Landor says her hair was golden, but that is the extent of the courage of his imagination.

It is just as well that there is no accurate photograph or portrait. The surpassing beauty of Cleopatra has been challenged, even denied. Perhaps she looked like Mrs. Potter; it is possible that she resembled Fanny Davenport. Lady Macbeth was undoubtedly a lithe, clinging, wheedling blonde; a woman that would have allured a man to murder; for the brass-voiced virago that tramps upon the stage and shouts and bares a massive arm would have frightened hen-pecked Macbeth into separation or divorce long before he met the three bearded women on the lonely heath. Helen, I fancy, was a type of woman still existing in these degenerate days. She is, perhaps, a little quieter, more reserved; but old men still praise her as she passes and do not blame pursuing youth.

Miss Eustachia, since you urge me to minute description, she probably was your twin sister. I hasten to add, not in character, although in Homer she is sweet and amiable; the times are different, and I add, only in personal charm and grace.

PHILIP HALE.

McAllister has the gout. Noblesse oblige!

Santo Cesario's crime is already avenged. His wax effigy is now on exhibition at the Eden Musee.

The Yale team is learning lots of things in England, such as "fingers were made before sugar tongs."

Civilization has always been a case of ups and downs. This is one of the downs, and it's a regular toboggan.

Bernhardt as Mrs. Tanqueray! There will be a Mrs. Tanqueray whose power and effect is comprehensible.

With the usual irony of life, it is at Chicago, as elsewhere, that the innocent go down to point the folly of insurrection.

When Prof. Ritchie of Bridgeport discovers a scheme for robbing mail boxes, and it is explained carefully in print, there is simply a "Handy Book for Letter Thieves."

One drawback to the naming of boats after men and women is revealed when the following headline in big type appears in a daily newspaper: "Mary Powell's Shaft cracked."

The latest style in riding in hansoms in London is to wear the arms—both hands gloved—hanging out of the front. What the New York anglo-maniac will make of this fashion is puzzling the Gotham dudes just now.

The name of the first Mohammedan woman to receive a diploma for the practice of medicine is Bidi-Radya-Kouldpour-larow. The first thing she will have to do is to operate on the name to reduce it to a speakable condition.

They that talk of the poor outlook for Harvard in athletics forget one thing which works against Harvard, and that is the fact that men who hope to take a high degree in athletics enter Yale. To be associated with a victorious college is half the battle.

Dick Mansfield's name is added to the roll of men that carry a gun. Those who have suffered from Dick's tongue think his gun is less to be dreaded. He is not at all afraid to use his tongue, but there is small chance of his doing anything more dangerous with his weapon than "to playfully fondle" it.

Burne-Jones confesses that he is very weary of his famous picture, "The Golden Stairs," he is so tired of the girls. Perhaps it is because, like Pygmalion, he thought he had improved on nature, and, unlike the Greek, he did not succeed in securing the breath of life for the graceful creatures.

Munsey's Magazine for June prints a picture of Julia Marlowe as Lady Macbeth. The title is a little premature and the picture is one taken of the scene in the fourth act of "Romeo and Juliet." It is the presence of the instrument, addressed with "this shall forbid it, lie thou there," in the right hand of Juliet that misled the editor of the theatrical end of Munsey's.

The admiring subject who presented the Prince and Princess of Wales with a bunch of flowers by flinging them, done up in paper, into their open carriage was doubtless a practical joker. If he was he must have felt some satisfaction in seeing his Highness fling himself in front of the Princess in an attitude as heroic as a man of his abdominal girth can assume. Almost any real practical joker would be willing to go to jail for a hit like that.

The once famous Order of the Stocking, the emblem of which was one-striped hose, worn by the Italians in the time of the Montague and Capulet row, is to have a sort of resurrection in this century in London, but this time it is a woman's fashion, and it appears on the arms and not on the legs. Already several women have been seen in London drawing rooms with sleeves of different materials, and even of different shapes. It is anything for a change in this generation. The madder the idea the surer it is to be followed. Women's sleeves have been anything but sane for the past five years, and the slow approaching craziness seems to have culminated.

How this man Altgeld belies his name. No good, old, sterling, clear-ringing, honest, golden coin; nothing but sounding brass.

Gen. Lew Wallace has Ben Hurd from Time!

History is full of enthusiastic welcomes given returning and triumphant generals. Actresses of overwhelming temperament and singers of lustrous eyes and melting voice have in their carriages been dragged by enthusiastic and perspiring young men. But the real or fabled popular homage paid Pompey or Caesar, Bernhardt or Patti is a leaden-eyed indifference to the hurrah

Dublin was the first to get bank
work and pay actor. He stood as a white
od on a Mexican plain. Men's shoulders
ere honored by the burden of his body
for es were unworthy of so sacred a load.
hundreds of citizens were at the station.
et the climax, the crowning glory, the
eddest light on the apotheosis was the
presence of four brass bands playing syn-
chronically four different but appropriate
unes.

Some years ago the Burlington Hawk-
eye published these verses:

"Broad culture, solid judgment, breadth of
brain,
Thought that has drank at the Pierian
spring;

Grand depth and height of culture he must
gain
Who safely rides the trick mule round the
ring."

These lines could also be applied fitly to
the daring man that essays to play the
r of umpire in a hotly contested ball
game. The clergyman of Sedalia, Mo., who
was expelled from "a local Chautauqua elc-
ce" because he acted as umpire, could not
have given general satisfaction, and was
undoubtedly unfitted by nature for the
stern task.

Debs, like the Jack-in-the-box, rises on
every occasion. He is now engaged in de-
ploring the rioting and regretting the shoot-
ing. He also remarks, as a parenthesis,
that he can obtain \$2,000,000 bail at two
minutes' notice. If he were given three
minutes he could probably obtain \$3,000,000.

Even in these troubled times, when ac-
tions are to be preferred to words, the
Westerner does not forget to be rhetori-
cal. One impassioned address contains
this sentence, sounding as though it came
from the book of Jeremiah or Habakkuk:
"Having become drunk with the wine of
special privilege—drank from golden gob-
lets of the corporation." And again:
"Refuse longer to drink of the poisoned
cup that is now being held to your lips; it
is the cup of corporation greed and makes
rebels and tyrants of those who drink of its
contents." There is here so much about
drinking and drinking vessels that the ad-
dress was without doubt inspired by beer,
plain beer. The "wine of special privi-
lege" is not known in the market, Euro-
pean, Californian, or Virginian.

A local contemporary, which regards
nothing pertaining to humanity as foreign
to its columns, advises indirectly young
women to wear veils in the mountains
or by the sea, and hints incidentally that
girls do not go to summer resorts in

search of health, but in search of hus-
bands. This subject of contemporaneous
human interest should be thoroughly ex-
plored. As the case now stands, a veiled
summer girl has designs on some man,
a girl whose face may be freely tanned
or burned is without matrimonial intent.
This, if generally understood, would at
least save confusion and awkward mis-
takes. There is authority for such a dis-
tinction. There is, for instance, the case
of Tamar, who on a well-known occasion
covered her face with a veil when she sat
and waited for Judah.

Perhaps it would be just as well if we
were not told of the character of approach-
ing weather. Essays have been written
with the idea of comforting humanity by
proving the benefits of uncertainty concern-
ing the future. Suppose that Monday is
cool and delightful. Applied science pub-
lishes the very day that a hot wave is trav-
eling with great rapidity and Wednesday
will be a sizzler. Bang! goes the joy of Mon-
day. Then, too, there is the element of bit-
ter disappointment; for Wednesday may be
cooler than Monday.

This Illinois Judge that is extolling the
judicial bearing of Gov. Altgeld can not be
called "and a good Judge, too."

Mr. Laidlaw, not content with winning one
suit against Russell Sage, contemplates
bringing another against the banker, this
time for slander. Mr. Sage regarded Mr.
Laidlaw as a human screen, Mr. Laidlaw
evidently regarded Mr. Sage as a milch-
cow.

The talk is still of strike and of rumors of
strikes, and there are frequent contributions
to the opera-bouffe version of the strag-
gle. For opera-bouffe may enter even into
tragedy. Here's Senator Voorhees, for in-
stance, the tall Sycamore of the Wabash,
who feels "very kindly toward Mr. Debs."
And why? Let the Sycamore shake his
branches in reply: "I know him as well al-
most as I do one of my own boys." And as
this may not be sufficient answer to car-
pers, Senator Voorhees adds: "He was
elected by the Democratic party of Vigo
county, Ind., for the purpose of supporting
me for re-election to the Senate. Upon the
meeting of the Legislature he put my name
in nomination in a very handsome speech."
Hence the kindly feeling toward Mr. Debs.

Chicago, not Cleveland, would seem just
now to be the best working-ground for
Christian Endeavor.

The following jest from the last Fleg-
gende Blaetter will appeal to all victims of
amateur singers: Banker to his daughter—
"Laura, take my advice and don't sing
here. If your betrothed happens to hear
you, I shall have to increase your marriage
portion."

The President of the Buffalo branch of
the A. R. U. is a good 'Melican man.

An esteemed local contemporary gives
the following chaste certificate of merit to
a young woman now singing in Boston:
"She has sang all around us, and comes
home with fear in her heart and tremolos
in her voice. * * * Though she is chipper
and soubrette of the keep-moving species,
she has surprising dignity and is a con-
queror."

This suit of a sexton against an under-
taker is calculated to cast a gloom over a
funeral.

It is doubtful, as the New York Sun
says, whether Congressman Cummings will
succeed in persuading Congress to grant
an appropriation for a statue to John
Paul Jones, and yet, merely as a most ro-
mantic figure in American history, Paul
Jones well deserves such recognition. The
gallant sailor "who won by the light of
the moon and stars," the little captain
whose eyes gave "more light than battle
lanterns," has been treated romantically in
novel, as by Dumas, the elder, and in
operetta, as in the English adaptation of
"Surcouf." The most singular use of Paul
Jones in romance is without doubt found
in Hermann Melville's "Israel Potter."
What a strange meeting between Israel,
Benjamin Franklin and Jones in Paris!
Melville describes the "pirate" as "a
rather small, elastic, swarthy man, with
an aspect as of a disinherited Indian chief
in European clothes; he carried himself
with a rustic, barbaric jauntiness, strange-
ly dashed with a superinduced touch of the
Parisian salon."

Strange and fascinating too is Melville's
account of the sea-fight of all sea-fights,
an account only surpassed by Walt Whit-
man's famous yawp, beginning, "Would
you hear of an old-fashioned sea-fight?"
These two accounts, by the way, were
published in the same year. And Tenny-
son had Whitman's lines in his head when
he wrote the "The Ballad of the Revenge."

The Chicago Anarchists may yet be on
the side of order. A strike among the beer-
workers would plant daggers in their souls.

Mr. Deland is already playing his favor-
ite game of human checkers.

There is smug complacency in the com-
ments of the English newspapers on the
strikers in the West. "Democratic Govern-
ment is on trial," there is "an actual
breaking down of civilized government;"
such is the tenor of the intelligent com-
ment. Somehow or other, such criticism
has a familiar sound; it's been heard for
over a century.

Mr. Grossmith has published his essay on
"The American Domestic Drama," but it is
not as funny in print as when he spoke and
acted it in Chickering Hall. His manner
contributed immeasurably to his success.
Then, the good-natured American likes to
laugh at the thinly-disguised impertinence
of the English visitor, whether the name
be Arnold or Grossmith, essayist or
comedian.

Mr. Gerry may have just cause to inquire
into the contract by which the father of
the young pianist, Koczalski, will receive
\$250,000, at least, for a tour through North
America. In German cities last season
there was much plain talk concerning
parental greed and consequent cruelty.
Musical newspapers discussed the matter
and with no mealy-mouthed phrases.

The grumblers that are always finding
fault with our postal service, whatever
may be the color of the Administration, and
pointing to London and saying, "There,
that's the way to do it," are referred re-
spectfully to the carefully formulated let-
ters of complaint against "An Ideal Post
Office" which are appearing in the Pall
Mall Gazette.

A distinguished visitor will honor Boston
next Monday evening, and he will enter
our gates for the first time. The reception
should be worthy of the city's fame for
hospitality. Although many of our lead-
ing citizens are in their summer cottages,
they will undoubtedly hasten hither Mon-
day by the earliest train. Surely there
will be no lack of enthusiasm when Mr.
Frank Craig enters Music Hall.

Mr. Craig, like many truly great men,
is known to the public at large by a de-
scriptive title of honor. As one ancient
hero was "The Tamer of Horses," and
another was "The Mill Boy of the
Slashes," so Mr. Craig is dear to the
public heart as "The Harlem Coffee
Cooler."

It would be of interest to inquire deeply
into the peculiar significance of this
phrase, "Harlem," of course, is simple lo-
cality, and it gives local color. Hitherto
"Honey-cooler" has been considered a very
warm term of praise, to be ranked above
"corker" and "hummer," which are words
of eulogy not lightly to be despised. Is
"coffee-cooler" the ne plus ultra of adula-
tion? Or is there a hidden, symbolic mean-
ing, suggestive of the fact that Mr. Craig
is in the habit of cooling the coffee of his
opponent? For, oh rude or gentle reader,
Mr. Craig is a pugilist, and he will meet
Mr. Peter Maher in "a friendly trial of
skill" in Music Hall, the home of music,
symphonic, choral and fistic.

There is something greater than any sov-
ereign, than any J. R. Sovereign, "General
Master Workman," and that is the People
of the United States, General Master.

When Senator Pepper waxed enthusiastic
over the thought of "the grand spectacle
that would be presented when everything
would be paralyzed and inert," he still was
modest; for it is hard to imagine an inert
and paralyzed Pepper.

There was more hard sense than taffy in
the speeches at the convention of the Na-
tional Confectioners' Association, and such
was the order during the exercises that a
gum drop was distinctly heard.

Each man has a working model of the
origin of the strike. Mr. F. H. Prince
mounts a portable tripod, and his model
spells the oracle "Because wheat is 50 cents
a bushel." Five hundred years from now
some deep thinker in Germany will pro-
nounce the whole affair a sun-myth; for in
folk-lore there are two guiding rules: At-
tribute the thing to the Egyptians; when
this is impossible call it a sun-myth.

There is an old and simple method of dis-
tinguishing mushrooms from toadstools
and thus avoiding intestine war. Never
eat the fungi that form fairy rings. Sheep
will not eat the grass that grows on such
rings, and why should man fall victim to
the malignity of the fairies, "the demy-
puppets, whose pastime is to make mid-
night mushrooms."

So Mr. Mansfield will appear in a play in
which Villon, "our sad bad glad mad
brother" as Mr. Swinburne has it, is the
hero. A short time ago Mr. Mansfield was
anxious to appear as Henry Esmond; and,
by the way, what has become of Mr. Ed-
ward Fuller's play founded on Thackeray's
novel; was it not written for Mansfield?

In the one-act tragedy produced lately in London, and entitled "Villon; Poet and Cut-throat," the scapegrace dies defending a priest's niece. But the poet, "the sorriest figure on the rolls of fame," after the achievement of the "Large Testament," disappeared into the night from whence he came, and no man knows how or when he left the earth.

The writers of headlines insist that Yale men let fly fireworks in London. But it was at Hoxford, you know.

To-day is the anniversary of the death of Mrs. Tonna. And who, pray, was Mrs. Tonna? asks a careless generation. In her time "Charlotte Elizabeth" wrote many books that were sold widely, and were warmly discussed. And so it will be with these industrious women of to-day, who write about consumptive heroes and neurotic heroines, and invent new irreligions, and heroines, and invent new irreligions, and play the mischief generally to the advantage of the publisher. Mrs. Tonna, by the way, was the author of zealous tracts that fired the blood of sectarian irritability, and she could not sleep o' night from fear of the Roman Catholics.

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Anson is always a surprise. When other people in Chicago were settling down, he and his men began to strike.

The impeachment of Warren Hastings by Burke is as nothing to the ponderous rhetoric of the Knights of Labor as they contemplate the tyrant Olney.

And now Dr. Depew will claim the Debsomania joke as his own, for he has adopted it.

The death of Mr. T. H. Carter recalls the fact that only 70 years ago he, as well as others, pastured cows on Boston Common and thus preserved its sacredness.

Mr. Irving and Mr. Willard are enthusiastic over the artistic appreciation shown by the Americans, and they are wise in their generation. It pays to like American audiences that pay.

Now that everybody is invited to see "Davy Jones," it would be singularly appropriate for the management to offer a box to the sea-serpent. He is near Marblehead, according to the latest advices.

Mr. Jenkins of the National Confectioners' Association defines glucose as "a clear, handsome corn syrup, with no injurious qualities." Nevertheless, we do not like it in our beer.

Mr. F. B. Sanborn, in an article extolling the sepulchral advantages of Concord, speaks of "a subtle, intrinsic tune," and thus enlarges the phraseology of writers on music.

"Miseries are slippery," said Sir Thomas Browne, and yet, were banana peels ever met suddenly by him in the streets of Norwich?

Apropos of the remarks in this column yesterday concerning the precise meaning of the proud title assumed by Mr. Frank Craig, "the Harlem coffee-cooler," X. X. X. writes, inquiring if "cooler" is not slang. In thieves' slang in this country cooler means a prison, as in the sentence, "put in the cooler over night." But we prefer in Mr. Craig's case to regard "cooler" as the same word so neatly used by Archbishop Abbott in his "Exposition on the Prophet Jonah" (1884): "This is a cooler both to the Pharisees and Novatians, who were wont to be cool sinners."

A fashionable bore has been called "a cooler in high life." That "cooler" in Mr. Craig's case is an obsolete form of "color" is not likely.

There is much sitting on city doorsteps in the weather, although physicians and scientists who rot mankind of the innocent pleasures of life say that the practice is unhealthy and that rugs intervene between humanity and the stone; but the rug is a false note in the Sonata of enjoyment. The real sitting on stoops periana and is peculiar to the country. It needs the accompaniment of green, the smell of trees and shrubs, the cool of a gale, and the stretching of a fallacious intelligent, warm dog with a heavy head. There should be no electric

light to throw a baleful glare on the lovers, young or old. The stars should be clearly seen to nod; and the moon in the country is another machine altogether from the dull fire balloon of the town.

This is not the first time that Fred Gower is reported to have landed safely from the memorable balloon trip. The repetition of the report will lead undoubtedly to the revival of unsavory stories.

It looks as though Mr. Gould must be satisfied with the glory of riches.

Perhaps the most determined case of suicide on record is that of the North Carolina man who killed himself this week by drinking 17 bottles of Jamaica ginger. He must have said more than once during the operation, "this is weary, weary work."

July 14 - 94 -

TALLACOTIUS REDIVIVUS.

It was announced the other day, and with a flourish of trumpets, that the art of surgery is advancing indeed. The proof of this particular advance was the presentation by Dr. Berger to the Paris Academy of Medicine of a young woman with an under lip of his construction. A lip was given to her by her parents, but it was "accidentally lost," and Dr. Berger cut a piece out of her arm and turned it into a fresh lip, described as "a very good, red under lip, almost as natural as life."

Modern surgery is wonderful in its daring and accuracy, but this operation of Dr. Berger is by no means new. Readers of Hudibras will at once remember the famous comparison drawn from the practice of the learned Tallacotius, a surgeon of the sixteenth century. He wrote a treatise in which he taught the art of engrafting noses, ears, lips. His statue stood, with a nose in its hand, in the theatre of anatomy at Bononia; perhaps it stands there still. Surgeons practiced this engrafting before Tallacotius. Then there is the story of the Italian nobleman who lost a nose in a duel, and replaced it by the generosity and the flesh of a servant. When the servant died the nose of the nobleman suffered, so that it was, by the advice of physicians, cut off. A new nose was then cut from his own arm and lasted him until death. Perhaps from this whimsical tale About gained the idea of his well-known "Nose of a Notary."

The general revival of the Tallacotian practice is full of suggestion and interest, particularly to the fat and scant of breath. It has been said that no man would consent willingly to lose his individuality, or even the abnormality of feature that distinguishes him in the vast catalogue of humanity. So man affirms; but generally in sheer bravado. Jones is conscious that his nose is wanting in dignity. Smith's ears are ludicrously small. Robinson's chin is simply an apology. Each one of them is

fat. Why should Nature have been so careless in distribution? Or did she mock deliberately the pride of her playthings? But, according to Tallacotius and his successors, there is an easy remedy; and each man may be an ingenious piece of patchwork; he may be built over, properly constructed; hollows may be filled, and hills may be reduced.

The evils of engrafting from a stranger, one that is indifferent, are many. There is the awkward thought that the late owner may some day be angry with the owner by purchase, and pulling the nose may be acquitted in society and law on the ground that he had a right to touch his own flesh. If the arm belonged to one who afterward in grief took violently to drink, the nose of the temperate owner may glow sympathetically, that is, with a baleful, ominous light, and the ignorant will at once accuse the owner of displaying a danger signal to the young. If the arm be lost, as in trying to achieve a seat in an electric car, will not the nose disappear as suddenly and completely as though it had been the temporary gift of a malicious spirit? These and other evils will occur to anyone that remembers the pitiful adventures of About's hero.

But when the new nose or the new ear is a plant of your own growing, when you change about your flesh as a dandy shifts his rings, even the most humble must feel a sense of pride. He walks with head erect. He hopes that the improvement will be no-

ticed, or, on the other hand, he rejoices that the previous abnormality cannot be noticed. "How do you like my nose?" he is tempted to ask the stranger in the street. "I am wearing it this way now that it is summer." And here also is a possible solution of the problem of reducing one's weight, which, in all its ramifications, from self-denial in eating to the daily use of a jack-plane, from the taking of dangerous pills to the close study of the higher mathematics, has so vexed the intelligence and the will of poor humanity.

Mr. John Stetson would find rest in Beverly during the parching summer heat. He owns there an estate, and it includes the shore that hears the laughter, now gentle, now fierce, of the restless sea. Rude men and boys that fear not Mr. Stetson use this shore as though it had descended to them through countless generations. When Mr. Stetson's soul, filled with righteous wrath, was stirred within him, he saw the Selectmen, who saw the Superintendent of Streets, who told Mr. Stetson to take down his fence, a high fence with barbed wire top. And now Mr. Stetson says that if he cannot have the shore he paid for he will move out of town. They that know the rugged purpose and the iron will of Mr. Stetson are sure that when he does move out of Beverly he will take the said shore with him.

The labor leaders are not likely to see President Cleveland in Chicago this month or this summer. Nor did the mountain accept the invitation of Mohammed.

The French Chamber of Deputies does not propose to enjoy the blessings of an income tax. This will be regarded by the Democrats as a fresh proof of the appalling immorality of the French.

It seems that many "laboring men" in New York, among them Mr. Henry George, the grimy son of toil, are divided in their opinion as to the proper treatment of the President of the United States. Some think he should be impeached; the more merciful believe that he should be hanged. This is, perhaps, a point of trifling importance, but it should be settled definitely before the drum major gives the signal for the grand march to Washington.

And pray, Mr. Herne, what were you doing in such a meeting? You are, indeed, an ornament to the stage. Stick to your play acting and let politics and reform alone.

The Aldermen, as a body, are evidently true game sports, in favor of "athletic exhibitions" in Music Hall, the Boston Theatre, the Casino, or in any place where sluggers and coolers love to congregate. There was one Alderman, to be sure, who did not propose to vote for any more "exhibitions"—that is, "during the warm season." And yet many a great mill has added to the fever heat of summer.

This same Alderman agreed to the transfer of a license, because "the exhibition was not to be given in a residential section." He would undoubtedly then be in favor of "a friendly trial of skill" on the Common. Ropes could be stretched on the ball ground, and the great accommodation offered by the street cars makes this selection doubly desirable. Then, too, the prejudice of antiquity is in favor of bouts in the open.

"We people of Boston, however, do not wish to assume the responsibility attaching to his (Olney's) disgraceful acts." Speak for yourself, Mr. Foster, speak for yourself. The City Directory is a large book, and many are the names therein. There is even more than one Foster in town.

The inhabitants of Massachusetts and Huntington Avenues gained yesterday an admirable idea of the dreaded dry storm of Arabia. "A blast of hot wind, like the breath of a volcano, blew over the plain, and the air was filled with particles of sand." Travelers through this quarter, known to the irreverent and the debased as the tenderloin districts, should avoid strong drink. Water or lemonade is to be preferred; the strongest stimulant should be tea or coffee. And if the adventurer persists in plunging through the storm to Brookline, he should not fail to provide himself with blue spectacles and a pocket-filter.

It is stated that one of Rudyard Kipling's parents is an Eurasian, or half caste. It's a pity that Rudyard himself is not an Eurasian when he criticises his own works.

IN AN INN.

The Random Reflections of One Sitting at Table.

The Mythic Halo That Now Encircles Lillian Nordica.

A Document to Serve in the Study of Waiters.

"What do you think of this story about Gower?" asked the thin man at the next table, the thin man who is passionately addicted to oat meal at breakfast; and he began to hum, "Up in a Balloon, Boys."

The sound of the tune brought back old days, when, snatching a fearful joy from the jaws of duty and prejudice, I heard in this city the great and only William Horace Lingard. Then the barrel organs were never weary of stabbing the air with "Tommy Dodd," "The Bell Goes a Ringing for Sarah," "The Rollicking Rams," and other gems of the repertoire of London music halls. The tunes now seem stale, but are they not as good as "Sweet Marie?"

"Great are the myths, I, too, delight in them," chants Walt Whitman.

And this revival of the Gower legend is only a phase of a myth that should surround and transfigure every singer.

Orpheus was probably the first giver of rentals, and that story in the books about his being torn to pieces by Thracian women was only a clever dodge of his manager. No doubt he was welcomed with wild enthusiasm when he appeared at a matinee after his return from Thrace.

And so the Paderewski mania, with the stories of hysterical women, women pelting the pianist with roses, begging for a lock of his advertising hair, and swooning at the thought of kissing his inspired coat tails—this extraordinary mania five centu-

ries from now will be a myth to exercise the ingenuity of deep thinkers.

Vernon Lee speaks of the heroic days of singing: "When men had longer breaths, and voices that never grew old, when strange and terrible things still happened, sapphire rings presented them by the demon, processions to welcome them; and violent deaths by murder or in brawls."

Even in this prosaic age of machinery and economic problems, the singer is a fabulous being, of kin to the kraken, the roc, the unicorn.

How this whole story of Gower lends itself easily to mythic purposes. Aladdin meets the magician Bell. The telephone is the lamp which Gower carried to Europe. But Bell was a friendly magician, and did not wish to bury the boy in Providence.

There was the rise in fortune. Then there was the rise in the balloon.

The winds, however, never smiled on Gower. The story goes that once when Nordica was on a steamship bound for Havre, Gower put out from that port on a yacht to meet her and bear her with him in triumph. He sailed, and he sailed, like Capt. Kidd of wicked memory, until he met the steamship and signaled it. The officers, finding that he needed no assistance, would not stop, and Gower could not embrace his Lillian. Then winds and waves mocked him. Some days passed before he regained the port where his wife awaited him.

After the alleged balloon accident and after the struggle over the property strange tales were told. One man saw Gower in the far West, disguised by a long beard and mining boots. Another ran a ross him in Central Africa, where he was living in a state of regal splendor, with plenty of prisoners, a drum corps of 300 and wives galore; his only wants were ice and a daily newspaper. Still another saw him in India, where he was intimate with fakirs and a past grand master in the art of hypnotism.

Nor can I rid myself of the idea that when Nordica at Baireuth awaits, as Elsa, her long-dreamed of knight, Gower will appear as Lohengrin, possibly drawn by a swan, possibly descending in a balloon upon the bank of the River Scheldt. Quelle surprise! Nordica might then show dramatic emotion.

Or perhaps Gower, like the man in Hawthorne's story, amuses himself by watching secretly the behavior of his former wife.

Rumor says that Nordica is engaged to Mr. Doeme, an amiable young man whose chief delight is to sing in a blood-curdling manner wild tunes of Hungary, his beloved fatherland. Mr. Gower's return under these circumstances would be thoughtless, not to say indiscreet.

An acquaintance told me the other day of a restaurant in town where the eggs, the butter and the milk were of excellent quality, the prices reasonable. "There's only one drawback," he said, "the waiters are girls."

Now, any restaurant where in this weather eggs, butter and milk are unimpeachable is worthy of a visit, for when the dog-star sweats with exposed tongue the appetite is capricious, and one gins to grow weary of even his favorite inn. Nor was I deterred by the thought of the girl waiter, an interesting study.

I found the restaurant answered fully the description given with considerable emotion. The eggs were as fresh as though the cackle of the hen followed on the heels of the order. The milk did not suggest a telephonic call to Dr. Harrington. The butter would have tempted a disciple of Banting. And meats and vegetables were savory. The one failure was the fish ball, which was prepared rudely, without due thought, and, I fear, without proper respect. However, your ideal fish ball is a rare bird.

Repeated observations in this restaurant tend to confirm the theory propounded by Schopenhauer and others: Small men show a preference for large women. At the same time it is to be admitted that there are many factors in this particular problem. There is accident. The only seat that is vacant may be under the control of a large girl, for all women waiters are girls, a most elastic term. The man occupies the seat once; a slave of habit, he sits there again.

Perhaps, like the monosyllabic Chinese, undersized men prefer large women, even as waiters; or, perhaps, they think them less frivolous, more capable of mnemonic feats, able to distinguish between the sound of horse radish and that of hulled corn. Or, perhaps, to summer bachelors the large woman seems to move in an atmosphere of domesticity.

There is a type of girl waiter that leans confidently on your shoulder and breathes hard while you meditate the bill of fare. I was glad to see that these girls were less familiar, less confident of their attractions, more thoughtful of the perplexity of the chooser. "When I eats, I eats," said the old woman on a famous occasion.

There is another type that would fain be even above Caesar's wife—the ideal wife of Caesar—and stands in sullen dignity at a distance, as though an order for coffee were necessarily to be accompanied with the curvature of an amatory arm. This type contributes to the pleasure of the neighboring table, curious as to your taste in meat and drink. She also is a strengthener of the human voice, an encourager of distinct enunciation. I do not know which is the more objectionable, coquette or prude.

By the way, did the ancient Hebrews regard Jael, the wife of Heber, the Kenite, as an accomplished waiter? She certainly paid little attention to Sisera's order when he entered her tent for refreshment. How stands the record? "He asked water, and she gave him milk."

Do these girls judge men by their orders? Does the hardened drinker of lithia water arouse pity or admiration? Is the man of glutinous concoctions or the hero of steaks and ribs of beef more to their taste? Do they respect the severely economical or the gluttonously extravagant?

A man who enjoys the privilege of a butler told me last week that his constant aim was to seem worthy in the eyes of his servant, an Englishman of aristocratic down stairs connections, and that he asks himself during the night watches, "Did I do anything at dinner to offend Hicks?"

Such is the vanity of man that he would fain be esteemed by the girl waiter. Why should there not be a little handbook entitled "How to Win the Respect and Esteem of Servants?" I hope Mr. McAllister will give his attention to this subject as soon as he recovers from the gout, and that he will not regard the girl waiter as quarry unworthy his noble aim.

In the meantime a few hints are submitted respectfully for his consideration. On entering the restaurant the salutation should be respectful, tempered with a chaste smile of pleasure at the encounter. The guest should observe as strictly the rules of table etiquette as though he were in the palace of the rich. The order should be free from arrogance, and yet there should be the reserve force of one who might justly say: "You know, I am accustomed to better things." Never address your waiter as "My dear," or "Well, Nelly," until your relations are definitely established. Don't ask her if she is tired, or if she cannot find a more congenial employment. Don't ask her prematurely where and how she spends her evenings. It is just as well to refrain from jests about her possible marriage, for she may be the mother of children, or the divorced victim of a brutal husband. Your comfort in the restaurant depends upon your tact in treatment of the girl. Whether she has a story, or is like the needy knife grinder, don't pump her. If she finds that you are discreet, and suspects that you are sympathetic, she will eventually tell you all that is proper for you to know. And then you will no doubt be disappointed in the discovery that she is, after all, very like other women of your acquaintance.

PHILIP HALE.

The trouble with Senator Puffer is that he takes himself seriously.

Crocker and Purroy propose to fly above Gilroy's kite.

A SUMMER TRAGEDY.

The wife and children are in a supposedly cool retreat, and the head of the dismembered household seeks his meals in the city restaurants wherever he may find them. "Never mind me. Don't fret about me," he said, with a wave of the hand to his anxious wife; "I'll get along all right. I'll buy some dog biscuit, and munch it in the flat." Thus joked the man, unconscious of his fate. A fate not wholly undeserved, because he had been looking forward secretly to the departure of the family. The hot weather had tried the nerves and the temper; the cook had been cross and slack; the different dishes had tasted alike. The husband longed for variety, freedom in selection, a new tickler of the palate.

Our friend Mr. Gobble belongs to that class somewhat vulgarly described as men with a champagne thirst and a beer pocketbook. Not unkind to Mrs. Gobble, he paid cheerfully the price for country accommodations; and, with the frugality of Gilpin, he now tried restaurants that had appealed to him in passing. The first day he was delighted. He breakfasted modestly on eggs-on-toast, corn rolls, and two glasses of milk. He smiled affably on the waiting girl as she brought him the check and he asked if he could have a seat reserved. There was a moment of anxiety; and that was in liberating whether he should fee her. Frugality and common sense prevailed. He escaped with the loss of 40 cents.

But before his customary luncheon hour Gobble began to feel an aching void. At 1 o'clock he was ravenous, and he then went to a hotel for a solid meal. He had read in a newspaper that although beef, on account of the existence of Mr. Debs,

was worth its weight in gold, hotel keepers played the Spartan and would not raise the price of steaks or ribs. Here was an opportunity for reveling in the peculiar joy that follows the knowledge of the inconvenience or loss of another. Distended, muddled-brained, he tried in vain the labor of the afternoon. At dinner he had no appetite, so the wretched man applied the deleterious stimulant cocktail, species Manhattan. A false appetite led to over-eating, thirst and cooling beers. The dawn brought with it remorse, a disordered stomach, and the reflection that extravagance had knocked the heels of economy. And his wife had been from him only a day.

The modest restaurant was still there and still modest. But somehow or other the dishes were without taste, and the girl with the familiarity of a 24-hour acquaintanceship began to display a voice of brazen quality and ideas that were ideas only by courtesy. Gobble missed his wife, tender in the matter of the sweetening of coffee, self-denying in the presence of her rival, the newspaper. Taught by the lesson of the previous day, he distributed his appetite more judiciously. But he was not satisfied as to his stomach when he went to sleep in his lonely, dusty flat. Dust, by the way, knows at once the departure of woman, its sworn enemy, and it wreaks its vengeance on her dearest and defenceless treasure, man.

Poor Gobble thought of his parting jest about the dog biscuit. Why should it have been a jest? Why cannot boastful science reduce palatable and varied food to cubes, pellets, tablets and essences? Why cannot a homeopathic dose satisfy an allopathic longing? Is science then a mockery? Posterity will no doubt cure the existing evil. Meanwhile, Gobble eats merely to sustain life until the return of his wife. He changes his restaurant as a dog his resting place on an exposed piazza. Nowhere does he find comfort. With apparent infinite variety at his call, he confines himself to a narrow dietary treadmill. Next year, he swears, he will accompany his wife to a suburb. But, when next summer comes, 'tis ten to one that Gobble will again play the leading part in a summer tragedy.

The Pall Mall Gazette says that if Albert Edward should race with the Britannia for the America's cup "immense enthusiasm would be aroused, and that Herreshoff would find it difficult to build a boat that would beat her." It is to be feared that in the event of such a challenge neither Herreshoff nor the wind would show proper respect for royal dignity.

Mr. Wiman looked "cheerful and comfortable in a summer suit," which is described by some as made of "white duck." He recommended heartily the Tombs as a cool summer resort, but he said nothing about the possible temperature and costume at Sing Sing.

As our esteemed contemporary, the Herald, remarked lately, the prize fights here have been tame affairs. Now in Chicago on Friday Mr. Jimmy Kennard, the "St. Paul Kid," broke the skull of Mr. "Gene" Flanagan in the fourth round. Why should a Western and comparatively uncultured city be thus favored?

Two Grahams were once well known in this country, the food-reformer, and the publisher of the magazine edited in 1841-2 by Poe. To many the news of the latter's death will be a surprise, for his name and his works have been long forgotten.

It is a pleasure to announce that Mr. B. J. Lang will give "an authoritative statement" on piano touch, and that this much debated musical point will be settled summarily and for all time by a fellow townsman.

Mr. Louis C. Elson is welcome home from his perflous journey to Philadelphia. The record of his risks and hardships published yesterday might easily be extended to a volume in the "Tales of Adventure" series.

It seems strange that a man, almost immediately before he is hanged, should be so fussy about his breakfast, and yet Prendergast only showed traditional fastidiousness in this regard.

There is "general regret" in England over the crippled condition of the Yale athletes, but let us not mourn before Monday. Just before a contest Yale has a habit of imitating Brer Rabbit.

Mysterious information is conveyed in the announcement that Mrs. William Astor "has broken down certain social barriers by giving a luncheon in honor of her daughter."

Mr. George Gower speaks by the card when he says that his brother Fred was likely to do any queer thing, "such as dropping out of sight."

Matthew Arnold's theory of consolation is seen in the fact that if Turkey has earthquakes, her old foe Russia has cholera.

The beef that arrived in New York from Chicago was dressed, otherwise Mr. Comstock might have objected.

July 16-94
Was anyone nervous yesterday about rain, for 'twas St. Swithin's Day. And what did "Poor Robin's Almanack" say two centuries ago?

"In this month is St. Swithin's Day,
On which if that it rain they say,
Full forty days after it will
Or more or less some rain distill."

Or as another saw has it, "St. Swithin is christening the apples" when it rains his day.

That fine old crusted Tory, Squire Smalley of the New York Tribune, should visit this country and not take his information at second-hand; then he might speak a little more intelligently concerning strikers and the Government.

By the way, will the Squire favor Oxford in the athletic international contest? Or will he be loyal to his alma mater; for wonderful to relate, the Squire was at Yale before he exiled himself, and became on speaking terms with the House of Lords.

The pathos of McAllister's farewell speech to America is only equalled by the apology of Socrates. McAllister confessed his sins, told of his high living, admitted that he had "drunk a good deal of wine." Only the thought that Napoleon III. went through the treatment at Contrexville consoles him for the future drinking of eight glasses of strange smelling water daily for 20 days. Perhaps, after all, McAllister is not vain, although envious souls have drawn him as a very peacock. "I really am not needed very much at Newport now, don't you know. The season will just have about reached its height when I return." But Newport needs thee every hour, McAllister. Nature itself took courage at your absence yesterday. Do you think that if you had been at Newport there would have been such a rude commotion of the elements?

July 17
A writer to the Fortnightly Review gives cheering news to all summer girls by announcing that "serpents are not nervous." Tender-hearted true lovers of the animal kingdom may now walk freely through grass and underbrush.

Edgar Carman's "Nancibel," in the last number of the Chap Book, is thin, poor stuff. Mr. Gilbert's "Nancy Bell" is much better poetry from a technical standpoint, although it is not, perhaps, so unconsciously funny as Mr. Carman's "poemlet."

But there's the Minneapolis to console us.

And President Dwight's young men made a good showing, after all. If one of them had only run a little faster, Harvard might have been avenged of Oxford by Yale. For it must not be forgotten that Harvard, too, once crossed the Atlantic.

This is the birthday of Dr. Watts, who was a member of the well-known firm of 'Watts and Select,' and a stumbling block to the carver of names on the new Public Library.

How often the good doctor is misquoted. Take the first verse, for instance, of the moral song, "Against Quarreling and Fighting." Here it is as written but hardly ever quoted:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature, too."

The attention of Mr. W. S. Gilbert is called respectfully to the races between the Vigilant and the Britannia. That the slower boat is apparently sure of victory, and that the victor fears a good breeze, are ideas that might have adorned "H. M. S. Pinafore."

Mr. Craig, the celebrated "Harlem coffee cooler," felt last evening the force of Shakespeare's line about the holsting of the engineer by his own petar. In other words, Mr. Craig's coffee was chilled thoroughly by Mr. Maher.

"THE GRAND DUCHESS."

Mr. Askin's company appeared last evening at the Tremont in Offenbach's "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein." Mr. Julian Edwards conducted. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| Wanda..... | Maud Hollins |
| Fritz..... | Clinton Elder |
| General Boun..... | Win. McLaughlin |
| Baron Puck..... | A. F. MacCollin |
| Baron Grog..... | Chas. Burroughs |
| Prince Paul..... | Alda Hollins |
| Xepoune..... | Henry Stanley |
| Grand Duchess..... | Camille d'Arville |

The program made the pleasing statement that the management felt "it would be an insult to the composer and the librettist to alter their work," and it desired to announce that the opera would be presented as it was written, "with no attempt at making it 'topical.'"

For "librettist" read "libralist," but this correction is of minor importance. The operetta, however, was not "presented" as it was conceived and worked out by librettists and composer.

The more the pity; for this operetta, once heard in the time of the exposition of '67 and applauded by Emperor, Kings and Princes who fell before the charms of Hortense Schneider, is to-day a masterpiece, although the unification of Germany has softened the sharpness of the satire.

Miss D'Arville was not in voice. Fatigue from rehearsal or temporary indisposition would be accepted readily as an excuse, if she had shown understanding or appreciation of the part. It was in the very song for which she was applauded most heartily that her failure was complete. When Offenbach wrote "Dies-lui," the declaration of the amorous Duchess to stupid Fritz, who knew no woman but Wanda, he wrote a melody that Mozart would have acknowledged gladly. The charm of this tune is its simplicity. Miss D'Arville tortured the rhythm; she introduced unmeaning rubatos; she was as spasmodic as any queen of tragedy. Now this tune was murmured in the ear of Fritz by a purring, sensual, self-complacent woman; but Miss D'Arville sang and gesticulated as though her lover was in the gallery and was hard of hearing.

The play of the comedians was without finesse; indeed, it was clumsy and lazy; and our old and dear friends Boun, Puck and Grog were seen as through a coarse magnifying glass. Instead of a hint, there was the hammering in of an idea. There was little or no character drawing. Exquisite fooling was turned into clowning. And why was the part of Prince Paul given to a woman? The most pleasing feature of the evening was the unaffected and graceful performance of Wanda by Miss Maud Hollins. Of the men, Mr. Elder was by all odds the most acceptable. There were evidences of insufficient rehearsal on the stage and in the orchestra. Yet the performance pleased a large audience, for there were many manifestations of delight, and several numbers were repeated.

Here is a paradox, a most ingenious paradox. The Vigilant is "the better boat;" and yet the Britannia wins all the races.

The English take everything so seriously and yet in such a funny way. The Honorary Secretary of the National Anti-Gambling League remonstrates with Rosebery, all on account of Ladas. Rosebery gets behind Oliver Cromwell, who owned race horses. Then the Honorary Secretary indulges himself in the following extraordinary argument: "If Cromwell had read 'Esther Waters' and the publications of the Anti-Gambling League, he would have given up his racers immediately." Of course the conclusion is that Rosebery should first read Mr. Moore's powerful novel, and then sell Ladas. But will he read it? And then would he sell the famous horse?

This is Mr. Balfour's definition of a newspaper: "A commercial speculation requiring enormous capital, great skill and dexterity in managing that capital, and, like all other undertakings of a similar kind, those who run the concern have got to look to their customers. It is one of the institutions under which we live, which we submit to, which we profit by, which we suffer from, but which we do not criticise." It is interesting in this connection to note the rumor that Mr. Balfour never reads a newspaper. If the rumor is a fact, Mr. Balfour, of course, speaks without prejudice.

Mr. Swinburne's sonnet inspired—suggested is the better word—by the assassination of Carnot contains the following lines:

"The snake-souled anarchy's fangs strikes all the land
Cold, and all hearts unsundered by the sea."

It is hard to recognize here the singer of "Poems and Ballads" and "Atlanta." In his choice of the word "anarchy" he takes the old word for "an author of anarchy, a leader of revolt," and follows Milton, Pope and Byron.

July 18-94

It is passing sweet and precious in these stern and hustling days of commerce to find an esteemed contemporary, an earnest molder of public thought, forsaking for a moment the precise language of Hobbes or Mill, and experimenting in the fantastic phraseology of decadents and symbolists. We read, therefore, with intense delight in an appeal "to people of refined and cultivated tastes" that "Julie Ring's Rudolph, the valet, was a delicate dream daintly dight in pink, with a dash of green to make it the pinker."

Now if our contemporary had constantly in view the lower class, or even the lower-middle class, this opalescent tribute to little Miss Ring might be regarded as an alcoholic test, a study in ebriate enunciation; but the refinement of the subscribers forbids the thought.

And if the reviews of our esteemed contemporary are to be lessons in alliteration, why should not the editorial articles be henceforth experiments in assonance?

After this, Yankee yachts should follow a classical instance, and take favorable winds with them when they are to race in English water.

The Knappe case includes a singular instance of immoral sentimentalism. The man had no possible excuse for deliberately committing crime. He had educational and social advantages; he was in receipt of a respectable salary. He lived beyond his income, and stole for his personal enjoyment. Yet he received "300 letters of sympathy from people from all over the country;" prominent citizens of Springfield vied with each other in bracing him up; and there was weeping and there were appeals for mercy when he was brought before the Judge for sentence. During his imprisonment, he proposes to "take up the study of several languages as well as to perfect himself in other branches." Now all this might enrich the libretto of a comic opera.

The London Globe makes the pertinent suggestion that Oxford should visit Yale in '95. In this connection it is to be noted that our contemporary the Advertiser "can safely promise that such a contest in this country would be well attended." Now that this Hannibalic oath has been sworn at the altar, Oxford should not hesitate.

President Dwight has spoken his satisfaction at the result, and it is time for young Mr. Evarts to contradict and harry him.

The English are spelling Corea with a K.

When will Tom Nast begin drawing for the Pall Mall Gazette? His engagement was announced some time ago with much pounding of the big drum.

The minnows in Mr. W. B. Harte's "Awakened, a Social Study," which appeared in the Arena for July, talk like whales. Such subjects as the one chosen by Mr. Harte demand the artistic treatment of a Hardy or a de Maupassant.

The great violinist who will visit us next season is Ysaye, not "Ysage," as stated in certain contemporaries. Eugene Ysaye was born in 1858 at Lüttich, and he was a pupil of Vieuxtemps. His home is Brussels, where he is head teacher of the violin at the Conservatory.

The consumption of wine in Nîmes is equal to a quart bottle a day for every man, woman and child. The remaining statistics of labor would be of genuine interest.

What's this? Live snakes in the South End? So Mr. Percival Lowell's famous journey of discovery when he rescued Chester Square from oblivion was not without real peril. The inhabitant of the quarter should provide himself immediately with permanganate of potassium and a hyperdermic syringe, the favorite Transcript remedy.

Is it likely that in New York State a woman, however atrocious her crime, will ever sit in the chair of death?

The Pall Mall Gazette is responsible for the following tale of life among the lowly: "At a certain suburb in North London there is a healthy rivalry between church and chapel on the temperance question. The other day the Baptists, much to the chagrin of the church folk, secured the services of a distinguished lady of title to address their anniversary gathering. But she was new to the neighborhood and lost her way. There being no policeman handy, she essayed to ask a laboring man if he could tell her where Lady So-and-So was to speak that night. 'Oh, yes, mum,' was his too frank reply; 'I'll show yer. My missis 'ave gone to 'ear 'er, so I'm out for a bloomin' spree.'"

Carpet-beating is said to superinduce a slow and sure death. This is possibly the reason why janitors, modern carpet-knights, handle rugs so gingerly, strike them so effeminately. Dust to dust is to them of literal meaning.

In Harrison Avenue the Chinaman fans himself and watches impassively the demolition of buildings. Years before Columbus was born to furnish copy for antiquarian disputants, the Chinaman fanned himself while nations fell in pieces; and who knows but in a century to come the Chinaman may play the part of Macaulay's New Zealander and fan himself near the ruins of the State House as he moralizes over the ephemeral existence of so-called civilized nations.

July 19-94

Hard colder, hard words, hard deeds.

A lac of rupees is just at present a lack of full value.

This is the day of St. Vincent, and the French proverb is sadly ironical this year: "At St. Vincent the rain ceases and the wind comes."

Apropos of the drouth, let us remember the wisdom of our forefathers:

"A shower of rain in July, when the corn begins to fill,
Is worth a plow of oxen, and all belongs there till."

And yet there were entreaties, as:

"July, God send thee calm and fayre,
That happy harvest we may see,
With quiet tyme and healthsome ayre,
And man to God may thankful bee."

Many a poor Italian at the North End thought yesterday of Dr. Pagani and echoed unconsciously the lament of Mathias Claudius: "You have buried a good man, but to me he was more than that."

Lillian Russell was more than a match for Mr. Ira Leo Bamberger and his Pinkerton detectives, whose eyes never sleep. "The bird that can sing and won't sing must be made to sing," said Mr. Ira Leo Bamberger, who forgot, however, that it's an extremely difficult task to put salt on a bird's tail.

Mr. Charles Wilfred Mowbray, genus anarchist, species blowhard, is now in New York. Mr. Mowbray proposes "to establish a propaganda of anarchism." "The purposes I have in view cannot be attained in a manner entirely devoid of violence," said the distinguished visitor, and he drained a gigantic schooner of beer. As long as he wreaks his violence only on beer, Mr. Mowbray is comparatively safe.

They were talking the other evening about Cesar Thompson, the famous violinist, that will visit the United States next season, and Bogenschreck of the Symphony Orchestra exclaimed with native guttural enthusiasm, "Wonderful, wonderful violinist! He can do things no other living man can do." "Can he?" said old Chlimes, who is not fond of music; "I suppose, then, he'll play at Keith's."

By the way, Zeitung is a queer name for an invulnerable man. A newspaper is said to be impervious to cold, but it has never been considered as bullet proof.

A woman in a neighboring town found a man in a closet Tuesday night, and thus excited the envy of her many sisters, who look only and superficially under a bed.

The death of Leconte de Lisle gives Zola another chance of rejection by the academy. It was George Moore that found in the dead man's poetry, "long, desolate boredom. Laconte de Lisle produces on me the effect of a walk through the new Law Courts, with a steady but not violent draught sweeping from end to end. Oh, the vile old professor of rhetoric! and when I saw him the last time I was in Paris, his head—a declaration of righteousness, a cross between a Caesar by Gerome, and an Archbishop of a provincial town, set all my natural antipathy instantly on edge." Mr. Moore is now older; let us hope he is more tolerant and of keener sense in valuation.

It was said in this column some time ago that woman, lovely woman, was the chief offender in docking the tails of horses. Here is the latest instance. The New Jersey Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals began an action Tuesday against Mr. and Mrs. W. Fellowes Morgan for "needlessly torturing and causing pain and suffering to an animal—to wit, one horse," by causing its tail to be docked. The alleged torturers are, of course, people of wealth and position. Now the Secretary of the society claims that it is Mrs. Morgan who "is really the one to blame," that the "docker at her order cut off a portion of the tail—not the hair, but flesh and bone—of one of her carriage horses to make it the same as the other."

The name "Stayawhile," given by George Cable to his home in Northampton, may yet prove an embarrassment even to a host of traditional Southern hospitality. The type represented by the Chevalier Strong, who, when once asked to dinner, took with him a trunk and stayed three years, is not wholly extinct, and Mr. Cable may yet be forced to revise the title till it reads "Stayonlyawhile."

Now that humanity, even within the walls of a city, seems to exist freely only in the open, strange fragments of conversation are heard by those that pass in the day or the night, in street or on car. There are fragments suggesting tragedy in squalid bedroom or garish parlor. And out of these fragments stories might be written, constructed, as Cuvier saw the living animal in the dry bone. Two shop girls talk with heads close together, and the one with nape of cream murmurs in tones like unto those of a viola, "I said sharing, not shedding my affections." Or what did the man in Washington Street mean when he exclaimed, with an oath, "It took me six weeks to find her, and the alley was only 10 feet wide." Perhaps "her" was not the eternal feminine; perhaps it was something inanimate. For do not girls from Prince Edward Island speak of a clock as "she?"

July 20-94

When Herbert Spencer wrote that letter to "Dear Mr. Skilton" he must have left his philosophy in his other trousers pocket.

The roof garden on the Walker Building in Boylston Street will be furnished with "electric lights, hedges of cedars, ferns, palms and other green stuff." Green stuff includes mint, of course.

An esteemed contemporary has discovered that Ysaye, the name of the violinist, is pronounced "Easy." This is certainly an easy, not to say slipshod way of solving the problem.

"Asphalt smeltis." Well, that depends on how it is made and how it is laid.

Let us hope that this Musquito Irritation will lead to no sympathetic movement in New England.

"Miss Russell is possessed of superlative personal attractions * * * and an incomparable prestige as a 'star' in the theatrical profession." Even a permanent injunction thus becomes a flaming advance notice. Who is Lillian's press-agent?

The Chicago Tribune claims that "the people of Chicago are more practical than they are sentimental." Chestnut!

Mr. Debs remembers the glory of Galileo, Cervantes, Sir Walter Raleigh and other famous prisoners, and so he rather enjoys his life in jail. To many moderns imprisonment furnishes an opportunity for literary pursuits. One translates from the French; another tries to catch the spirit of Goethe in the original; and still another improves himself by desultory reading. Now if Mr. Debs would make a thorough study of political economy and civil liberty his enforced seclusion would be of incalculable benefit to himself and his countrymen.

The Massachusetts Populists, in their formulated demand for everything that is on and in the earth and for everything in the immediate vicinity, "hold that the people should monopolize the railroads." What too many Populists mean by "monopolizing" was shown lately and unpleasantly at Chicago.

It is not a reassuring commentary on civilization when Gen. McCook declares that larger garrisons are needed near large cities than in districts inhabited by Indians.

A woman in Paterson, N. J., was knocked down and killed by a bicyclist. Similar accidents are liable to happen in this city at any moment on account of the outrageous recklessness of riders. Many "scorchers" neither ring a bell nor show a light at night, and to graze and frighten those dismounting from a street car is to them the keenest of joys.

As we hinted yesterday, Nature this year laughs at any hagiology. For instance, this is St. Margaret's Day. As a saint of the Church of England she commands respectful attention, because according to trustworthy authorities, such as Peter Ribadenelra, this fair virgin was swallowed by Satan. Nothing daunted, she made the sign of the cross, and "yssued out all hole and sounde." Others say this delectable tale is "apocrifum." But to return to her alleged influence in the weather. The German proverb runs: "Rain on St. Margaret's Day will destroy all kinds of nuts," and formerly the rain was so punctual and heavy that people spoke of "Margaret's flood."

It would be interesting to know how many of the Americans who started on the pilgrimage to Lourdes this week were thus induced by reading Zola's novel.

When Zola's "La Terre" appeared, and it is indeed a dreadful book, there was a cry against the extreme improbability of certain scenes in which meanness and brutality stalked as heroes. But suppose that Miss Wilkins—an author of the modern, so-called realistic school—should write a book in which she introduced the man that died the other day after a silence of 20 years toward his wife, although they ate at the same table, episodes in life at Cordaville, and the Wentworth tragedy. Would there not be a howl against the "brutal misrepresentation" of contemporary country life in Massachusetts?

That country life is necessarily distinguished by innocence and purity is an exploded idea, one that is laughed at by the village doctor and by the statistician of crime. It is true that Diocletian was so moved by being in the country that he gave over his sceptre and turned gardener. But, on the other hand, we are informed with some minuteness concerning the amusement of Tiberius at Capri.

Lonesomeness is apt to engender horrid thoughts and savage deeds. Nor is it always well to be alone with Nature.

A benevolent old gentleman, whose name is always found in the list of those that protest against any proposition that will "impair the beauty of Boston," once spent two months in a high Alpine valley where he heard nothing but the rushing of the glacier-fed torrent and the sighs and the groans of nature. On his return he told a club companion that he understood for the first time the soul of a brooding murderer.

"The modern woman babbles in hack phrases, screeches in hack phrases, makes love in hack phrases, bores one in cant phrases." This splenetic shriek from the Pall Mall Gazette shows the nerve rasping influence of what is known as the yellow astringent literature.

A correspondent propounds the following question: "When a gentleman is driving with reins in left hand and whip in right, what is the proper salutation for him to make on passing ladies of his acquaintance?"

We hardly know how to answer this delicate question, and Mr. McAllister is not now within easy reach. Still it is safe to say that neither a wink nor a grin would in any likelihood have met the approbation of Lord Chesterfield. The main point, of course, is not to drop the whip or the reins in the pleasing confusion of the moment. Why not carry the whip to the level of the hat in a grand salute?

SARTORIAL JOHNSONESE.

The last number of our esteemed contemporary, The Haberdasher, gives full and valuable information concerning the proper costume for summer. The superficial may think lightly of such information as belated and irrelevant; but it is a pleasure to find a newspaper that is sternly conservative, not obliged to cut and trim opinions, a corrector and a chastener, not a rash pioneer, not a wild experimenter. Now, the final word on summer dress has been spoken, and with authority; and if the summer is nearly half over and the costumes have been chosen already, that is not the fault of The Haberdasher. Men should dress by this organ of sartorial taste, not by the weather, not by the advertisements of merchants moved solely by a commercial spirit.

And first a word about the language in which the information is couched. It is a happy combination of pungent epigram and Johnsonese. Thus the sentence "The keynote of masculine apparel should be rugged simplicity" is followed by this solemn expression of a weighty proposition: "Depart from that and you are creating effeminate impressions which cannot be resisted in their predominancy over the entire scheme of raiment." Such language as this would surely have delighted the dear old lady in "Cranford," who loved "Rasselas" and could not abide the adventures of Mr. Pickwick.

The Haberdasher is set sternly against "the impression of amplitude conveyed by the wide-skirted frocks and bell-skirted overcoats," because "amplitude is a distinctly feminine quality in dress." The editor realizes the fact that in these days, when women clamor for the ballot, the latch-key and other rights, hitherto claimed by the tyrant man as peculiar to him, there must be some outward distinction in sex, and he realizes that the line of demarcation is in dress. And so he opposes wide-skirted frocks and bell-skirted overcoats, and praises "snugly-fitting trousers, and head covering of more refined and less ample bulk." To use his own words, "the trimming down process has been one course of natural evolution, and certainly has begot a better and more manly ensemble." As an instance, take the season's coats "which are to meet the lines of the body in proportions not exaggerated by a mistaken art."

The editor gives his earnest attention to the matter of shirts. He approves heartily of the "handy and dressy business shirt; it fills that void that formerly existed be-

tween the negligé and white shirt." It is to be regretted that this admirable writer gives countenance to "dressy," a word that goes properly with "gents" and "pants;" but the gravest, he argues, probably, must at times unbend. This business shirt may be worn "even at afternoon affairs in the city," but when "one is about to attend any affair of a semi-official nature a white standing collar should be worn with this shirt." Here, alas, is confusion. It seems that there is a distinction between afternoon affairs and affairs of a semi-official nature. Is an affair a function? Is an affair a business or a social matter? And what sort of a shirt should be worn at a semi-official affair in the morning? And what shirt best fits an official affair in the afternoon?

"Shall shirt stripes be vertical or horizontal?" This is indeed a brain-cudgeling question. If a thin man should wear raiment with perpendicular stripes he would "accentuate his leanness." If a fat man should choose horizontal stripes he thus would give "additional prominence to the stumpiness of his figure." Man has the advantage over the zebra; he can change his stripes. He can experiment. A visit to any well-conducted prison would afford an object lesson by which he would surely profit. The editor sums up the matter by saying: "Fashion has less to do with the way stripes should run than good taste." It is thus stated, and on the highest authority, that fashion is not necessarily synonymous with good taste. The editor speaks of gloves and hats, but he passes over the important subject of cravats. The cravat should follow the procession in the vegetable kingdom. Red is for rose; then comes the green pea cravat, and there is the summer squash as well as the cherry. Nature is almost always a safe guide.

The poet no longer sits apart in gloomy grandeur or ecstatic rapture. He no longer shuns the busy haunts of men for the cultivation of his hair and the Muse. Mr. Bliss Carman, for instance, a poet of genuine strength and fancy, was seen the other night enjoying himself hugely at a variety show, and well he might, for the show was admirable. The bard laughed at the antics and the quips of the jesters, and he drank in eagerly the melody of "Linger Longer, Lucy."

Did Mr. Carman gain inspiration by his enjoyment? George Arnold found copy at the circus. Arthur Symonds told in passionate verse the emotions fired by the sight of the knife thrower, and the "Romani Chai," the warm and sentient target. Why should not Mr. Carman leave alone for a moment the salt sea and sing of life the other side of the footlights?

What has become of all the white plug hats, with or without a crape band? Are they stored somewhere, waiting for a joyful resurrection?

It is to be regretted that Mrs. Nordica makes her first appearance at Baireuth after the glory is departed and the art of Wagner is turned into the commercial enterprise of his eccentric widow. Baireuth is now chiefly a show place to be visited by wandering English and Americans, and the performances are not, as a rule, such as to excite the admiration of the German disciples and venerated of Wagner.

Erastus Wiman is still talking about monstrous accusations and "complete vindication." He forgets that 12 men in a box found him guilty of forgery.

Mr. Kipling should not be allowed to return to Brattleboro' and enjoy his proximity to the Great Ple Belt until he explains fully his poem on the Chicago strike. His abuse of the United States should be at least clear, not mystic. He owes this to his Art.

To "A Subscriber:" No one knows the author of the phrase "Cleanliness is next to godliness." The phrase appears in a sermon by John Wesley, but as a quotation. The sermon was preached over a century ago. According to Rabbi Bettelheim the expression is found in the Hebrew fathers. The word "cleanliness," by the way, was first used of moral purity, but Swift, in 1733, declared that "cleanliness hath * * * been esteemed the chief corporal perfection in woman." And yet brilliant and handsome women have apparently given the lie to this statement from the time of the court of Francis I. to that of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, or even to a more modern day.

English and American women are the most particular in the matter of personal cleanliness, and they are viewed with amazement by their German sisters. Instances of this wonder will occur readily to any one that has lived in Germany. It was a baroness at a little watering place in the Black Forest that remarked to an American girl: "No wonder that you are sick; for you insist on one clean sheet a week. My sheets are only changed once a month."

So, too, the daily tub of English speaking persons is a never ending source of laughter and caricature to the German nation. And yet what is more delectable than the sight—that is to say, the thought of a beautiful woman fresh from the bath. The Roman girls and matrons were wise in their generation.

It appears that frozen herring have not been frozen out.

That Messrs. Corbett and Jackson are still at loggerheads concerning the proper battle ground seems incredible; for the advantages of Boston are now known to the whole sporting world. Even envious New York admits the pre-eminence of this city. Witness, for instance, the frank avowal of 'Town Topics' of the 19th: "In Boston and nowhere else must be held the greatest fight the world ever saw—that between James J. Corbett and Robert Fitzsimmons. Music Hall is the place, with President Eliot, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Edward Everett Hale in front seats. I hear the roar of enthusiasm as Jim bluffs Bob and Bob swipes Jim. Mr. Howells is standing in his chair egging on the American, and Mr. Holmes offers odds on the kangaroo. And when the final blow is struck the Salt-stalls and Quincys throw their hats into the air and give the Harvard yell. The shadow of Boston's sporting degeneracy is dispelled at last."

Here is a singular tale told us by one of undoubted truth and veracity. "With a reputable witness I was walking on the City Point pier. We were whistling a duet from 'Tabasco.' We were whistling it in a presumably artistic manner. Not bolsterously, but con expressione. Up to us comes a minion of the law; a park policeman; a 'sparrow cop,' in the language of the people. He said: 'You can't raise that whistle on this pier.' Please note the inelegance of his Bostonese. I asked him, 'How long has that regulation been in force, and was it made by the Police Commissioners?' To this he said: 'I don't know who made it, but I know you can't raise that whistle on this pier.'"

The policeman might defend his "Bostonese" by quoting from Isaiah, "They shall raise up a cry of destruction;" and if a cry can be thus raised, why not a whistle? But the main point is this: Has not an American citizen a right to whistle in the open? Did the policeman, however, use "that" as limiting "whistle," and thus discriminate invidiously? Perhaps he is not fond of "Tabasco." Perhaps he would have preferred a gem from "Davy Jones," or a gay tune from "Die Goetterdaemmerung." And yet a policeman should not thus attempt to control popular taste.

The English reviewers do not take kindly to Oscar Wilde's "Sphinx." One of them ends a bitter review as follows: "Such as she is, she is an effect of (1) an indigestion of Flaubert's 'Tentation' and Gautier's 'Roman de la Momie,' and (2) an heroic resolve to make 'talc' rhyme with 'orisch-alch.' It is fair to add that the poet's grammar is above the average; that his style is ever on a level with his description of Cleopatra's Antony as 'the huge Proconsul;' that this edition of his book is limited to 200 copies at 15 shillings apiece; and that the whole thing is dedicated to M. Marcel Schwob—who deserves a vastly better fate."

July 22, 1904

GLORIOUS BLUNDERS.

A contemporary lately devoted considerable space to a catalogue of the blunders of celebrated authors in matters of geography, history and science. This catalogue might be extended indefinitely. Thus Ouida wrote of a tenor hero who amused his leisure hours by singing "grand old airs of Palestrina," and another of her remarkable characters refreshed his soul by playing on the organ extracts from the "masses of Mendelssohn." Thus Mr. Crawford, in "A Roman Singer," ascribed falsely the authorship of a familiar opera to an equally well-known composer. And here are only two from a multitude of instances. From Homer to Haggard, from Saint Augustine to Mr. Joseph Cook, few writers have displayed the uncomfortable gift of impeccable omniscience.

Grant that Bohemia of the map has no seaport; is not Shakspeare's Bohemia a more romantic land? Grant that Shakspeare's "Richard III." is a nursery-monster, a bogey-man. When we go to the theatre, we do not go to study history; we go to be moved by the genius of the actor; and

Richard III. is no more real to us than Iago or Mr. Tanqueray. The monarch is a character adapted admirably for the display of a peculiar dramatic temperament. The modern whitewashing of the wicked King and Lucrezia Borgia, the blotting out of William Tell, all this no doubt is of value to the precise and the unimaginative; but how much more interesting than the creature of prim history is the wicked tyrant with teeth at birth, or the golden haired monster with the cup of poisoned wine.

Mr. Stevenson, for instance, cannot endure Hugo's description of the sinking of the vessel in "L'Homme Qui Rit." He knows the habit of vessels, and he says that such a sinking is impossible. But who stops to think of accuracy or inaccuracy when reading the mighty description? The vessel should have sunk in precisely that manner; if it did not, it was not Hugo's fault. Or, in the same romance, who is disturbed seriously by the grotesque blunder about the Wapentake, or by any other of the numerous errors and gross misconceptions? Mr. Gradgrind reads Stevenson's famous book and says, "Pooh, pooh; impossible. You can't make me believe that a man can turn himself into another being. This Jekyll-Hyde business is nonsense, sir." And why should Mr. Stevenson play the part of Gradgrind?

Is not Coleridge's Albatross a more interesting bird than that known intimately by the naturalist? Is not "the horned moon with one bright star within the nether tip" a baleful light to the man of imagination, although he is assured solemnly by the tape measurer of the heavens that such a celestial phenomenon is absurd? Who wishes to know the latitude and the longitude of St. Brandan's Island? Who is really curious about the nesting time of the roc? And who cares whether Falstaff was Oldcastle or whether "Fat Jack" was imaginary or a libel?

Shakspeare, they say, handed down figures out of historical drawing. But today is there unanimity concerning the exact character of Napoleon Bonaparte? We laugh at the science of Chrysippus, once called the wise. But is the science of today founded on an eternal rock of truth?

When Charles Reade wrote the description of the flood in "Put Yourself in His Place" there was noisy laughter; and then the Mill River disaster supported by horrid fact the imagination of the novelist. But even if the apparently incredible be not turned into the common and familiar, would we not be the losers if there were absolute speaking by the card? In a world of superficial and transitory knowledge, that which is fabulous or erroneous or impossible seems often the only truth. For William Tell still shoots at the apple, the toad hath still a precious jewel, Lady Kew was buried and came to life, George Washington quarreled with George Warrington, Krook died of spontaneous combustion, and Gilliat triumphed over "the spasms of the sky and the shatter of the sea" for the sake of the melting eyes of Deruchette.

Mr. "Cliff" Breckenridge, the new American Minister at St. Petersburg, must be indeed a paragon, a very unicorn among diplomats. According to a dispatch from Washington, "he has an air of reserve that betokens diplomacy." Furthermore, he is "a splendid scholar." This is no vague statement, by the way. His scholarship is defined: "He reads everything, and speaks several languages." No doubt he will address the Tsar in choice Arkansas Cossack.

To-day is the feast day of Mary Magdalen, called by our English cousins "Maudlin;" and, indeed, Sir Thomas More wrote the word "Mawdleyne." There was once so much wet weather about this time that an old English saying ran: "St. Mary Magdalen is washing her handkerchief to go to her cousin St. James's fair." But all signs fail in a dry time.

Seldom does a tragedy furnish such copy to the irreverent paragrapher and molder of farce-comedy as does the shocking accident in Georgia. The unfortunate victim's name was Chinn. In attempting to drive out mosquitoes, he blew up his mother-in-law; and her name was Washington.

Driven by mosquitoes from Jamaica Plain, Mr. Paur sought refuge in Nantasket, where the mercury jumped Friday to 103 in the shade. How does Mr. Paur like our country?

Water must now be used sparingly when there is greatest need, but the supply of rum is not docked even on election day of this week.

We hear very little at present about Boston being "a favorite summer resort."

Drill at South Framlingham has been chiefly an ambulance affair.

Senator Hill's humor is sardonic, not saccharine.

IN AN INN.

The Random Reflections of One Sitting at Table.

A Modest Proposal for a Music Critics' Trust.

The Opinions of Bruneau Concerning Modern Opera.

This is an age of trusts—from coal to sugar, from Rubber Barons to Chinese washermen.

The musical season of '94-'95 promises to be one of unusual hardship and peril for all that are obliged to sit through the concerts.

Violinists, hitherto strangers, will dazzle and perplex. Paderewski will resume his lectures in hypnotism with practical illustrations on subjects taken from the audience. "The Messiah" will be given at least twice. New operas are announced for performance. From forty to fifty pianists, old and young, male and female, will play beyond all peradventure an arrangement of a Bach organ fugue, the Waldstein sonata, three pieces by Chopin and a thunder and lightning thing by Liszt. The same old symphonies and the same old overtures will be played under Mr. Paur. Singers will sing the same old songs by Brahms and Foote. And it is not unlikely that Mr. B. J. Lang will be persuaded by friends to repeat his remarkable lecture on piano touch and applied mechanics.

Mr. Spike, the celebrated music critic of the Porcupine, proposes, in view of the approaching season, that he and his colleagues form a trust;—that in self-protection they adopt the following tariff. And as representatives of leading newspapers are expected to wear clothes that point toward the prosperity of the respective newspaper, and as they are also expected to dine in the sight of the people on stowed meats and claret, the tariff will work to the advantage of all employers.

Call it not blackmail. For when all are united, the ugly word disappears.

I am unable to give Mr. Spike's tariff in full, but he has kindly allowed me to quote from the carefully prepared document.

To say publicly that Mr. Jones "showed a knowledge of the repertoire and his efforts were appreciated by the audience," \$5.

To add to the above that the audience was "cultured," \$5.50.

To speak of Mr. Jones's "mastery of his task," with the insertion of at least six technical words in Italian and correctly used, \$10.

To write 1000 words about Mr. Jones, printing the program in agate, praising his "technique and musical intelligence," \$20.

For adding to the above the name of Mr. Jones's teacher, \$25.

For inserting at the end of the notice the names of patrons and patronesses who were persuaded to attend Mr. Jones's recital, \$30.

Now the glory of all artistic glories, the one thing desirable and above all praise, is temperament.

Some deny the existence of temperament; others sneer at it and say lightly that it is found chiefly in State prisons.

But let us assume the truth of its proud pre-eminence in matters artistic. Has Mr. Jones, then, temperament? It will cost him \$50 to have it. It comes high, but it's worth it.

The above tariff is regulated for the convenience of domestic artists.

Let us suppose that Mr. Jagalinski, the eminent Polish virtuoso, invades our city. He represents a piano house of wealth. In justice to our local pianists, the tariff should be prohibitory. After careful consideration, the following arrangement seems fair: (1) The critic receives from the advance agent \$100 in bills before the first of the series of recitals. (2) The critic agrees to publish all articles relating to Jagalinski's noble birth, sudden poverty, unfortunate marriage, subsequent amours, personal habits, and impressions of America. (3) The critic is required to attend only the first concert, and the manager pledges his word that the following programs will not deviate from the announcement. (4) For each mention of the piano firm controlling the eminent pianist, \$10. (5) Just before Jagalinski's "grand farewell concert," the critic shall receive \$50 in bills, with a photograph of the pianist, and an autographic dedication expressing homage and personal devotion.

I regret to say that Mr. Spike has not yet fully settled the relations that should exist between opera managers and critics, although there has been considerable correspondence.

One manager of a comic opera company proposes \$15 a week during the stand, but the price is absurdly low. Only \$15 for six performances and a matinee! About \$215 for each performance! Perish the thought! Why, the insertion of this phrase, "Miss Cocotte's performance of the trying part of Elise was a revelation," is alone worth \$10.

Grand opera, grand prices. If Mr. Jean de Reszke, for instance, can afford to pay for the presence of enthusiastic gentlemen with heavy hands and sticks, he, of course, can afford to quicken the appreciation of Messrs. Minos, Rhadamanthus and Company. In view of the great sums gained by the tenor, \$100 a week to each critic is a trifling sum, which should be doubled if the critic attack vigorously the other tenors of the company.

Mention of the personal charms and the gorgeous costumes of a prima donna will of course be an extra.

In all cases, whether there be a recital or an operatic performance, the abstinence from comment on the badness of the performance deserves pecuniary recognition even when there are no words of praise. The fairness of the critic will determine this matter without any silly or unprofessional friction.

This tariff, of course, is now only a thing of paper. Experience may modify some of the items, and it may be a year or two before its practical worth will be fully determined. The prices are not panic prices; but when the reputation of Boston as a musical centre is taken into consideration, they are certainly not exorbitant.

With the exception of summer operetta, Boston is without music; but the world does not revolve around this Hub, and there are musical events of interest in European towns. London, for instance, has heard new operas. Among them is Bruneau's "L'Attaque du Moulin," founded on a powerful tale by Zola.

Bruneau, who, by the way, succeeded the lamented Victor Wilder as the music critic of "Gil Blas," submitted to the inevitable in London, and an interview with him was published in the Pall Mall Gazette. This interview is of lively interest to all lovers and students of music.

"The main idea, my idea, of a theatre vivant is to select first of all a series of incidents in modern life for musical treatment. In my particular case I propose never to touch a subject that should not be in point of time or space within the immediate reach of the present generation; and further, I will treat only incidents which I have lived myself. * * *

What are the means through which I propose to escape from convention? The means I have used until now: absolute freedom in treating lyric declamation—and, mind you, the future of lyric drama lies in this thesis. Wagner has introduced it, and nobody of his race can go beyond what he has achieved in this respect alone; but not all his methods are compatible with the genius of our race. We, in France, love concision and clearness above all—'concision et clarté' is the watchword of every artist with us; and this I endeavor to apply in my own domain, taking from Wagner what I think absolutely indispensable for the highest expression of drama and music combined—that is to say the symphonic treatment of representative themes. Does not this become convention again? Yes and no. But we must bear in mind that a theatrical representation is conventional in its very essence, and that in music we cannot get away from recognized forms of expression. Though we all want to get away from old formulas, such as set airs, ensembles, duets, etc., still, where all these are logically needed they may and ought to be used. For instance, there is in the 'Attaque du Moulin' a song for a sentinel on duty. An objection was taken to this; 'A sentinel on duty does not sing,' I was told. Very well; but in the first instance I am not sure that this is so, and in the second that is how I understand the situation. Here is this man on duty, but also on the eve of a battle; what more natural than that his thoughts wander homeward to his mother, to his sweetheart? Why then should not he—on the stage—express these thoughts in a tongue expressly created for the spectacle in which he takes part? All one has to consider here is, Does this musing of his retard the action? It does not; and whatever does not retard the moving of events, and can be supposed to be logically admissible, may be used as a perfectly legitimate device. I shall not hesitate to make twenty people sing independent melodies at the same time if the situation will demand it. Of course, I must then find the true musical expression for every sentiment commented. I have my own way of inventing the melodic steps for the written phrases of the dialogue I am setting to music; I repeat and declaim the words very loud, and I endeavor to catch the natural inflections of the voice. Hence, what you have called 'les contournements melodiques' of Bruneau; I do twist the melody rather unexpectedly for the ear, but this only in imitation of natural speech. For what is song if not speech writ large? * * *

Of the other new operas produced in London, "Mirette," by Messager, at the Savoy, is damned with faint praise.

There was some talk of "Signa" (Covent Garden), composed by Cowen, who seems to be taken seriously by many of his countrymen. The brilliant reviewer of the Pall Mall Gazette has this to say of composer and composition:

"Mr. Cowen has no grasp; that is our chief complaint. He can pose gracefully enough before various situations; he cannot enter into them and make them his own; he cannot persuade you that he has serious dramatic convictions. There are certain compositions which, if applied within their own limits, can earn, indeed, some moderate praise for their quiet and appropriate achievement; but there are composers who, capable only of such compositions, strive to stretch them to immoderately ambitious ends. And you blush inwardly; and such a composer of opera is Mr. Cowen; and such a composition is 'Signa.' It is the work, let us say, of a decent and God-fearing musician. But, after all, it is not great; it is too ambitious."

Alas, it is not likely that we shall hear Emma Calve next season in Massenet's ear-shattering, nerve-rasping, blood-curdling, goose-flesh-compelling "La Navarraise." Is it all on account of Emma Eames? The Eames as a pale and insipid Marguerite would be indeed a poor exchange.

PHILIP HALE.

The people of The Weirs are right in rebelling against the new name, Thewells, given by the Postmaster General. The one had meaning and character; the other is merely a problem in pronunciation.

Mr. Lloyd McKim Garrison remarks that "Athens was great without a trolley road up the Acropolis." Mr. Garrison is undoubtedly and historically correct, but just wherein lies the local application of this burst of classical information?

Mr. Debs is not the only patient who has cause to reproach the loose tongue of a physician. Is the Hippocratic oath without value in these days of "personal journalism"?

The Pall Mall Gazette decides, after mature deliberation, that Mr. Richard Harding Davis "is what the massive and penetrating intellect of Boston is wont to describe as 'bright.'"

Perhaps the most aggravating sign in Boston this hot weather is "Boyle Brothers!"

July 8-10
For an unadvertised and impromptu "exhibition of athletic skill," Mr. Thomas McManus and Mr. "Spider" Weir were fined \$10 apiece by an unsympathetic Court. They should have hired a legitimate place of amusement, as the Casino or Music Hall, and engaged a competent press agent.

The anniversary of the introduction of the Bloomer costume was not celebrated with becoming solemnity. And how many remember to-day that the inventor was Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, the editor of a temperance journal, The Lily, published in Seneca Falls, N. Y. The dress was first brought practically before the world, it is said, at a ball given July 23, 1851, in Lowell.

Mrs. Bloomer was inspired in her revolutionary task by the thought of the dress of the Polish women. There was much talk at the time, and an American woman lectured in London. She was dressed in black satin jacket, skirt and trousers, and the result of her labor was "foolish merriment."

Now that there is such a mad desire on the part of some women to vote and to work reformation in female dress and life, a Bloomer celebration in Lowell would have been timely, pertinent, and an honor to "a martyr." But they are so busy in Lowell impeaching Mr. Olney that Mrs. Bloomer is apparently forgotten.

This is the anniversary of the death of Armand Carrel, who died in consequence of wounds received in a duel. The manner of the taking off of this writer on political subjects shows that the French duel is not necessarily a joke; also that the alleged Gallic degeneracy is seen on the field of honor as well as in literature, art and society.

According to an exchange, "An Atchison Judge has recently adjudged a cabinet organ a nuisance unless some one in the family learns to play it." This is a most extraordinary decision. Is there no higher court? The cabinet organ is peaceful and harmless as long as it is unmolested.

A high authority here tells his fellow-townsmen that they have grown extravagant in the use of water. "Where a quart of water was formerly used for bath and toilet purposes, several gallons are now employed." But such extravagance as this is to be commended. Undoubtedly there is waste by sprinklers of lawns. Why should not such users of water be compelled to combine the bath with such sprinkling? Suitable hours should be chosen, and the bath should be inclosed decorously in a sort of enlarged portable hen coop.

So the composer Massenet proposes to visit us next season. This was expected, for has not Sibyl Sanderson signed with Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau? He is welcome, with or without Miss Sibyl.

Cesar Thompson, the famous violinist, who will be heard here next season for the first time, was born in Luetlich March 17, 1857, and he is therefore about a year older than Ysaye. Each of these violinists was at one time connected with Bilse's Orchestra in Berlin, as were Messrs. Kneisel and Mole, now of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Blue Book on marriage and divorce is said to contain singular facts, which may be regarded, however, as touchstones of civilization. In Russia, for instance, people may not wed a fourth time, nor after they are 80 years old. In France, the wife whose husband objects seriously to her going on the stage makes herself liable to divorce by persisting in her artistic desire. In Germany and Roumania "insuperable aversion" is enough. But in Portugal, but in Portugal, civilization touches the high-water mark. There, if a wife publishes literary works without the husband's consent, the law frees him at once.

Mantegazza, the anthropologist, has rare courage. In his latest book, "The Art of Taking a wife," he writes: "I know ladies of the highest financial and hereditary aristocracy who are not ashamed to beat their maids brutally and cruelly." Has the world then made no progress since the day of the Roman matron in the "smart set" described by Juvenal:

"Beats while she paints her face, surveys her gown,
Casts up the day's accounts, and still beats on."

A correspondent in summer exile sends some curious examples of pronunciation in a New Hampshire village. "Mizzled" for "mizzled" is not beyond understanding, although it might easily be confounded with mizzle, "to rain in small drops or mist," and with mizzle, "to run away in a sneaking manner." Thomas Hood, by the way, combined ingeniously these two meanings:

"And then one mizzling Michaelmas night
The Count he mizzled too."

But how in the world is "Phoebe" in this same village turned into "Whob?"

It may be remembered that Miss Currie Duke, a young and pretty violinist, appeared here last season and pleased rather by promise than by actual performance. A few days ago she played in Lawrenceburg, Ky., and she was then introduced by Mr. L. H. Carter, a lawyer, who main- gallantly the old-time Southern rep-

utation for oratory and chivalry. The speech is well worthy of quotation in full, but these passionate extracts must suffice: "Mythology tells us that Orpheus played so divinely on the lyre that all nature stopped to listen to his music, and she who will open the crust of care to-night and start the liquid flow of joy in your soul, is no unworthy disciple of him whose head and lyre floated 'down the swift Helms to the Lesbian shore.' * * * What the greatest masters at home and abroad could do was done, and in the fullness of time she burst forth on an astonished world a star of the first magnitude, before whom paled the greatest reputations in the musical world. * * * Beautiful, talented, distinguished, a great artist and a superb type of womanhood, I introduce to you in the person of Currie Duke." And then, undoubtedly, Miss Duke played a familiar Scotch melody that brought tears, etc.

"Henry George could not be persuaded to quit work." The apparent incredibility of such a statement is removed when it is known that the particular Henry George is a waiter in Providence.

July 25-94
The description of a scene which "makes history" should be strictly accurate in the detail. It is therefore to be regretted deeply that there is a dispute concerning the drink "indignantly waved aside" by Senator Gorman. According to some it was coffee. According to others it was choice Baltimore whisky.

It was said that Lassalle, the baritone, proposed to withdraw from the stage and go to manufacturing. The Menestrel suggests wickedly that in this case he should manufacture a high F sharp for Maurel, his rival. But the same paper states positively that he has signed a contract with Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau to visit the United States next season.

Timid, nervous travelers, who prefer cool steamboats to roasting railway trains, are hereby informed that "a summer of active Sound racing is promised."

The week opened unfortunately for sporting Boston. Mr. Cowdinno's esteemed dog was chewed fatally by a Hudson City "purp," appropriately named "murder," and Mr. Price Williams of our town was mauled thoroughly at Providence by a gentleman known as Patsy Broderick. Our dog incited false hopes at the start, and was game to the last. But our champion in the ring was not so fortunate. To be sure he had confidence until his left eye was closed, and he was "covered with blood." It was in the sixth round, when Mr. Broderick hit his groggy antagonist "a cruel blow in the pit of the stomach," that Mr. Williams fell to the floor and "howled with pain." Why should Providence rob us of such an attraction, "the first held in that section for some time?"

Meanwhile our contemporary that is doing stalwart missionary work for the cause assures us in beautifully expressive language that "the sport has taken root at Coney Island, Buffalo and New Orleans, while a tender twig is rapidly developing into a strong tree at Minneapolis." The reports from other towns are not as encouraging. "The outlook for boxing at Chicago is not very bright at present, although there are a number of fighters rooting there." The strike accounts, possibly, in a measure for this sad lack of interest.

A special correspondent of a local contemporary gives a graphic account of the first International Press Congress at Antwerp. She describes her costume at length, "a serge traveling gown," although she hesitated a long time in the selection, preferring at first an "India muslin." It seems that the sea over there has "a trick of turning cold late in the evening," but its boiling water at noon did not deceive this acute observer.

After a fascinating digression concerning trunks and shawl straps, the correspondent arrived at "Antwerp, or to be correct, Anvers." Not a bit of it, oh correspondent. You are writing in English, not in French. You might as well spell the name of the town Antwerpen, after the manner of the ancient inhabitants.

The air was "aquiver with bells" and the smells in Antwerp were "horrible," but the brave traveler found finally the congress and was much impressed by a gentleman who looked "like a cameo." The address of Mr. Fletcher was "vigorous, yet graceful; serious, yet humorous; logical, yet magnetic;" a description that sounds somehow as though it were taken from the once famous "Tact and Talent" in the old reading books.

But it was an "Irish lady" that made the deepest impression. "She made, first of all, a good appearance. Her gown was fashionable and in quite good taste. It fitted her tall, graceful figure to perfection." And this woman, whose gown was—strange to say—fashionable and yet in good taste, proceeded to accomplish the feat of reading "a terse paper, full of facts presented gracefully, and bristling with telling epigram."

One sentence, at least, in this letter from Antwerp should be considered carefully by newspaper women. "If only my sex would realize the value of personal appearance we should have fewer eccentric-looking women in journalism." This is a pleasant and sisterly speech, spoken with the calm superiority of one who feels sure that her wardrobe—including serge gowns and India muslins—is of vital interest to readers separated by an ocean.

Mr. Montariol, the tenor who died suddenly last Friday in Angouleme, is remembered kindly by those who saw him in the Minnie Hauk company, and later under the management of Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau. He was an earnest, intelligent singer of marked temperament, and, as Turiddu and Tybalt, he made a very favorable impression.

This is the day of St. James, the Great, the patron saint of Spain. To us Americans it seems singular that on this day in a month without an R, oysters in England should "come in," and by act of Parliament they were prohibited until its arrival. There is a vulgar saying that whoever eats oysters on St. James's Day will never want money. Apples were blest on this day, and in the manual of the Church of Sarum there is a special form of benediction. In Kent, England, the rector of Cliff used to distribute on St. James's Day, a mutton pie and a loaf to as many as desired. And here is a saw as squint-eyed as any Delphic oracle:

"Till St. James's Day be come and gone,
You may have hops and you may have none."

This is also the day of St. Christopher, and the beautiful legend is familiar to all. Mr. H. W. Parker, now Professor at Yale, is meditating a musical composition of long breath with the story of Christopher as the subject. The story has already been set to music by Rheinberger.

To L. P.: The more correct form of "brank," the machine for punishing scolding women, mentioned in Tuesday's Journal, is "branks." It's a Scotch word of unknown etymology. The word "brank" also means "buckwheat," and the word "branks" is another name for the mumps.

As long ago as 1595 branks were mentioned. In the municipal accounts of Newcastle that year is this item: "Paide for caring a woman through the towne for skoulding, with branks 4d." The instrument was made of thin iron; it passed over and round the head, and it was fastened at the back of the neck by a small padlock. The bridle-bit was a flat piece of iron about 2 inches long and 1 inch broad, which went into the mouth, and kept down the tongue. This instrument was also called the Scold's Bridle, Gossip's Bridle, and "a Brydle for a curste queane." Branks, by the way, means also a sort of bridle for, perhaps, a more legitimate use.

The branks were regarded by connoisseurs as a great improvement on the ducking or cucking stool. Dr. Plot, an antiquarian of the 17th century, thus chants the praises of the more modern machine: "Much to be preferred to the cucking stool, which not only endangers the health of the party, but also gives the tongue liberty 'twixt every dip, to neither of which this is at all liable; it being such a bridle for the tongue as not only quite deprives them of speech, but brings shame for the transgression and humility thereupon, before 'tis taken off; which being put upon the offender * * * she is led round the town by an officer, to her shame, nor is it taken off till after the party begins to shew all external signs imaginable of humiliation and amendment."

July 26-94
Now that Maeterlinck has patted the memory of Emerson on the back, is it not time here for a Maeterlinck fad? Tolstoid worship seems to be out of date; Meredith's last book is a stumbling block to even zealous disciples; the gospel of Ibsen is no longer preached in parlor or street car; and at the last ceremony at the altar of Browning two of the high priests not only winked at each other, they snickered right out. Mr. Richard Hovey, who is now in London, is said to be Englishing the works of the Belgian poet and dramatist. Can he not be persuaded to return to us, that with his wife he may interpret the word to assembled Maeterlinckians, and guide the proper emotion?

To be sure, there were a few readings from the "Belgian Shakespeare" last winter, and perhaps there was a "fadlet;" but there was no real hearty fad.

"This (England) is a nation constitutionally and traditionally addicted to a vigorous quest of the holy bottle."—Pall Mall Gazette.

It is passing strange that even in these broiling days many persist in choosing the sunny side of the street, regardless of the Italian proverb and Hamlet's advice to Polonius.

A local contemporary published this headline: "W. E. Weakens." Such honest and open editorial confession ought not to have suffered so cruelly in punctuation and grammar from gross carelessness in the composing room.

X. Yes, they are such a transitive verb in English to "emotionalize" and it has been used by Fraude and Carlyle. Its use is rare as is that of the older and transitive verb "emotionize." The latter is said to be only 35 years old.

The New York Evening Post, in a review of Strahan's "Suicide and Insanity," declares, in speaking of irrational suicides, that "The benevolence of the era, keeping alive the mental and moral cripples that natural selection would eliminate, has much to do with this offence against nature." That is to say, that if these "mental and moral cripples" were removed judiciously, by Paris green or rough-on-rats, few would meditate suicide. But who would decide accurately concerning cripples? Would not the harshly-reviewed author or actor accuse the reviewer of limping, or of absolute need of crutches?

Apropos of the Post, "H. W." asks in the same issue about the precise meaning of a singular phrase in this quotation from a Boston pamphlet of 1711: "To endeavor to make honest people buy the rabbit." In Hotten's "Dictionary of Modern Slang, Cant and Vulgar Words" there is this sentence: "When a person gets the worst of a bargain he is said 'To have bought the rabbit.'" In the Elizabethan age the rabbit, or coney, was a nickname for a simpleton ready to fat a sharper.

If Mr. Palnton succeeds in driving steamships across the Atlantic in three days, there will be a revival in packet service for the benefit of invalids who need rest with sea air.

The chapel at Ballinrobe, county of Mayo, me boy, was raised by the fists of Corbett.

A contemporary assures the world that "Boston Ivy" is a "more distinctive" title than Ampelopsis tricuspidata. And yet is not the latter title more in keeping with Boston's reputation for culture?

The Rev. J. W. Hamilton said at South Framingham that women had been sinned against for the last 6000 years and the science of government is still in its infancy. The reports from Washington confirm the latter half of the statement.

"The private fortune of Casimir-Perier is estimated at from \$15,000,000 to \$25,000,000." After all, this means nothing. Grevy, too, was rich; and yet there were bitter complaints concerning the quality of the champagne served at his receptions.

Cambridge should now be satisfied. Ice cream is a Sunday necessity, tobacco is a Sunday drug, and it rains frogs on a weekday.

The Fitchburg Station may be turned into a theatre. Let's see; didn't Jenny Lind sing there once?

Whether Wellman corroborates or belies his name, pray, what is the precise value of an Arctic expedition to the adventurers or the world at large?

Now that Mr. Charles A. Dana is at home and at the old stand he gives opinions concerning the past, present and future of Europe, Arope, Irope, Jerusalem and Madagascar. But as Mr. Dana himself says, "What is the opinion of any man worth who spends three or four weeks traveling in railways?"

July 27, '94

This is the festival of the Seven Sleepers, Ephesian gentlemen who slept soundly from the year 250 until 479. They thus surpassed the record of Epimenides, the Cretan, who according to the most extravagant calculation slept 57 years at a stretch. The young scholar at Lubeck slept only seven years without waking. And the people that once inhabited Lucumoria and every year went to sleep Nov. 27, awakened regularly the following 24th of April.

Some, that know the full meaning of James Thomson's ghastly poem "Insomnia," experiment in vain with drugs, and see the wan and formless Images of the Hours, may envy the long sleep of Maximilian, Malchus, Martinian, Dionysius, John, Serapion, and Constantine. But if too much sleep in a day induces the phlegmatic, swinish, cold, and sluggish melancholy spoken of by Melancthon, in what state pray were the Seven Sleepers after 229 years without an awakening? And was life thereafter any more endurable to them than it was to the Struldbrugs visited by Capt. Lemuel Gulliver?

According to the Moslem version, a dog, named Kratim, shared in this sleep. He became a great prophet and philosopher, and he entered finally into Paradise, where he sits by the side of Balaam's ass. The other members of this celestial happy family are the ant of Solomon, the whale of Jonah, the ram of Isaac, the calf of Abraham, the camel of Saleh, the cuckoo of Belkiss, the ox of Moses and the mare of Mohammed.

Did the Seven Sleepers keep awake until death took them? Or did they dare to fall asleep, if they were again weary? Were they interested in things new and unheard of? Did each refrain from saying, "Now, when I was a boy?" Were they quoted in weather reports as "the oldest inhabitants?"

The anarchist that contents himself with smashing the windows of the bloated capitalist, as did Simon Rodins of Chicago, is a disagreeable species, although he has not graduated from the kindergarten of his profession. Such an anarchist was Shimei, the son of Gera, who threw curses and dust and stones at David; but Shimei repented, at least for a time, when David was conqueror, and there was a general jubilee as well as amnesty.

They are now selling fly destroyers that "kill but do not crush." And this fact inspired old Chimes with the desire to invent a bore-remover that "crushes but does not kill."

That man has belief in a charmed life who whispers in a neighbor's ear, "Where there's a will, there's a sub-way."

It is now suggested that it would be an excellent idea to move the Attucks monument to the Granary Burying Ground. There was a time when there was an effort to go still further and bury it.

"Add Lillian Russell" is now a bore in every newspaper office.

The story of Prince Hatzfeldt and his princely rage in Saratoga Springs will recall undoubtedly to many the baleful glory of the Clubhouse when John Morrissey was the genius of the place. Who, if he ever was there in the palmy days, will forget the venerable croupiers, irreproachable in dress and of patriarchal dignity in manner? The supper would have tempted Lucullus. And Morrissey, quiet, or slow and gentle in speech, was as the aristocratic owner of a palace thrown open for the admiration of the populace.

The true biography of this extraordinary man is yet to be written. Prize fighter and gambler, no man was more respected in the New York Senate. When he spoke there the hall was crowded, and not from idle curiosity, but because it was known that he would speak, simply, honestly, and to the point. And when his colleagues mourned his death, the oldest Senator, a man of renowned family and stainless life, could hardly finish his words of funeral ceremony, such was his emotion.

The death of young Morrissey broke his father's heart. And in this connection it is perhaps interesting to remember that Morrissey never saw with pleasure a young man playing in his Saratoga Club house. The writer of this paragraph was present one night when Morrissey was cooling himself at the front door. It was the season of the college boat races. Some Harvard students came up the steps and would enter. But Morrissey said in that queer voice of his, "No, no, boys, you are too young. You can look over the house if you want to, but you can't play here. If I were you, I'd go home and go to bed."

To "A Singer"—You are right in stating that the first concert given in Boston by Jenny Lind (1850) was in Tremont Temple, but her two last concerts in this city were given in the hall of the Fitchburg Depot, which was built in 1847. The last of these two concerts was the occasion of a famous row, an amusing account of which may be found in "Rosenberg's Jenny Lind in America."

Father Locke, whose name is so honored by all soldiers, and who is never weary of singing the glory of the Flag and the Union, has just composed "Our Free America," for children, and it will be undoubtedly a favorite marching song for schools. Such spirited and patriotic songs are always welcome, and they indeed are needed in these days, when Anarchists and pessimists are doing their best to destroy even the idea of patriotism.

The third volume of Farmer and Henley's Slang Dictionary was published lately. The book is of colossal proportions, and yet there is no attention paid to the modern American use of the word "corker." Perhaps we shall be obliged to fall back on Eugene Field's explanation, that it is derived from the Greek, "Korka," meaning "the adorable one."

So it's Emma Eames and not Calve. Would it were the other way! And Lassalle will not visit us, in spite of the assurance of the Menestrel.

July 28, '94

To "Theatre-goer!" The chief male character in the new operetta, "Madeleine, or the Magic Kiss," is Baron Grimme, not Mr. Breckinridge of Kentucky.

A correspondent writes as follows from a village in New Hampshire: "The driver of the hearse in this town arrived late at a funeral the other day, and the dead body had already been conveyed to its last home by aid of a wheelbarrow. The driver, much put out, drove back to the stable and remarked spitefully that 'the funeral had all 'fushed out.'" Can you tell me the meaning of this expression? And what did a boy mean when he told me that his teeth had been pulled by the 'Odin Thunder method?'"

This is the deathday of several celebrated men, notably that of John Walter, the second. It was under his administration that the London Times abandoned the hand-press. On the 29th of November, 1814, that newspaper was printed for the first time by steam power, and at the rate of 1100 an hour. The pressmen were, so enraged at the innovation that the machine was set up in adjoining premises where it would be safe from violence.

And it was under Walter II. that the Times gained in its day the reputation of the first newspaper in the world. Ministers, foreign and domestic, asked then in contemplation of a measure, "What will the Times say?" But the glory of such journalism is apparently departed. It seems to be the mission of journals of to-day to give the news, to tell of everything that pertains to man, rather than to mold deliberately public opinion. It has been said that years ago people took newspapers that they might gain information concerning the proper political opinion, but that people now read those newspapers that agree with and confirm their political beliefs or prejudices.

It was this day, 1835, that Fieschi's infernal machine was exploded in a street of Paris for the destruction of Louis Philippe, who escaped, although Marshal Mortier was killed and many were dangerously wounded. The machine was not so simple as the modern bomb, for it consisted of 25 barrels, charged with various species of missiles, fired by a train of gunpowder.

Mr. Pullman is not the only public man whose literary work though published has disappeared almost completely from public view. It will be remembered that the late Jay Gould wrote in his earlier days a history of Delaware county, N. Y., remarkable for its singular English and its personal revelations. But it was never said of Mr. Gould's book, although wicked editors quoted from it with glee in the author's later and audacious days, as it is now stated of Poet Pullman, that there were abundant manifestations of "the resilience and gayety of youth." It is, perhaps, to be regretted that manufacturing thus robbed literature of a bright and shining light.

We spoke this week of the untiring work of a contemporary in the vineyard of pugilism, and it is gratifying to record an abundant flow of "claret" from backward grapes. Or, to preserve the beautiful simile of our contemporary, it is a pleasure to know that "the tender twig" at Minneapolis has already developed into "a strong tree." For the 20-round contest between "Mysterious" Billy Smith of Boston and Mr. Tommy Ryan of Chicago was "one of the most exciting exhibitions ever witnessed in the prize ring of Minneapolis." There was nothing lacking in the set-to; not one bitter drop in the cup of joy quaffed by each spectator. There was "vicious in-fighting," more than one round was a whirlwind; there were "terrific left handers," and, at the last, Mr. Smith was a chopping block." The defeat of "Mysterious" Billy is a sad blow to local pride; but we should rejoice in the thought that if the victim is a Bostonian, he has been offered up on the altar for the glory of the prize ring universal.

A physician in this town has lost a playmate and a patient. Above him in an apartment house lives a man who was in the habit of calling him whenever there was sickness in the family. Last month the doctor was summoned to the floor above, and, going up in his slippers, he prescribed a simple remedy. Later the bill was presented, and it was double the usual charge. To be sure there was an explanatory note, and the explanation was this: "I was called at three minutes past 10 at night."

To-day, certain street cars will take new and unthought of routes, and the intelligent stranger will wonder more and more at the complexity of the problem of transit.

July 29, 1894

Mr. J. Henniker Heaton says, "The Japanese are the Frenchmen of the Pacific. The Chinese are the Germans." This sounds like an epigram; but just what does it mean?

It is a singular fact in acoustics that a cornet blown in the open on a hot day seems to accent the heat, while a flute suggests trees, grass and water.

Mr. Corbett, accompanied by two Dukes, realizes the famous wish of Thackeray, who admitted that he would like to be thus seen in Piccadilly.

Cold bodies are said to impress the blind with the sensation of heat. Hence possibly the Democratic rapture at the thought of "Mayor" Quincy.

The late Chiko would not converse with Prof. Garner. When the latter spoke to him in his own language, he threw dirt at him. It is not unlikely that the professor was too familiar, or that he indulged in colloquialisms, or that he unwittingly touched a tender subject.

curious how some leading politicians have lost suddenly their interest in rapid transit since the appointment of the Commissioners.

Why should Miss Londonderry, "a native of Boston," who proposes to go around the world on a wheel, be known as "Mlle." in New York?

"Down with pantatas" is the cry; but to the reading public at large it means no more than "up with pyjamas."

Prof. Eddy may prefer the Malay kite, but the average boy will still rejoice in the kite with a tail.

Sugar does not melt, even in tropical Washington.

THE OPERA SEASON OF '94-'95.

Mr. Abbey has announced the list of singers engaged by him for the coming operatic season. Lovers of opera, and they are many, will read the roll as an epicure looks over a bill of fare. There are favorite singers, as there are favorite dishes. One theatre-goer likes Emma Eames, another prefers Melba, and the manager of an operatic company, as well as the landlord of a hotel, must be prepared to suit all tastes.

It may be said—indeed, it has been said—that the coming company is not as strong as the one which excited the enthusiasm of last season; but the facts do not support such a statement. Many will protest against the absence of Calve, one of the most remarkable dramatic singers now on the stage. But it must be remembered that her range is limited, and although a far superior artist she is not such a musical maid-of-all-work as Emma Eames. The chief regret connected with the determination of Calve to remain in Europe is the probability that Massenet's lurid opera written for her will not be given here, for it is not likely that Zelic de Lussan, though she is a singer of temperament, is woman enough for the heroine's part.

But if Calve and that passionate tenor, de Lucia, do not visit us, singers of great reputation who were not here in the spring will add materially to the strength of the company, which already includes Melba, the de Reszkes, Ancona and Plancon. First and most important is Victor Maurel, who sang here a number of years ago, when he was more renowned as singer than as actor. To-day he is regarded as one of the greatest actors living, and his Iago and his Falstaff are considered triumphs of operatic art. Then there is Tamagno, still undoubtedly one of the first of heroic tenors. When he was in this city with the Patti company he was a sick man, and, as his friends claim, he was not heard to any advantage. He will play Othello to Maurel's Iago. Campanari was known here chiefly as a 'cello player in the Symphony Orchestra; it is pleasant to know that at last his talents as a dramatic baritone of the good Italian school are recognized; and in this city, where he worked faithfully and modestly, he should receive a most hearty welcome.

There will be much curiosity to see and hear Sybil Sanderson, concerning whose precise rank as a singer there is in Paris, the scene of her triumphs, such warm discussion. All agree in this, that she is fair to look upon. But there is dispute over her vocal and dramatic abilities. Miss de Lussan has more than fulfilled in England the promise of her wandering American apprenticeship. Good things are spoken of Miss Lucille Hill. The company seems to be as weak in contraltos this season as it was last spring. But the faithful soprano, Bauermeister, will return.

There is a long list of operas promised for performance. Such lists are entertaining, and they whet curiosity; but, alas, the list is seldom followed accurately. We may be sure, however, of "Faust" and "Romeo and Juliet" which have been heard here several times, and even the most enthusiastic admirer of Melba will see with inward uneasiness the name "Semiramide" in the list. The engagement of Miss Sanderson means operas new to this city; and Maurel would not be engaged if there were not thought of the two last and great operas of Verdi.

In Mancinelli as conductor Mr. Abbey will again have a tower of strength, and Bevilgnani is an able colleague. Let us hope that if there is a ballet, it will be one in deed and not merely in name. In view of

the strength of Mr. Abbey's company, and in view of the sturdy and successful efforts of Mr. Dainrosch in the engagement of renowned singers for a season of opera in German, it is the more to be regretted that Boston is still without an opera house.

IN AN INN.

The Random Reflections of One Sitting at Table.

The Story of Jenny Lind at the Fitchburg Station.

A Tale of Enthusiasm That Was Rank Confusion.

The old waiter Robert was communicative yesterday, almost garrulous. The statements in the newspapers about the possible turning of the Fitchburg Station into a theatre revived his recollections of the great row when Jenny Lind sang there. It is indeed a singular story, and although old men are given to lying, I listened with pleasure, comparing the waiter's tale with that told by Charles G. Rosenberg in his book, "Jenny Lind in America," published in New York in 1851 by Stringer and Townsend, and embellished with a portrait of the singer, who here resembles a motherly mistress of a cheap boarding house.

Rosenberg's name does not now fill the trump of fame. He traveled with Lind in this country, and was the author of "The Man of the People," "Glass Beads," "The Prince-Duke and Page," all, no doubt, masterpieces in their way; but tastes change and books are forgotten. Even the volume of poems by the Marchese di Pullman, our old friend George M., is now rare, and it is only 23 years old.

Although the Lind had been heard here several times—the first concert was at Tremont Temple, Sept. 27, 1850—there were still pronounced systems of a mania, which not even the charity concert could subdue. Apropos of this last concert, which netted \$7255, Rosenberg remarks, "It has not been alone in Boston, but in the greater portion of the principal cities in which she has sung, that a concert given for charity has well nigh invariably brought together the smallest number of hearers, although in very many instances the program offered the public has been one of the best which she has given in the city where, at the time, she chanced to be."

Mr. Barnum determined to give the last two concerts in the hall of the Fitchburg station, Oct. 11 and 12. Let us now listen to Rosenberg's condensed version.

According to him the determination was unfortunate. The hall was larger than that at the Tremont Temple, but its shape was unfavorable. "It was a large, square hall, with a huge tail tacked on to it. It was low in proportion to its height, and not well adapted for the sound of the voice. In addition to this, the two means of ingress were both narrow and led up long flights of stairs, which were equally perverse to the convenience of those who might attend." The first concert there was not so well attended as any of the previous ones. One reason alleged for this was that the hall was in an unfashionable quarter.

But the crowd at the second concert in the Fitchburg station was to be long remembered.

Agents had sold a large number of promenade tickets in the country round about, and, to quote the curious language of Rosenberg, "Those who held these tickets were, of course, inadmissible until 8 o'clock."

At 6.30 the two entrances were blocked by more than a thousand people. The police, few in number, could do little with the crowd, which steadily grew. Pickpockets, "who generally follow close upon the Lind party," did a profitable business. About ten minutes before 8 the crowd burst into the hall. Coats were torn from the shoulders, hats were crushed, gowns were ruined, and some women fainted. These unfortunates "could not be borne out through the impatient crowd, and were accordingly forced along with their friends, until the lobby, which reached athwart the front of the hall, was gained. Still the mob swept on, until the whole avenues of the room were filled with persons who had paid for promenade tickets, and at length those who had paid for seats were permitted to arrive. It had now become absolutely impossible to pass, save over the backs of the benches. Most of the ladies, who had entered the room, and had places secured, were timid and feared doing so. Some, nevertheless, did so, and, after some difficulty, obtained their seats." The style of Rosenberg is here, as ever, remarkable.

The orchestra began to play, but it could not be heard, such was the din. Those who were behind roared, "Sit down," to those who were in front, and the heat was so suffocating that there were cries, "Open the windows." The sashes were fastened. Somebody yelled, "Smash the windows," and in 10 minutes there was probably not a whole pane in the hall. Meanwhile the brave orchestra had finished the overture, and Mr. Belletti gave signs that he was singing, for his mouth was open, and he had a sheet of music in his hand, and the members of the orchestra were seen to be scraping and puffing.

It is not surprising that Jenny Lind was frightened, so that although there was a little peace when she appeared, only a few tones were heard distinctly.

"On the following day, when her fears had worn off, she became angry, and I believe some two days went by ere she was disposed to forgive those who had made the arrangements for the concert."

Poor Barnum was in a sorry plight. There were curses loud and picturesque; there was shaking of fists under his nose. Enraged men were in wait for him at the Revere House. He displayed "an infinite sang froid."

Now, during the whole of this concert one-half of the hall was empty, so far as the seats were concerned, while the remaining half was jammed to suffocation.

Near the chief entrance, where there were no seats, stood a crowd with seat checks in pocket; but the aisles were blocked.

Rosenberg blamed the police. "They did little more than nothing, either to protect him (Barnum) or to disperse the crowd; and I will not and cannot compliment Marshal Tukey on his skill in preserving the peace of the city, which is committed to his charge. Indeed, I have had the luck to see many rows in many cities, and never have I seen one which could have been more easily prevented, had the police done their duty."

The company left Boston the next day. Mr. Stuart, however, Barnum's cashier, was left behind to redeem the tickets of those who had not been able to find places and had not stood during the concert.

On Monday morning bills were posted in the streets of Boston, calling a meeting in State Street "for the purpose of taking into consideration the best method of proceeding. Some intimation of the propriety of providing a rail, and tarring and feathering the parties left to redeem the tickets, being given." About a hundred answered the call. There were loud threats, and then there was a march to the Fitchburg station. Mr. Stuart appeared at the appointed time, and it was only with difficulty that he entered the building.

"Never before, perchance, was one individual so indiscriminately abused as was Stuart. * * * He was, nevertheless, calm. He closed his ears to threats and curses, listened to them with a kind of stereotyped smile upon his face, seemed to be rather pleased than otherwise, took back the tickets and returned the money. * * * Had I, indeed, been left in his place, I cannot vouch for what might have happened."

In the "Memoranda of the Life of Jenny Lind," by N. P. Willis, Philadelphia 1851,

there is nothing about this row. The book, however, contains many interesting anecdotes, and selections from the critical articles of the late John S. Dwight, who was engaged by the New York Tribune to review the concerts in New York.

And it is in this book that the following extract from the Liverpool Albion is quoted: "Apropos to the Lind lunacy, it is said that Carlyle is about to bring out a 'Later Day Pamphlet' on it, as he regards it as the crowning proof of the fatuous cant and quackeries he has been denouncing, unexampled since the day the Roman monarch gave his horse gilt oats, and made him Secretary of State, and portending a swift return to the universal abasement which preceded the degeneracy of the Low-er Empire."

I asked Robert how he liked Lind's singing, but all he would say was to the effect that she was "a fine woman." He remembered, however, that "Jenny Lind sausages" were sold, and that in Washington Street, near the Roxbury line, a barroom was opened under the name of the Jenny Lind Hotel. Philip Hale.

An English correspondent of a local contemporary suffered keen mortification at the Oxford-Yale games; not because Yale was defeated, but because the Americans present were "dressed so badly." There were "hundreds of fine looking" American citizens on the field, and only four were "attired properly;" the hats, coats, trousers of the odd thousand were so many daggers in the sensitive soul of the correspondent.

And, pray, how were these four dressed without fault or flaw? "Black boots, either calf or patent leather, gray or mixed trousers, a long Prince Albert frock coat and a tall hat." The attire of the others must indeed have been disgraceful, for this ex-American shudders at the thought and censures in bulk without presenting a bill of particulars. Stay! Some of our countrymen at the games were so lost to all sense of shame that they actually wore Derby hats. No wonder that "Max" speaks at once of "the States," and thus renounces her nationality.

the first of the season
er winds?

that certain men and women in
are expending considerable physical
mental force in discussing publicly all
of things connected, or not connected
"plano touch," would it not be well
of them to define the word "touch"
the arguments are thicker, also
r?

annual article on "Armigerous Bos-
appeared yesterday, a little late for
and a little early for 1895.

wells felt abashed" is, indeed, a start-
le; but it was when he was younger,
before he exposed the hollow preten-
of Fielding, Scott, Thackeray, Dick-
Dumas and other now noto-
s impostors.

system of electric trolley cars—even in
on Street—is not wholly bad when it
is such a burst of local and flaming
ic as "the incubus of the trolley Mo-

was a short time ago that several per-
adicted to science published articles
comparative weakness of the sun in
ding years of the century.

me years ago it was the custom to
characteristic types of humanity in
ht and airy fashion, and there was a
list of such books as "The Natural
ry of the Attorney," "The Natural

ry of the Snob," etc.; or sometimes
yology" was substituted for "Nat-
History." Such a book might now be
on the Shop Girl. There might be
volume on the 8 o'clock girl; another
d be devoted to that superior being,
9 o'clock girl. And even the glory of
female bookkeeper differeth from the
ry of the typewriting girl.

The imperative claims of Mr. David D.
the, the lately appointed Second Sec-
ary of the London Legation, are now fully
gnized. In college "he gave most of
evenings to society or to enjoyment at
the theatres." He has written a comedy,
an of "very mature thought and dig-
ny" and has studied diplomacy at a dra-
matic school in New York.

r. Andrew Lang is an "implacable ene-
m" of realism in literature. No wonder;
such realism demands a sincerity and a
length of will unknown to Mr. Lang, the
high priest of finicality.

It is a pity if Mr. Bernard Shaw has re-
gained his position as music critic of the
London World in order to write plays. He
is one of the very few English writers on
musical subjects who are original or in-
teresting. He knows that good music has
been written since the death of Men-
delsohn, and he does not stand in awe of
the musical judgment of "the late Prince
Albert." If Mr. Shaw withdraws, the Pall
Mall Gazette man will be without a rival;
and here, by the way, is the latter's view
of Bayreuth:

"And now that we come to that other
question: the precise artistic—from the
musical point of view—benefit of Bayreuth,
we find that it is one which cannot easily
be answered, which cannot be answered at
all. We faintly trust a larger hope, and
well await the end of this particular season
to venture upon a verdict. We are convinced
that the festival is of superstitious ele-
ments mostly compact. The precise gain
to art which those elements may work
must be reserved for consideration. It will
be enough to wreck the general compla-
cency—as who should say, 'I love music, I
love art, because I go to Bayreuth'—and to
leave the question that concerns a few for
later weighing-up."

Casimir-Perier has a new cook. Look
out for a policy of good-will and reconcilia-
tion.

It was a very sensitive man who objected
the other day to the light-colored buildings
on Boylston Street, between Arlington
Street and Park Place, because they heated
his eyes, as the sight of a custard pie in a
shop window.

"The Ebb Tide," the title of Stevenson's
last book, is thought by some to be unfor-
tunate and prophetic.

Can the story that is told of a lecturer
in a medical college not far from New
York be true? He is reported to have
warned the members of a graduating class
this summer against ever answering a call
unless there was well-grounded belief that
a substantial bill would be promptly paid.

But when we hear such stories, let us
remember the many generous deeds of
physicians, of the sleepless hours and un-
tiring care in cases where there may not
even be the reward of gratitude.

"The operatic stage is one place where
the masculine Yankee doesn't shine re-
splendently."—Exchange. And yet Charles
R. Adams was the hero tenor at Vienna,
and Perkins, the bass, was the glory of the
Carl Rosa Opera Company.

It looks as though the future pilgrim to
Boston will not feel obliged to visit the
place where Mr. Corbett met Mr. Jackson
in "a trial of athletic skill."

But there is no reason why Gilson's bean-
ery is not included now in the pilgrim's
itinerary.

Bjornson, the novelist, is either envious,
or a despoiler of local color. Why should
he choose "Absalom's Hair" as a title, when
there is hirsute Ibsen at hand and in
thought?

It is the staid Church Review that tells
this story. Two friends were talking to-
gether the other day in a London club, and
the saints became the subject. One men-
tioned St. Jerome. "Oh, yes," said the
other, "I like his writings. Have you read
his 'Three Men in a Boat'?"

Will the adorers of George Meredith swal-
low greedily and with inward ecstasy his
latest novel, "Lord Ormont and his
Aminta?" It is written in the Meredithian
dialect, and is a supreme example of the
author's "exaggerated mimicry of himself."
Will some one, please, translate this jumble:
"His parasitic thrasyleon apeing cox-
comb." And, by the way, what is the pre-
cise meaning of this passage: "He boasted
it to a sister sharing the pride—exultant in
the cry of a hawk, scornful of ambitious
poultry; a passed finger-post to the plucked,
and really regretful that no woman had
been created fit for him."

Faith was once defined as "belief in
things which you know are untrue." Ap-
preciation of the later Meredith is not far
removed from revelry in the unintelligible.

A subscriber asks a contemporary in
what manner she should introduce herself
to a man whom she wishes to know. The
contemporary answers gravely, "there are
very few men who would respect a woman
if they knew she had even asked for an in-
troduction to them." This is a flattering
tribute to man, but is it based on fact? Do
you, for instance, reader, know of any man
whose vanity could resist such a flattering
appeal? Is not even the wish as frank in-
cense in the nostrils of the superior be-
ing?

When only 40 out of 1700 live to tell the
tale, warfare between Chinese and Jap-
anese is no longer an affair of gongs and
yells and making faces.

Mr. J. K. Bangs, the contract-jester, is
talked of for Congress, but he will reply un-
doubtedly, "Let me make all the jokes, and
I care not who makes the laws of the na-
tion." That is, as long as the price of jokes
does not fall.

Our local cricketers already know a
Hawke from a hand-saw, but "me Lud"
will be welcome, all the same.

The deaths from lightning in this State
and beyond recall the pathetic story of John
Hewit and Sarah Drew, so simply and
beautifully told by John Gay. And it was
on the 31st of July, 1718, that the lightning
killed the lovers, on a heap of barley, "John
with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the
other held over her, as if to screen her." Our
old friend, Mr. Pope, wrote two epitaphs on
the hapless ones, but Gay's prose is their
enduring monument.

Some praise Casimir-Perier—the President
of the Anti-Tobacco League, is one—because
he does not smoke; that is, he occasionally
takes a whiff at a cigarette, but after the
fashion of Rollo's uncle, only for a cruel
nervous disease. And this moderation,
which is practically abstinence, recalls the
fact that Thiers neither smoked nor coun-
tenanced the habit in his presence. Mac-
Mahon in his younger and stormier days
was devoted to the weed, but his memory
began to fail, and the doctor docked him
of pipe and cigar. Grevy abstained in pub-
lic, but was accused of short pipes when he
was in the bosom of his family. Carnot did
not use tobacco and could not brook the
smell.

Apropos of nicotine, did "A Counterblast
to Tobacco," the work of James I., even
persuade the abandonment of the vain,
foolish, delightful comfort—for the word
"solace" cannot here be used lest there be
suspicion of subtle advertisement. Did
even its appeal to husbands ever move self-
ish man to self-denial? Women should re-
vere the memory of the King, though his-
torians abuse him. "Moreover," said the
monarch, "which is a great iniquity, and
against all humanity, the husband shall not
be ashamed to reduce thereby his delicate,
wholesome and clean complexioned wife, to
that extremity, that either she must also
corrupt her sweet breath therewith, or else
resolve to live in a perpetual stinking tor-
ment." Strong words, Sire; but it was not
a squeamish age.

There are those who, when they decry the
bad manners of these days and quote in
their bill of particulars the smoking in the
presence of women, talk of Chesterfield and
Sir Walter, and ask, "would they have
puffed in a woman's face?" But we know,
or else John Aubrey is a lying knave, that
"Sir W. Raleigh standing in a stand at Sir
Robert Poyntz Parke, at Acton, took a
pipe of tobacco, which made the ladies quit
it till he had done."

A NEW OPERETTA.

The First Production on Any Stage
of "Madeleine, or the Magic Kiss,"
by Messrs. Stange and Edwards.

"Madeleine, or the Magic Kiss," a romantic
comio opera in three acts, text by Stanislaus
Stange and music by Julian Edwards, was
given last evening at the Tremont Theatre for
the first time on any stage by Mr. Askin's
company. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| Baron de Grimm..... | Charles Dickson |
| Doctor Gourmet..... | G. C. Boniface, Jr. |
| Frederi Ribreau..... | William McLaughlin |
| Francols..... | Clinton Elder |
| Jules..... | Henry Stanley |
| Mary Doodle..... | Laura Joyce Bell |
| Margot..... | Hilda Hollins |
| Vivette..... | Maud Hollins |
| Adele..... | Nannie Morse |
| Madeleine..... | Camille D'Arville |

The story of this operetta has been published
already in the Journal. The subject is a pleas-
ing and a fanciful one, well adapted in the
hands of a more skillful librettist for the pur-
poses of more serious opera.

Mr. Stange has not been wholly successful in
his task. First of all, the lyrics limp painfully.
Then there is padding that might well be
stricken out, and the undue attention paid
the secondary love affairs fritters away
the interest in the chief romance.
It was well enough to introduce the Widow,
the Doctor and Ribreau, but the amours of
Margot and Vivette are of no earthly im-
portance, and they compelled Mr. Edwards to
write perfunctory music. This may be said
honestly, that in spite of shortcomings, which
rigorous pruning might remove, the libretto
has elements of popularity and is comparatively
free from cheap humor and hints to acrobatic
comedians.

The best music of Mr. Edwards is in the first
act, although the duet in the third act—the
duet between the Baron and Madeleine—is not
without simple beauty. The music throughout
shows the composer of intelligence and experi-
ence, but with the exception of several num-
bers in the first act and the duet mentioned
there is seldom a rising above that which is
agreeably conventional. Among the most
pleasing numbers of the first act are the open-
ing chorus, the Legend, and song of the widow.
The instrumentation is discreet, often effective,
and there is careful writing for the voices.

The performance was, in the main, excellent.
Mr. Dickson was admirable from the dramatic
standpoint, and Mrs. Bell played the part of
the widow with amorous realism. Miss D'Ar-
ville was applauded heartily after each song,
and it may here be said that she appeared to
greater vocal advantage, as a whole, than in
performances that have preceded. Mr. Boniface
repeated his well-known interpretation of
Rocco, the North Scituate farmer, and he should
remember that the frequent and unnecessary use
of the word "damn" is no longer considered by
experts an indisputable proof of native and
side-splitting humor. The scenery and the cos-
tumes were handsome, if not always strict in
local color. The orchestra and chorus did good
work under the direction of the composer.
There was frequent and hearty applause, and
composer and librettist received the honor of a
curtain call.

Let's talk about the weather. For what
subject is to-day of greater interest? Surely
not the tariff, nor the new operetta, nor
what Debs thinks or doesn't think, nor the
enthusiasm of modern pilgrims looking at
Bunker Hill, nor even the sudden marriage
of Mr. Jack McAuliffe.

"Such as is the air, such be our spirits,"
said Robert Burton, who treated of Melan-
choly in a cheerful way; "and as our spirits,
such are our humors. It offends commonly
if it be too hot and dry, thick, fuliginous."
And he quoted Bodine, his fifth book:
"Hot countries are most troubled with
melancholy, and there are therefore in
Spain, Africa, and Asia Minor, great num-
bers of mad men, insomuch that they are
compelled, in all cities of note, to build pe-
culiar hospitals for them." And Leo Afer
notes that in such heat, "scarce two words
pass without railing or chiding in common
talk, and often quarreling in the streets."
Did not June and July here in the United
States see the maddest men, madder than
any in "peculiar hospitals," also railing in
common talk and quarreling in the streets?

Why here's Gompers even now claiming
that labor has been benefited by the strike,
although the strike "failed in the dramatic
sense." "Dramatic sense" is a vague
phrase; for, to follow the model of Polonius,
this last version of the drama of labor was
tragical-comical-historical-ironical.

But to-day begins another month. What
has the wisdom of the ancients to tell us?
Will August be dry?

"Dry August and warm
Doth harvest no harm."
Or will it rain? Then seek comfort in an-
other saw: "A wet August never brings
dearth;" or, "When it rains in August it
rains honey and wine." This first week is
of particular moment: "If the first week in
August is unusually warm, the winter will
be white and long." So a fog in August in-
dicates a severe winter and plenty of snow.

They were talking in the street car about
a prominent tennis player. "I should think
playing would interfere sadly with his busi-
ness," said one. "Yes," said the other, "oh,
yes, I've noticed a falling off in his serv-
ing."

To J. B.! You ask if the use of the word
"audience" to denote the crowd at a tennis
match is correct, and you quote an example
in an evening contemporary: "The applause
of the audience was often senseless." No.

Aug 3. 04

Audience, in the sense of the persons within hearing, an assembly of listeners, can be transferred properly and stand for the readers of a book. But a tennis game is supposed to be seen and not heard. Yet, it is hardly surprising that "audience" stands for "crowd," in view of certain games of base ball, professional and collegiate, where the players were heard rather than seen.

According to one Boston newspaper, Alderman Hallstrom at the meeting memorable for passionate addresses referred to marriages "de convenience." According to another, he alluded to marriages "de conveyance." The intelligent foreigner, who is now here studying our institutions, is amazed at the flexibility of the French language, and wonders if the Alderman did not really say "de convenience."

Senator Gorman will probably resign the same day that Attorney General Olney is formally impeached.

The Japanese and the Chinese are fighting over Corea, and Germany says that the United States covets Corea, and Russia will not allow Corea to be robbed, and England is said to be solicitous for the welfare of Corea. Now, is it not possible that the Coreans take an interest in their own welfare and remember the story of the hare with many friends?

We all know what the Vigilant has been doing; but how is Mr. Gould getting along with Western Union in London?

A contemporary regards Stuttgart as a paradise for beer drinkers, because the beer is carried throughout the city like water, by a system of pipes. Alas, there is a cloud over this paradise, a fly in the ointment of enjoyment. The beer of Stuttgart is of inferior quality, and even that which is imported from Munich seems stale and flat; for the climate of the town is opposed to beer drinking in heroic recklessness. Your true Stuttgarter prefers thin wine, whether it be sour or sweet; and he loves his "most."

Beer goes with the Fliegende Blaetter, and here's a joke from the last number: X. to Y., whose wife is playing a brilliant piano piece, "Oh how I wish my wife had played the piano when she was single!" Y.—"You ought to be glad that she can't." X.—"Yes, but if she had played then, I should not have married her."

It is now proclaimed solemnly by men of scientific tendencies that Mars is irregular. But this is nothing new. Ask Venus, who has always been a star.

The ceremonies attending the unveiling of the Keats memorial at Hampstead were not treated with proper respect by certain English newspapers, possibly because the money for the memorial was raised largely by and from Americans. "There was a general consensus of opinion among the distinguished guests," said one scoffer, "that Keats, like Shakespeare, was a very clever man, and Mr. Watts confirmed the same with a sonnet."

It is now the season for sneak burglaries. The opening, appropriately enough, was in the Back Bay, where people are supposed popularly to be able to afford such losses. It was a singular speech of police authority, by the way, that these burglaries were "of little consequence, as they were probably the work of boys." Are such losses immaterial or unreal, when the criminal happens to be under the age of 21?

Boys who now read of the adventures of George Moore, the stowaway, may remember Mayne Reid's "Boy Tar." But do the young of this generation enjoy Mayne Reid?

Aug 2. 04

The comedians in "Madeleine," at the Tremont Theatre, should study thoughtfully the meaning of the words "aphasia" and "Aspasia." At present there is some confusion, and when Baron de Grimm fears the loss of the faculty of speech, his retainers speak of his "suffering from Aspasia." Now Pericles was the man who suffered from Aspasia; it was not the Baron de Grimm.

For, in spite of Landor's book, Pericles must have suffered in the long run from the famous woman of Miletus. Think of it! She was skilled in politics; she was learned in rhetoric; she was the cause, they say, of the war of Megara, which paved the way to the Peloponnesian war; she was hailed to the judges, and the prosecutor said most unpleasant things about her.

If Aspasia were now living in Boston, she would undoubtedly be held in high esteem, and the doling at her house would furnish copy galore for the "society editors." She would have a salon, not a saloon, but a real salon, frequented by authors young and old, who would there find, in mutual admiration, solace for the neglect of the unappreciative world. There would be talk of Mr. Hamilton Garland and other shatterers of idols. Passionate poems would be recited, and biting epigrams against hard-hearted and Philistine editors would provoke inextinguishable laughter. Of course Aspasia would be charged to conform to the et-

quette of the day. She would content herself with the looks of masculine adorners. There would be no scantily-dressed slaves bearing cups of wine; but there would be tea and fingered wafers, and on great occasions, as when a live Englishman of shady antecedents roared as a lion, the tea would no doubt be fortified with rum and lemon.

And Aspasia would declaim and write against the tyranny of man. Indeed, she would be a leader in the "female suffrage movement."

"Madeleine," by the way, has been used already as an operetta title. There is the one-act piece by Samuel (1849); the two-act operetta by Weidt (1851); the one-act operetta by Potler (1869); the three-act operetta by Englaender (1888); the four-act ballet by Hertel (1876); and there is a one-act opera bouffe by Ziffo (1861).

It is to be regretted that in a first performance which was otherwise remarkably free from the vulgarity and the horse play too often characteristic of what is now called "comic opera," a young comedian thought it necessary to enliven the proceedings by the introduction of an expletive that at times is perhaps a comfort to the irritated, but when used without strong provocation is vain, foolish and low. There was a time when the frequent employment of this expletive on the stage was regarded as a masterpiece of humor, but that time was long ago. Such humor is akin to the slyly drawing away a chair when a person is about to sit down.

Is that characteristic type of the South Carolinian, the fire-eater, wholly extinct? Has it joined the dodo? Here are Tillman and Butler saying all sorts of dreadful things to each other, and not a shot follows a word. When is the shooting going to begin? Are the old family guns hallowed by so many sacred memories, all rusty, and hanging on the walls in monumental mockery?

Undoubtedly the most atrocious pun of modern times was committed yesterday in a street car. A young man with a low, retreating forehead was heard to say to his neighbor that the sinking of the battleship was "A shen Yuen loss to the Chinese." And then he cackled. As he cackled, he reminded the unwilling auditors of the young fellow seen by Artemus Ward in a grocery, who said strongly that he would not go to the war; he was "a loathsome object."

A woman remarked the other day that she did not see how anybody could marry a prize fighter. It was a speech that showed lack of reflection and ignorance of history. For centuries ago the Roman matron, aye, the wife of a Senator, would forsake children, country, sister, husband for the sake of a gladiator. "'Tis the sword they love," says Juvenal; "but let this very gladiator once receive the token of his dismissal, he will appear in her eyes as insignificant as her old husband."

And why should not pugilists be good husbands, kind, thoughtful and generous providers? In England, where the art of wife-beating has been developed to a high state of finish and by many is regarded as a marital grace, it is the nobleman, not the pugilist, who has borne away from courts the laurel for complete and scientific thrashing. You doubt this statement? Read the reports of trials for cruelty toward wives from the "Complete Collection of State Trials," by Thomas Howell, down to this year of our Lord.

There are many instances, too, of domestic devotion in the history of crime. Highwaymen, burglars, forgers, murderers have been exemplary husbands. The supreme nagger is generally a man of regular and outwardly approved life. But in the marriage of a pugilist this question arises: Does the wife ever forgive her husband after a gentlemanly colleague has used him for a chopping-block? Or is her love then supreme? Does she watch with joy the re-appearing of his features? Does she sing him to a sleep gentler than that inspired by his antagonist, as she thus lulls him: "Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer."

The feature of the Worcester Festival this fall will be the repetition of Saint-Saens' Samson and Delilah." It is surprising that this work has never been performed in Boston. Under favorable conditions the Cecilia could give it a fine performance.

Mrs. Taylor's case will not probably come under the head of pyromania, and yet there is such a disease, or mental perversion.

Now that Mr. McAllister is drinking unpleasant waters to relieve the gout, Col. Thomas P. Ochiltree is regulating American customs and manners. "In America," says the gallant Colonel, "a man works 12 or 14 hours a day 6 or 7 days in the week, and thinks he's doing very well if he takes a month's vacation in summer. And what's the result? He dies of old age at 50." The Colonel's life is more carefully adjusted. He does nothing for a month, and then he feels so strong that he is able to go on indefinitely doing the same thing. His workshop now is at the Hotel Waldorf.

Our old friends, the Boston Jacobites, are treated handsomely in the Chap-Book of Aug. 1. Mr. Herbert Small, in a review of the "Legitimist Kalender," edited by the Marquis de Ruvigny et Ralneval, speaks as follows of a certain visit of the Marquis to this city: "A few young enthusiasts in Boston, a city whose swell front dwellings are the temples, often, of odder theories than any the Marquis could expound, had written to the English Jacobites to learn what new thing they could offer for Boston's entertainment. The Marquis turned from his course to visit them, and spent a day or two in Boston to propagate the new faith, which, he will be sorry to learn, has since been allowed to languish."

What, "languish?" Never, as long as Mr. Ralph Adams Cram is this side of the turf. Even in the same number of the Chap-Book is a fiery poem by Mr. Cram. It is full of "a's" and "Heys," and the pipes are "skirling" and the claymores are "flashing," and there are other indisputable symptoms of Jacobite frenzy. So long as one such faithful retainer is found with girded loins, filled lamp and drawn sword, no cause, no faith can languish. Meanwhile, let us assure Mr. Cram's timid friends that he is safe from the fury of Queen Victoria and the Unicorn; for, in an emergency, he can claim American citizenship.

How many knew until this week whether Joseph Holt of Kentucky were alive or dead? And how many had a clear idea concerning his services and character? Yet there was a time when his name was in the mouths of men.

Journals of satire and caricature are documents for future historians of political parties and social manners, the Trustees of the Boston Public Library to the contrary notwithstanding. In "Vanity Fair," that brilliant weekly killed by the war, appeared Sept. 7, 1861, an editorial article displayed most conspicuously. It was headed "Vanity Fair to the President." The jester demanded a new Secretary of War: a true patriot; a man with clean hands and without friends to reward or enemies to punish save the enemies of his country; a man, incorruptible, sagacious, vigorous, whose name would be a tower of strength to the struggling Union brethren of the Southwest; a man "whom you found in that office and whom you should have kept there." That man, according to "Vanity Fair," was Joseph Holt. The jester's petition—and he spoke for many—was unheeded. Nevertheless, the Union was saved.

Appropos of Holt, his defence of Buchanan is singularly at variance with the stand taken in '60 and '61 by "Vanity Fair." Fierce and unmerciful are the caricatures and epigrams. As in later days, the cartoonist seizes a prominent nose or mouth or a distinguishing article of clothing, as Evarts's hat, so in the year before the war Buchanan's hair and nose were accented ludicrously. In May, 1861, "Vanity Fair" published a cartoon by H. L. Stephens with this title: "Proposed Meeting of Ex-Presidents." Van Buren, Pierce, Tyler, Fillmore, each pressed his claim to preside and gave some proof of past service in the cause of disunion. Buchanan's speech was this: "God knows I should have precedence, for with Floyd and the rest of my Cabinet I brought about the present rebellion." Let it be remembered, too, that "Vanity Fair" had no sympathy whatever with the abolitionists, laughed at the negro problem, and was not at first kindly disposed toward President Lincoln. But in its opinion, and in the opinion of many of its readers, Buchanan was little better than a traitor.

The Orientals have always been celebrated for their courtesy, and it is not surprising that Japan has apologized for sinking a war ship. Nothing could be fairer.

Mr. Debs believes that "so long as strikes are repugnant to society, it is useless to inaugurate them." Mr. Debs should have accepted his invitations last winter and "gone out" more; we should then have been spared the late useless inauguration. You never would catch Mr. McAllister, or Mr. Lisenard Stewart in such a blunder.

It is the schooner Adella Chase of New Bedford that found a whale with a cargo of ambergris valued at \$38,000. Was the whale such as is known as "a blasted whale," one "that has died unmolested on the sea, and so floated an unappropriated corpse?"

Now your ambergrils—there are many forms of this word—looks, when taken from its first receptacle, "like ripe Windsor soap, or rich mottled old cheese; very unctuous and savory withal. You might easily dent it with your thumb; it is of a hue between yellow and ash color." It is used in perfumery, pastilles, candles, hair powders, pomatum. The Turks enrich food with it, or carry it to Mecca. Eggs with ambergrils were relished keenly by Charles II.

There is a dispute as to whether ambergris is the cause or the effect of dyspepsia in the whale. There is no doubt, however, that the exquisite perfume comes ironically from horrible corruption, "worse than

an Assyrian city in the passage, which in living are incompetent to bury the departed." As Sir Thomas Brown put it, "insufferable factor." Now the whale that holds ambergris is the third sort, the "trumpa," that is to say, the sperm whale; and it is of this species undoubtedly that Ulfos wrote: "The breath of the whale is frequently attended with such an insupportable smell as to bring on a disorder of the brain."

"A fog in August indicates a severe winter and plenty of snow."

By the side of theatre posters and fruitless commands to careless citizens to vote "Yes" or "No" are now found invitations to buy Goethe's "The Sorrows of Werther." Is it possible that there is any demand for this sentimental and once famous book? It is not likely that Massenet's "Werther" is the cause of a general revival of interest, for the opera is not familiar, and, in fact, has only been performed a few times in this country.

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"So many August fogs, so many winter mists."

"Observe on what day in August the first heavy fog occurs, and expect a hard frost on the same day in October."

So the Emperor of China has ordered the Viceroy and Commanders of the Imperial forces to "root these pestilential Japanese from their lairs." Pray how does this order sound in Chinese? And it's no light task to root a pestilential thing from its lair. The result of the experiment will be watched eagerly by all experts in matters of drainage and sanitary plumbing.

All this fuss about "piano touch" recalls the old story told about a well known critic. Said one manager to another, "Do you know, Blivens of the Bugle is a sensitive man?" "Yes," was the answer, "he's very easily touched."

Dr. Mary Walker is again angry with an editor. It is more than likely that he has called her "no gentleman."

That was a merry scene when "Prince, the royal lion," set the pace for bicyclists at Bridgeport, Conn. The attempt of Mr. Calverly, the tight-rope walker, to catch the noble beast showed how superficial after all is modern learning, for he dressed himself in a red suit thinking the lion would run right up to him and lick affectionately his hand. But the lion was enraged, either at the color, or perhaps the suit was ready made and did not fit.

Now the ancients were more expert. They were convinced that the lion is afraid of a crowing cock, and they knew that no lion or panther would touch a man anointed with cock broth, especially if garlic were boiled therein.

Apropos of the bicycle race in which this lion wished to participate, it appears that Mr. Zimmerman, the most famous carpenter on wheels, is going to star next season in a bicycle play written expressly for him. Even now he is studying elocution in Paris, and the Delsartian principles, so that he may both speak clearly and ride in the true Delsartian spirit. Mr. Zimmerman, of course, will be the hero. The properties will include a paper of tacks to be used by the villain, who is foiled, however, by an ingenious contrivance new to any stage. There will be nothing of an objectionable nature in this play, and young girls and sensitive men who object to Ibsen and other lights of the modern school can sit through it without a blush. The pneumatic tire, by the way, is confined to the wheel, and it is not a symbolic characterization of the play itself.

The wife of a professor who can make a better living in Ithaca than in Boston, and so left us, is a type of the highest development of the Bostonian. It is true that she refuses to live there with her husband, but she upbraids him "for his want of taste in deserting the Hub." Life with such a monster would be, of course, impossible for any Boston woman.

The latest story about Irving and his intention to play Napoleon in Sardou's drama is this: "He intends to transmogrify the play completely, put the scene in England of the Restoration, and turn Madame Sans-Gene into the wife of that Gen. Monk whom a certain gallant officer of musketeers contrived to kidnap in a wonderful box on a memorable occasion." It is hardly possible, however, that Mr. Irving could be guilty of such an outrageously inartistic scheme. At the same time it is not likely that he could drop his aggressive personality and assume the equally aggressive personality of Napoleon. Why, then, produce the play at all?

In Mr. Herbert Small's article, "A Legitimist Calendar," published in the Chap-Book, Aug. 1, is this sentence: "Dr. Johnson's death is also remarked—a reminder of the odd fable that the doctor went North in the '45 to join the Young Pretender—a story which finds just enough corroboration to make it interesting in the fact that he was a stiff-necked partisan of all the Stuarts, and that Boswell makes only the slightest mention of what his hero was about in 1745 and '46. 'Twere a chance for a glorious novel."

But where did Mr. Small find this "odd fable?" George Herbert Hill in his voluminous notes to Boswell seems to overlook it, and from the record it appears that the nearest personal approach of Johnson to the Young Pretender was when he slept at Kingsburgh in the very bed in which the Prince lay, "on one of the nights after the failure of his rash attempt in 1745-6, while he was eluding the pursuit of the emissaries of Government, which had offered 30,000 pounds as a reward for apprehending him." But Johnson smiled, and said, "I have no ambitious thoughts in it."

An English newspaper, in speaking of the five classes of eggs found in London shops—new-laid eggs, breakfast eggs, fresh eggs, cooking eggs, and finally, eggs—tells this story:

"Once upon a time a shy young curate had the honor of breakfasting with his Bishop. The great man noticed that his guest was making suspiciously slow progress with his boiled egg, and called cheerily across the table to ask if there was anything wrong with it. 'Oh, no, my Lord,' stammered the young man in great embarrassment, 'it's a very good egg—an excellent egg—in parts.'"

An esteemed contemporary speaks of "lacteal fluid." Milk, plain, ordinary milk, the milk of commerce, is probably the article here referred to. If the writer had contented himself with "lacteous," or "lacteal," or "lactean," he would not have excited such awe. "Lactescent cow," and "lactiferous can," are now in order. Then there are "lactary," "lactage," "lactific," "lactation," and "lactarium," sighing for use, as a cedar for Lebanon.

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IN AN INN.

The Random Reflections of One Sitting at Table.

Concerning the Advantages of Weekly Reviewing.

Thoughts Suggested by Mr. Edwards's Operetta "Madeleine."

The French feuilletoniste is to be envied. Suppose that he goes to a first performance Monday night. He is not obliged immediately thereafter to rush to a newspaper office, beg space of the night editor, and then record at breakneck speed his first impressions of a work and a performance which have cost author and comedians much time and labor. If he wish, he may see the piece two or three times. Friday is his work-day, and Sunday Paris reads his article.

That which may have seemed crude in construction or in expression is, at a second hearing, found to be a stroke of genius, or it is still crude, and for all time. The nervousness of an actor or the huskiness of a singer was the mischance of only one night. Was the piece an opera? New beauties appear later in the week: ingenious detail of instrumentation, or charming passages of ensemble, that were perhaps not fully appreciated when the work was heard for the first time, or were thrown into shadow by the dramatic brilliancy of a singer who dominated the attention. Was the first impression one of absolute condemnation? A second hearing rivets the impression. The impression is now conviction.

On the other hand, it may be said that delay in expressing judgment is as dangerous to author and performer as is undue haste. It may be said that floating talk may influence, modify personal opinion; that the critic will have time to evolve a theory concerning the proper version of the piece, that he will work from this theory, and will not ask himself, "What did the author intend to do? What is his standpoint?"—that there will be the temptation to pay more attention to the style of the article than to

the style of the playwright or the composer; that exact truth will be stabbed by a carefully polished epigram; that the writer will say to himself, "At any cost, I must be entertaining; for these articles of mine may yet appear in book form."

The tendency in this country is to serve the critical notice piping hot, seasoned with red pepper. The dish is served before the author and composer have shaved or meditated the possibility of breakfast. Such is this craze for speed that it may not excite surprise to find in a year bulletin boards in the lobby of a theatre, with the critical impressions of each newspaper pasted after each act. Of course in this case the critics should be provided with more suitable accommodations, as a box well equipped with lights, typewriting machines, pen, ink, paper, scissors and

muellage, and if the critics were seen at work during each act, there would be amusement for the audience, although the show on the stage were deathly dull.

In the ideal Commonwealth these little matters would be regulated carefully. Monday night, for instance, would see the first performance of a new operetta. The morning newspaper of Tuesday would publish a short news article about the performance, giving the facts concerning the cast and the feeling manifested by the audience after each round. Tuesday night there would be a concert, and Wednesday morning a news article would appear; it would tell the program, and it would mention the size of the audience, and characterize it as "cultured," "discriminating," "appreciative" or "representative." Then the Sunday issue would contain a critical review of the musical triumphs, entertainments, accidents and fiascos of the past week.

There is really no need of this indecent haste. There is, to be sure, an impression in rural districts that a man is governed in his amusements by the judgment expressed in his favorite newspaper. But it is doubtful, very doubtful, whether such judgments influence one man in a hundred. If the subscriber happens to be at an opening performance and enjoys it, and if he finds out the next morning that the critic thought lightly of the show, or pronounced it bad, does the subscriber waver in his own opinion or regret his delight? Not a bit of it. He may merely snort indignantly as he reads, or he may cry aloud before his spouse and children, "What an ass that fellow is! I wonder why they keep him on the paper."

The subscriber's line of reasoning is simple and direct: "I like it. Therefore it is good." To such a one—and his name is Legion—it makes little difference whether he be offended Tuesday or Sunday.

Mr. Julian Edwards behaved last Tuesday

evening with genuine modesty in the sight of the people. I do not refer so much to his attempt to dodge the laurel wreath which was thrown awkwardly at him, a wreath, by the way, that would have been too large for even the head of Mr. Reginald de Koven. I refer to his deportment as conductor of his own operetta. He often refused the repetition of an ensemble, and he was in no haste to reply to the demands of the encore fiend, even when the singer was willing or anxious to oblige. Of course, the chief singers were willing, and there was an absurd amount of repetition, so that the decree "A kiss of love is a kiss of life"—or something like this—was not promulgated on the stage until a comparatively late hour, although Mr. Edwards expected the final fall of the curtain at 10.30.

This encore nuisance is intolerable at the Tremont. Perhaps the most absurd feature of it all is the clapping at successive entrances of chief characters, or "popular favorites," as the press agents delight in saying. That Miss D'Arville should be applauded heartily, i. e., "receive an ovation," when she first appears is well enough, although the applause has a suspicious heartiness; but that there should be wild manifestations of delight whenever she enters in subsequent scenes is ridiculous and confirms the suspicion. It is not likely that the audience in bulk is so delirious in its appreciation; and, indeed, if you look over the house you will see little clapping of hands in the orchestra chairs on such occasions. You will observe, however, that in certain corners in the rear, and all along the back of the theatre there are, so to speak, batteries of applause, aimed effectively and of undoubted execution. Whenever a Miss Hollins appears, or Mr. Boniface, or Mr. McLaughlin attacks the stage, these batteries reply, but the charges are of lighter weight.

By this enthusiasm, which is directed and yet misdirected, the performance suffers. An operetta conducted discreetly and with reasonable waltz should not consume over two hours and a half. Endless repetition of a tune is apt to stale it, and the singer seldom appears to the same advantage the second time. Furthermore, suburbaners on these occasions either lose the greater part of the last act or their trains.

Whatever may be said about the conventionality of certain numbers of Mr. Edwards's "Madeleine," there can be no difference of opinion concerning his thorough knowledge of the operetta stage. And there are, especially in the first act, numbers that are not only admirably made, they show musical fancy. The Legend, the song of the widow, the female quartet, the opening chorus, the first love duet in the last act—surely these numbers are excellent. But in the second act, as in the third, Mr. Edwards has hard work, as a rule, to rise above the long-drawn-out tediousness of the librettist.

Delightfully discreet and self-restrained was the performance of Mr. Dickson, although it was a pity that he could not have borrowed a little more voice for the last act.

In the first duet with Miss D'Arville—the duet in the third act—Mr. Dickson reminded me of Aspidochelone, the left-handed harper, who touched the strings with so delicate and smooth a stroke, that he could scarcely be heard by anybody but himself.

A contemporary spoke of Miss D'Arville's "dictatorial" manner in dialogue, and the term is a most happy one. This woman of undoubted talent should keep her head cool, not let the fumes of incense strangle her good sense, and study diligently the principles of elocution.

A pianist will visit us next season for the first time, and in these days when the musical world seems abandoned to the worship of "skis" and "manns," it is a pleasure to record that the new comer is an American girl.

Miss Marie Bailey is a young woman who seems to have acquired honestly a European reputation. She was born at Nashville, Tenn., in 1874. It is said that at the age of four she exhibited traces of musical ability, possessing the gift of absolute pitch. In 1888 Miss Bailey went to Leipzig, where she studied under the direction of Carl Reinecke, and also won a scholarship. From Leipzig she went to Vienna, where her studies were superintended by Leschetitzki. Miss Bailey made her professional debut in Leipzig Feb. 28, 1893. She then made a tour through Germany, and gave a recital before the King of Saxony at Dresden, which won for her the official title of "Königlich Sächsische Kammervirtuosin."

Miss Bailey will make her American debut in New York at the end of October. She has been engaged to appear in a tour through the United States, during which she will play at 100 concerts, and will in addition appear in the principal cities in Canada.

PHILIP HALL.

THE TRAVELER CORBETT.

The impressions received in travelling are often of interest to many, even when the travelers are not distinguished men. There are diarists, who by their record, faithful, without reflection or imagination, have given pleasure to the curious of generations after and lightened the labor of the historian. Wandering and celebrated virtuoses have thus contributed to the entertainment and the knowledge of the world. And the last of these is Mr. Corbett, the well-known pugilist and play-actor. Surely no one will deny him the title of virtuoso in the ring of his preference.

Mr. Corbett was unfortunate in the choice of a title for his impressions; "How Europe Hit Me" is colloquial enough, but the pride of the arena should not have allowed Europe—a mere abstraction—to hit him at all. Was he out of practice? or was he overtaken by strong wine? After all, this is a point of minor importance.

It is gratifying to every true American to find that Mr. Corbett was not dazzled by coronets and ducal strawberries. He met several Lords there, but to use his own chaste language, "They didn't strike me as being anything out of the ordinary." The fact that the upper classes "put two prize fighters in the ring like rats" distressed his sensitive nature. How different the simplicity of democracy. Here in Boston, for instance, pugilists are high up on a stage, either in Music Hall or at the Casino, and in the sight of the people. Nor did Mr. Corbett approve of the English girls, although he went out considerably in society, for "they can't talk to you like the American girls can." The English, by the way, confound "like" and "as," and Corbett's misuse is to be attributed to association with them.

Mr. Corbett "went to see Westminster Abbey" and possibly thought of the day when he might be carried to a national mausoleum, with the lamentations of a mighty people. But he did not think "much of this thing of chasing around looking at things," any more than he cares to chase an antagonist around the ropes; so he left the slight seeing to his wife.

Paris, happy Paris, won the instant approval of our traveler. "That's the hottest place I ever struck," says the eminent play-actor, and he compares it forthwith to Long Branch "all the year round." Unfortunately it was out of the season, and we are thus debarred from the privilege of knowing Mr. Corbett's opinions concerning the modern French school of acting. Coquelin was not in town. Got gave some ridiculous excuse, and Alexandre Dumas did not apparently speak English enough to welcome a visit from the American actor. But Mr. Corbett saw the tomb of Napoleon. "It was a great sight. It was worth going to see, and I liked it better than any other of the sights. But," adds Mr. Corbett in explanation, "everything is so easy and so gay in Paris."

"I could have gone all over Europe from Paris," adds Mr. Corbett, but desire failed him. Neither the sight of the Tsar nor a smoke with Bismarck had charms for the rattle, who, to use the language of the fraternity, "stood off" the King of Belgium, although there was a "special request" for

his presence. But Ireland was visited, particularly the town of Ballinroe, the birthplace of the senior Corbett. "The poor people even had illuminated their homes with candles," and there was dancing, there was singing, there were processions of peat torches. Men, women, girls, children kissed the ex-bank clerk. "I never was so touched in my life," remarks the hero. Certainly he was never so touched by Sullivan or Mitchell. "London is slow, Paris is the hottest place," but it is pleasant to part with Mr. Corbett on Irish soil, as the curtain is rung down on a tumultuous scene of popular rejoicing.

Science is ever wonderful, especially in its popularization. Here is an answer in good faith to the question whether certain kinds of ammonites are male and female forms of the same species: "We suggest that the characteristics in question are auxologic or bioplastic rather than sexual, being in some cases phylloerontic, in others merely phobic or gerontic; and we conclude that sexual dimorphism has yet to be proved for ammonite shells."

One Englishman, at least, deserves the thanks of humanity. He has invented a cat-gag, to prevent cats making a noise at night. Nor need sensitive people fear to employ it, for it does not annoy or inconvenience the animal in any way; it merely chokes caterwauling.

Miss Thursby was an admirable singer in her day, but when she recommends that singing should be taught to all young children, so that more musicians will be "made," she argues from a particular to a general. Besides, genuine musicians are not "made."

An esteemed contemporary spoke the other night of an "adorable triolet of children." Why not "rondeau" or "sonnet" "ballade" or "villanelle" or "chant royal" of children?

This same contemporary, by the way, speaks of a sister's care of a brother as an example of "filial devotion of the genuine stamp."

So much depends on geography. In America a "yellow" performance or a yellow dog is a poor thing. In China the yellow coat is the mark of almost imperial dignity.

This is the anniversary of the death of Xerxes, whose memory was long preserved in New England by the famous primer. "Xerxes the great did die And so must you and I."

If fire-arms cannot be used on the stage in New York, good-by to the prospect of hearing Massenet's latest opera with its volleys of cannon, rifles and revolvers.

If Queen Victoria was so anxious about the boat race why did she not take the helm of the Britannia herself?

The ever pleasing combination of straw hat and overcoat is now rigorously in fashion along the coast.

So 500 feet is the Maximum of the newest air-ship. And that's as far as many would care to fly.

Let us again consult the weather lore of the ancients. "When the dew is heavy in August, the weather generally remains fair. Thunder storms in the beginning of August will generally be followed by others all the month."

"As August, so the next February."

"None in August should over the land, In December none over the sea."

Wales must now regard his mother with her anxiety as a royal hoodoo.

Has the New York Sun then no reverence? Does it even dare to mock, flout, deride Concord and the blameless Concordians? Listen to this:

"We congratulate the Philadelphia University Extension Pilgrims to New England upon their good fortune in hearing Mr. Frank Sanborn lecture at Concord upon the excellence of Concord. Mr. Sanborn wears at this season of the year a pongee silk frock coat. Touch button No. 1, counting from the top, and you get reminiscences of Emerson. Button No. 2, Thoreau. Button No. 3, Hawthorne. Button No. 4, Amos Alcott. Button No. 5, John Brown. Side pockets, Mr. Sanborn himself. And how happy he must have been to run up against a crowd that couldn't get away from him."

The British Naturalist years ago published this admirable description of Boston weather, although the purport of the paragraph as written was not specific. "The summer has so many characteristics in the atmosphere, on the earth, and in the waters, and their changes are so many, and their succession so rapid, that no words can convey anything like an adequate idea of them."

It was on the 6th of August, 1848, that Capt. M'Quhae and his men on their way from the Cape of Good Hope to St. Helena on H. M. S. Daedalus saw the sea serpent at a distance of 200 yards. "Its movement was steady, rapid and uniform," and this is all they could tell about it after examination through glasses of various sizes. The yearly investigation at Marblehead is more precise, conducted as it is by professors, amateur naturalists and experts.

The Saturday Review man has listened patiently for a season to opera in German, and now asks "Why cannot Germans sing in tune?" Mr. Beatty-Kingston, in his "Music and Manners," asked the same question, and told amusing stories about the "amazing tolerance of false intonation." Here is one in which Fricke figures, the bass who died the other day: "Once, when Fricke had been called out after some achievements in the way of false intonation, for which nothing short of his instant execution could have fitly atoned, I said to poor Eckert, who was sitting next to me in the stalls, 'Why is this man summoned to receive blessings instead of curses; or rather, why is he not led away to prompt but painless death? He has sung every note of his part a quarter-tone flat; is that what your public likes?' 'You mean the good Fricke, my dear? True is it, he sings out of tune a little now and then; but what a fine artist he is—what an accomplished actor—what an excellent man, stanch friend, loyal subject! Do you know that he paints quite delightfully in water colors, and plays upon half a dozen instruments? A really admirable fellow, that is why he is called out.' At the same time Eckert was annoyed, and Beatty-Kingston refers to the resentment of musical Germans when their susceptibility to false intonation is doubted.

It is hard to find a good fish ball in any Boston restaurant.

The "piano-touch" discussion is over at last. For this relief, much thanks. And now it is in order for some of the disputants, pianists, to go thoughtfully to work, profitably, if possible, by the discussion, so that they may gain in touch. Theorizing is an amusement; your true pianist remembers that Candide left the philosophers to dig in his garden.

Behold an instance of vanity peculiar to man. A Bostonian took, near Massachusetts Avenue, a Field's Corner car, not knowing that its destination was Park Square. As the car turned toward the Providence Station the passenger, vexed sorely, alighted. Instead of going back to Boylston Street, and continuing his course by another car, he walked into the station, lest the conductor should call him Reuben. And there he sat until the conductor passed on his return trip.

A temporary bachelor heard at a club that Chinese service could be obtained here at a reasonable price. He engaged a Chinaman, took him to his house in Dorchester, told him that all he wanted from him was the proper care of a bed room and the preparing of breakfast. The Chinaman said he must have \$8 a week, and when he was told that girls got less, he said in reply, "Me no work for what women get. Me cook better than a girl." The bachelor's

sympathies are now entirely with the Japanese.

"Not responsible for hats and coats and umbrellas" is a sign familiar to the frequenters of many restaurants. But a decision of the General Term of the Common Pleas (N. Y.) affirming that of the First District Court in the case of Butterman against Dennett disputes such a sign, so far as New York is concerned. While the plaintiff was watching his scrambled eggs and coffee his hat and coat disappeared in the defendant's restaurant. He sued, and damages were awarded. There was an appeal, but in vain. Now is such a sign of any value in Boston? Or is it to be considered merely a revelation of character, as though it read, "The proprietor is a crank," or "Don't expect the earth for 10 cents."

The English Methodists are somewhat excited over the question whether a laywoman is a layman. Unfortunately, for an easy answer, the woman who provokes the dispute is a Miss, otherwise it might be suggested that a laywoman and layman were related much as a draywoman and a drayman.

HAWTHORNE IN MUSIC.

An interesting interview with Mr. Walter Damrosch appeared the other day in the Pittsburg Dispatch. The well-known conductor is, of course, not responsible for the high-flown rhetoric of the reporter, who, after the statement that "he (Damrosch) would serve as a personification of music

In America, with a singular lack of logical sequence. Ambition glitter in his cool, gray blue eyes, and every feature of his remarkable face expresses determination and stubborn perseverance. That Mr. Damrosch is "a shrewd financier, and has won the support of the society element" is not to the musician's discredit, for music now, as for the last two centuries, is largely a thing of fashion.

Mr. Damrosch is still at work on his opera "The Scarlet Letter." "The idea of using Hawthorne's masterpiece," he states, "came to me 15 years ago. . . . Nothing more was done about it until by great good fortune George Parsons Lathrop, the husband of Hawthorne's daughter Rose, undertook the work." The reporter then says, there is a general impression that successful American opera would never be written around the life and customs and events of the present day. "Mr. Damrosch, however, says he can see no reason why opera—even grand opera—should not be brought strictly up to date, and it is not improbable that he will make the attempt in that direction."

In this belief Mr. Damrosch concurs with Bruneau, who has based two operas on stories by Zola. But when the former believes that "the climaxes, the more primitive and emotional phases are less thrilling and satisfying" than the subtle analytical part of such operas as those of Wagner, he departs from the belief of Bruneau, who is himself a fervent Wagnerian.

That the belief of Mr. Damrosch is sincere is shown by his choice of such a subject as "The Scarlet Letter," which is a study in morbid and diseased souls, although the tale is hardly "up to date." For operatic purposes the romance of Hawthorne gives little or no encouragement to the costume maker or the stage carpenter. There is little action, and the final revelation of the minister's secret must seem in opera an anti-climax after the scene at night where Dimmesdale keeps watch and mourns his sin. Now in opera nothing is so tiresome as endless soliloquy of an explanatory or self-analytic nature. Wagner is here a grievous offender. Whether the garulous person be King Marke, Wotan, Gurnemanz, or Hans Sachs, the result is often dramatic failure. Nor is it easy to believe that music is the best vehicle for the expression of self-analysis. The sad people of Hawthorne do nothing but explain, indulge in casuistry, regret, despair. Such emotions as shake them need the full cunning of the word-painter and the literary surgeon to make them real and palpable.

After all, it is more or less impertinent to judge of the subject of an opera before it is produced, or even finished; and the result of Mr. Damrosch's experiment will be watched with curiosity. Perhaps his choice is only a sign of the times. The subjects preferred in opera were approximately in order mythological, classically historical, romantic with a tendency toward the ghoulish, mediaeval historical, romantic with a tendency toward intrigue. Wagner returned to mythology. The ultra-modern Italians have gone crazy over the doctrine of "verismo." Who knows but that Mr. Damrosch is the pioneer in the direction of the analytical, and that some one may yet set a novel of George Meredith to operatic music.

What, Vigilant again?

It seems that there is dispute in the State over the exact meaning of the legal phraseology of the Brewery Law. Now a beer law should be a plain, simple thing, but terrible in its working, as a law of nature. These should be the two leading articles: One, The introduction of a deleterious drug should send the brewer to prison. Two, The customer's glass should be filled to the brim, and there should be no profit in the "boobies."

A passionate headline told a panting world that "America's greatest artists" were in the "various roles" in the performance of "Midsummer Night's Dream" at Saratoga. In this connection it is a pleasure to note the names of Mr. H. C. Barnabec and Miss Mena Cleary.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Battled Hymn of the Republic" will be sung at the Bryant Commemoration. And, pray, what earthly or spiritual relationship is there between that hymn and the celebration?

Cattle can now say to the victims of the barbed wire on the Chicago plain ground, "You know how it is yourselves."

Baron Harden-Hickey says: "The one drawback to my projected kingdom (Trinidad) is the fact that it possesses no good harbor." But how about the snakes and scorpions, so sociable that they claim bed and board? And the future King James I. of Trinidad says nothing about that lake of asphaltum, big enough to pave 10,000 Commonwealth Avenues and the back yards of all the protesters therein.

Comrade Swift has at last struck a bed-rock of practical social economy. He advises the unemployed "To go on Commonwealth Avenue and Beacon Street and select for themselves the houses they would like to live in." As many of these houses are now closed, and there is always fear of burglary during the summer months, the owners will be simply delighted. There will be reasonable wear and tear of furniture, but no owner should complain unless, the tenant of a season insists on keeping rabbits in the drawing room, or turn a family

portrait by Copley into a target for pistol practice. Why should Marlboro' Street be overlooked in this scheme of summer tenancy?

That it did not rain during the *al fresco* performance of "Midsummer Night's Dream" is thought unusual. The open air play loved by the rain is "As You Don't Like It."

Has our esteemed contemporary lost all interest in sporting matters, or was the sporting editor talking, or pursuing, or in a journey, or peradventure sleeping? Only 6 lines about the knocking out of Mr. Shepard, the negro lightweight champion of the Northwest, by Mr. Finnlick the "Arkansaw kid!" No details about the fibbing, and the jabbing, and the kidney roasters; and nothing about a chopping block.

Boston leads, Chicago next, with Philadelphia a close third. Let us hope that the others are out of this particular race.

Mr. Abbey denies the rumor that Sir Augustus Harris and he are going into operative partnership. "We are excellent friends," says Mr. Abbey; and they wish so to remain.

The modern Pilgrims found Concord. It seems they left Concord.

The Marquis of Lorne is about to appear as a librettist. It is an easy task to predict the critical reviews of the London newspapers.

Aug 8 - 94

It seems as though Mrs. Charlotte Smith did not apply the slipper to the right place.

So, the stock company at the Museum will soon give a "pretentious performance" of "Prince Pro Tem," according to an esteemed contemporary.

Pilar-Morin is a pillar of pantomime.

And is it possible that they who speak of this charming woman now at Keith's have forgotten her appearance at the Museum last November, when she played with marvelous vivacity and power the part of Pierrot in "L'Enfant Prodigue?"

It is hard for the Americans to distinguish between the modern French pantomime, with its leaning toward the fantastically tragic, and the old pantomime, with its saws, bricks and hot poker. Yet there are students of the stage who prophesy that the opera, if not the supreme play of the future, will be a pantomimic show.

Monday, when the victorious Vigilant crossed the line, "the band played 'God Save the Queen,'" but it was too late to save the Britannia. Mr. Iselin, by the way, who was in charge of the Vigilant, swore in his patriotic excitement; the recording angel was undoubtedly at hand with a kindly tear.

The glory of William Cullen Bryant eclipsed that of his brother, John H., who will read a poem at the commemoration at Cummingtown, and yet the latter is an ama-

ble poet. His name is not found in Mr. Dana's "Household Book of Poetry," that admirable collection made before the compiler took it upon him to guide the chariot of the Sun, but Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America," once described as a mausoleum of mediocrity, allows that the lesser Bryant is "a man of refined taste and kindly feelings" and of "easy and correct" versification.

Mr. Chatel, on trial in Paris for Anarchism, claims that he is an individualist. Now an individualist is, after all, another name for an egotist, and an egotist, according to Charles Reade, is a man who will burn his neighbor's house to cook himself an egg. Is not such a man cater-cousin to an Anarch?

Let no one rashly accuse Mr. Corbett of low mercantile instincts, because the eminent play-actor will not be seduced by the wiles of Mr. Peter Jackson. "I am after the dust, and I figure on making a big sum by acting." The late William Shakespeare wrote "Othello" for money, and he played Adam and the Ghost for money. Mr. Irving and his friend Miss Terry, Coquelin, Marie Tempest are also "after the dust," although they may not express publicly their purpose with such ingenuousness and native force.

It is hinted that Mr. Oscar Wilde's new book on Shakespeare's sonnets is merely a revival of the theory of Barnstorf, so vigorously combatted by Friedrich Bordenstedt. At the best, it is an unsavory subject.

The society reporter has failed in her duty toward Mrs. Laytin of New York, now at Saratoga. The world is told that Mrs. Laytin has 300 gowns, 130 pairs of shoes, 95 parasols, 104 hats, and 200 fans, "with other necessities and luxuries," but there is no bill of items of these last-named more or less intimate articles of dress. Now does the statement that she is "the most modest, unassuming woman imaginable" console us for the unaccountable reticence.

Some one asks what effect, if any, the proposed asphaltting would have on the trees of Commonwealth Avenue. The trees in the streets of Paris have not suffered from asphalt, but they are nurtured most carefully by the city.

The many cures for obesity, the belts and pills exhibited in shop windows, refute the European theory that all Americans are scraggy and rawboned. There is no end to the art of the surgeon and the specialist, and it is, therefore, not surprising to discover by a sign in a Boylston Street shop that there is at least one place in town where "Ladies' waists are reduced to \$2.50." If a "lady" has a \$10 waist, or even a \$100 waist, here is her opportunity. To reduce a waist below \$2.50 would be to turn that which may be graceful into that which is freakish, fit only for a dime museum. The sign, however, is not explicit. Are the waists reduced "while you wait," as hats are blocked, and "pants" are creased?

Has the rhetoric of the press agent failed him utterly? A few days ago the cable was hot with burning words about the success of Mrs. Nordica, how she "presented the character (Elsa) exactly as Wagner conceived it," and how "her singing at the third act aroused the most phlegmatic to enthusiasm." This arousing at the end of a third act is indeed a task, as any one who has been at Bayreuth will grant readily, for the half-hour waits inspire a Gargantuan thirst, and the "phlegm" of the audience of the last act is composed largely of beer. Then followed a graphic account of how the widow Cosima—"Così fan tutte," as the Berliners dubbed her—gave our talented countrywoman a costly fan, and fell on her neck, and "extolled her in terms of extreme admiration." But of late there has been a suspicious silence, and yet the cable is said to be in working order. From accounts in German newspapers it appears that thus far Nordica has been the one creditable feature of a festival that otherwise sinks below mediocrity. But why should we be allowed to burst in ignorance concerning the fair singer's impressions of German cookery, the sanitary condition of Bayreuth, as well as the precise character of her new gowns, or any other "musical gossip?"

What, pray, are "gymkhana sports" at Halifax?

Aug 9 - 94

Let fishermen of high and low degree, of dull wit or splendid imagination, chirp, carol and sing roundelays, for this is the birthday of Izaak Walton.

There is good reading for this fishy holiday. First of all is "The Complete Angler" by the patriarch himself, with its quaint reflections, and praise of angling, as in the song by Jo Chalkhill.

"Where we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath,
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented."

Lady Somerset does not approve of "Living Pictures," and this leads Mr. Huneker to remark, "Lady Somerset evidently believes that women were made to be heard, not seen."

Molly Seawell is a singularly modest woman. It is true that her name is not yet blown dally through the trumpet of Fame standing on a housetop, but it may yet strike the roof of the world. "I am very fond of dress," says Molly, "and I have much more confidence in my ability to design a gown or plan a dinner than in my capacity to write a book." In these days when the flag of Literature is a petticoat, and nearly every woman has ink fingers, hurrahs and vivas and bravas and any other bolsterous, multisonous, stentoronic and uproarious tribute of appreciation for Molly Elliott Seawell.

The following comparison of elgar deserves thoughtful attention of grammarians, whether they follow Gould Brown or Richard Grant White. It is at the same time practical and symbolical, and it is remembered easily by little children. And here it is, a monument to the memory of Mr. Oliver Herford: "Blite, bitter, but."

Miss Bessie Clayton now "obliges" at the Palace Theatre, London. She styles herself "America's greatest dancer," which moves the Pall Mall Gazette to remark, "a designation which after all is fairly modest, for she certainly can dance, and most so-called American dancers cannot."

Then there is the merry piece, "Walton Redivivus," by Thomas Hood, the eclogue in which Viator and Piscator figure:

Via.—"Good morrow, Master Piscator. Is there any sport afloat?"

Pis.—"I have not been here time enough to answer for it. It is barely two hours ago since I put in."

And let all tastes be gratified. They that echo Plutarch and hold fishing "a filthy, base, illiberal employment having neither wit nor perspicacity in it, nor worth the labor," may read with pleasure Leigh Hunt's essay on Angling, in which he invents "a Genius fishing for us. Fancy him baiting a great hook with pickled salmon, and thitching up old Izaak Walton from the banks of the River Lee, with the hook through his ear. How he would go up, roaring and screaming, and thinking the devil had got him!

Other joys
Are but toys."

Then there's Byron with his charge of cruelty:

"And angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says:
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to
pull it."

Is the weather appropriate to practical celebration?

Fish bite the least
With wind in the East.

"The extradition of Jabez Balfour" is now a headline familiar to readers of English journals. It sounds like the title of a sensational novel, and Jabez Balfour is a Wilkie Collins name.

After the 2 to 1 decision, the closed doors were thrown open, and there was an instantaneous revelation of the good-fellowship that exists in police circles. Capt. Philemon Warren said, "earnestly and emphatically," that he was delighted with the result. Another officer gave a reporter this assurance: "We've been just like brothers in cleaning out these resorts," but he neglected to state whether they had been brothers to each other, or to the ladies and the tigers.

Cain, the sculptor, is dead. He is now in all probability safe from punsters.

And this reminds us. What a godsend Oates is to the paragraphers.

Mr. Underwood's death recalls the starting of the Atlantic Monthly. Would there be a market in the United States to-day for a magazine of precisely that character, and no one surely will maintain that the Atlantic of to-day has the uncommon strength of its youth? Or, is the public debauched by the monthly picture books with text explanatory and written up to or down to the illustrations? But what an admirable magazine was the Atlantic of early years, in spite of its streak of proud provincialism, a streak not altogether uninteresting.

Apropos of magazines, the second number of the Yellow Book is out, with queer pictures by Mr. Beardsley, and a still queerer picture of Mr. Beardsley by, apparently, his deadliest foe.

Mr. Underwood was the second President of the Papyrus Club, and the years of his rule were 1873-74-75.

A child has small-pox. Prudence and the law demand the isolation of the patient. "A mob of 8000" resist the attempt of the health officers, and the police are powerless. And was all this in Cossack town or Chinese city? Oh, no. The name of the town is Milwaukee.

Col. S. V. R. Cruger is named as the next Mayor of New York by enthusiastic Republicans. Alas, they forget that Mrs. Cruger has written society novels.

Leith, the town where Mr. Underwood died, all too soon, is known chiefly to Americans by Maginn's lines:

"There was a lady lived at Leith,
A lady very stylish, man—
And yet, in spite of all her teeth
She fell in love with an Irishman."

Utopia at last! And it will be founded by Mrs. French-Sheldon, the alleged author of a book of travels. "The plan of government outlined by Mrs. French-Sheldon looks to the common good of those interested, but will not be communistic. . . . There will be "no shiftless, immoral, useless laborers." For further details, hear Mrs. French-Sheldon's lectures the coming season.

The Declaration of Independence, a singular old document, by the way, but still worth reading holds as a self-evident truth that all men are created equal. The House Judiciary Committee excepts the Japanese.

Kuno Fischer, professor at Heidelberg, is renowned for "beauty of speech," he "draws more students than any other teacher," and he wears no beard. This is evidently not a case of "beauty draws us with a single hair."

If on St. Lawrence's Day the weather be fine, says the German proverb, fair autumn and good wine may be hoped for.

And this is the day of St. Lawrence, who centuries ago was broiled alive in pagan Rome, on a gridiron. The Spaniards claim him as from Aragon, and say that his heroism was partly owing "to the dignity and fortitude inherent in him as a Spanish gentleman." And when he had been pressed down with fire-forks for a long time he said: "This side is now roasted enough; O, tyrant, do you think roasted meat or raw the best?"

Now in Germany, even in late days, the gridiron would not probably have been used as an instrument of torture; for the fryingpan is preferred to it. Some say there is no such cooking implement in Germany, and no word for it in the language. Neither of these statements is strictly true.

And yet a dozen years ago in Germany it was exceedingly rare to find steak or chops cooked properly. There was a restaurant in Dresden kept by a man named Kneist. In face he was like unto the Chando's Shakespeare. A courtly man, a man of land and beeves; and on occasions of national rejoicing it is said that he rivaled the feat of the Bassompierre, who emptied his riding boot to the health of 13 cantons. At Kneist's there was a gridiron. At Kneist's there were chops and steaks that knew not the fryingpan. It was an American that introduced the gridiron. Mr. Joseph Mason, for many years Consul at Dresden, took over two. One was at Kneist's, the other was exhibited for a time in a shop window, and now, no doubt, it is the pride of some German collector of curiosities.

It was also at Kneist's that Americans could obtain raw tomatoes, the love-apples feared by many Germans as poison. When a traveler called for them, the process of preparation and seasoning was watched with keen interest, and when he swallowed them there was heavy breathing in the room; of expectation of an accident, of internal commotion, lingering agony or sudden death.

We have oftsoons felt a joy in quoting from the precious phrases of the decadent employed by an esteemed contemporary. Was not Pegasus once at the plow? Although a decadent of unbridled verbal licentiousness, he casts occasionally his liquid thought in an old and approved mould. Here is a delectable instance. In giving the common incident of birth to his hero, he thus turns the thought in an alliterative channel: "He was born . . . a few years ago, and since 1893 has been passing through every stratum of stage strategy." It may be asked, "Pray, what is a stratum of strategy; was Hannibal, Turenne or Napoleon acquainted with it?" But such questioning is merely the carping of Philistinism.

It is pleasant to know that ballet girls in America are forming "a labor organization."

The first labor under the new rules was to pay the initiation fee and the first month's dues. Let us hope that the next step will be the learning how to dance.

To "West End."—The West Church was organized in 1735, and the first pastor was the Rev. William Hooper, who afterward turned to the Church of England and became pastor of Trinity. Jonathan Mayhew, Simeon Howard, Charles Lowell and C. A. Bartol were the successive ministers. It is said that the first Sunday School established in New England originated in the West Church in 1812.

What a gallant professor of anthropology Mantegazza is, to be sure. In his latest book he declares "an error of orthography, or even of grammar, in a feminine handwriting, is a wayward little foot which peeps out from under the skirt of the dress and hints to us the glories of the sex."

The monthly statement that tobacco is "a subtle and insidious foe of the voice" appeared promptly this week. In this connection it is interesting to note a remark of Charles Santley: "I have never known a great singer who did not smoke. Mario, for instance smoked a great deal, and apparently it did him no harm. He smoked from 25 to 30 ordinary sized cigars a day, and in Italy, where real Havana cigars are rarely obtainable, he used to smoke a hundred Cavours a day."

There were brave men before Agamemnon, and Sandow should remember the fate of Thomas Topham, who died Aug. 10, 1749. Topham, in public, was in the habit of breaking a rope that could sustain twenty hundredweight; lifting an oaken table six feet in length with his teeth, though half a hundredweight was hung to its opposite extremity; lifting two hundredweights on his little finger "and moving them gently over his head;" "rolling up a pewter dish seven pounds in weight as a man would roll up a sheet of paper;" "smashing a cocoanut by striking it against his ear." Now, Topham knew Delilah, as did his rival Samson, and his end was "miserable and untimely."

In the description of a new theatre we read that each seat will have fresh air, "the supply being through a hollow chair leg." The audience will then the more easily rise to the dramatic situation and dilate with the proper emotion.

Let dragons and owls honor Brimmer Street, and let satyrs dance in Commonwealth Avenue whether its roadway be asphalted or macadamized. The boasted culture of Boston is a delusion and a snare. There is a Public Library; there is an Art Museum; there is a Symphony Orchestra; and occasionally there is a corking prize fight. But what availeth this? We have no Museum of Religions in Boston, where "idols, relics, prayer-wheels, shrine furnishings, sacred books, thurifers"—why not thuribula?—"and ritual appurtenances of all sorts," secured "for a home institution at almost no expense" may be seen freely, without even a charge for the care of shawl or umbrella.

Paris has such a museum. Chicago will have one. "Who will give to Boston an establishment in which any fact respecting any religion can be quickly and authentically ascertained?" asks President Warren.

There is more urgent need, however, of another museum, one that would show the stranger the stages in the development of Boston Culture; and its name is the Museum of Fads.

Start not. "Fad" is not confined to the vocabulary of slang. It is a provincial word, as "fad," a trifling whim, or "fad," one who is particular, or fussy about trifles, or "fad," a hobby, a favorite pursuit. All respectable words, found in far better company than your modern and hideous phrases "smart set," and "swagger set," Miss Eustachia.

Such a museum would serve many purposes, if it were arranged carefully, and the specimens described thoroughly in the catalogue. Take, for instance, the Tolstoi Fad, one of the choicest in the collection. There would be the works in Russian, the letters written by American translators accusing each other of ignorance of Russian, and a pair of boots made by the author's own hands. And in this room there should be a fiddler and a pianist, ready to play the Kreutzer sonata for a moderate fee.

The Browning room could be made most interesting, a delightful place for lounging in rainy weather. Hours could be spent profitably in comparing the explanations given of the inner meaning of passages from "Sordello" and other cryptic poems. An interesting essay entitled "Why Browning Did Not Wish to Be Understood" might be read daily at noon, and read slowly for the benefit of the Western visitor. The walls should be ornamented with portraits of the members of the Browning Club. The faces of the two disciples who so forgot themselves as to snicker right out at the late memorial service should be turned toward the wall; or removed altogether, as in the case of imprudent Doges in Venice.

There should be an Ibsen room, a Brahms room, a Wagner room, and a whole Concord floor.

The Meredith room might be enriched by the affidavit of a talented young gentleman who swears to his readiness at any moment to undergo a searching examination as to the precise meaning of the opening chapter of "Diana."

The reckless bravery of Japanese soldiers is now accounted for. It appears that Japan, unlike the United States, has a national air. "It is indescribable," says a contemporary; "it is terrible. And then the Japanese soldiers do not fear death." This national air must be a species of topical song.

By the calendar the reign of the dog-star is over on this day.

It seems that there are some complaints concerning disorder at the Seidl concerts, and these regulations are among others suggested. "Smoking not aloud; smoke to yourself. If you must dance when the music is playing, please go out and do it on the bald-headed lawn. Anti-Wagnerites must not spit on the floor. This last rule will be strictly enforced."

Certain Brooklyn waiters who were in the habit of carrying dishes in their arms, struck because the landlord ordered them to use trays. The reasonableness of the strike is not apparent. There is still an opportunity for inserting the thumb firmly in soup or vegetables.

President Reinhart does not seem to want that Little long.

Here is another study in the vocabulary of a village. A correspondent writes: "One rainy day the butcher appeared in a tight-fitting rubber suit, which made him look a good deal like the worsted Josephs of our youthful days, and remarked that he knew 'twas a terrible gorming suit,' but it kept him dry." This word "gorming" may come from the provincial word "gorm," to smear, to dirty. Or is it akin to "gaumy," sticky, as with smeared sugar? And then, there's the verb "gaum," to handle articles in a manner calcula' to damage them, as well as the verb "gaum," to know. Mr. Peggotty's oath "gormed" is of easier explanation.

Our correspondent also notes the use of "groutchy," as in a groutchy mood. "Spleeny" is used to describe an obstinate or irascible man, or a lazy horse. "Groutchy" is undoubtedly a form of "grouty;" and "spleeny" is easy enough, although Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, "a lady of excellent genius, especially in poetry," does

mention in her poem, on "Spikes," this
onym for laziness applied to an animal.
Countess, however, pays tribute to the
paradox that spleen was the cause
laughter
hilit in the light and vulgar crowd
y slaves more clamorous and loud
laughters unprovoked thy influence too
confess."

Aug 12 - 1894

A BREACH OF CONTRACT.

There is laughter in a Western town be-
cause a man sues for divorce on the ground
that his wife bleached her hair against his
will. Women may say: "Have we not a
right to do as we please with our own?"
and there is, it is true, a long line of prece-
dents establishing apparently this right.
From the dawn of the world, woman has
exercised the privilege of improving, as she
thinks, on nature. And to confine ourselves
to hair, it may be remarked that brunettes
have sighed for golden tresses and that
there are few instances of blondes experi-
encing for raven locks. Thus, for ex-
ample, in Spain and in Italy, many, to make
the hair seem to be of a golden hue, per-
fumed it with sulphur, steeped it in aqua
fortis and exposed it to the sun in the hot-
test time of the day. An attempt not with-
out peril. Witness the fate of the currier's
daughter, mentioned by Amatus Lusitanus;
for the young maid, only 13 years old, would
thus wash her hair in July and let it dry
in the sun, "to make it yellow, but by that
means, tarrying too long in the heat, she
inflamed her head and made herself mad."

It is possible that in some cases the hir-
sute transformation is of advantage; it may
strengthen the husband's wavering affec-
tion: It may bind him fast by the chain of
novelty. There may be fellows to the hus-
band spoken of by Max Beerbohm, "who,
suddenly realizing that his wife was paint-
ed, bade her sternly, 'Go up and take it all
off,' and on her reappearance bade her with
increasing sternness, 'Go up and put it all
on again.'" But the husband in this West-
ern town has certainly a claim in equity
when he sues for a divorce. And for this
reason: There is a violation of contract.

When a prudent man contemplates matri-
mony—carpers may here object to the
adjective chosen—let us say then, when the
comparatively prudent man bethinks him
of a wife, he believes that he chooses his
ideal. He wishes the combination of mind
and body that appeals most strongly to
him. He studies the girl's mother, that
he may anticipate the probable middle-age
of his wife. He contrives to find out
whether she is sound and kind. As the
scheme in Sir Thomas More's "Utopia"
is hardly practicable in these days, he must
rely in great measure on personal observa-
tion. He may prefer a blue-eyed blonde of
lymphatic temperament, or he may yearn
for a red-cheeked, sanguine brunette.
Whatever may be his taste, whether his
ideal be long or short, fat or thin, aggres-
sively educated or an amiable goose, he
thinks that by marrying he will achieve his
ideal. The years may bring disappoint-
ment, or happiness beyond measure; but
when he stands at the altar with a black-
haired bride he marries a black-haired
woman, and it is doubtful whether any
woman at such a moment would insist on
the privilege of transforming a physical
charm that has allured him and been
praised by him.

The years of marriage have accustomed

him to the brunette of his bosom. He
leaves the house one morning and toils dur-
ing the day for the comfort and support of
the brunette; he returns and finds a blonde,
or, as the operation of transformation may
take a longer time, he finds something un-
known, something indeterminate, some-
thing that would strike terror to the
stoutest soul. He has lost his wife. He is
living with another woman. That which
was familiar now seems strange. He did
not contract to love and cherish a blonde,
Titianesque or strawberry. He does not
care for blondes. In the eyes of the world
he has another wife, a wife not chosen by
him. Now add to the enormity of such a
case the persistence of a woman who asked
consent and was refused. Has not the hus-
band rights in the matter? Must he be
obliged to drag out existence with a woman
that first blazed balefully above his hori-
zon the day she bleached her hair?

In a plea for unrestricted immigration,
Mr. W. D. McCrackan asks where "our
humor" would be without "the infusion of
raw, primitive, Latin and Slav elements?"
Bless your soul, the Latins and Slavs have
wondered for a long time at the "individu-
ality" of American humor that knows no
such foreign elements. Mr. McCrackan is
evidently a Scotchman.

The authors of "Sweet Marie" divide, it is
said, \$2000 per month. They should share
with the composers of the tunes which now
ingeniously make the said popular and sac-
charine compound.

Here is an excellent example of the genu-
ine Anarchist. Angell, on trial in Paris
for anarchism, is an art student. His bills
have been paid by a Swedish Prince.

There is a strong probability that Mrs.
French-Sheldon's "non-sectarian, non-politi-
cal, non-communistic and non-anar-
chial" colony will be non-existent.

Financial stagnation in the Back Bay!
And some, though reputed rich, are unable
to pay the grocer and the dressmaker.

The report that "The Mosquito coast is in
a state of anarchy" should not excite sur-
prise.

It is the layman that is always explaining
to the musician what music means.

If you don't like coal, help yourself to the
sugar.

IN AN INN.

The Random Reflections of One Sitting at Table.

Concerning Hunting After the Perfect, Polished Phrase.

A Resurrection of Anxiety in Avoid- ing the Commonplace.

Some sniff at the memory of Walter Pater,
and say his work will have no abiding
place, because he was simply a pursuer of
a phrase, or a cutter of verbal cameos, or a
polisher, who, careless of the quality of the
substance, would have sweated his life
away for a polish, new, and blinding to the
eyes of man. "Ideas are what we want,
sir, ideas:—Rough diamonds, gold that must
be quarried, nuts defiant of the cracker,
muscles that bulge and strain in the effort
of expression."

But is it nothing to have written this de-
scription of Leonardo's "Gioconda?"

"She is older than the rocks among which
she sits; like the vampire, she has been
dead many times, and learned the secrets of
the grave; and has been a diver in deep
seas, and keeps their fallen day about her;
and trafficked for strange webs with East-
ern merchants; and, as Leda, was the
mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint
Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has
been to her but as the sound of lyres and
flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with
which it has moulded the changing line-
aments, and tinged the eyelids and the
hands."

When you read such prose, you under-
stand the words of George Moore concern-
ing Pater's "Marius the Epicurean": "This
book was the first in English prose I had
come across that procured for me any
genuine pleasure in the language itself, in
the combination of words for silver or gold
chime, and unconventional cadence, and
for all those lurking half-meanings, and
that evanescent suggestion, like the odor of
dead roses, that words retain to the last of
other times and elder usage."

But might not Mr. Moore have used in
this eulogy the forms "silvern" and "gol-
den" to advantage, and might he not have
ended his sentence with "other times?"

Now let us forget the phrase of Baud-
laire that a vocabulary is a palette; let us
put from the writing desk jewels of
fantastic speech, for the inlaying of pages,
let us cease to hanker after light and
color. Here is a mighty line from the
Greek.

"The moon has set and the Pleiades, and
the nights are at midst, and the hour is
come, and I sleep alone."

Here is no exotic vocabulary. Here is
no suspicion of the African school, "for
which elaboration was the first and last
law of taste." Here are no "insperata
atque inopinata verba," demanded by
Fronto, the rhetorician, "who condemned
Cicero in that he was not scrupulous in
his search for effect."

This Greek sentence cuts as a two-edged
sword. Mr. Walter Pater, with all his sur-
passing skill, never put into words such an
overpowering expression of o'ermastering
love-longing.

There are such examples of bald, colorless
sublimity in the Old Testament. In the
Elizabethan drama, in Walt Whitman. And
in these same masterpieces of literature
are examples galore of phrases peculiar to
the decadence, to the "Entartung," as "Max
Nordau" has it.

Here is an instance from "The Book of
Judges." In its simplicity, and in its artful
repetition, it is both Greek and Byzantine.
"At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down:
at her feet he bowed, he fell: where he
bowed, there he fell down dead."

When George Moore writes of the de-
cadents he writes as a decadent. Listen to
him as he whispers to you about Paul Ver-
laine: "The royal magnificences of the sun-
set have passed, the solemn beatitude of
the night is at hand, but not yet here; the
ways are veiled with shadow, and lit with
dresses, white, that the hour has touched
with blue, yellow, green, mauve, and unde-
cided purple; the voices? Strange contral-
tos; the forms? not those of men or women,
but mystic, hybrid creatures, with hands
nervous and pale, and eyes charged with
eager and fitful light."

When Mr. Moore writes a novel, as "Es-
ther Waters," he denies himself these
splashes of color, these perplexing, ueligh-
ting, nerve-soothing or nerve-exciting tints
and tones. He uses a dull gray. He has
no time to hint. He has no time to sug-
gest. Adjectives, unless in a rare descrip-
tion, are in the way. They delay. Conjun-
ctions seem superfluous.

And in which school is Mr. Moore the
greater artist?

Now, it is not easy, particularly in these
nervous days, to be Greek. Emerson him-
self is as much decadent as Greek. Is it
easier to play at Paterism?

It may not be easier, but surely it is more
fashionable. The publisher no longer
frowns on that which may startle, he
courts it. The public no longer shies at
first sight.

Twenty years ago, perhaps ten years ago,
"The Yellow Book" would have been an
impossibility. To-day, even Mr. Philip G.
Hamerton pats its covers and tries publicly
to like it.

Mr. Hubert Crackenthorpe may still talk
in an amusing manner of "the guardian of
our mediocrity; the very foil of our intel-
ligence." He may write bitterly as, "Let
us remember that he has never professed
to understand Art, and the deep debt of
gratitude that every artist in the land
should consequently owe to him; let us re-
member that he is above us, for he belongs
to the great middle class; let us re-
member that he commands votes, that he
is a candidate for the County Council; let
us remember that he is delightful, because
he is intelligible. * * * A plain moral
lesson is all that he asks, and his voice is
as of one crying in the ever fertile wilder-
ness of Smith and Mudge." But Mr. Crack-
enthorpe not only finds abundant copy in
this Philistine, be he creature of flesh and
blood, or man of straw; he sells his copy to
a publisher who dresses it handsomely, and,
it is to be presumed, at least hoped, pays
the author generously for the entertaining
expression of his indignation.

At present the literary road seems to the
traveler as a fork of two tines. There is
realism, there is decadence. And many are
the paths that run from one road to the
other. And no one knows if the main lines
are mathematically parallel.

As in literature, so in music and in paint-
ing. The mightiest struggle seems that of
expression. The choice of the word is the
supreme thing.

"The Chap-Book" publishes a poem by
Mr. J. R. Taylor, in which the rain is first
a "long vast whisper;" and then it is
"dark" and "a stealthy foot on the stair."
Would "the Chap-Book" publish a poem
written after the manner of our old and es-
teemed friend, Mr. Alexander Pope? And
would you read it though you were threat-
ened with the punishment of wild horses?

Not that this search of the phraselssome-
thing characteristic of this dying century
and peculiar to it. Years ago Apuleius
showed the way. As Mr. Whioley says
most felicitously, "He cared not where he
picked up his neologisms, so they were daz-
zling and bizarre. Greece, his own Carth-
age, the gutters of Rome contribute to the
wealth of his diction, for he knew naught of
that pedantry which would cramp expres-
sion for authority's sake. * * * He would
twist the vulgar words of every day into
quaint, unheard-of meanings, nor did he
ever deny shelter to those loafers and foot-
pads of speech which inspire the gram-
marian with horror. * * * One quality only
was distasteful to him: the commonplace."

Apuleius to-day is named Legion.

Against all this glitter and dazzle, against
all these word-mosaics, against all this
polishing of the phrase, let us again put
this simple Grecian sentence:

"The moon has set and the Pleiades, and
the nights are at midst, and the hour is
come, and I sleep alone."

PHILIP HALL.

3 weeks vacation

Aug 12 1894

A NEW SOCIETY.

Before the success of Puck and its followers, there was an inquiry into the causes of failure of comic journals, and the conventional answer was this: Almost every newspaper in this country had a column of jokes, original and selected, and therefore there was no popular demand for a distinctively comic paper. The answer was perhaps superficial, it was certainly plausible. Almost every newspaper boasted itself of a funny man. This real or alleged humorist was generally of a melancholy disposition with a capacity for work. He prepared his column or half-column of copy, as one who sets out with clenched teeth, to saw a cord of wood. He apparently took no more lively interest in his task than does the much enduring horse in a brick yard. Yet there was no disputing the fact that many of the jests were of a high grade of excellence. They enlivened the newspaper. They lightened the task of reading it faithfully from beginning to end. They won for the makers in some cases a national reputation.

These jests were usually constructed on the trifling misfortunes of mankind. They were of a rollicking nature, they went off with a snap and a bang, or they breathed the sad irony that characterized Sir Thomas More, even on the scaffold. Familiar subjects were the adjusting of stovepipes, the visit of the mother-in-law, the slippery quality of ice, the effect of beer when consumed in undue quantity, Uncle Ezekiel in New York, the dandy in the country, the effect of tacks applied externally to the human system, etc., etc. And after a while there began to be a sameness, a staleness, a tediousness. The thoughtful reader could prophesy the night before the character of half the jests that would appear the next morning. Not that he could fill in the detail, but he could give a rough sketch, a model working sufficiently to convey the main idea.

These humorous columns still exist. Newspapers still have their funny men. The task has naturally increased in difficulty with the flight of years. The Circular of the Society of Co-operative Humorists will therefore be read with interest by all who now suffer from writing the jests or from reading them.

The idea seems practical, and yet it is doubtful whether it can be put in active operation. The society is to be made up of one humorist from each city of real importance. At a stated hour each humorist must telegraph daily the quips, jests, epigrams, that have occurred to him during the preceding 24 hours. So there will be a rich material for copy in each city.

The objections, however, are serious. First of all, how is one humorist in each city to be chosen? There will be strife and bitter feelings at the start. The question of expense is not as serious, for the newspapers could obtain reduced rates, and a cipher might be used to advantage: Thus X might stand for mother-in-law, Y for goat, Z for umpire, etc. But here comes the chief objection, one that seems insuperable.

Each humorist would read, as ever, the newspapers for hints and suggestions. Suppose there are 50 humorists in the society. Forty-five would in all probability use the same items of news as the woof of the fabric of fancy. To be sure a local event might suggest a local humorous paragraph; but this paragraph, keenly relished in Chicago, might be caviare in Boston. The result would be many duplicates, and drudgery in comparing, selecting and rejecting. Certain subjects might be barred, as self-evident puns on the names of public men; even then there would be unavoidable repetition.

Yet there is something not wholly unpleasant in the idea itself, and the scheme may yet be perfected. The humorist of each city might be chosen by competitive examination. The competitors should be put in separate stalls as in a voting booth. They should be provided with a full set of the morning newspapers from which each jest must be derived. At the end of two hours, they should be released and their work examined by a committee chosen from disinterested citizens by the Mayor of the town.

A TRIUMPH OF YOUTH.

Mr. Grant Allen reviewed in a late number of the Academy the "Prose Fancies" of Mr. Le Gallienne. In the course of his remarks about literature, Le Gallienne, Grant Allen, and all things knowable, besides other things, he took occasion to say that this is the golden age of literary youth. And Mr. Allen is undoubtedly correct in statement. Now, what is the exact meaning of this phrase "golden age?"

There was an age when publisher and critic were united in the discouragement of youthful literary ambition. The poet's name was Keats, or it was Byron. If a publisher was persuaded to look at the first volume, the critic avenged the oversight. There was a shrinking from novelty. There was fear of the unconventional in idea or expression. The wig judged flowing locks that swept the feverish brow of genius. The poet, or the essayist, was as one born out of due time. Poe soared above a morass of native mediocrity. Stung by the insects, now preserved only in the glass cases of contemporaneous collectors, he turned into a savage reviewer, a Mr. Bludger of brandy fame. Suppose that Poe had waited for this age. He would be the glory of "The Yellow Book." Mr. Beardsley would caricature him and admirers would palpitate with wonder. Mr. Carmen and Mr. Hovey and Mr. Roberts would now be writing reviews couched in passionate phraseology. His prose and verse would appear in sumptuous and limited editions. There would be a din and a bobbery that would strike the stars, and roasted quail and doubloons would fall into his lap. Death would finally take him, but would find him sleek, smug, the owner of a summer cottage and preferred and profitable railway stock. The only fly in Poe's ointment would be the undoubted refusal of Mr. Gilder to recognize him in the Century, and this after all would be bitter sweet compliment.

For nearly every day a new and great light appears above the horizon. If we believe the feeders and the worshippers of these lights, here are no shooting stars, no meteors, no comets of a season with steadily shrinking tails; these lights are fixed as in eternal lighthouses. The old lights are dim; they are neglected; they are extinct. What are the Elizabethans to Mr. Maeterlinck with his patent shudder and processions of canals, hospitals, and blind beggars? "What are Keats," asked a University man some years ago; and, indeed, what is Keats to young Mr. Thompson and the inspired bards of Canada? Fantastic, absurd expression is more to be preferred than the gorgeous setting of a great idea. Limping rhythm is of itself an unmistakable symptom of genius. The devout poet is mad. And the publisher throws open his shutters and his coffers to the youthful mob of literary law-breakers.

Far be it from us to deny the talent of many of these young monopolizers of literary attention. Welcome, thrice welcome, is every poetic thought or haunting suggestion, conventionally or grotesquely expressed by beardless youth or white-haired age. But youth and audacity do not of themselves form genius; and just now a young author who has not publishers at his heels is conspicuous, and if he works for the verdict of Time he is as one wanting understanding.

One would think that literature did not exist before the dying end of the century, and if a cool observer remarks the literature is that of decadence, he is dubbed a Philistine. That youth should receive proper recognition is to be desired when youth deserves it and bears itself modestly. But should the elders be driven to the wall? Has the first fresh and genuine literary word been spoken in a century by young gentlemen named Thompson, Le Gallienne, and their whooping admirers? And must publishers be without hope when the earth covers them?

September dries up wells or breaks down bridges. So say the Portuguese. And with our kaleidoscopic climate this saw is of local application.

Out in India 'tis September's sun which causes the black list upon the antelope's back.

The superstitious Californian believes that a wet September brings drouth for next summer, famine and no crops.

This is St. Giles Day, and, according to the Spaniards, the Saint finishes the walnuts; St. Giles, the patron of beggars and cripples, the antipodean Saint in London

THE NEED OF DE-INTRODUCTION.

One of the most objectionable features of modern etiquette is the heedlessness of introduction. Let us take a familiar example. X is in a street car. An acquaintance, Y, enters with his friend Z, who is a stranger to X. Y talks with X and then says apologetically, "Why, pardon me, you don't know Z? Let me introduce you." And he adds to this speech, "Two good fellows ought to know each other," or "It's funny you never met before," or some remark of a like character, which he intends shall put everyone at his ease and enliven the natural gloom of transport in a slow and crowded car. But Y never stops to think whether such a compulsory acquaintanceship is desired by either X or Z, who may have quarrelled, courted the same girl, run for the same office, or for a long time disliked each other instinctively, naming each other Dr. Fell.

It is a singular characteristic of man that when X is told he should know Y because each is a good fellow, mutual distrust arises. Still, this suspicion is, after the introduction, for a time concealed, as these are days of alleged civilization. The enforced acquaintances meet in a car or in the street, when Y is not in sight. There is by the code the necessity of a cheerful expression of recognition, and there may even be a passing word concerning the weather, a safe topic, or concerning the tariff, a dangerous topic, one to be avoided. Inwardly, however, each thinks the saluting a bore of the first magnitude. Each says to himself, "Why in the world did Y introduce me to that fellow?"

Sir Arthur Helps once said that it is

the petty misery, not the great, that makes life almost unendurable. The wretchedness that follows uncalled-for introduction is a petty misery. But how is it to be alleviated? To cut a person is regarded commonly as the act of a cad; and it is also an awkward and disagreeable operation. Why should there not be such an act in daily life as de-introduction? Start not at the word, nor object to its coinage. If there is such a thing as the deconsecration of a cemetery, why should there not be a de-introduction, a turning of acquaintances into strangers, without harsh feeling or violent rupture? Besides, there may even now be such words, for Murray's great English Dictionary has skipped for a time the letter D.

Either X or Z could then go to Y and say, "Look here, old fellow, I don't care much for the man that was with you last week. I wish you would de-introduce me." Then Y could arrange easily a meeting, and with the words "X let me de-introduce Z," the misery would vanish. Neither of the unfortunates would feel obliged thereafter to enter into unmeaning conversation, or even to recognize the other. Neither would be tempted to dodge round a corner, plunge impetuously into the first shop, or forsake a car. Neither would hear again the suspicious question of sweetheart or wife, "Where did you meet such a queer looking man?" X could read his newspaper in peace, Z could stare at the humorous advertisements without the consciousness that a bore was opposite and ready to pounce upon his prey.

There is every reason to believe that de-introduction would be welcomed eagerly by women. Afternoon teas, receptions, meetings of charitable societies, would lose much of their terror if it were known that introductions more or less compulsory were no longer necessarily binding. It is said that there are women who now never recognize men or women that are introduced to them in a crowd, and some go so far as to forget the face of the hostess. Such conduct should not be characteristic of the sweet sex, as Sir Thomas Browne has it; and amiable de-introduction would make amazingly for the sweetness and light that are so desirable in human intercourse.

This is the death day of "Dick Steele," loved by Thackeray, and the inventor of the noblest compliment ever paid woman. He was also, if not the inventor, a most frequent user of the marital excuse. For not monthly but almost daily did his wife receive such notes as

"Dear Prue:
"Don't be displeased that I do not come home till 11 o'clock."

"Yours ever."

And to the author of "The Christian Hero" the "11 o'clock" dinner was indeed a movable feast.

8 21 2 '94

A FEMALE SENATE.

In spite of the recent set-back in New York, the male and female advocates of woman suffrage look forward confidently to the day when women will enjoy or be bothered by full electoral privileges. The more sanguine rejoice in the thought of a female Governor who will appoint females to office, of females in Congress; of a female President, who will exchange courtesies with colleagues of England and Holland. To the average and scoffing man such a thought is food for jest; or, if he is in serious mood, it is a Utopian dream. But yet history tells us of a female Senate, in glory functions, and fall.

The ingenious historian Aelius Lampridius describes minutely the deeds of Heliogabalus. This extravagant and wicked Emperor was the first Roman to wear garments of mixed silk. He was the pioneer in mixed socks, and, indeed, he showed here a propensity that would excite the envy of the most accomplished barkeeper of to-day. He was the first to raise geese simply that they might furnish livers for his hungry dogs. And he was the only one of the Roman Emperors that allowed a woman to enter the Senate as "clarissima" or female Senator. Indeed he formed a female Senate, which met on the Quirinal. The presiding officer was Semiamira, his mother. The sessions were held regularly. The discussions were of weighty matters. Thus, for instance, decrees were passed regulating female costume, the degrees of social rank, all questions of etiquette. Some women were allowed carriages drawn by horses of repute; others were compelled to be driven after oxen or mules. Judicial notice was taken of the ornamentation of shoes, and it was not given to every woman to wear golden buckles or straps rich with precious stones.

Now even the most hardened and brutal opponent of female suffrage must admit that such a Senate at Washington would be of real value. It would settle matters that are now indeterminate and apparently indeterminate, matters that at present are discussed in "society columns" of newspapers and in journals controlled by haberdashers, dressmakers and milliners, but discussed without real authority, tentatively, often despairingly. Instead of self-appointed oracles sitting upon game-legged tripods, there would be the voice of a deliberative body. Such decisions would be final.

There would henceforth be no need of cultivating a race of McAllisters. Such a man might be permitted to appear before a Senate Committee and argue against the claim of a family to social recognition, but he would appear as an attorney and not as a judge. A male dressmaker might be called before another committee to suggest a pattern or a shade, but the authoritative decision would come from the Senate, not from the man whose judgment depended on his particular stock. The great question of the proper costume for a female bicyclist would be settled for all time. Formulas for social functions would be established. Women might enjoy the full use of their talents, if humanitarians and philanthropists were active in the lobby. The big hat might disappear forever from the theatre. The Senate, an ideal body, for would not any Government by women be ideal?—made up of women from all States, might be the means of leveling all classes, mitigating the evils of snobbery, and removing reproach from the so-called fashionable pleasures of life.

Lampridius does not tell us of the practical working of the Senate founded by Heliogabalus. This Senate perished with the Emperor of a short and mad reign. After his assassination it was decreed that no woman should enter into the Senate, and that a terrible curse should rest upon the head of any advocate of such a female body. It is fair to suppose, then, that the proceedings under Semiamira were vain and disorderly, provocative of strife, of tearing of garments and clutching of hair. From historical precedent, and from what we know already of the excitable conduct of American women when met together in a deliberative council—witness Chicago—is it likely that the possible advantages above described would turn out to be blessed realities?

Thunder in September indicates a good crop of grain and fruit for next year. Or else the ancients lie.

It's a pity that Commodore Vanderbilt is not alive to describe in his well-known picturesque language the present family row. For the founder of the Vanderbiltian dynasty never spared a relative; witness his scolding up of the character of the son-in-law—Colonel—editor.

Mr. J. H. McCarthy's enthusiasm for Miss "Cissie" Loftus was wont to reach a hysterical pitch in the dramatic column of the Pall Mall Gazette. He wooed her with his pen and was rewarded peculiarly even in the wooing.

Any Anglomaniac now in town must have been cheered by yesterday's atmosphere—in color truly Londonian, Londonic, Londonesque.

The labor of Labor Day is over for a year.

Yesterday's procession was Walt Whitman's "Carol of Occupations" in the shape of living pictures.

There are not too many holidays. What is needed is education in the enjoyment of them.

It is hard for some to overcome the inherited New England belief that a week-day without work is a day wasted. They therefore toil and sweat in enforced pursuit of pleasure, instead of carelessly putting their feet on the dash-board and inviting the band to play.

Lady Somerset objects to bloomerism, and gives aesthetic grounds. But are not bloomers peculiarly adapted to somersets?

The verb "editorialize" appeared the other day in a local contemporary. The writer had the grace to use quotation marks, but he was none the less a sad offender. "Editorial," the noun for the adjective, is still looked at askew by the precise. "Editorialship" is a word of respectable age. But "editorialize?" Go to!

Are parties or individuals "editorialized" in these days? Does any patriot cry out in the night watches, "Would that it were morning, so that I might know what Roanerges thinks about the sewer bill?" There is apparently no excuse for such verbal colnage.

There is an attempt to boom St. Helena as a health resort. The late Napoleon Bonaparte did not think highly of the climate or the quiet of the insular life. It will also be remembered that he complained bitterly of the native washerwomen.

The society known as the Walt Whitman Fellowship might have been entitled more appropriately the Calamus Club.

In many instances can anything be worse than "the best a man can do?"

Mr. W. D. Howells says "I do not go to church, because the sermons I am likely to hear make me antagonistic." And many for precisely the same reason do not read Mr. Howells's sermons.

Mr. Ward McAllister reports the entertainment of a Prince, "whose name I have forgotten," by the Vanderbilts. It is not likely that the memory of the guide, philosopher, friend of the 400 is failing; but when a man is wont to sit down at meat with kings and counselors, and accustomed to call dukes by their given names, a stray Prince is easily forgotten.

By the way, does not Mr. W. E. Curtis go too far in drawing a comparison between Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and Catherine of Russia? Perhaps he has never read Byron's bitter line.

To L. D.: Your position is well taken. There should be a calendar of beverages. Of course, there are now broad, underlying principles known to all. The sect of Milk-Shakers, for instance, disappears in winter. The slight of a fashionably dressed man drinking hot buttered rum in July would be indeed a painful surprise. But there are days—as in September—when a man's instincts often war with unexpected and inopportune weather, and in such cases the want of a vade-mecum is real. If there had been such a pocket companion in the time of the younger Scaliger, he would not in all probability have been obliged to chronicle the fate of Gullelmus of Bourges, a very learned young man, who drank on a dog-day a full pot of wine, and died wretchedly within an hour.

The tabasco prepared by Barnet and Chadwick has been strengthened by an infusion of Seabrooke sauce.

It is rumored that brass paper fasteners will be used by many this season as shirt studs. This is welcome news, for the advantages of these studs are many. As they are inserted easily in a shirt, however stiffly starched, they will bring benedictions, not profanity, to the lips of men. They are not likely to be lost, for their value in money is insignificant. There will be no need of polishing powder. Just rub them briskly on a trouser leg, or breathe upon them with unalcoholic breath, and they will flash with the brilliancy of armor worn in the grand march of the Amazons.

It looks as though Lole Fuller had won a husband in a Cantor.

A doctor said the other night, "only two classes of physicians in Boston are now doing a good business—operating-surgeons and quacks."

They are "renovating" the White House. The renovation, however, will not be complete until '96-'97.

One misses familiar names, as Gottlieb Nozouski, in the roll-call of the Milwaukee loters. This time the laws are defied by Pomeranians.

Will Mr. Gladstone's new work be a translation, or a wrenching of Horace? Statesmen's translations from the Latin or the Greek are apt to be weary reading.

Now that Mr. Steve Brodie is no longer with us, there is a steady accumulation of Brodieana. For instance, The announcement of the dramatic determination of Miss Madeline Pollard was as a thousand arrows in his soul. With a touch of the old sad irony that characterized Sir Thomas More even on the scaffold, Mr. Brodie remarked to a fellow-lover of the stage: "De nex' ting de waiter what slugged Sullivan will go starring."

Mr. Brodie is a believer in ensemble, nor does he desire to be the only dazzling light in an ebon firmament. It was in reference to his own show at the Boston that he spake as follows: "I'd tell what's de matter wid dis show. Yer can't git forty dollars actors to act. I ain't surrounded by good enough actors, and I'm going to make de grand kick. See?"

The Chap Book is wise in its generation. It now publishes an autograph poem, by the side of which appears a review of the poet (Miss Gertrude Hall) by a poet (Mr. Bliss Carman). All that is lacking is a third poet's review of the review of a poet by another poet. The publisher knows that the public as a rule would rather read about an author than read his or her book.

Mr. Carman says: "To be Bostonian without being Bostonese, that is at once so difficult and so desirable." But, pray, what do you mean by this sentence, Mr. Carman? Let us not burst in ignorance. Give us an example. Is Mr. John L. Sullivan Bostonian, or Bostonese? And how is it with Dr. Holmes?

There are descriptions of insomnia in the Old Testament, and James Thomson's poem, which begins, "I hear the sounding of the midnight hour," is a thing of grisly horror. Here are two anonymous verses, published in a late number of the Pall Mall Gazette.

When the sea calls, that lieth leagues away,
Athwart the lighted city and the din,
This little room is hell till break of day,
And I a sinner damned for sordid sin.
Better the long day, and the dripping rain,
The hateful cries of hawkers in the street,
Small hateful tasks to do and do again—
These let me dream my dream that rest is sweet.

To Miss Lottie Collins one song was a Hara-boom-de-ay. Is there a more brilliant crown reserved for her in the dramatic kingdom?

Sneak thieves are now gathering the fruit of hat-trees.

One merchant in town regrets exceedingly the death of summer. His type-writing girl is of form and comeliness. Yet is she timid in a thunder storm, and to be strengthened only by firm holding of her hands. Still, he need not despair; for if he enters into collusion with the office-boy and invests in a stock of stage sheet-iron thunder, the year may be one long crashing and roaring July.

Here is the political story of Nicaragua. It has been recorded that its first ruler was a murderer, the second a murderer and a rebel, the third murdered the second, the fifth killed the fourth, who was of comparative respectability, as he was only a forger.

Figaro (of Paris) says there is a distinct, peculiar, unmistakable, irrefutable, characteristic "English smell." "An indistinct mixture of Windsor soap, sea-salt, morocco and old boots." The English sniff in reply, and say the answer is soot.

Mrs. Lucca, the widow-music publisher of Milan, who died the other day, was once the "belle amie" of Donizetti.

Here is a new pretext for a fad, the memory of Marceline Desbordes-Valmore, whom Paul Verlaine "very frankly and very distinctly" places "as one of the greatest of all poets." But Verlaine has not yet had his turn in Boston.

Mr. D. G. Porter is all right in his enthusiastic belief in English as "a universal language." Walt Whitman once wrote of it, "It is the powerful language of resistance, it is the dialect of common sense. It is the speech of the proud and melancholy races and of all who aspire." Here is an example. Those heroes of the ball field, Mr. Jimmy Ryan and Mr. Adrian C. Anson (otherwise known as "Grandpa" and "The Old Man,") unfortunately look skew-eyed at each other. Mr. Anson says Mr. Ryan is a "flip kid," and Mr. Ryan declares that Mr. Anson is an "old dub." Is such graphic character drawing possible in German or Volapuk?

Now many of those just back from a vacation can say honestly, "I had a good time!"

It may comfort our Chinese washermen, who are distressed at the troubles in their fatherland, to know that the goddess Hope is sometimes represented in a yellow night-gown.

Mr. Bliss Carman concludes his review of the poetry of Miss Gertrude Hall in this manner: "To take refuge in a metaphor; the vanity of gossip is large, and the meshes of the journalistic net are small; but if you conceal that contrivance under the name of Criticism, in the hope of throwing your luckless quarry and rifling his pockets of some precious sketch of a beautiful girl—No. 1 thank you! I shall be found in no such snare." Is this a compliment, or is it a jeu d'esprit? Should it not read, "a sketch of rifling the precious pockets of some beautiful girl?" Or, "rifling a beautiful girl of the precious sketch of his pockets?" Or even, "rifling his precious pockets of some sketch of a luckless girl throwing a beautiful quarry?"

Now that Mr. Gould has withdrawn the challenge for the Cape May cup, the Times praises him for his "thorough sporting spirit." The Prince of Wales approves the withdrawal, as is natural. And what will that bluff old Tory, Squire Astor, say in the Fall Mall Gazette?

By the way, is not the roast on Gould in the last number of Puck just a little overdone?

Here's our own Mr. Clapp, the eminent dramatic critic, speaking of "little scenelets and brief bits of dialogue." This tautology is probably the result of deep draughts at the Elizabethan spring, which poured forth double comparatives and double superlatives.

The Hebrews are treated almost as villainously in Morocco as in Christian Russia.

On the 6th of September, 1734, died in France the Sieur Michael Tourant, aged whom it is said he never ate salt, and had none of the infirmities of old age. This is an agreeable variation on the old theme of the centenarian who never tasted a drop of intoxicating liquor, and sawed wood on his 99th birthday.

Mr. Frank B. Sanborn says that in Pullman "everybody labors for Pullman & Co." As long as the workmen are in the employ of that company for whom should they labor?

Mr. Irving's contribution of \$500 to the Minnesota sufferers is only one of his many generous deeds. And he never played in Hinckley.

The English reading public is threatened with a translation of the sixth volume of the "Journal des Goncourt," a book published, by the way, in '92. Mr. George Moore in one of his many billous moments wrote of the brothers, "They kept a diary, they wrote down everything they heard, felt or saw, idle chatter of an old woman; nothing must escape, not the slightest word; it might be that very word that might confer on them immortality; everything they heard, or said, must be of value, of inestimable value."

In spite of Moore's sneer there is much valuable information in this same diary. Thus we learn that Mr. Charles Robin said on Jan. 17, 1882, fish should be served at dinner after the meats and not after the soup, and that radishes should be eaten between the courses, as the radish is the best stomach-broom. Mr. Robin also advocated the eating of an apple at dessert. Should such wisdom be forever locked up in French? Bruerius, Crato, Magninus and Gulianerius, however, do not agree with Mr. Robin, for they condemn the radish as conducive to melancholy.

A smoke nuisance beyond Mr. Carter's control:—the tariff on tobacco.

If you cut your nails on Friday, you cut them for sorrow.

The Astors do not propose to be outstripped by the Vanderbilts, even in domestic discord. Any allusion, however, to making the fur fly would be regarded as peculiarly personal.

The pickpocket answers one test of ease of manner:—What to do with one's hand.

It is worthy of note that even in the most animated or lush descriptions found in newspapers the "facts" are always "bold." Did you ever run across the phrase, "Now the warm facts are as follows?"

Here is an illustration of the purifying influence of woman on politics. The scene was at the convention that renominated Gov. Wake. "The 60 lady delegates escorted him to the convention, and pandemonium reigned for several minutes."

They that know the peculiarly sad childhood of Hayward McAllister do not now know to throw stones at him.

This reminds us that Mrs. Lizzie McCall-Ward remarks, "I won't permit anybody to interfere with my home life." Which home?

So far as the terminology of the game is concerned, the Sunday golfers of Weston were in a scrape. For one of the troubles of the golf-players in Scotland is "the little hole which the rabbit makes in the sward in its first efforts at a burrow; this is commonly called a rabbit's scrape, or simply a scrape. The rules of most golfing fraternities include one indicating what is allowable to the player when he gets into a scrape." Some think that here is the origin of the now wide-spread familiar phrase. At any rate this phrase was slang in the eighteenth century, and it appears in Grose's "Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue." But others find the source of scrape in this sense to be the Swedish "skrapa," to reprimand. Hence the pleasing thought that "scrap," the pugilistic term, is but a corporeal reprimand.

Golf was a fashionable game among the nobility at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It was prohibited at an earlier date (1457) by James II. of Scotland, as it interfered with archery, which the King encouraged that his men might vie the better with the English bowmen. It was also prohibited by James IV. Charles I. of England was fond of golf, and was playing when the news of the Irish rebellion reached him. In the reign of Edward III. golf was known under the name of "cambuca," a late Latin word, and to-day "cammack" in Scotland is the name of a game played with a hockey stick. The Irish and Gaelic for a golf club is "caman." As for "caddle," the golf players attendant, the word comes from the French "cadet," the younger son or brother, the phonetic form of which, "adee," was used in England (1689-1789) to fine "a gentleman who entered the army without a commission to learn the military profession and find a career for himself."

To go back to the sabbatic side of the Weston episode. Some months ago a well known member of the Symphony Orchestra was playing quietly a game of cards with a friend in Jamaica Plain, on a Sunday afternoon. The house was away from the street, and although the game was played on the piazza, it is doubtful whether the players were seen from the public way. A policeman called and stopped the game, by the threat of arrest. The violinist contented himself with reflections on the laws governing personal liberty in the land of Freedom. But he did not stop to consider that certain petty regulations in his fatherland seem obnoxious to American visitors.

It appears from Dr. Platt's story that Whitman wondered at Thoreau's infuriate passion for pie. The poet forgot that the tax-evader, as well as Emerson and other true Concordians, esteemed pie as the staff of life, not knowing it was death-in-life. Besides, all this happened before Mr. Kipling came over here to live and make us uncomfortable.

Will officers of the United States Army jump at the chance to see the Japanese and the Chinese slaughter each other? The proverb may be reversed. Every billet may have its bullet.

Prof. Walter Camp, Bob Cook and George Ade, the leading members of the Yale Faculty, will insist henceforth on strict concentration of the students on the one special course chosen by them at the beginning of the term.

"Imjustification" is good, better than "inaestheteness." The former is great and thundering speech. The latter is described justly by an Englishman as "cumbrous and kakophonous."

LICENSED MURDER.

The first day of September was formerly of mighty moment to English speaking men that were consumed with desire to kill birds and beasts; and although there have been shiftings of such murderous dates, September is a sportsman's month. There is no need at present of discussing the right to grant or refuse licenses to kill, nor is there any necessity of inquiring into the morality or decency of a sport so dear to men of such different characters as Nimrod, Leo X. and Gordon Cumming. English enthusiasts have cited reverently the fact that Nimrod was a "mighty hunter before the Lord," just as the antiquarian Anthony Wood thought it worth while to record that Robert Dudley, son of the great Earl of Northumberland, was the first person who taught a dog to sit, in order to catch partridges; and when the Rev. Mr. William Latham Bevan, in reference to the Biblical description of Nimrod, wrote "The idea of any moral qualities being conveyed by these expressions may be at once rejected," there was at once grave suspicion concerning the orthodoxy of the reverend gentleman.

Such is the insolent passion of the English for shooting the creatures called inferior that it is not surprising to learn of

applications for homicidal license. Thus, for instance, in the shooting season of 1821, a "fashionably dressed young man applied to Sir Robert Baker for a license to kill thieves. This curious application was made in the most serious and business-like manner imaginable." When the magistrate told him he would not be justified in using firearms, except in cases of the utmost extremity, the young man replied, "Oh! I am very much obliged to you, sir; and I can be furnished at this office with a license to carry arms for that purpose?" Great was his dejection when his petition was refused.

Now there is licensed murder, murder that is veiled euphemistically. The soldier, the

policeman, the executioner—these are not interfered with in the discharge of duty. The jocose allusion to physicians is as old as the first false diagnosis. The apothecary in many towns of the world is not without a license. The granting of a charter to a railway company carries with it apparently a right to destroy life, although in certain States this right has been sadly interfered with by Legislatures and their appointed Commissioners. But there are other licensed murderers.

For there is a crueler murder than that of the body, and it is the assassination, or the slow destruction of the mind. Schopenhauer once wrote: "Hammering, the barking of dogs and the crying of children are horrible to hear; but your only genuine assassin of thought is the crack of a whip; it exists for the purpose of destroying every pleasant moment of quiet thought that any one may now and then enjoy." And in one civilized town—Nuremberg—the superfluous whipping and the cracking of whips were in 1858 positively forbidden. This peculiar form of murderous noise is not cultivated in New England, but think of the vast army of assassins not only allowed to ply openly their business, but absolutely encouraged therein. The catalogue is a long one, Homeric, Whitmanian: Bell ringers, street criers, ambulatory or fixed musicians, locomotive, steamboat and factory whistles, trolley cars, street laborers of unhealthy and indecent hours, the bells of apartment houses in which the private button is the public sport, slammers of doors (and for them there is no hope or absolution)—but why redouble sorrow by such enumeration? These assassins are licensed. And yet the citizen who in nervous frenzy should shoot at one of the animate disturbers would be haled to public examination on the charge of intent to kill; and if his aim were creditable he would be described as a "red-handed criminal." The time may come when, in a town governed according to scientific principles, people of a highly sensitive organization will be allowed to take out licenses to kill such private enemies. Of course, the licenses should be in a measure restricted. Self-preservation should not be allowed to be turned into a mere sport. And for the public convenience such licenses would be granted probably Jan. 1, and not in September.

There's a weather saw, "As on the 8th of September, so for the next four weeks."

The Rev. Dr. Lorimer spake thus to his people: "I feel as if it were my duty to stay with you until I have buried most of you." The reverend doctor always was a sanguine man.

Goeth down like a Governor Flower.

To G. E.: The family name of the Chinese statesman is Li, not Chang. John Smith would be known in China as Smith John. And it is too early in the game to declare positively that Li's real name is Denis.

The Adamowskis are members of the Players. In the catalogue Tim's name is spelled with a y and Jo's with an i. Nevertheless they are on friendly terms.

So Mr. Gerry, not satisfied with the laurels gained by depriving stage children of a livelihood, wishes to "control the press."

"Holy terror," as applied to individual or thing, is an expressive and familiar phrase. Can any one tell its origin?

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner says that "the Elмира system rests upon two simple propositions." According to the recent testimony taken before the Committee of Investigation, one of them is the paddle.

The Stellar family has not yet appeared at any of our variety theatres. This attraction is reserved for "astrologers' night."

The Christian Scientists of Burlington, Iowa, object to the study of physiology in schools, on the ground that there is no such material thing as a stomach or liver. Many will say, as did the old sea captain of Universalism, "Glorious doctrine! I'd give \$5 if it were true."

there would be no new patient out of that problem, the solution of which would be the crowning glory of surgery. How to leave one's liver and kidneys at the door with the boots, just before going to bed.

trial of the latest suit for divorce would be an impertinence now that Mrs. Wheeler and Miss Gertrude Atherton have played their tunes on Mr. Pulitzer's

Rev. Mr. Parkhurst is in a parlous state for here it is September and yet his hair fairly boils." Mr. Parkhurst has undeniably done much good in New York, but that in spite of some of his methods. He is not mistaken in believing that his reality can be abolished by legislation?

"poor horses employed by builders at that part of Boston called Back Bay" thought of tenderly by the late Hannah Brown are not the only sufferers. The dock-tailed, tightly-checked aristocratic brothers and sisters no doubt envy their natural advantages.

is grist to Lole Fuller's mill. In reply to a telegram asking whether she proposed to marry Senator Cantor, she telegraphed back:

danced Monday at the Kurhaus, Meiningen, for Princess Victoria, the daughter of Mecklenburg and the Grand Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. The director presented me with an enameled pearl and diamond jeweled watch. I had a packed program for the first night."

yes, incidentally she referred the question to the honorable Senator. The Meneby the way, speaks of the coming program at the Bouffes-Parisiens of a pantomime, of which Miss Fuller will be author and the interpreter.

this true, ye women that are happiest in analyzing your emotions, is this? "The American wife always puts her husband before her child; the French prefers her child to her husband."

is not too late in the season for gaspandeed, yesterday it would have been welcome refreshment. Listen to Gaudin's description of the making: "You pour it into a soup tureen, to this water you add vinegar, shreds of garlic, onions cut in thin slices, cucumber, some pieces of pepper, a pinch of salt; then you add a lump of bread, which are left to soak in this scabie mess, and you serve cold." Add a lump of ice, tomatoes in their season, chop up the greens and tomatoes very fine, eat with a spoon from a soup plate. Bless the invention of Andalusia.

SEP 9-94

ABOUT MUSIC.

A Millionaire's Dream of a Possibly Great Opera Singer.

The Sudden Ambition and Conversion of Mrs. Julie Wyman.

Current Notes and Comments Unaccompanied by Affidavits.

There is in Boston a certain man of great possessions. His name is Pactolus, Mr. M. Pactolus.

A lot of a rich man has been considered, even from the dawn of the world, unpropitious. Pactolus sought amusement to divert his mind, as did the King over the river in Jerusalem, and he, too, could now say: "I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of Kings and of provinces: I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that in great sorts."

He filled and pianoed for his pleasure. Hearing quartets and orchestra soothed and aroused his spirit.

And in his lordly house the organs blew. Still he was not content. His love of music was genuine. Cutting of coupons ruined his piano-touch by stiffening thumb and first finger. His voice did not live up to his ambition. He had little or no invention in composition. Nevertheless, he longed to be a musical creator.

And one day he pondered the story of a rich man in Boston, who, by lending money to Miss Emma Eames, was the means of adding a singer to the operatic list. And he said unto himself, "Come, now, why should I not also thus benefit mankind, and in a way create. Besides, I have heard that Miss Eames paid back her debt, with interest in full."

Now, there was then in town a singer of repute. Her name was Wyman, Mrs. Julie Wyman. She was a welcome visitor. In a symphony concert or song recital the people heard her gladly, and even at private musicales conversation flagged when she stood up to sing. She had learned much in Paris, and she delighted in the songs of French composers, which she sang so charmingly

that even the heart of Mr. Apthorp was touched. Mr. Apthorp does not care for French songs, but he was moved mightily by her treatment of the French mite E. which is a crucial test with him, for he is exceedingly fond of the French language, and, indeed, prefers it on many occasions to English. To others, whose French was "After the school of Stratford atte howe," whose knowledge of the sentiments of the poet was vague, the supreme charm of her performance was the viola-richness of certain tones. And pedagogues praised the excellence of her art.

She was not successful in all that she undertook. Massenet seemed to her a more sympathetic person than Mozart, and by oratorio of the conventional, time-honored style she was chilled. As a singer of modern French songs, she was in this country easily first, and it was a rare pleasure to hear her as the voice of Ethelbert Nevlin.

It was the purpose of Mrs. Wyman to sing in London drawing rooms. Suddenly she announced her intention to study for opera, and, lo, Mr. M. J. Pactolus appeared as the patron-banker.

It was at Lyons that she made her debut during the season of '92-'93. In the fall of '93 she was singing in Avignon, under the name of Mauran. Here is a review of her appearance in "La Favorite." The review was published in "La Semaine Mondaine" and signed Amedee Gros. It runs as follows: "I welcome Mrs. Mauran, a forte chanteuse contralto, and congratulate the manager on his choice. Mrs. Mauran is an excellent artist who knows how to sing. Then, too, she has temperament. She is mistress of her emotion. Before an appreciative audience she displayed a voice of most agreeable quality. Even at the end of the first act she had conquered the hearers, from pit to gallery. Courage, Madam. It is a trying career, but great are the compensations when one has knowledge and can compel applause. Apropos of 'contralto,' I confess I do not like to define this singer as 'un contralto.' Mrs. Mauran is too pretty to be thus masculinized."

But with this gallant exception, the oracles seemed dumb. No enthusiastic and persistent press agent heated the cable by fiery dispatches. No mention was made of emotional scenes in which the composer knelt before the singer or fell on her neck. This after all is not inexplicable, for Donizetti died in 1848. Moral: Always make your first appearance in the opera of some highly-nervous contemporary.

There were rumors, however, that Mrs. Wyman was engaged for last season by Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau. It was even stated positively that she would appear in Boston in March, '94, as the Phillistine's tool in Saint-Saens's "Samson et Dalila." Mr. Grau contradicted this statement flatly when he was here last spring.

Mrs. Wyman sang in London last season; not in opera, but in a concert.

And now she is in this country. There was no pounding of drums at the wharf. There was no blare of bugle. She stepped on American soil as though her feet were shod with rubber.

She will sing at the Worcester Festival, Wednesday evening the 26th, and she will then take the mezzo-soprano part in Verdi's Requiem. She will also be heard in concert in cities of the United States. There is talk of her appearance in Boston at a Cecilia function, if "Samson et Dalila" is given in concert form.

Has she turned her back upon the stage? Or is it not more likely that, thrown again upon her own resources, she visits this country to earn money for further study of the operatic art? It is possible that at present she is not ready for an engagement in a first-class opera company. But the one great blemish last season in the performances of opera given in Mechanics Building was the absence of any satisfactory contralto.

Meanwhile how stands it with Pactolus? His purpose was generous and honorable. But a great opera singer is not made in a year, not in two years simply by the signing of checks, even though each signing be accompanied by popular applause and low, rumbling thunder.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

These works will be sung by the Handel and Haydn during the season of '94-'95: "The Messiah" (twice), Bach's "Passion Music According to Matthew," "Israel in Egypt," and a new oratorio by Mr. J. C. Parker, entitled "The Life of Man." Mr. Parker has chosen words from the Bible, and his story tells of man from the creation to the resurrection. The performance will be Easter Sunday, and it will be about two hours long. Mr. A. P. Schmidt will be the publisher.

The Sunday News-Tribune of Detroit sings the praise of Mr. Ludwig Bleuer, who has been called from Europe to be the director of the Detroit Philharmonic Club at a salary of \$2000 a year. These paragraphs are of interest to Bostonians:

"Ten years ago, when the position of concert-meister of the great Philharmonic Orchestra in Berlin was vacant, two talented young violinists were taken under consideration for the place. One was Herr Fritz Kneisel, who at the time was concert-meister of a small orchestra in Berlin. The other was Herr Ludwig Bleuer. The rivalry between these young artists was strong, and one of them was bound to be bitterly disappointed when the choice was made. It was Fritz Kneisel who had to drink from the cup of disappointment, for Bleuer received the coveted appointment. Herr Kneisel remained in Berlin only for a few seasons after his rival was made concert-meister of

the great orchestra there. Then he came to America. In this country he prospered, and soon became concert-meister of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, an organization undoubtedly superior to the one in Berlin. * * * Wouldn't it be funny if these two eminent violinists should some day become rivals for the position which Herr Kneisel now holds in the Boston orchestra? It is no secret that Conductor Paur and Concert-Meister Kneisel are not friends. Paur has a long contract. Supposing that the ill-feeling should increase during the present season, and a successor to Kneisel should be thought advisable. What more natural than that the man who was chosen in preference to him for the Berlin orchestra should be considered for the position? To be sure, this is rather far-fetched supposition, and it may never be more than that. But wilder prophecies have been fulfilled." It is not likely, however, that Mr. Kneisel will lose flesh because Mr. Bleuer has chosen to live in Detroit, although it is highly probable that the laurels of Kneisel will not let Bleuer sleep.

The characters in "La Martiri," a scenic novelette by Mr. Spiro Samara, are dockers and cafe-concert singers at Sulina. The heroine, Natalia, lights a charcoal stove and dies in three minutes. Here is a feuer-zauber with a vengeance.

Emily Soidene is now in Sydney, Australia, engaged in "journalistic work." In The Sketch Aug. 22, she began her recollections and roasted H. B. Farnie and Dion Boucicault to a turn. Her declared intention of telling all her recollections reminds one of the old story of Bernhardt, who insisted on letting her husband know everything about her. "What courage," said an admiring friend. "Yes," was the answer, "but what a memory."

Russia has 127 theatres. Six are devoted to grand opera, and 24 to operetta.

The song known in this country as Boucicault's March leads all modern French songs in sale. Three hundred thousand copies of small size, 50,000 large, and 60,000 of a piano arrangement have been sold. The composer has realized \$6000. The average amount gained by a popular song in France is from \$1200 to \$1500. The sale of the first 1000 copies covers all the expenses of an edition.

Tinel is said to be at work on an oratorio, "Godoleva."

These new works will be produced at the Birmingham Triennial which begins Oct. 20:—"King Saul," oratorio by Hubert Parry; "The Swan and the Skylark," (posthumous) by Goring Thomas, with instrumentation by Stanford; Henschel's "Stabat Mater." Albani, Lloyd, Oudin and Mr. and Mrs. Henschel have been engaged. There will be a chorus of 365 and an orchestra of 128.

Judic began life as a washerwoman. She was born in 1849.

Theo was born in 1852.

Pauline L'Allemand will sing with the Carl Rosa Opera Company this season. The repertoire of the company will include with other operas, "Jeanie Deans" by Hamish McCunn, Tasca's "At the Wharf of Santa Lucia," "L'Attaque du Moulin" by Bruneau, and "The Mastersingers."

The masterly article "Musical Criticism and the Critics," by Mr. John F. Runciman, should be read by all lovers of music and all complaining musicians. It appeared in the Fortnightly for August.

Patti starts on a tour in England Oct. 26. She, too, is among the prophets, for she will sing Wagner's "Traume," and Elizabeth's prayer from "Tannhaeuser."

They that wish to aid Mr. Alexander W. Thayer in the completion of his Life of Beethoven should address Mr. John Towers, Utica, N. Y.

An entertaining review of Mr. Maitland's "Masters of German Music" appeared the other day in the Pall Mall Gazette. Here is an extract:

"For an outsider to read Mr. Maitland's essay on Brahms is to discover that that composer never wrote a foolish thing, and that he has written endless wise ones. You would think that the pre-eminence of Brahms in every species of musical composition save one—and that one, only because he never essayed it—has not been a matter of dispute for the last ten years among men with the smallest pretensions to judgment. Every page of the essay overflows with effusive epithet, and it must be a serious drawback upon Mr. Maitland's desire to achieve a polite and fluent literary style that the English tongue does not contain a hundred variations of the adjective 'exquisite.' The closing sentences are also worthy of attention:

"We do not wish to leave the impression that the book is a failure, but we find its spirit antagonistic to ourselves. There are many people who will admire that spirit exceedingly, who will find in Mr. Maitland's parallel between Brahms and Browning a world of suggestion and consequent delight, who like this mild-mannered fluency, this complacent sense of superiority, and who, above all, will recognize in the 'gracious permission' of the Princess Christian for the dedication of the book to her that Mr. Maitland is an honored and superior person, worthy of much praise. To such we commend this volume, and of such is the Kingdom of Convention.

Paderewski will find next season a dangerous rival in the violinist Ysaye, so far as an arrangement of hair is concerned. An inspired press agent tells us that Ysaye's "face will strike you with wonder, even if you only pass him on the street; it is not the form of those hats and fur caps that

draws the attention, but his gigantic and flexible body, and his face, fine, warm and living, worthy of the brush of Franz Hals or Maudet. While playing his body seems transfigured, but his gestures remain sober, and the audience can face the virtuoso without fear of being molested or disturbed." In other words, Ysaye is paralyzing, but not dangerous.

PHILIP HALE.

A WORD ABOUT SLANG.

"Vile, low, or ribald language; the cant of sharpers or of the vulgar; gibberish." Such are certain approved definitions of slang. And yet how inadequate, how unfair they are, these definitions that might have been framed by Mr. Barlow for the benefit of Tommy and Harry. Slang is language in the making. That which is utterly worthless disappears, or is found only as a puzzle to the curious. Would any one to-day regard the noun or verb "bet" as slang? But a century ago this same word was explained in a very vulgar dictionary of the vulgar tongue as a synonym of wager. Here is only one instance out of a thousand.

But cant must not be confounded with slang. Cant is the secret language or jargon used by gypsies, thieves, professional beggars. It is the voice of secrecy. It is language that must be understood only by the initiated. "He has filed the cly," for instance, is thieves' cant, and it means, "He picked a pocket." "He has opened his" is slang, and its meaning is clear to the world at large; yea, the phrase is in the great Oxford Dictionary. Slang expressions are regarded by genteel writers as "the loafers and footpads of speech." But were not these harsh words of censure originally slang? Walt Whitman's line, "I loafe and invite my soul," was first received with mocking laughter, on account of the audacity of the use in poetry of the first of the two verbs. As for footpad, the word "pad" was slang for the highway or a robber thereon, and "to go out upon the pad" was "to go out to rob." And such expressions, despised at the time, rejected by those writing deliberately for immortality, finally force their way into a language and are afterward used gratefully by lovers of verbal color and strong description. Alas, that such terms in turn disappear for a season and are called obsolete. How such words glow on the page! The Elizabethans knew the value of verbal coinage. Adlington, though a purist, occasionally looked lovingly on slang. When he Englished Apuleius he found a Latin phrase which, translated rigidly, means "that boy ready to slay," and Adlington turned it into "the rope-ripe boy." You will not find this happy term in Bailey or in Ash, whose dictionaries are stuffed with most fortunate expressions that a fastidious age refuses to acknowledge; but can you improve upon it? Hoodlum is admirable in its way, and every hoodlum is rope-ripe.

We hear in daily use, we read in staid books words that long ago were the invention of a moment. Some of our slang, so called, is but a resurrection of English provincialisms, just as words in the approved vocabulary are often wrenched from their originally low, jocular or sarcastic signification. No slang that is utterly meaningless, that is an idle catchword, will fasten its roots securely in the rich soil of language. But slang is a vast "menagerie of tropes," an arsenal of weapons of speech,

a museum of tools of thought. The right man seizes a common expression from the street and it is the key-stone of his sentence.

Slang is too good a thing to be intrusted to those that only regard language as the means of expression of wants. The habitual and indiscriminate talker of slang is as tiresome as the slang-whanger himself. Slang should be the supreme resource of the brilliant and the thoughtful; the ambergris that is the glory of the loathsome, blasted whale. There are respectable words enough in the language for ordinary wants and conventional emotions. When the mighty man must express himself completely, he remembers the familiar speech of the people. But the chosen word or phrase then ceases to be slang. It is clothed in robes of dignity. It is invited to the dry feast of the learned. It is buried finally in the dictionary that it long looked at afar off, half respectfully, half mockingly. And a century after it may find a joyful resurrection.

Mrs. Douglas in her "Book on Dress" asks these pertinent questions: "How could a mother in knickerbockers inspire awe in the hearts of her peccant brood?"

Where would be the awful terror that now hangs cloud-like round the spinster aunt were she to visit us in Turkish trousers? Think of our grandmother knitting by the fireside in a kind of adapted pyjama suit?"

In street car above the din, in the Public Garden where voices startle bench-sweet-hearts, in front of the door of the sanctuary you hear these two phrases day and night: "There's money in it" and "there's no money in it."

Prof. Jebb believes that "the best work of journalism affects widely and profoundly the whole intellectual and spiritual life of the nation." The Professor is a great and good man, likewise a very Daniel come to judgment.

Barrie's theory that a whole day in bed followed the next morning by a cold bath "will make you feel as if you had been a week at the seaside," comes unfortunately a little late this year.

Mr. Corbett is a perfect gentleman. The more savage the thrashing administered by him the louder is his praise of "the pluck and the perseverance" of his opponent.

This talk about the kinetograph and the "interests of science" is all very well, but Mr. Edison is gaining rapidly the reputation of a dead game sport.

Mr. Howard Gould has offered a cup for competition in 1895. The Westminster Gazette man will undoubtedly suspect that it is poisoned.

Yale's steady progress, under President Dwight, gratifies her alump. Athletics are no longer compulsory.

Chloroform will raise the voice and increase the volume of it. The hearer should take it with the singer.

"Gyp," the reckless woman who has written so much for *La Vie Parisienne*, is now advertised in this country as the grand-niece of the great Mirabeau. Here is another instance of the influence of heredity; for the orator is the author of certain books that are hardly adapted for discussion at a well-regulated tea-table. And yet the naughtiness of "Gyp" is that of a spoiled child, who delights in shocking a straight-laced grandmother. It is at least free from the sickening philosophy of Paul Bourget, who paid lately such pretty compliments to certain women of Boston that put the lion's mane in curl papers.

"Mr. Kipling's neighbors up in Vermont say that the young man lacks tact." Tact is here synonymous with manners. The Vermonters were always amiable. Years ago in a town near Montpellier an utter scamp was on trial for a particularly contemptible crime. A neighbor was called to the witness-stand to testify as to character. "Well," said the old man, "I've known him for 30 years. His manners are easy."

The gaping world is assured that when the father of Alice de Lacey heard the news of his daughter's marriage to the play-actor "Teddy" Radcliffe, he "fell into the arms of a friend in search of sympathy." The action was natural, but, perhaps, the friend carried his "sympathy" in a hip pocket. Some do.

The Tsar of All the Russias has decided in favor of duels. Scandals will be settled out of court.

De Maupassant's mother did not wish his body to be removed from the Montparnasse Cemetery to Pere-Lachaise. "I entreat you not to wake my son," she cried: "for eighteen months he never closed his eyes in sleep. Let him slumber at last." Her son might have made a story out of this.

London gave Lillian Russell a kindly welcome in "The Queen of Brilliants." Our old friend Hubert Wilkes was condemned for "affectation and mouthing," and the remarkable architecture of his legs seemed of no avail, although they were displayed to full advantage.

This news from London about Nordica's proposed second marriage is indeed stale. The matter was no secret to her friends here and in New York a year ago.

Nordica's betrothed, Mr. Doeme, has been seen in Boston, and, if we are not mistaken, at a concert in Music Hall under the management of Mr. Ellis, when Nordica was the particular star. Anthropometrically he made a pleasing impression. As a singer he was a ferocious baritone, with an unconquerable desire to sing flat. His set piece did not awaken applause that weakened the foundations of the building; but he was heard later in the evening in a song of apparent Hungarian, or Roumanian, or Bulgarian atrocity, although the sentiments so vigorously expressed may have been of a tender nature.

"The politicians are afraid to join a church because they fear to give offence and lose votes by definitely joining any given church." Fudge, Dr. Brady, fudge.

Mr. Alexander is not the only one who wonders why so much gas is burned in a closed and bolted house. Cats are fond of valerian, but they have never been caught sucking gas. Mice eat matches, but they are not likely to apply them to a gas burner. Water-bugs shun the light. Spooks use a diabolical kind of dark lantern. The meter knows the mystery, but it has been trained, and it will not give away the gas company.

To L. C.—No, this is not Indian Summer, although it might be called justly Red Indian Summer. The genuine article is displayed in October or November, for it is a movable feast.

"If the storms in September clear off warm, all the storms of the following winter will be warm."

This is the anniversary of the death (1680) of Mr. Roger Crab, a soldier of Cromwell, who regarded animal food as a temptation of Satan, and lived on bran, dock-leaves, mallows and grass. Before he turned vegetarian, his skull was eloven by a royalist trooper.

The many friends of Mrs. E. B. Custer, the widow of the gallant General, will be surprised to learn through an esteemed contemporary that her voice is now "vibrant with some reminders of her long stay with English friends." It appears from another paragraph that this "long stay" was four months.

So Admiral Ting heard a ting-a-ling that called him down.

Are not the oak and the ivy tired of comparisons between them and human beings, even when it is the Emperor of Germany who thus illuminates his rhetoric?

There is a favorable outlook for a fine crop of kidney-mashers, chin-winders, and stomach-jabs this fall, although there is "great trouble found by the prospective promoters" in securing "a good location." We have before this insisted that such sport, as well as foot ball, should be in the open, say on the Common, at the foot of Flagstaff Hill. A freshening breeze would whet the courage of the gentlemen actively engaged, the sight of the monument would inspire heroic deeds, and, as Music Hall seems out of the question, the Symphony Orchestra might be engaged to open the exercises with an appropriate overture, as Reissiger's "Mill on the Rock."

In a review of the play "Old Glory," the following sentence in reference to the Star Spangled Banner appeared in the Boston Herald of Tuesday: "Wherever it is, it must be potent in stirring the patriotic heart; its broad stripes and bright stars must always be respected and defended." The famous flag-editor, the inventor of the "textile fabric" definition, must be on a vacation, and if he left orders they were sealed. How he will gnash his teeth, and prance, and paw the air!

It's a singular fact that the enthusiastic admirer of a new novel takes it as a personal slight if his friend admits without shame that he has not read it. Such enthusiasts are the Tribbyites. They are not chilled by the news that Mr. du Maurier did not stand by his guns, but surrendered finally to angry Jimmy Whistler. They even took seriously the complaints of "immorality" that were such welcome copy to editors in the hot season. As for the novels of Fielding, Thackeray, Balzac, Tourgueneff and Thomas Hardy, they are but dross to this pure gold, gold beaten very thin, by the way. Meanwhile the publishers smile fat smiles, and rub together joyful hands.

Harvard proposes to give Fitz to students who smoke too much, and are too curious concerning the properties of alcohol.

Miss Kate Field may advise, Miss Jeanette Gilder may approve; others may dispute in print over the natural adaptability of women to the bicycle; and yet all this discussion is only a consideration of a new phase of "The Distinct Cylinder Question."

Why this bitterness? Why this hysteria? Why these oracular utterances poured forth from the World's tripod? Or why in journals of a more shrinking nature are pathetic appeals "signed with the shivering initials of timid anonymity?" Is it true that "a male humankind is leagued together to prevent women dressing as they like?" Is not Autolycus—not Shakespeare's egging knave, but the androgynous contributor to the Pall Mall Gazette—is not Autolycus of eminent sanity in declaring that man has always taken the good the gods provide—coal-scuttle bonnet, bustle, water-fall, extravagant sleeves, erinoline; that women dress for each other; that a pretty woman will look pretty in anything, and that an ugly one doesn't matter?

There has been lately in England a heated rehashing of all that has been said on this subject from the time of Eve to that of Sadie Martinot. But it was left for the unimaginative Standard to inquire whether postmen eat wedding cake. A Lon-

Contemporary remarks that the apparent robustness of the service forbids the supposition that even with their advantages they can batten on such unholy pasture. It also claims that wedding cake is "very, very nasty," an adjective that seems doubly nasty when used by an Englishman. "If this cake is so even to the amateur who, as a rule, is only married twice or three in a lifetime, what would it be to the cloyed palate of the postman?"

There are whilst players, unhealthy companions, who believe that memory was invented about the time that the rules for hyper-modern leads were framed. About a century ago there was an Alderman of London, and his name was Sawbridge. When the last card of a deal was about to be played, says Miss Laetitia-Matilda Hawkins, Sawbridge remarked—and can you not see his facial expression of provoking superiority—"It is singular that the four fives should come together." "On playing the round, it appeared indeed that every one of the party held a five."

The novel is the thing. In one of the latest the "heroine lays her head, with settled rows of thick, black hair, quite unexpectedly on his (the hero's) shoulder." At the eld she, "with the blood prancing in her veins," leaps into her lover's embrace, while the rejected suitor advances with a "God bless you, my dear sister." "More than this could be required of no man," remarks the author. Is this reference to the embrace or the benediction?

A sign of "good times a coming." The large crop of summer engagements.

European steamship agents use hope for a lever to move workmen toward America, and the agents on this side talk of strikes to induce them to travel back. It's passing strange if some poor weather cocks do not travel back and forth until the money is out.

To F. D.:—You ask if the expression, "chuck of beef," is slang. The word "chuck" in this connection is originally about the same as chunk, but in certain counties of England a "chuck" is a cut of beef extending from the horn to the ribs, including the shoulder-piece. A chuck-steak in these same counties is three ribs of beef nearest to the neck, cut straight down the fore-quarter to about half-way through the shoulder blade. Mr. Armour, by the way, gives sound advice in recommending the purchase of "breast," "chuck" and "shoulder," and advocating the use of soups, stews and boiled meats. The Americans are a wasteful people as regards food.

Sept. 13, '94

That Applegate in New York was always open.

General Paine says a yacht must be quick in stays to race abroad. Of corset must. (Profound apologies to the first punster.)

"Mr. Richard Mansfield speaks with great directness and sharpness." The members of his company will corroborate this statement.

The "Hoosier Blue Man," who died the other day and whose skin was colored by doses of nitrate of silver, recalls the unfortunate hero of "Poor Miss Finch."

Sarah Grand has written a novel entitled "The Undefinable." This title would have fitted her literary maze in which unsavory husbands, eccentric females and impudent children wander to no purpose.

"The Prince of Wales has let Americans severely alone this summer, with the exception of Chauncey Depew." And is George Gould so soon forgotten?

And it is the courteous and verbally prudish Transcript that speaks of Dr. Miner's extraordinary feat of lengthening "his already pretentious verticality of physique." As though the Doctor were not in Court, but in a museum.

Room for Mayor Gilroy among intrepid discoverers, room! At the peril of his life he has explored the jungles of Paris and the deserts of London, and he is the very first to say that New York is as clean a city, if not cleaner. The Mayor bears himself modestly, like a true brave, that is, a Tammany brave, although he confesses that his nerves were shaken in Paris when he heard the street cleaners slinging at their work. "New Yorkers would never tolerate the noise." Nevertheless, they do not turn pale at the maternal shriek of the milkman, and they tolerate dirty streets.

Mr. Peter Jackson will not fight Mr. Corbett on a barge or in a balloon. "I want to fight in a building, and with the knowledge that I have the protection of the authorities." Then what's the matter with Boston, Mr. Corbett?

Senator Hoar, with his profuse apologies before whacking and lambasting the Democrats with the club borrowed from Jonathan Edwards, reminds one of Mr. Chucks, described so lovingly by Marryat. "Allow me to insinuate, my dear sir, in the most delicate manner in the world, that you are a blank." "Blank?" "Blank!"

This is the death-day of Montaigne, although some claim that he left the world the 11th. Our essayists of to-day are still busy turning and twisting and rearranging the wise and witty phrases of the Gascon gentleman. His is the one book for the oft-imagined desert island. And do not read him in a stiff, stilted, buckramed version. Read, and ever with delight and profit, the translation by John Florio, whose Elizabethan vigor, in an English almost contemporary with Montaigne's French, gives us the nearest attainable equivalent. Florio nods sometimes; and even mistranslates; and now and then entangles his translation into knots no easy to unravel; but he can be homely, plithy, idiomatic, and in some of Montaigne's finest passages has nobly caught the spirit of his author. If you are fond of limited and beautiful editions, secure at once, if you can, the three volumes published by Nutt. For a slender purse there is the one volume published by Routledge and Sons. Then there is Stott's pretty pocket edition, as yet incomplete. All these editions are unexpurgated—unlike "Tribby."

Does this peculiarly characteristic Montaignism ever steal into the brain of your genuine, X. X. X., extra dry, warranted Bostonian when he is engaged in laborious condescension toward a visitor from Paris, London, Chicago, or New York? "When I am playing with my cat, who knows whether she have more sport in dallying with me than I have in gaming with her?"

New Jersey justice is looking down on Mr. Edison as a sporting gentleman who has broken her commandments. The goddess is inclined to spell kinetoscope as a word of one syllable, B-L-U-U-F-F.

Mr. "Mat" Harrington, the initiator of women into the Actors' Protective Union, expects to have about 300 or 400, "the cream of the profession," and among them he mentions in a loud, firm voice Maggie Cline and Lottie Gilson. If these are the cream, Janauschek, Ada Rehan, Julia Marlowe et al. are undoubtedly the skim-milk.

The Sketch deplors the present use of bandannas in London, and says that in the United States they are known inelegantly as "nose wipes." The allegation should be thrown back at the nose of the author. The term is old English slang, or rather thieves' cant.

Sept. 14, '94

"After all, what is style," said a newspaper man as he walked humbly by the side of a well-known Professor of Literature, "and how would you define it?" "Style, my dear fellow," answered the Professor in his lecturing voice, "is what I have and you haven't."

The Secretary of State has discovered a writing fluid that will not fade. To certain political letter writers an ink that will fade immediately after perusal would be a sweeter boon.

There were 681 cases of "padding" in the year 1893 at Elmira, and the punishment was almost always inflicted by the General Superintendent himself. The same year the number of prisoners was 1409. Perhaps Mr. C. D. Warner and Mr. F. B. Sanborn, who are so loud in their praises of the Elmira system, regard "padding" as a healthy institution, excellent for the system, an aid to circulation, an excellent substitute for breakfast oatmeal or a morning draught of Lithia water.

"If dry be the buck's horn
On Holyrood morn,
'Tis worth a kist of gold;
But if wet it be seen
Ere Holyrood e'en,
Bad harvest is foretold."

And to-day is the festival of the Exultation of the Holy Cross, or the Holy Rood. The commemoration is of the appearance of the cross to Constantine in the sky at mid-day. Chosroes II., King of Persia, took a large piece of the alleged real cross from Jerusalem when he plundered the town. The Emperor Heraclius retook the relic and carried it back to Jerusalem, where the identity was verified by the patriarch, the easier because the seals of the case had ever been broken. Yet Rigordus tells us that the capture was an irreparable loss to mankind. "The mouths of our ancestors sed to be supplied with 30, or in some instances, no doubt according to their faith, 113 32 teeth, but since the cross was stolen the infidels no mortal has been allowed ore than 23."

This festival was observed in earlier days nutting. There was also a custom in agland of hunting free buck with blood-hounds.

"If the hart and the hind meet dry and part dry on Rood Day fair,
For sax weeks, of rain there'll be nae mair."

It was observed that when the J. Putnam Bradlee struck the rock the band was playing "Don't Get Gay With Shay." There are some things that even a well-behaved steamboat will not stand.

The good old rule "Don't speak to the man at the wheel" was not enforced on this occasion, at least according to the statements made, and the stage was full of people.

man or motorman is well-nigh irresistible. Witness the celebrated instance of the fresh poet who addressed the pilot in verse and started in by assuring him that it was "a fearful night" and there was "danger on the deep."

The principal role in the new comedy, "A Political Woman," will be played by Mrs. Kendal and not by Mrs. Gongar. Hundreds of women are dying to play it, however.

Panama's big ditch has been the last ditch to many a French investor.

The havoc of a natural gas explosion, as at Alexandria, Ind., is indeed terrible. Equally disastrous is the action of unnatural gas when the house is locked, and there is no one, except the meter, to use or waste.

Here's Mr. Edison "grieved" at thought that he assisted unconscious prize fight, and here's Mr. Corbett ried, anxious, troubled, harassed, non-plussed." O, Science, what c. committed in thy name!

Now that the teamsters propose Gen. Martin's scheme, would it not be a good plan for pedestrians to follow the rule of passing to the right. At present the average citizen or suburban wanders, especially if he is heavy laden, with the insouciance of a solitary cow in a pasture.

Apropos of this harassing question of dress-reform: the only women who habitually wear trousers (in life, not in metaphor) are those who are the most sedentary, and some are known among men as Fatima and Zuleika. In the happy East no carefully fattened beauty longs to dress like a "violet wail" or a "mad scarlet thing" or like he starched male brute. If she did burn with such desire, neither sack nor w-string would deter her in the attempt.

Sept. 15, '94

"What is Boston, anyhow?" shrieked a disgruntled member of the Porphyry Club. "Sir," said old Chimes, looking sternly at the blasphemer, "Boston is the seat of Plymouth Rock pants."

The 15th of September is said to be fine in six years out of seven.

"There are generally three consecutive windy days about the middle of September, which have been called by the Midland millers the windy days of barley harvest."

This is the death-day of Robert Pollok, the once celebrated poet, who departed this life without the blessed assurance that he would be of material assistance to President Cleveland in a letter regarding the tariff; and this is truly pitiable, for Wordsworth describes Pollok as "meek in gratitude."

According to the bill boards, Mr. Augustin Daly still keeps his hat on when the ladies of his company surround him. The inventor of "the drama of contemporaneous human interest" must be of royal blood, or possibly he is a grandee of Spain.

Some years ago Puck cartooned bravely and savagely Inspector Williams of New York, accusing him, then Captain, of the very misconduct of which he is now openly suspected.

There is a young man in town whose nerves are shattered by the combination of sleeping in an otherwise deserted flat and reading the adventures of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. He read Doyle's stories only the other day, as he had a prejudice against detective yarns; but now he regrets that he did not hold to this prejudice. As his bedroom opens on a court that is a whispering gallery and as his neighbors are of uneasy habits, creaks, groans, muttered conversations, sneaking foot-steps, mysterious hacks that drive apparently to his very door and then disappear, punctuate his frightened dreamchasing. When he enters his flat he expects to be shot by an air-gun or a poisoned arrow, or to have a crushing weight fall on his head. Shadowy forms mock him in the winding corridor. He sees "RACHE" written on the walls of his den, and he finds five orange pips on his pillow. Sleep is impossible. And the unhappy man wishes he had spent the same time over "Marcella" or Mr. Meredith's last experiment in word juggling.

Crosler, a Hoosac Tunnel telegraph operator, testified that he was on duty from 6.30 P. M. on the 8th until 8.30 A. M. on the 9th. And what wages does an operator get for such long and such exacting work?

Apropos of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein's eccentric conduct in his own Concert Hall, it may be remarked that the United States is the only country with pretensions to civilization where hissing, as well as applause, is not allowed in a theatre. Here the manager expects the spectator to applaud, whatever may be the merits of the performance or the character of the piece. If the spectator revolts at incompetence or immorality, he must be silent. And why? Because the manager would otherwise be "insulted," and "the audience would be disturbed." And yet not many years ago, before the stage was over-run with prize-fighters and heroines of scandals, and given to the display of stupidity, it was the right to hiss.

For what Artemus Ward would call a neat and genteel home thrust" commend us to the following "review" in Town Topics of Mr. Hubert Wilke's late appearance on the London stage: "Mr. Hubert Wilke's melodramatic marionette double-dental fixed and revolving slate gravestone smile is so familiar in this country that it frightens no one. Everybody knows by this time that those riden teeth are not deciduous but as fixed as the other components of this smile are. When Mr. Wilke's valet drops a lump of brown sugar into his master's singing pot, the double-dental smile at once comes out, and it reappears at regular intervals until it is shut off by dropping the curtain. It. When Mr. Wilke's mouth, petrified by that rocky smile, sweeps the house, he capers with the romantic recklessness of a goat that has just tuckled away a tree, when he stamps his foot till the floor wobble and the ladies on the stage faint with dusty larynxes, then we know Mr. Wilke is a lover, and that a sweet thing ditty is about to be thrown out of his lungs. At the London Lyceum his double smile and difficult fervor were understood. There was a general inclination in the stalls that he had appendicitis as trying to grin and bear it.

UT MUSIC.

Said To-day About
and Minnie Hauk.

South to Boston; From
"ha" to "Rheingold."

A correspondent asks about Mr. Doeme, who is now betrothed to Mrs. Nordica. Mr. Doeme, in 1902, was a baritone, and on the night of Jan. 23 in that year he sang in a "grand operatic concert," which was given in Music Hall. He sang an air from Nessler's "Trumpeter of Saekkingen." He sang to the Evening Star, from "Tann-



happened. Afterward, to his own piano accompaniment, he sang out an outlandish note, the refrain of which was "Hil."

Y. K. L. This is the same Doeme who, after singing the role of Parsifal at the Metropolitan this summer. He is not the same whose voice was negated by artful arrangement. Just de Reszke, for instance, after a year ago was a baritone. He sang the part of Elgiero Severo, Germont. His first appearance at the Paris Opera was in 1894 and then he was a year old tenor.

Another like transformation is that of (17-183) who started out in Dresden as a baritone of vaulting ambition, but who, after a few years of company of the illustrious, fell to inflammation of the throat and he nearly lost his life as a result. Then he took to teaching.

was a balance wheel not raised by a
mechanical spring,
No, it was a mechanical spring
by touch of experience; for it li-
kened us a shiverable tremolo.
But here the creation of a
new man triumphed of cruelty, the
necessary lesson was dangerous
and great. Among the
cent left the world. Among
the six roads the death
The other no ending

I do not the baritone's voice more sympathetic, manlier, as a rule? It has often been remarked that in nature the higher pitched voices are given to the weak or the treacherous; that a dashing cavalier, or any man of force, intellectual or animal, is baritone or bass. It is not necessary to relate the introduction and the development of the tenor-hero on the operatic stage. The Don Giovanni and the Alnaviva of Mozart are not tenors. Rossini did not imagine William Tell as a tenor. But little by little it was established definitely that the lovers heroic, or pulling or whining, should be tenor and soprano, and the male villain or female rival should pitch their vengeance on a lower tone. Take Verdi's noble "Otello." The Moor is tenor, Iago is baritone. Great as the music is, the distribution of parts seems hopelessly wrong. Otello, a warrior, rude in speech, a tenor? As well might Falstaff, King Lear or the Ghost pipe in shrill tones.

The title of Mr. Frost's book will be "Firelight Tales of the Great Music Dramas," "Half Hours From the Newgate Calendar," and "Peeps at the Court of Catherine of Russia" would be admirable companion volumes, and they might be sold together in an attractive box.

Perhaps the cry "Hard Times," has something to do with the unsatisfactory results of the sale. Perhaps the character of the works chosen for performance does not whet curiosity, which is, after all, a potent factor in the success of a festival of this kind. "Elijah," Verdi's "Requiem," and Saint Saëns' "Samson and Delilah," are the most important choral works to be given. Then there are "Selections," as from Elmsford's "Paradise Lost," Chadwick's "Phoenix," Explan's, Gounod's "Redemption," and "St. Cecilia Mass." All these, I believe, have been heard before at concerts of the Festival.

Or are the soloists without draught? The sopranos are Mrs. Francesca Moyer, Mrs. Zippora Monteth, Miss Caroline Clarke, Miss Elizabeth K. Pelton and Mrs. Emma Joch. The contraltos are Mrs. Carl Alves, Miss Gertrude Stein, Mrs. May Ruggles and Mrs. Julie L. Wyman. The tenors are Messrs. Rieger, McKinley, Davis and Anton Schott. The baritones are Messrs. Duff, Bushnell, Rice and G. Campanari. Mr. Babcock will be the bass and the instrumentals will be Mrs. Julia Rive-Kings, Mr. W. C. Carl, Mr. Kneisel, Mr. Edmund Schuecker, Mr. Heinrich Schuecker and Mr. E. M. Heindl.

To comment now on the programs or the chosen singers and players would be, indeed, impertinent. It is to be hoped that the sale of single tickets will prevent financial loss.

The program book of the Festival will be written this year by Mrs. Walter Lancaster of the Worcester Spy.

There is naturally speculation concerning the auction sale of season tickets for the Boston Symphony Concerts.

Some—they are in all probability few in number—object to the proposed introduction of "light" music. By "light" they mean French; for to certain hearers who have been led to believe that music was invented and patented for all time by the

Germans, light or French are synonyms. Therefore they shy at the announcement that Mr. Paor purposes to broaden and enliven his programs.

These same objectors have listened patiently in the past to "light" music, or stupid music composed by Germans or Americans. Do they then prefer Humperdink to Massenet or Chabrier, and Mr. Clayton Jones to Auber?

There will be natural curiosity also to see and hear the new members of the orchestra. The first clarinet is a Frenchman, Mr. Pourton, from Lyons. Let us trust that his performance will baffle the pun that occurs to even the humblest.

Mr. Chadwick's new symphony, which won the prize offered in competition by the National Conservatory, will be played at an early date. Thomson and Ysaye, the celebrated Belgian fiddlers, will be heard during the season.

Who is whispering steadily in Mr. Dvorak's ear? It is reported that he spent many hours with Buffalo Bill's Indians, "listening to their chants, watching their dances, and filling his ear and eyes with the color and motion of a people quite new to him." And it is said that the result will be an opera "Hawatha," in which the red men and war-whoop will be steadily sing-

appropriate orchestral music that might insure the success of the op-

"Mrs. Minnie Hauk and her husband, Count Hesse von Warton-Eggs, passed through New York a few days ago, and the ex-prima donna was submitted to the usual interview with which the Herald kindly signals her not infrequent transit through the United States. Mrs. Hauk, it appears, had just returned from the Indies, where she warbled before no end of Rajahs. She also visited China, but her vocal performance in the Celestial Empire was abruptly ended, she told the reporter, by the outbreak of the hostilities with Japan. This candid admission, it appears to me, throws more light upon the original point of the Oriental difficulties than has yet been cast upon it. The imminence of a series of operatic representations, with Mrs. Hauk as the prima donna, left the mighty ruler of the Flowery Kingdom no other channel of escape from its consequence but recourse to a case of international law, and as neither side could expect epidemic flood was at hand to silence Mrs. Hauk, the alternative of a war with Japan was gratefully accepted. Mrs. Hauk is now en route for Nice, where Old Folks' Concerts are likely to be the rage during the winter season."

The Bayreuth correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette gives this report on the performance of Mrs. Nordica: "Mrs. Nordica, the fecund owner of a remarkably sweet voice, and she uses it, on the whole, with considerable distinction. At times it strikes one as a shrill and thin, like a sweet sound with a world of respiration behind it. Beautiful though her voice undoubtedly is, however, it would be easy to conceive a more ideal Elsa than she proved herself to be. And here the test of the great Wagnerian problem, so far as 'Lohengrin,' at least, is concerned, was brought to proof. Was Mrs. Nordica, with her beautiful vocal accomplishment, a greater Elsa than another Elsa, whose voice might in part be sacrificed to interesting action? There can be little doubt that it was; not perfect by any means, it was, nevertheless, by reason of its expressing beautiful music beautifully, in its own way a production more suited to the composer's ideal than another and differently imperfect performance might have been. This is a matter which, in reference, is sometimes difficult to decide, and I by no means feel disposed to agree with 'G. B. S.'—admirable judge as he usually is—that Wagner's song was altogether an effort after purely musical beauty. Many of his characters are simply not purposed to be beautiful, neither in the music or their utterance, nor in the manner of their expression; it would be utterly absurd to imagine Mime achieving beauty, or others still of his somewhat complex personages. Nevertheless, it is very difficult to distinguish between the one and the other solution; all that I will confidently say is that Mrs. Nordica solves the problem very successfully in the manner I have already indicated."

The new opera-house in Alexandria will be opened Nov. 14. It holds 2500.

The new opera-house in Buenos Ayres will have seats for 5000. The stage will hold 800. In three hours the opera-house can be changed into a circus.

"Marussa," an opera in three acts by Pierre Florida, has been produced in Venice. The two lovers perish in a fire. "The Music is inspired by Wagner without being in direct imitation. The instrumentation shows talent, although it is too complicated for the simple action."

It seems that Mr. Delaborde, the well-known pianist of Paris, has a temper. He appeared in Brussels in a festival concert, and first played with the orchestra a concerto. When the time came for his appearance in the second part of the program there was no Delaborde. The explanation is made that he was not "enchantered" with the orchestral accompaniment, and was put out by the lack of courtesy on the part of the Reception Committee. So he wished to teach the offenders a lesson, but it was the innocent public that suffered, for Delaborde is a fine player.

"The Black Mountain," an opera by Augusta Holmes, whose songs are known here, will soon be produced at the Paris Opera. By the way, Mr. Paur, this extraordinary woman has written orchestral pieces that have excited attention.

the chief machinist at the Dresden Opera House has invented a contrivance by which the Rhine Daughters in Wagner's *Musical Drama* appear as complete sirens, with the peculiar anatomical formation that pertains to these seductive creatures. The *Chicago Tribune* has the following description, but has been quoted in this connection, but the correspondent writes: "The menelst regrets that he cannot find these women-fish pretty." "Their gestures were beautiful," writes this acute and discriminating critic, "but their busts left much to be desired."

PHILIP HALE

UNDER PAUR.

Soloists That Will Appear
at the Symphony Concerts.

Sketches of the Great Fiddlers,
Thomson and Ysaye.

Notation: \mathcal{V}_μ

The arrangements made for the fourteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are well calculated to maintain the great interest which its concerts have attracted for so many years.

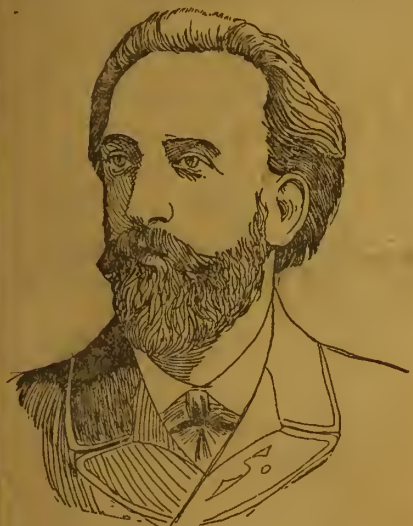
The orchestra will be the same in size as last season, and will number 84 players. Of these 19 will be new-comers. The most



YSAÿE.

Important acquisitions are a first clarinet, Mr. Pourtan, who comes from Lyons, and a first bassoon player, Mr. Litke, from one of the New York orchestras.

The Boston season will consist as usual of 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoons, beginning October 12, and 24 concerts on Saturday evenings, beginning October 13. In addition to these performances the monthly performances will be continued in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Brooklyn, with the customary series in Cambridge and Providence, and single concerts in other cities. Among the novelties or works not played

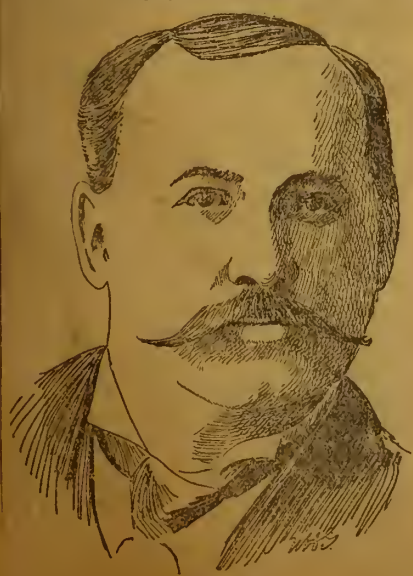


CESAR THOMSON.

before in the Boston concerts, which will be given this season, are the following:

Wallenstein Symphony, d'Indy; Symphony in D, Scambati; Symphony No. 6, Tschalkowsky; Prize Symphony (new), George W. Chadwick; Seebilder, J. K. Faine. Overtures — "Carneval," Dvorak; "Otello," Dvorak; "In der Natur," Dvorak; "Sappho," Goldmark; "Wem die Krone," Ritter; (novelties) "Corsaire," Berlioz; "Elegie," Kahn; Prelude "Dornroschen," Langer; Variations for Orchestra, Knorr; Entr'acte, "Gouverneur von Tours," Reinicke; Poeme Symphonique for Flute and Orchestra, Benoit.

It is impossible to give a complete list of soloists at this early date. Engagements have already been made with Mrs. Eames, Miss Juch, Mrs. Beach, Messrs. Ysaÿe, Cesar Thomson, Ben Davies, Baermann, Kneisel, Schroeder and others. Of those named Messrs. Ysaÿe and Cesar Thomson, the Belgian violinists, have not yet been heard in America. Both are artists of



BEN DAVIES.

great distinction, who have made sensational successes in Europe.

The program of the first concert, Friday, Oct. 13, will be as follows:
Overture, "Anacreon".....Grieg
Symphony No. 7.....Mahler
Tambourin, Gavotte and Chaconne.....Gluck
Entr'acte, "Gwendoline".....Chabrier
Kaisermarsch.....Wagner

Cesar Thomson, mentioned above, is one of the most distinguished violinists now living. He was born in Luettich, Belgium, March 17, 1857. His father taught him at first, and the boy, when 7 years old, went to the Luettich Conservatory, where he studied under Dupuis and Leonard. In 1873 he went as "chamber musician" to the Baron von Derwiest to Lugano, Italy, and there in 1877 he was married. Afterward he was concert-master of Bilse's Orchestra in Berlin. In 1883 he was appointed a teacher of the violin at the Luettich Conservatory, where he has since remained, with the exception of concert-tours.

Eugene Ysaÿe, a most famous violin virtuoso, was born July 16, 1858, in Luettich, Belgium. His first lessons were taken at the Luettich Conservatory, and afterward he studied under Vieuxtemps in Brussels. He was afterward and until '81 concert-master of the Bilse Orchestra in Berlin. He then traveled extensively, and in 1886 he was appointed first teacher of the violin at the Brussels Conservatory, where he is still engaged. Ysaÿe has written six violin concertos, variations on a theme of Paganini, and other pieces, but few have been published.

Mr. Davies, the Welsh tenor, was heard here last season at Handel and Haydn concerts and he then made a favorable impression.

A STUDY IN RUSSET.

The color russet, "brown, ruddy, inclined to dark red" formerly distinguished the clothing of plain English people. It is true that in Chaucer's Court of Love priests sat "in white, in russet, and in green," but russet, as the rule, was synonymous with homespun, plain, undorned. Piers Ploughman was robed in russet. Bishop Gardner spoke of "old, plain russet coat Jone," the good wife. Drayton's poor palmer was clad "in homely russet." Dryden compared the dialect of Theocritus to "a fair shepherdess in her country russet." Russet cloth was the holiday dress of a shepherd, and as the color was a sort of dingy brown, the name russet or russetine, Nares tells us, was given to some apples.

But, lo and behold, about 10 years ago russet colored the covering of the feet, but tentatively, timidly. Not that the shade was seen for the first time in the history of boots and shoes, for centuries ago fantastic were the colors as well as the forms. Of late years, however, calf or cowhide in decorous black or patent leather, was the rule. The fat and the lazy wore Congress gaiters; leg boots were favored by men of authority in small towns; cloth shoes were still seen in the street; and there are men of 40 years to-day who remember the anguish caused by the devotion of cruel, unreasoning parents to "corduroy boots for boys."

The ordinary leather boot of commerce was fed with frequent applications of blacking, and when russets were first seen delight followed surprise, for there was at last no need of polish in box or bottle. So argued the thoughtless; sustained by this sublime belief, the scarers recked not the

jeers of vulgar street boys or paragraphers under daily pressure, who secretly envied them. To many the sight of russets was a shock; these boots were at first unfashionable; they seemed indecent to those bound with conventionality as with hide. Russeted feet were supposed popularly to lead to billiard halls, and gambling dens, and boosing kens. This leather was undressed, although experiments were made; as when a learned leech of Boston experimented freely with milk. And for some time it was considered the proper thing to wear boots that were so blotched and rubbed that their original color was almost as much beyond conjecture as "What song the Sirens sang."

Now what a change! Russets are sold in such quantities that a sensitive man in the one supreme form of leather seems an incongruity. Russets, russets everywhere. They are worn in winter, and there are those who affirm that ultimately they will drive their sombre rivals out of existence. But if in former days there was no thought of taking care of russet shoes, at present they are treated with absurd attention. Men wander from chair to chair seeking the ideal dressing. One preparation will have too much turpentine, which, soaking through the leather, burns the feet. In another the vaseline will be too liquid. One man will color his boots as carefully as a meerschau. Another is indifferent to waxen or oily preparation, but in the matter of rubbing he is adamant. The solution of the problem of preserving a fine old mahogany appearance is sought for eagerly; for russet is now often but a name, without special warrant. Strangers, who find that

they suffer in ignorance, are at once knit together as by a secret tie. Dimes are spent recklessly to make opportunity for discovering the secrets of professional greasers and rubbers.

It is not given to every one to wear russets gracefully. The Delsartian protests against the combination of such boots with a plug hat or black derby. The trousers, too, should be in sympathy, not quarrelsome or in bitter war. There must be a dressing of the body down to the feet, which thus acquire undue importance. Russet has lost its original meaning, so far as boots are concerned, and it has risen in the social scale; but is it the final word in "foot-wear?" Perish the thought! The time will undoubtedly come when the most sedate of men may be seen shod in purple, scarlet, or a delicate pea-green.

An English authority on traveling recommends the purchase of a "small handbag for a railway journey." Here is the list of contents regarded as absolutely necessary: "Flask, cigar case, brushes, traveling cap, book or two, reading lamp, pipe and tobacco, and other small articles, including, of course, a knife with a corkscrew in it." We miss the items, cricket bat and tub.

Little by little the details of the voyage of the ill-starred Miranda are coming into the light. Scientists will be interested to learn from one of the hardy navigators that at a place called St. John "the English lager was not very good, but the ale at 7 cents a glass was very fair."

Alas, Mr. W. D. Howells, he, too, is mortal! In praising the work of women in journalism, he claims that as interviewers they are superior to men; "they are surely better equipped by nature, with their insinuating tact and mental alertness."

In Spain, land of real and manufactured wines, all Bourbon is jealously locked up, even when it's a Prince.

Burgstaller, a tenor at Bayreuth, was a wood-chopper. Now he saws for Mrs. Wagner's pile.

The sacrilegious thieves of Somerville believe evidently in the free coinage of silver.

It is nip and tuck this season between broken records and broken vows.

What future has a magazine devoted exclusively to the past?

The older the family, the more rats in the house.

Sept. 17-'94

Paderewski not coming next season? It looks as though the stories about the fading and the falling of his chrysanthemum blossoms were true.

Sept. 18-'94

While a clergyman in Boston was preaching Sunday about the man that got on, his colleagues in Kentucky were denouncing the man that got off and out.

From an entrance examination paper: "The English language started among the ancient Greeks and was last heard of among the Anglo-Saxons."

To "W. J.": You ask the meaning of "Gringo," a word used in the title of a set of tales by Gertrude Atherton. "Gringo" is the Mexican nickname for an American. The story goes that when the American army invaded Mexico, a favorite camp-song was "Green grow the rushes, O." The Mexicans began to call the Americans by the first two words, which they pronounced "grin go." This derivation is given by Mr. H. F. Reddall, but we do not vouch for the accuracy of his statement.

An esteemed contemporary speaks of the narrow escape of a well-known Government official "and a lady companion" from physical injury. It is to be regretted that in this age of "verismo" the statement is so vague. Was the official with a lady in a cab? Or was he accompanied by a real lady companion, "a person who lives with another in need of society, and who, though receiving remuneration, is treated rather as a friend and equal than as an inferior or servant?" Or is a healer a "gentleman companion?" Accuracy, accuracy; let us have accuracy, as Mr. Pulitzer has remarked at sundry times.

Red has been considered by the observing and punctilious in such matters the color peculiar to Anarchs of high and low degree. The red flag was as distinctive as the black or the white; and even men of flamboyant taste who secretly delighted in ties of red, crimson, and scarlet refrained in troublous days from such public and irritating display. But the news

comes from Paris that the anarchists have chosen a black tie for their gonfalon or oriflamme. Great therefore is the consternation in England; for, as a sinner in the seat of the scornful puts it, "the black tie was hitherto the symbol of all that was best and brightest in the English character."

Deacons in Kentucky are built after the fashion of Preserved Fish, "the deacon stern and true." To fight just before service and directly in front of the church is hardly in good taste, nor are pulling out of whiskers by the handful and thumping of heads with umbrellas to be advocated publicly for immediate imitation. Yet in these days of flabby backbones and watery knees, it is refreshing to see men of earnest conviction follow logically belief by action, and to read of Southerners who in settling such disputes disdain the assistance of the old family shot-gun.

"PRINCE PRO TEM."

The fifty-fourth season of the Boston Museum opened last evening, with a performance of "Prince Pro Tem," which is now a "musical fantasia" in three acts, with text by R. A. Barnett, assisted by the comedians, and with music by Lewis S. Thompson, John J. Braham, Marcheroni, Woods, Sousa, Petrie, and half-a-dozen other gentlemen. Messrs. Barnett and Thompson recognized their child with difficulty, although the old birth-mark Tommy Tompkins was strongly in evidence.

As originally produced, this operetta was in two acts, and in the last act the plot was a wanderer. Today there are three acts, and in the second the plot is constantly below the horizon. "In human life, three acts only make sometimes a complete play," as Aurelius once remarked in the vast hall of the Curia Julia; but the Emperor, it will be observed, qualified his statement by the insertion of "sometimes." Perhaps he foresaw "Prince Pro Tem."

To bring about a "more satisfactory conclusion," Silvano, a troubadour, is introduced. The success of the introduction may be disputed. At present the second act is one purely of variety business, some of which is amusing, and some stale and flat. The first act at the start is not unlike the shoes which gave the wearer pain, because they were so full of feet; in other words there is too much music, and the first half-hour drags, until Mr. Lennox appears.

Mr. Lennox is one of the most delightful comedians now in comic opera. His Tompkins is a veritable creation. He is a lovable rogue, this collector of animals and freaks; a good deal of a humbug, with his bland smile and amorous glance; with a deceitful pruniness that is in sympathy with the marvelous cravat, old-fashioned waistcoat and respectable gaiters worn in the first act.

And then Mr. Lennox is so self-restrained; he makes his points so easily; too easily at times, perhaps, for some of his sharpest arrows are shot so quietly and quickly that the hearer is not aware immediately that the dart struck home. Here is no mouthing, no sweat compelling labor. There is an old word, a word now abused and fallen into disrepute, that characterizes the performance of Mr. Lennox, and that is the word genteel. From the beginning to the end—and it may be here remarked that his burlesque serenade was not fully appreciated—Mr. Lennox proved himself a comedian of quiet elegance, elegance that was not coldly brilliant but abounding in humor that was often cater-cousin to irony.

And, as before, Mr. Lennox was seconded admirably by Miss Sadler, whose humor, though often hard and inflexible and too deliberate, is nevertheless real and individual.

The other members of the company do not call for particular attention. Miss Annie Lewis recalls the pleasure given last season by Miss West, and Miss Sutherland was vocally inadequate. Miss Johnston was a seductive apparition, and Miss Bissl was again the flower girl. Messrs. Davenport, Kirke and Marion were laborious in their merry-making, and Mr. Marion consumed much valuable time in song and recitation.

Mr. Braham conducted with intelligence and authority, and the operetta was prettily mounted.

"Prince Pro Tem" should be boiled down. There's too much of it at present. Numbers in the second act sung by Miss Lewis, "The Dukes," and Mr. Marion might well be omitted. Yet it is only fair to say that these same numbers were enjoyed by many, and that even the bell ringing of the Pierrots was repeated.

The theatre was crowded, and the popular verdict was undeniably one of generous approval. The Museum is a delightful home for operetta, and every lover of this entertaining form of music hopes sincerely for a prosperous season. It is also to be hoped that the management will remember that operetta and a variety show are not necessarily synonymous.

PHILIP HALL.

"But Delsarte was more to her than social fame, and dramatic art the climax of earthly bliss." Wow! Which, being interpreted, means that another amateur will invade the stage.

The scene between Prof. Arlo Bates and the gypsy chief, "St. George and the Dragon," should inspire an historical painter. When the great chief would not drink because he was not served first, and yet was not ashamed to beg the price of a glass, he showed himself a genuine King. Though his operations were conducted on a humble scale, the principle was the same that is observed by Emperor or Tsar.

Mr. Bliss Carman, in reviewing in the last number of "The Chap-Book" the poems of Mr. William Sharp, remarks, "Poetry is not a toy, it is a natural phenomenon." There is no doubt but that much of the poetry written by the school in which Mr. Carman trots and gallops that amazed animal Pegasus is "a phenomenon." But "natural?" Well, that question is open to argument.

This same "Chap-Book" of the 15th contains a ghastly sketch or "episode" by William Sharp, which shows strongly the influence of Maeterlinck. The position of Mr. Sharp's head in the portrait from a photograph shows that as a sitter he was under the influence of Meredith; there is the same half-unconscious, half-affected stoop of the shoulders, the same consciousness of future comment. As new volumes by Mr. Sharp will appear soon, and as he is bolder in subject and treatment day by day, we may yet have here in Boston an altar for a season, with flowers and incense; with letters from "long-haired men and short-haired women" in the tea-table oracle; with notes of commentators, and with all the other accompaniments, accoutrements, and paraphernalia of a fad in complete working order.

This may be said of Mr. Sharp, however, that he is not under the literary influence of Meredith, of whom the Pall Mall Gazette said (long ago, before Mr. Astor turned himself into a fine old crusty Tory, with a desire to use a newspaper as a plaything), "when we have translated half of Mr. Meredith's utterances into possible human speech, then we can enjoy him." And, remember, this was written before the two latest verbal puzzles.

While we are discussing books, it is in order to arise and say that "Miss Derrick" will not hoist the author into immortality.

"If on Sept. 19 there is a storm for the South, a mild winter may be expected."

Mr. Breckinridge says that he will "run before the people." The phrase is injudicious, you'll allow.

Prof. Wright of Oberlin, as well as the Miranda, seems to have struck a reef.

The old farmer with his shaking of the head over the thickness of corn husks, is now a familiar acquaintance of newspaper readers. The Apache Indians have the same belief: "If corn is hard to husk, expect a hard winter."

There is a fashion in alcoholic drinks as in millinery, music or literature. As England sets the mode to many of our young rounders and old sports, the latest circular from London may be of interest. Scotch whisky is the most fashionable drink in and out the bars. You should ask for "special." Plain water with it is out of the question; it is cheap and vulgar. Brandy is not in vogue, and gin is low, whether it be Tom or Hollands. Chartreuse is the correct thing in liqueurs, and kummel and benedictine are allowed. The English, it seems from the latest advices, have made gratifying strides in matters bibulous, and they now distinguish clearly between Angustura bitters—the cusparia febrifuga—and Angora cats.

"Gringo" again. "T. S." writes the Journal, "The word 'gringo' has been used in Argentina, So. America, since the early years of this country. It denotes, generally, any English speaking person." Another correspondent quotes Lieut. Wise to the effect that the word is a nickname for a Mexican countryman, as "Yankee" is sometimes used with similar purpose by Americans.

A correspondent writes that the extract from an examination paper published in Monday's Journal reminds him of an obligatory description of a visit to the Art Museum written by a member of the upper class in a high school not far away: "On entering the vestibule the first thing one sees is a group illustrating the well-known story of 'Romeo and Juliet' being suckled by the wolf."

England's respect for Japan is mighty sudden.

The people in Commonwealth Avenue are at it again; this time the grievance is a proposed apartment house. Although the superficial and unreasoning may smile at hearing the voice of complaint, and may be mindful of Jeshurun, who waxed fat and kicked, it must be remembered that eternal kicking is the price of liberty. In certain English counties kick, or kicky, means the top of the fashion. It's a fashion that should be honored in the observance, when the question is one of rights.

The young man in a neighboring town who unfortunately injured himself by an attempt to fly had at least practical enthusiasm and the courage of faith. The greater number of our American amateur aeronauts confine themselves to flying on paper or in a parlor of moderate dimensions.

Some are distressed by the proposition to coin the word "motoreer." But there's charioteer, muleteer, engineer; and Burton did not scruple to invent "elephanteer." Richard Grant White once said, "As to whether we shall say that we oystered our friends, or liquored them, or that we salooned our g'hals, that is purely a matter of personal taste; in regard to which too great fastidiousness might perhaps savor of bloated aristocracy." And yet would not Mr. White have leaped into the air at the mention of "motoreer?"

A contemporary is right in its cry for railings at the stamp windows of the Post Office. At present the stamp delivered seems not so much a quid pro quo as the reward of piggishness. There should be such railings also at the railway stations; then might the blossom of punctilious politeness be grafted on thorny and stubborn selfishness.

The 20th, 21st and 22d of September are supposed to rule the weather for October, November and December.

These September days have long been considered envious of the strength and the pride of man. Many are the receipts of safeguard offered by the ancients. Thus if you would escape the scythe of the Supreme Harvester, avoid animal food, and take tea, broths, gruel and other diluents; likewise occasionally aloes, but gently as gr. iiii.

In this connection, and inasmuch as there is much talk at present about the value of symbolism in literature and art, it is well to remember that Digestion was figured in olden times as a woman of a strong, hale constitution, leaning on an ostrich; on her head a garland of penny-royal, and in her hand a sprig of the plant called chondril.

Accounts of showers of frogs excite the mirth and sarcastic copy of scientists real or alleged. But fish have fallen likewise apparently from the wet sky. Fifty-five years ago today fish descended in a shower of rain near Calcutta. They were about three inches in length, and all of one kind. They that fell on stony places were killed; on the soft grass they squirmed for a time. "And the strangest thing," said an English officer, "was that they did not fall helter-skelter, everywhere, or here and there; they fell in a straight line, not more than a cubit in breadth."

Today is believed by some to be the death day of Jerome Cardan, "one of the greatest geniuses of his age." His head at birth was covered with black, curled hair; in manhood when Nature did not make him feel any pain, he would excite that disagreeable sensation in himself, by biting his lips, and squeezing his fingers till he cried out; he was passionately fond of dice and rambling all night about the streets; he wrote a very great number of books; and, famous astrologer and physician that he was, having foretold the year and the day of his death, when he came to the time, he let himself die of hunger, to preserve his reputation.

Sep 21 - '94

Mr. W. S. Kennedy asks Mayor Matthews, and right out in meeting, to jog the elbows of the Trustees of the Public Library, that the citizens of the "second ring, or circumvallation, of towns around Boston," may be allowed to draw out books for suburban use.

While the Trustees are considering this proposition, it would be well for Mr. Kennedy and his fellow sufferers to join the Theosophical Society. The advantages would be great and immediate; for, according to the Countess Wachtmeister, the late Mrs. Blavatsky, when engaged in literary pursuits in the far East, obtained "copious references" by seeing astral copies of books in the Bodleian Library and in the Vatican. A suburban theosophist could then sit quietly at home, say in Belmont, and quote from an astral Bayle, D'Herbelot, or Newgate Calendar in the Public Library. Such astral research would defy bad weather and bulk; and the theosophist could snap desirous thumbs at unwilling trustees and prohibitory asterisks.

It now appears that English prophets foretold Japanese victories long ago, oh, so long ago.

The Japanese maintain their reputation for courtesy. They not only have read carefully Capt. Mahan's book, but they have taken the trouble, at some expense, to verify his theories.

The Chinese believe that the town Moukden is encircled by a huge gray dragon. He may be Kau, the dragon of the mountain, or Li, the dragon of the sea; at any rate the Japanese propose to put gunpowder on his tail.

This is St. Matthew's day, and rain now fattens pigs and goats, and sun "brings good wine in next year." St. Matthew shuts up the bee, brings on the cold dew, makes the days and nights equal.

Sep 19 - 94

Sep 20 - 94

The foreign press agent is busy, very busy. The latest news is that Nordica will not be in the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau Company, but will sing, and, incidentally, be married in Europe; that Calve has signed with Mr. F. C. Whitney for a concert and a tour of the United States, to begin next fall. About this time expect all manner of contradictory reports. The latest concerning Calve was that she was sick unto death. Meanwhile there is almost a suspicious silence concerning the movements of Emma Eames.

"South wind on Sept. 21 indicates that the rest of the autumn will be warm."

Today is the anniversary of the murder of Edward II., of whom his wife was tired. Shaved forcibly by his keepers, he was washed with puddle water; see the historians and Marlowe's tragedy. It is true, the King asked for hot water—go ahead, reader, this is not a soap advertisement—and when it was denied, the miserable man, "looking sternly at the barber, said that whether he would or no, he would have warm water, and shed a shower of tears." Edward, however, would have found no sympathy in the breast of William Cobbett, who once figured out how much time was wasted in shaving, and then—in his "Advice to Young Men"—told the following instructive anecdote: "I once heard Sir John Sinclair ask Mr. Cochrane Johnstone whether he meant to have a son of his (then a little boy) taught Latin. 'No,' said Mr. Johnstone, 'but I mean to do something a great deal better for him.' 'What is that?' said Sir John. 'Why,' said the other, 'teach him to shave with cold water and without a glass.' And, pray, which was the greater prig, Mr. Cochrane Johnstone in the telling, or Mr. Cobbett in the quoting with applause?

It appears from an esteemed contemporary that "Alix, clipping a quarter of a second off her record, was one of the grandest achievements ever witnessed by man." Alix is no doubt an achievement in which the paternal horse takes pride; but without any discussion concerning the singular construction of the quoted sentence, it is a pleasure to note that the achievement ranks with the completion of the Pyramids, the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the repulse of Ney's charge at Waterloo, and the winning run in the all-important game at the end of the base ball season.

They say that the gem of the collection of John Adams, which now belongs to our Public Library, is the beautifully printed Henry Stephens edition of Plato. There were famous printers in Paris three centuries ago, and one of the most famous was Robert Stephens, the father of "the morose and peevish" Henry. Robert's house, by the way, was full of people, who always talked Latin, so that even the maids learned to speak it, and it is said his printers and correctors spoke nothing but Latin.

Apropos of early books, Joan Boyd Thatcher is a passionate collector. He is chiefly interested in works of the first century of printing. He pats their backs, he dusts them tenderly, but has he ever rifled their contents?

SEP 22 '94

Miss Abbott tells the Boston public that "the messenger, like another Mercury, has already donned the winged sandals of enthusiasm and grasped the staff of experience," which, it seems, on further investigation is a way of saying that Mr. T. W. Surette, a musician of performance and promise, has written a new operetta "Cascabel."

According to the Countess Wachtmeister, who is now in town, the churches and all the literature of the present are permeated with theosophy and with theosophical views. "My! ain't it terrible? Wut shall we du?"

"Seven Twenty Eight," according to Mr. Gradgrind, is not numerically as strong a play as "1492."

Do Macbeth lamp-chimneys murder sleep?

Poor Mr. Schiebel of the Philadelphia Ball Club is a pitcher that went once too often to the bath-tub.

We are told on solemn authority that Miss Rita Hernandez de Alba de Acosta "comes of a line of Spaniards whose blood has mingled now and again with that of the nobility of the land whose queen sent Columbus forth to discover this new world." Donnerwetter! Shade of Paul Pry! And who is Miss Rita Hernandez de Alba de Acosta? Of what reigning family? Or what mighty deed of her is recorded in golden letters on marble slab? Why, she's a young New York girl, who is going to marry a Mr. Stokes.

Illinois may boast of a Marquis de Pullman, but in Mr. E. C. Hovey Massachusetts has an officer of the French Academy. Besides, one or two German Counts, waiting in restaurants, may be called justly citizens of Boston.

What an unfortunate lot these singers are; always in a stew, or a pickle, or hot water, or a scrape! It's finally settled that Lillian Russell will sing at Abbey's Theatre about Nov. 5, and the arrangement be-

tween the managers is "amiable." Perhaps the fact that her company is a ghastly failure in London, in spite of the pleasant words awarded Miss Russell, has something to do with her desire for peace and home.

And now it is said that Calve will not come until the season of '95-96. At any rate, the last Menckstrel says that she and Marcella Sembrick are engaged for the winter season at St. Petersburg.

And here's Miss Camille D'Arville insisting that she's a "prima donna," and quoting Webster's Dictionary as a backer. Our old friend, Mr. Edward Everett Rice, says that he engaged Miss D'Arville as a "star" and not as a "prima donna," which is, truly, a nice point; but Mr. Rice neglects to state whether the magnitude of the star was indicated in the contract, and whether it was fixed or wandering or shooting. Miss D'Arville is singularly modest for a woman who has been proclaimed as "the Patti of comic opera." Why in the world does she not demand that she be recognized as "prima donna assoluta," then there could not possibly be a mistake.

In the vestry of a Cornish church is a Preachers' Book. In it the texts of the sermons are followed by the total of the offertories. Two entries run thus: "What do ye more than others?"—1s. 3d." "He sent heaviness into their soul"—2s. 10d."

That's a curious expression the English use occasionally: "Slouching the face" with water. By the way, rubbing the cheeks with a veal cutlet and splashing them afterward with chalk is said to give women a fine complexion.

These stuffers of letter-boxes are almost as great a nuisance as the stuffers of ballot-boxes. A highly nervous man who lives in the top story of an apartment house—no elevator—was summoned imperiously the other afternoon by a feligned postman's ring. He found a circular extolling the peculiar virtues of club cocktails (he's a Prohibitionist), an invitation to purchase oriental rugs, "made while you wait," the card of a boot and shoe firm, the price list of a coal company, and a printed letter asking "Why do you wear those old, badly fitting shirts when Messrs. Band, Gusset and Seam are ready, etc."

To D. L. No; we cannot conscientiously recommend switchback skittles as a profitable game, in spite of its alluring name. You pay five cents. If you knock down 9 skittles with one ball you get 3 cigars; if with 2 balls, 2 cigars; if with 3, one cigar. Now the chances are 100 to 1 against 1 ball, and 50 to 1 against 2, and 25 to 1 against 3. It will be cheaper for you to buy your cigars of any reputable dealer by the box.

It is the most emancipated, latch-key woman that yearns publicly for the rescue of the Moslem wife from "thralldom." But might not the "abused" Oriental reply to her would-be deliverer, "I am already freer than you. For I have supreme control of homestead, servants and children; I direct the children's education, faith, marriage and establishment; I can leave my home, not only for a night or two, but for a fortnight without consulting my husband. Inheritance is secured to me by Koranic law. Unless the bridegroom dowers, marriage is not legal. For centuries all that a Mohammedan woman gains is hers."

SEP 23 '94

THE NEW SHUDDER.

Ghost stories have frightened boys and girls, young and old, in all ages. Grim spectres and horrid spooks, malicious witches and brimstone apparitions have for centuries stiffened the limbs and shocked the hair of humanity. There is a fine ghost story in a letter of Pliny. There is that masterpiece of horror, the scene in the golden book of Apuleius, where Aristomenes watched the witches chattering over the body of his room mate, Socrates, until he fell into a cold sweat, and his heart trembled with fear, insomuch that the bed over him did likewise rattle and shake.

There are mighty and more modern masters of terror as Hoffmann and his band of followers, Poe, Le Fanu, an admirable artist in his way, Collins, Ereckmann-Chatrass in their volume of fantastic tales. But as in the olden stories of Persia, Arabia, and the countries of the Mediterranean, so in the writings of these men the machinery is comparatively simple, the attack is objective. The premise is simple: a supernatural being terrifies the innocent or the guilty; then work the changes on midnight, a dreary, shivering sand or crime-haunted bedroom, a lonely tower, a mysterious disappearance, etc., etc. In nearly all the instances, the ghost dominates the scene.

But familiarity with such tales has blunted, perhaps, the sense of horror. The moment the conventional ghost of fiction appears, the reader of the fag-end of this century yawns and has recourse to the French expression, "Comm!" or, if he is less well-bred, he says "Chestnut," which is, after all, the same thing. And, realizing the inability to shake the reader's soul by the old means, believing

it to be too old-fashioned, by stage trick, to melt the poet's passion fully, the modern decadent the shudder is not tautological, for Abolitus has, it may be said, a decadent—has invented, with considerable labor, a new shudder.

The great inventor, whose models are copied freely by inferior and thankless men, is Maeterlinck. Whether his remarkable compositions cast in dramatic form were intended originally to be played; whether when played they are successful in producing the effect desired by the author—these are here irrelevant questions. The fact remains that the plays when read inspire an uneasy glancing over the shoulder and a clammy feeling in the small of the back. And it is the reader that in large measure terrifies himself. For Maeterlinck hints, suggests, holds back some dreadful secret; he knows, as did Shakspeare, the supreme irony of sense chatter in a tragic situation; he knows the dire crescendo of simple statements that at the end are of awful moment. Take, for instance, his "Seven Princesses." Not one mystery in this episode is explained. Why should the sisters sleep on the steps behind the glass windows and bolted doors?

Why should Marcellus have been so long in returning home? Why should he hesitate, in attempting rescue, to go through the vault? Why could not the doors be broken down? What ailed Ursula, that she should die? Why should the song of the departing mariners sound like the sob of an autumn wind? What is it all about, anyway? Call the piece rubbish, if you please; you cannot deny the overwhelming sense of horror that overpowers you during the reading. And it is all done so simply; with him silence is more powerful than elaborate description or frenzied speech.

This Belgian has his disciples, and, from the last number of the Chap Book, it would appear that Mr. William Sharp is to be numbered among them. In his "The Birth of a Soul," we find the Maeterlinckian tricks and devices.

"The Man (suddenly)—Who knocks?

The Priest—No one knocked.

The Woman (in a high, faint, perishing voice)—Who knocks?

The Sister of Mercy—There is no one there."

Does not this read like the dialogue of "The Intruder?" There is the trick of introducing nameless characters. There is the trick of repeated questions and answers. There is the trick of exciting perpetually the curiosity and denying gratification.

Time alone can estimate Maeterlinck's work at its real value. He and his disciples should remember one thing, however, that a piece in which surprise is a supreme element does not bid fair to run with stout legs the race for immortality.

The bicycle is now considered by specialists in nervous diseases, for cases are not rare where the patient claims that he is pursued by swarms of demon riders through the night. It is needless to add that these riders are unprovided with bells or lights.

There are Englishmen who now advocate the recruiting of the navy exclusively from the class "commonly known, sir, as young roughs." They see the probable evolution to old toughs, and rejoice in it.

Will hard times affect the auction sale of Symphony tickets? It is not likely, for it is an ironical fact that in times of financial depression people often spend much money on amusements.

Lord Kelvin has found the following clear solution of the flying machine problem: "I pi cos theta sin theta times." Flying is now brought within the reach of the humblest.

Mr. Andrew Lang, with the license of ink, calls the modern woman "Neolithic." Now for indignant replies. But what does "Neolithic" mean here, anyway?

The name of the late discoverer of Democratic harmony in New York should go ringing down the ages with those of Livingstone, Burton and De Soto.

By the death of Fursch-Madl the operatic stage loses a great dramatic artist and one of the few intelligent singers of Mozart's music, which to the majority is a stumbling block.

"Old Hutch" is wreaking a fearful vengeance on the Chicago Board of Trade. He sells the members cheap cigars.

Mr. John Boyd Thacher, by the way, spells his name without a "t." New England papers please copy.

Evidently Breckinridge's son Desha is a chip of the old block.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Noble Public Gift of Mr. Allen Augustus Brown.

A Glance at the Musical Treasures of His Collection.

The Boston Public Library Enriched by His Generosity.

It is known that Mr. Allen A. Brown has given his musical library to the Public Library of Boston, but is the true value of this gift of our generous and public-spirited townsman fully recognized? Even a most minute description would hardly do justice to the collection of musical literature and music that is now, subject to a few wise conditions, put into the hands of all interested in this art.

Mr. Brown began to collect as far back as 1833, when he purchased simply for his own pleasure the Masses of Mozart and Haydn. He then determined to possess not only all the operas, oratorios, orchestral works and chamber music that were available, but also books in English, Italian, French and German that treated of music and musicians. He abstained from buying books of a purely theoretical character, books that treat of acoustics, and books that are simply valuable on account of their extreme rarity, such as Cerone's "El Melopeo" and De Cousu's "Musique Universelle," or the "Syntagma" of Praetorius, or a complete set of Mattheson's treatises. He did not lie awake nights fretting about first editions, when second editions would answer the purpose. His purpose was to get together a full working library that would be of real advantage to student and historian.

At the same time Mr. Brown, as he saw his library grow, realized the importance of preserving the musical records of the town in which he lived. So we find in this collection complete sets of the programs of these concerts: the Harvard, the Philharmonic, the Cecilia, the Apollo, the Euterpe, the Boylston, and the Symphony. These programs are arranged in order, illustrated with photographs and autographs, enlarged by the insertion of all newspaper clippings of a controversial or anecdotal nature, and with the reviews published in contemporaneous newspapers. Handsomely bound, indexed, this collection alone is probably unique, and of incalculable worth to the future historian of music in Boston.

The files of musical newspapers are many, and some of them exceedingly rare. There is a set of Dwight's complete. The London Musical Times, from 1845 to date, lacks only a few odd numbers; and its predecessor, Mainzer's Musical Times, 1842-5, is in the collection.

There is The New York Musical World and Review from 1852 to 1860, a file that cannot be replaced. There are 50 years of The Signale. There is the Chronique Musicale (Paris) complete. The sets of the Menestrel, the Revue Musicale, and Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris are nearly complete. And there are other files of newspapers and magazines that are seldom found even in libraries of the size of the Public Library.

Take the London Musical World, for instance. It runs from 1835 to 1890. Mr. Brown was 25 years in securing a full set. For a long time he was unable to find three volumes. One day, looking over a catalogue, he noticed "the London Medical World," with the very dates of the missing volumes of the Musical World. He argued that "medical" was a misprint for "musical," sent for the volumes, and lo, his suspicion was a fact. Oh, the joy and the excitement of collecting!

As I have said, Mr. Brown did not waste time and money on the purely theoretical treatises of past centuries, works that are of little worth or interest. But ask for any book in any age that treats of the life of a musician, composer, player or singer, whether it be a serious biography or gossiping, indiscreet memoir, and nine chances out of ten it is in his catalogue. Here will you find all books of criticism, all books that throw light on the history of the opera, pamphlets polemical or apologetic, histories of music and of musical instruments, portraits innumerable, autographs, and much that is rich stuff for the specialist, although it may seem frivolous to the superficial. To give the titles would be to catalogue the musical literature with the exceptions of a few of four nations.

The Public Library already contains many of the books that were deliberately ignored by Mr. Brown in his labor of collecting. Lean folios and fat quartos, there they stand, possibly never to be opened; a supplement that fills out and rounds this noble collection.

There are about 2300 volumes of musical literature in Mr. Brown's library, and, with many pamphlets and books bound together and with musical scores, there are 11,000 cards in his catalogue.

Magazine articles that treat of musical subjects, articles that in the greater number of cases have never been published in more permanent form—such, for instance, as the interesting sketches by Richard Grant White of the opera in New York, illustrated and anecdotal sketches of composers now living—these have been bound together according to subject and indexed thoroughly.

Another important feature of this library is the judicious enlargement and annotation. Has Mr. Brown an old English book treating of the influence of music on the health? It contains references to modern literature on the subject; the late experiments in an English hospital are told by carefully inserted newspaper clippings; and all comments scientific or ironical that have been made on these experiments are arranged in order.

The student will not find in this collection the complete works of Coussemaker; he will not find the dull and ponderous tomes of German pedagogues and splitters of hairs; but he will find all essays on music from Artega to Zopf; all biographies from Adolphe Adam to Zabel.

American musical literature is scanty, as a rule, of trifling value; and it is hard for any American who has not deliberately made a study of catalogues and libraries to realize the number of musical books published in foreign countries, the zeal and the accuracy of the writers and the enthusiasm of publishers, who, in many cases, know that the sale will never repay the labor.

Would the student form some idea of the character of drawing room music in the first half of this century? There are the Souvenirs of the amorous Blangini. Would he discover the absolute hatred of music entertained by good and bigoted men in England of the last century? There is the Rev. Arthur Bedford's "The Great Abuse of Music." Hanslick, Berlioz, Chorley, Scudo, Bellaigue, Soubles, Jullien, Pougin, tell critically of the music that they heard, i. e., from their standpoint. Caffi, for our instruction, wrote of the sacred music of San Marco. Vander-Straeten and Gregoir tell of music in the Netherlands. Frenchmen innumerable chant the praises of their Opera, or, as Castil-Blaze, ridicule composers' treatment of the French language. A Heulhard will think it worth the while to write an elaborate essay on Ricci's opera "Une Folie a Rome," and a Pudor will scream hysterically against nearly all the music of the present day.

But Mr. Brown's library is peculiarly rich in scores. The first of July he reckoned that he was the owner of 1236 orchestral scores, and this library is surpassed in this country, if it is surpassed, only by that of Theodore Thomas. These scores include the latest works of modern composers, and some are excessively rare. There is, for example, a complete set of Berlioz, which is practically out of the market, as French publishing companies no longer sell the numbers, but lend them. Beethoven, Handel and Mozart are in full, in the great editions of Breitkopf and Haertel. There is seldom a work produced at a Symphony concert which is not found in score in Mr. Brown's collection, and the privilege of examining is given to anyone that wishes to consult.

Mr. Brown has the piano-voice arrangements of 3500 operas, from the reprint of the first opera, Peri's "Dafne" (1594), to the latest operetta of Parisian manufacture. There are the early Italian operas, which were produced before it was the custom to publish; they are in clear and authenticated manuscript. Jommelli and Audran stand side by side; Paesello, Gretry, Glinka, Offenbach do not quarrel; Blüh-op is on friendly terms with Mehul and Dittersdorf in this great republic.

Four hundred of these operas are in full orchestral score. There is a complete set of Wagner's music-dramas, for instance. Now the difficulty of obtaining the scores of modern operas is great, sometimes not to be overcome. The score of Bizet's "Carmen" is inaccessible to the ordinary buyer; and one must in many instances pay for the right of a certain number of rehearsals. The score of Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba" is not sold under \$100.

There are operas of Auber, which, even in piano-voice edition, are hard to find. Mr. Brown's set lacks only one. Offenbach wrote 102 pieces for the stage; the greater number are in this collection.

Does a singer search an aria that is not found in sheet form, from an opera that is not in the largest music shop? He can now go to the Public Library, see the connection of the aria with the action, and copy the song at his leisure. Does the writer on musical subjects wish to study the style of a composer who is practically only a name today? There is now every opportunity for research.

Nor were oratorios forgotten. There are 250 on the shelves. And the scores of chamber music are so complete that there will be now no excuse for lack of familiarity with the ancients or the moderns.

All these books, the purely literary, and the musical, are bound finely, often sumptuously. The volumes of music have been so prepared for the binder by Mr. Brown's own labor, that they lie open at any page. Here are no "shivering folios," no broken backs, no fuzzy corners. Each volume has been dressed and bejeweled by the passionate devotion of the genuine book-lover.

Such a noble collection should have a noble house, and the Trustees, realizing the importance of this gift, have chosen for its reception and dwelling-place the superb room originally intended, if I am not mistaken, for the Architectural Library. Here will be ample room and fitting surroundings.

Mr. Brown will have personal supervision of this collection during his lifetime. He will, naturally, be consulted in its further enlargement, and he has reserved the right to add to it. No book shall be taken from the room under any circumstances, but any book may be consulted freely. The absolute necessity of this rule will be obvious to any one who reflects that many of the volumes could not be replaced, enlarged and annotated as they are.

A catalogue shall be begun within a period of two years.

The collection in the room set apart for it shall be known as "The Allen A. Brown Musical Library."

There shall be no piano in the room, an excellent provision, which will secure peace and comfort to all that use the library intelligently.

With the old collection—that is, of books on music, for the collection of music was for the most part poor stuff, cheap editions of doubtful accuracy and cheap intrinsically—and with the new—the Musical Collection of the Public Library will be one of the greatest ornaments of the city, a sight to compel pilgrimages.

Mr. Brown has given this collection with characteristic modesty, of his own free will, and, I may say, with almost unexampled bravery. For what passionate collector can endure the thought of parting with his treasures while his eyes have strength enough to watch the light playing on the colored backs, while his hands are strong enough to caress the covers lovingly? The collector says: "After death some library may hold them and allow them to be thumbed and pawed by the indifferent." To the genuine collector there are volumes which should be veiled, as a Moslem wife, to all strangers; there are volumes whose chastity is sullied by a careless glance. And the cry of Charles Lamb at the thought of being separated from his "midnight darlings" is the cry of every one that shudders at the thought of a possible Hereafter without books.

But Mr. Brown has with wisdom chosen to see his library housed securely, placed on the shelves of honor, enjoyed by students and men of letters, while he still has consciousness. The posthumous fame of a moment would hardly recompense him for the anxiety concerning wishes and instructions that might be neglected.

Without vainglorious thought he has built for himself a monument; a monument of life and not of death.

PHILIP HALE.

LOTTIE COLLINS'S TROUBADOURS.

Miss Lottie Collins by singing and dancing "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" kicked herself into fame and fortune. In London she nearly succeeded in performing the extraordinary feat of appearing in three or four different places at the same time. She was one of the sights of the great Babylon. Sic itur ad astra! If Miss Collins did not actually strike the stars of the firmament with her dainty feet, her failure was due only to anatomical limitations, and not to will or ambition. And so the song was to her a veritable ta-ra-boom-de-ay.

But Miss Collins has now left the famous song behind her, as she said in her little speech of thanks last evening at the Columbia Theatre, in answer to the generous applause of a good-sized audience. It is natural that she tired of portraying the eccentric conduct of the young female, whose views of life and general deportment were as daggers in the breast of a highly respectable English parent; and now her pleasing personality is revealed in "The Devilbird," which is described as "a farcical operetta in one act."

The text of this operetta is by Mr. Frederick Bowyer of London. No one but an Englishman, by the way, would dare to introduce such ancient jests that appear as moss covered tombstones in a newly laid out cemetery. But the leading idea of the piece is older than Mr. Bowyer, for it is identical with the motif of the farce "Nature and Philosophy, or the Youth Who Never Saw a Woman," originally produced years ago at Drury Lane, and played in Boston as early as 1833. It is true the treatment of the motif is not the same, for in Mr. Bowyer's version the dialogue is singularly dull.

Miss Collins was unfortunate in place and in support, for the music of Mr. John C. Sork did not relieve the stupidity of the text, and the assisting comedians were as plowmen in a heavy field. She sang discreetly, yes, pleasingly, and her duet with Mr. Curran was repeated again and again, although chiefly by unfinishing earnestness. She danced but little, yet in the dance she showed her natural grace and her skill. In this operetta she was assisted by Messrs. Dolan, Curran, Ward, Hayes, and Sam and Dave Marlon.

There is no apparent reason why Miss Collins, under more favorable conditions, should not be a welcome addition to the roll of operetta singers. Last evening, however, one line or one kick of her old song would have been a rich exchange for the whole of her new operetta.

The earlier part of the evening was devoted to a variety show. The dancing of Messrs. Marion, Hayes and Marion, assisted by Miss Winslow, Miss Bishop, and Miss Warren, gave genuine pleasure. Messrs. Wood and Shepard, favorites here, and deservedly, were very amusing. The high wire acrobats, the Brothers Meers, gave an exhibition of remarkable balancing. The other numbers of the variety entertainment were tedious.

PHILIP HALE.

Even a college professor has a right to leave his money as he pleases.

Balfe's "When the fair land of Poland was ploughed by the hoof of the ruthless invader" would have been appropriate music at the latest Elsmarckian "demonstration."

A fat woman says that thin women have been the fashion long enough.

The widow Hunyadi entertained 3000 members of the Hygienic Congress at her castle the other day. It is to be hoped that she did not insist on toasts pledged in reckless draughts of Hunyadi-Janos.

Let Dowe and Zeitung hang diminished heads. A man of fine ear and discriminating taste fired in Kentucky at a church organist. The corset—a plain, ordinary corset of commerce, though it would be indecorous to name the maker—mocked the bullet, and the young woman is still alive to play hymn tune and voluntary.

So actors, banded together, propose to drive from the stage prize fighters, freaks and monstrosities. As regards freaks and monstrosities, the trouble is to know where to begin, for they are by no means confined to the cheaper theatres; they may be found even in comic opera. As for the prize fighters, the driving from the stage of Mr. Corbett will be an interesting event, in fact a memorial night in theatrical annals. What will they use? Oxen and chains, or a Gatling gun? Surely not fists.

Fursch-Madi—or to speak more correctly, Fursch-Madier—was not the only one. The public is a child. When the plaything is broken it is thrown into the dust bin.

It was in January, 1877, that Fursch-Madier sang in Brussels the part of Aida when Verdi's opera was first produced there. She was summoned from the Paris Opera. "She was the wife of the orchestra leader, Madier de Montjau," says Isnardon, "and the daughter-in-law of the Deputy of that name; but all this would have been vanity, if she had not shown genuine talent and a magnificent voice." She then received \$1000 a month. Tournie, the tenor, received \$1600 and Devoyod, the baritone, \$1100.

Commonwealth Avenue is blocked. Some regret that the dwellers hard by did not follow the example of the Babylonians under the Queen, Semiramis; they not only paved with asphalt, but they used it in building, and they burned it instead of wood. Nevertheless, the steam roller grinds its harsh way, stern, impassive, ponderous, like a piano piece by Johannes Brahms.

A page of Japanese music looks like an illustration to a treatise on germs, or the handwriting of Horace Greeley when he was laboring under political excitement.

This is the death-day of Richard Porson, the eminent Greek scholar. After his wedding dinner he left his bride alone in hastily hired apartments, visited a friend, and then strolled to the Cider Cellars, where he sat till 8 o'clock next morning. Having thus given her some idea of his capabilities in eccentricity, he was a devoted husband until Death mowed her.

The cool Bostonian may smile at Baltimorean delirium and guy the "prominent Protestant minister" who was fugleman for the "exhilarated rooters," but such scenes of popular approval help ball nines in winning pennants. Tumultuous enthusiasm, though it may jar the nerves of sensitive and refined people, fires the courage of the players even when they are afar off in the enemy's country.

Old Chimes was shocked severely Saturday. Vexed by the sluggishness of a lift, he said to the yawning boy: "Do you always go up as slow as this?" "Gosh," said the boy, "you ought to have been here yesterday. We fell four flights before she clutched." And old Chimes, with dignity, got out and climbed to the tenth story.

And now, like Mr. Wegg, to drop into poetry. Who wrote these verses? Surely a decadent.

THE CHILL OF DAWN.

Let us forget the dismal world, and dawn,
Our enemy, that, with the stars' retreat,
Steals on us through the rain with dragging feet,
That stir the yellow leaves upon the lawn.

Let us forget; when the dear darkness dies,
The haggard angel of the day will stand
Ev'n here, the sword of judgment in his hand
To drive us from the ancient paradise.

AT WORCESTER.

The 37th Annual Festival of the County Association.

"Elijah" the Oratorio Chosen for the First Concert.

The Singular Neglect of Queen Jezebel by Composers.

(Special Dispatch to the Boston Journal.)

Worcester, Mass., Sept. 25.—The thirty-seventh annual Worcester Music Festival opened to-night with a performance of "Elijah." The oratorio was not the "Ella" of Reutter, or Mancini, or Caves; not the "Elijah" of Arnold or Perry; not the "Ella sul Carmelo" of Bonfichi; it was the familiar "Elijah" of Mendelssohn, with the Chorus "Thanks Be to God" and the alto solo that reminds one of "Auld Robin Gray."

This "Elijah" is always a drawing card, and it is not surprising then that managers of festivals regard it with the affection shown by an impresario toward "Faust" or "Il Trovatore." The people like it for its tunefulness, for its apparent dramatic spirit. The hearers rejoice at the sight of the strong prophet who prevails over the priests of Baal.

And yet what an opportunity was here thrown away by Mendelssohn! We are told by Hiller that during the winter of 1839-'40 Mendelssohn was moved to the thought of an oratorio by a passage in the First Book of the Kings, and the passage read thus: "And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountain, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind," etc. Yes, there is much that is dramatic in the story of Elijah, but who is the all-absorbing, dominating figure? It is not Obadiah, with his sentimental song. It is not the widow, the mother of the sorely sick son. It is not the weak king, who dwelt in the ivory house and was slain at Ramoth-gilead. It is not even the fierce prophet that went up by a whirlwind into heaven. It is Jezebel, the mighty queen, the Phœnician princess, daughter of Eth-baal, King of the Zidonians.

It is the fashion for many to point carelessly scornful fingers at this fascinating woman; and today, as in the time of Addison, a Jezebel is but a name applied to a naughty woman.

And yet the Elizabethan Heywood classed her with Delilah and Helen of Troy, Aspatia and the damsel that maddened Lucullus, Frigegunda, and the Chalcidonian woman for love of whom Antiochus became a shameful prey to the enemy.

And yet Dean Stanley hesitated as he censured her, remembering "the wild license of her life, the magical fascination of her arts."

Nor can I agree with the annotator of Bayle, who characterizes her rudely, as a woman of "a turbulent and bold disposition, haughty, impious, cruel." Never would such a virago have twisted Ahab around her finger; she would have frightened her husband as she did Elijah, who, when her messenger appeared before him, "arose, and went for his life." Jezebel, Clytemnestra, Lady Macbeth—these noble Dames were no strutting, shrieking stage-vixens. They knew the weakness of the flesh. The love-light of their eyes led men to bloody deeds. The perfume of their hair lulled conscience.

Jezebel was faithful to Baal, the sun god of her childhood, the god that personified the kindness of Nature to man. What to her at first was the wild man of the inhabitants of Gilead but a disturber and a blasphemer? Yet though at her table feasted 450 prophets of Baal and 400 of Ashtar, she learned to fear the conqueror on Carmel, who hurled at her a dreadful curse.

Ah, what a heroine for opera! Semiramis herself, in comparison, loses color and is dwarfed.

And what a finale for an opera is the death of Jezebel. Although she knew of the approach of Jehu, the destroyer, there was no thought of flight. Though a widow of 14 years, she tried once more the witchcraft of her charms. She painted her face and tired her head. She darkened and brightened her eyes with antimony. She looked down at Jehu from the latticed window in the tower. In his set face she read her death. Thrown to the ground by treacherous servants, she was trodden under foot; and when Jehu remembered that she was a King's daughter and would bury her, they found of that once sleek, delicate and odorous body, no more than the skull, and the feet, and the palms of her hands.

A century ago the partition was a thin one in certain countries between opera and oratorio, and episodes in Biblical history were sung with scenery and costumes before Bishops of the church. Today Rubinstein insists on a return to sacred opera, and writes "The Tower of Babel," "Paradise Lost" and "Moses." Tinel's oratorio "St. Francis" is at the same time mystical and operatic. In the next setting of the story of Elijah, the heroine will be Jezebel, for she still ruled it as Queen-mother after Elijah, her arch-enemy, was removed mysteriously from earth.

Of Mendelssohn's oratorio there is little to be said at this late date. Let us consider the performance. The chief parts were sung by Miss Caroline G. Clarke, Miss Gertrude M. Stein, Mr. William H. Rieger and M. Ericsson F. Bushnell. The minor parts were sung by Miss Elizabeth K. Pelton, Mrs. May S. Ruggles, Mr. Clarence B. Davis and Mr. D. M. Babcock.

The orchestra was made up of members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Kniesel was concertmaster. Mr. Zerrahn, refreshed and rejuvenated by his European trip, was the conductor.

The chorus this season numbers, on paper, 515. It may be said of its work this evening that the attack was generally sharp, the intonation was pure, and the more vigorous choruses went with commendable spirit, as, for instance, "Thanks be to God," and "Be not afraid." On the other hand, there was throughout the performance an exhibition of zeal that was bolsterous, and without discrimination. There was a heartiness that laughed good naturedly at the dynamic indications of the composer. The chorus was like Brahma; all things were to it the same, piano and forte, diminuendo and crescendo. The result was a monotony of tonal color. Now physical strength and staying power are in their proper place to be praised. But rushing lustily through an oratorio does not necessarily make for musical righteousness. In some of the more involved choruses only the outer voices were heard, and at times there was a sound as of muddy waters—a sound that was not far removed from noise.

A fair judgment of the performance of the solo singers does not require the preface of long caressing of the nose and other symptoms of mental perplexity. The quartette was, as a whole, weak, although in solo work Miss Stein shone by comparison, and at times was admirable. I doubt if the music of her part appeals strongly to Miss Stein, and I know that it does not display fully her natural vocal endowment or her dramatic capabilities. Her singing of "O rest in the Lord" seemed in a measure perfunctory, and the effect on the audience was gained by the beauty of the tones and by the absence of affectation, rather than by any exhibition of marked individuality.

Miss Clarke was not heard to advantage. Her tones were often shrill and impure, and she was guilty of much that was inartistic and vocally vicious. Few of her tones were sustained, and her attack was too often a slide and a scoop. She did not read her phrases intelligently, and she punctuated them at random. A phrase to her seemed a sudden leap upward and a sudden jump to the starting place. She would explode unnecessarily on a tone, and instead of rounding a sentence firmly, she would follow the explosion by an unmeaning piano, which suggested weakness, or mistaken expression. And so her singing was one everlasting see-saw that robbed the music of its sense and bored the hearer.

Mr. Rieger sang his notes accurately and with agreeable quality of tone. His former dallying with recitative is now confirmed and irritating sluggishness, and whether he talked of juniper trees or rending of hearts he took the time of the audience as well as his own. It is indeed a pity that he persists in this false treatment of recitative.

Mr. Bushnell was not wholly in voice, and,

fearing, perhaps, that he would hit below the mark, he overshot it. In his desire to be dramatic he followed the example of our German brethren, and shouted often when he should have sung. His voice soon showed the effects of his passion, and in the later numbers he was not always able to carry out excellent intentions. Thus, for instance, in "It is enough," although his reading was apparently thoughtfully considered, the voice did not reply readily to the demanded task.

There was a fair sized and reasonably appreciative audience.

Wednesday afternoon there will be a concert in which Beethoven's Fourth Symphony and pieces by Saint-Saens, Bach and Weber will be played. Miss Clarke will be heard in an extra from Chadwick's "Phœnix Explains," and a group of songs.

Verdi's Requiem will be sung Wednesday evening. The quartette will be made up of Mrs. Monteith, Mrs. Wyman, Mr. Rieger and Mr. Campanari.

PHILIP HALE.

This week saw valuable additions to Sullivaniana. There were words of horse sense that escaped the barriers of the teeth of the eminent play actor. There were winged epigrams that hit the mark swiftly and surely, as did his mighty fist in palmy days.

It is interesting to know that Mr. Sullivan "attended Boston College and other institutions of learning, and came to know something about Greek, Latin and Algebra," but this, after all, is a matter that concerns chiefly the historian. There is no denying Mr. Sullivan's mastery of English, and he allows himself Elizabethan license: "I say 'this' or 'these' or 'dis' or 'des,' whichever the occasion requires." But it is his running commentary on the dramatic art that is particularly refreshing for its free, brave thought.

"I have as good an education as a great many men on the stage." "I am a better actor than a great many who were never in the prize ring." "I do not see any harm in one going on the stage, as long as they behave themselves." "The Actors' Association has no right to keep any one off the stage." There's no disputing the truth of these statements. You might as well contradict Monads.

"I do not drink much," says Mr. Sullivan, "but I will take a drink when I feel like it." Mr. Sullivan proposes to stick to this; he realizes, probably, that it is the taking a drink between drinks that destroys Delsartian grace, confounds mobility of face, and drowns out the dramatic fire.

"The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo;" and, then, Mr. Dan Creedon is of coarser mold. Still the fact that he began his career by wallowing his foster brother is of deep importance to the anthropologist. It is also a pleasure to find Mr. Creedon using that good old word "phaze," dear to Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, though "phaeze," or "feaze," or "feize," is a form of greater authority.

Why should the Appomattox Court House be changed to "Surrender?" The former name is known throughout the length and breadth of the land; it is rich in historical association.

The auction sale of Symphony tickets is marked by a sane and vigorous health rather than by feverish and spasmodic excitement. Wild prices paid for the pleasure of being conspicuous by propinquity argue ill for the condition of music in general.

The Worcester Music Festival begins to-day, and the town is like unto a market where singers and players prance and show their paces before managers and conductors who watch with business eyes.

The success of Mr. Crane as Falstaff brings to mind the fact that the Germans hear yearly plays of Shakspeare that are never given in this country. It was only the other week that "Henry VI." in a condensed version, was put on the stage of a German court theatre.

Many are the tales now told of the late Mrs. Stephens, who left an enormous fortune. In her stormy youth, when as Pauline Duvernay her twinkling feet danced on the hearts of men, she cared not unduly for money, and a young fellow, a German in Paris, exclaimed as he courted her, "No, I would never offer vile dross in exchange for affection; I would lay my life at her feet." "You men are all alike," said the dancer, "you are forever offering the very things one cannot take from you. Suppose I were to take you at your word?" The diplomat begged her to do so. "Well, I want one of your front teeth." He disappeared. After an hour he returned with face bound up, and to her dismay presented her with the tooth. "My poor friend," she said, "I wanted one of the lower front teeth, and you bring me one of the upper."

Here is another example of the abuse of a good word. A man milliner in town speaks of "the crations of his own artists."

Mr. Paul Pry tells us that "Miss Pauline Whitney is more careful of the family plate and dishes than her mother was." But he neglects to state whether Miss Whitney insists on washing the tea cups with her own hands.

AT WORCESTER.

The Second Day of the County Musical Association.

The Performance of Verdi's Great and Noble Requiem.

A Fine Orchestral Concert With Songs by Miss Clarke.

(Special Dispatch to the Boston Journal.)
Worcester, Mass., Sept. 25.—The second day of the Worcester festival opened with a rehearsal, at which Mr. Edmund Schuecker of Chicago played a harp solo. Mr. Schuecker is a brother of Mr. Heinrich Schuecker, the harper of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The former displayed this morning a remarkably fine tone, a genuine and delightful cantabile, and an impeccable technique. He performed successfully the difficult feat of making a harp solo not only enjoyable, but interesting. For the place of the harp is in the orchestra, as an orchestral and not a solo instrument.

This afternoon the second concert was given. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Zerrahn, played the 4th symphony of Beethoven, Saint-Saens' "Danse Macabre," Adagio and Gavotte for strings, by Bach, and the Weber-Berlioz "Invitation a l'Opéra." These pieces were finely played by the orchestra. The gavotte was appreciated warmly by the large audience, and was repeated.

Miss Caroline G. Clarke sang these songs: "The Last Song," "Ich Hebe dich," "Grog" and "Widmung," Schumann. She was also heard in the "Fidèle florentin," "The Phoenix Expirans," accompanied by a chorus, which also sang "Tantum ergo," from the same work.

In the group of songs Miss Clarke showed some results of a rigorous training of individual vocal art. In the performance of "Fidèle," and further commendation was merely a repetition of the praise accorded her in the Journal of the month ago.

After the great climax in the "Fidèle florentin" she was applauded loudly, but a solo singer of mediocre ability cannot feel in this glorious work when she is so well set up by chorus and orchestra to appear to advantage in the eyes of the general public. The performance of the chorus was like to the reading of Hamlet by the earnest tragedian in "Great Expectations." It was massive and concrete. There was more reality than tissue. And it may be said that Mr. Chadwick's rich

and glowing setting of the beautiful, quaint medieval hymn is fully worthy of the serious attention of the managers of the Worcester Association. "Phoenix Expirans" is an American choral work that shows genuine musical feeling and a thorough mastery of the means of musical expression. It is a work that is not an experiment in composition. It does not smell of the academic lamp. It is a noble cantata by a born musician.

Verdi's Requiem was given this evening. It was preceded by the Tragic overture of Brahms. The soloists in the Requiem were Mrs. Zipporah Monteith, Mrs. Julie L. Wyman, Mr. Rieger and Mr. Campanari.

Mr. Walter Lancaster in his notes in the program book—notes characterized by good sense—sums up the whole matter of the problem about the relations which should exist between music and religion, when he says of the Requiem: "How far it satisfies religious feeling must be largely a matter of temperament on the part of the listener."

There are no fixed canons of musical art that apply inexorably to music for the church. The composer that writes for the church is governed by the age in which he lives, his country, his youthful religious associations, and his own temperament. Then, too, comes the hearer similarly prepared by traditions and surroundings. To one, "Nearer, My God," may be intrinsically a cheap tune hallowed by sacred memories. To another in doleful dumps, with thoughts of suicide, a stirring march played by a military band may truly be religious music, just as vulgar tavern music moved Sir Thomas Browne to a deep fit of devotion and a profound contemplation of the First Composer. Nothing can be more absurd than to say Verdi's Requiem is not religious because it does not resemble the music of Palestrina, or Bach, or Handel, or Mendelssohn, or some dull and faithful laborer in the English vineyard of oratorio. The question now is not one concerning the quality of the music irrespective of religious expression or association. Verdi voiced the lamentation over the death of Manzoni by setting to music for church purposes the sublime funeral mass of the Roman Catholic Church. Verdi wrote it as he thought and felt it. They that are in sympathy with Verdi's mood and expression will listen solemnly, with bowed head. Yet there are some who object to the "Dies Irae," because it is, forsooth, "dramatic." But the Judgment Day is a drama of awful interest played in the theatre of the world.

It is a pleasure to state that the performance this evening gave much satisfaction. The work of the chorus was more discriminating than at the two preceding concerts. There was greater attention paid to the nuances. There was less of the hearty self-complacency that disregards the intentions of the composer. It is true that in some of the stormier passages, as in the "Dies Irae," the voices were lost for a time in orchestral fury, and in the measures that precede the "Quid Sum Miser," the sopranos were inaudible, though the measures are of a sustained piano. But when the size of the chorus is taken into consideration and the nature of the preparation, it must in justice be said that the performance of the chorus as a whole was commendable for its accuracy and its intelligence.

Such a work as Verdi's Requiem should be sung by a small and picked choir, if all the effects demanded by the composer are to be gained. The orchestra should be drilled repeatedly and most carefully, so that not one delicate shade of expression is lost. And it will be remembered that when Mr. Gericke gave lately a performance of this work in Vienna, he sent to Italy for the quartette of solo singers.

Now this evening the soloists were more satisfactory than those for "Elijah." Mrs. Zipporah Monteith did fairly well in her trying part. The voice itself is not sympathetic. It is indeed without special character. The upper tones are apt to be hard and shrill, and the intonation is not always sure. She does not appear to be a singer of imagination, and she did little from the dramatic standpoint with the solo passages in the "Liber." Her phrasing was marred at times by apparent nervousness, and she was here unfortunate in being thrown necessarily in such close companionship with that most accomplished singer, Mrs. Wyman. But, in spite of these defects, there was much to praise honestly in her performance.

Mrs. Wyman has gained in breadth and authority since she was last heard in this country. The voice is, if anything, even richer in color, and, as of old, it moves irresistibly the hearer. In some respects this voice is now unique. It is eminently womanly, sensuous with a sensuousness that just escapes sensuality. And in this Requiem the prayer of this voice was that of a woman who after a disembodied existence did not hanker after a disembodied existence in the hereafter. And one of the greatest charms of Mrs. Wyman's singing is this physical intensity. Her training fortuitously keeps this temperament under artistic restraint. Technically her performance was wholly admirable. Her evenness of tone, her attack and relinquishment, her management of breath, her reading of the musical sentences were worthy of the highest praise. There was no thought of questioning her delivery of a phrase, and as sung by her each phrase satisfied the mind and haunted the ear. So, too, the singing of Mr. Rieger this evening calls for hearty commendation on account of its skill, taste and intelligence. His voice, as far as tonal beauty and strength were concerned, was heard to great advantage.

Mr. Campanari, the baritone of much musical and dramatic experience, was unfortunate in this; he is a high baritone, and the music of the Requiem calls rather for a basso cantante. Although his work was generally satisfactory, the audience had no real opportunity of judging of the capabilities of this impassioned singer, who is now a member of the Abbey & Grau Opera Company.

Thursday will be given up to miscellaneous concerts. The program in the afternoon will be as follows: Three numbers from "Romeo and Juliet," by Berlioz; air from Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba," sung by Mr. McKink; two pieces for strings by Clayton Johnson; the seventh concerto for organ and orchestra by Handel (Mr. Carl,

organist); air from "Aida," sung by Mrs. Monteith, and Handel's anthem, "Zadok the Priest."

In the evening there will be orchestral numbers by Wagner, Czibulka and Berlioz. Selections from Wagner's operas will be sung by Mrs. Guthrie-Moyer and Mr. Schott. Solos will be sung by Miss Juch. Mrs. Alves and Mr. Rieger. The chorus will be heard in selections from Rubinstein's "Paradise Lost," and the brothers Schuecker will play a duet for harps.

PHILIP HALE.

A VENIAL SIN.

The fact that certain police officers of this city blunder occasionally in spelling has provoked laughter, and yet it is not too much to say that the speller is born, not made. Why this alleged disgrace in not following the dictionary—and, by the way, which dictionary? Why are some honest, intelligent, and otherwise reasonable people annoyed sorely when they omit a necessary vowel or add a superfluous consonant? A merchant in this town once wrote a long letter of indignant protest to a man with whom he was at variance. The reply was as follows: "Dear Sir: Your favor of the 12th is at hand. I observe that you spell which with a t. Yours truly." And this immaterial taunt, the bravado of evasion, silenced the complainer. But the shame was false.

Spelling is in a large measure a thing of fashion. For years men and women have got along comfortably under the impression that the ruler of all the Russias was the Czar. But today judicial opinion favors Tsar. Corea now is more foreign to us, all on account of a K. Thousands have been delighted with the tales told by Scheherazade, and to them Shahrazad is an unknown woman. They are familiar with the Grand Vizier, but who, pray, is the "Wazir of the Right?" The English do not recognize "honor" without a u. To some a traveler limps if he is not equipped with two lls. C is turned by insane Hellenists into K. Others love to prune, chop and hack verbal twigs. And some still dream of a phonetic revolution.

From the beginning there have been learned or imaginative writers and men of mighty deeds who sinned as gravely as did these officers above mentioned. It may be said that in the last century there was no uniformity in spelling, and that it is no wonder that such men as Washington followed the whim of the moment. But a contemporary of Washington was Dr. Johnson, the lexicographer, the man who hewed out and defined orthographical paths; and what did Dr. Johnson do? In his celebrated letter to Chesterfield concerning this very dictionary, he spell "address" twice with one d. Here are examples of spelling found in his correspondence: "Pursuit," "I cannot butt," "imbecility," "to retain council," "harrassed." Would anyone contend seriously that Johnson knew no better? And yet how does one account for such errors, except by assuming that Johnson, like many others, was not a natural speller.

Innumerable are the jests and sneers about such weakness. Bishop Parker, when overheard by Landor, said to Marvel: "The Roundheads can't spell, and the Royalists won't." According to De Quincey, the spelling which prevailed amongst the royal family of France at the time of the Revolution was "terific." "Base is the man that spells," said the French of that century. It would have been vulgar to spell decently; and it was not illiterate to spell abominably; for literary men spelled not at all better; they also spelled by proxy, and by grace of compositors.

But might not an offender say, "I wish to express myself in my own way; I wish individually in spelling as in handwriting; thus, for instance, to me, at least, 'murder' is a more fitting, more dreadful term for a bloody deed than is your prim, mealy-mouthed 'murder.'" Without pressing this point, let us ponder the words of Richard Grant White, who was fastidious in speech, in essay and in deportment: "I have not the highest respect for spelling; I don't take it to heart. . . . A lack of strict conformity to the received orthography of the time is not a matter of such grave importance that an occasional lapse from it should fill anyone with shame, or be made the occasion of ridicule. . . . Some persons never learn to spell with unerring correctness, and these are far from being the dullest or the least instructed of mankind." And it may here be remarked that a girl who in the excitement of expression of affection does not distinguish readily "to" from "too" is pardoned instantly, but who ever forgives the male victor at a spelling match?

The "old" woman is praised because she knows where to find her pocket. This reminds one of the old story: "Out with the key of your safe," says the burglar to the timid householder. "Where's it?" "In my wife's pocket." "Ere, Bill," says the disgusted housebreaker to his pal, "let's be off!"

Dean Swift wrote thus to Stella Sept. 27, 1710: "I lodge in Rury Street (London). I have the first floor, a dining room, and bed chamber, at 8 shillings per week; plaguy deep, but I spend nothing for eatink." Eight shillings a week! And yet Swift thought it mighty dear. Note, too, the singular use of "deep."

Sep 28-94

THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

Two Miscellaneous Concerts That Attracted Large and Applaudive Audiences.

(Special Dispatch to the Boston Journal.) Worcester, Mass., Sept. 27.—The program of the concert this afternoon was as follows: Three numbers from "Romeo and Juliet," Berlioz; aria, "Werther," Massenet, sung by Mr. J. H. McKinley; romance and scherzo for strings, by Clayton Johns; 7th concerto for organ and orchestra, Handel (arranged by Guilman), Mr. William C. Carl, organist; scena from "Aida," sung by Mrs. Monteith; fantasia op. 95 for harp, Saint-Saens, played by Mr. Edmund Schuecker; and Handel's anthem, "Zadok, the Priest."

The work of the orchestra was excellent throughout. The extracts from "Romeo and Juliet" were given brilliantly under Mr. Zerrahn, and the accompaniments under Mr. Kneisel were sympathetic. How in the world did the little children of Mr. Clayton Johns find their way to Worcester? There they were, hand in hand, on the stage, ready for applause. At their birth they were delicate, and when they were exposed to view in Music Hall, Boston, many shook their heads, deplored the recklessness of the fond parent and the advice of injudicious friends, and prophesied that the exposure would be fatal. But, lo and behold, here were the twins in Worcester, no stronger, still pale, and with nothing to say for themselves.

Gentlemen of the Committee, when you wish to enliven the program by light or popular music, why do you not let your audience hear one of the waltzes by Johann Strauss?

Mr. McKinley sang the air, "Un autre est son epoux," from the second act of Massenet's "Werther," and from his interpretation of it it was not easy to gain a just idea of the character of the air. His tone-production is throaty as of old. Recalled, he sang a song in which a young lady is described as loving the hero because he loves her, or possibly, this condition of sentiment is reversed in the song; at any rate the sentiment is natural and worthy of all commendation.

Mr. Schuecker again displayed a remarkable quality of tone and admirable technique. Mrs. Monteith in the air from "Aida" was heard to better advantage than in the Requiem last evening, and she was recalled. The chorus by Handel was not effective, the volume of tone from such a body of singers was surprisingly weak.

Mr. William C. Carl, a pupil of Alexandre Guilman, played "for the first time in America" his master's arrangement of a concerto by Handel that might well have been allowed to rest in its grave. Guilman has a reverential regard for the organists of the centuries before this, and he has restored the concerto discreetly; nevertheless, it is not likely that the work in Handel's time was ever played or intended to be played in such fashion. Then again the concerto, filled up from the sketch, is dull, hopelessly dull. The first movement is like unto a garrulous old man who mumbles, on account of natural loss and imperfect dentistry, endless variations on some theme of reverent to him alone. The second movement has a few measures of quiet beauty. The third is not adapted to the organ.

Mr. Carl has the reputation of being a virtuoso. His performance today was in certain respects disappointing. The registration of the concerto turned the majestic organ into a squeaking hurdy-gurdy. It is likely that Mr. Carl followed Guilman's indications, but there is a mighty difference between the character of French reeds and string stops, and those of American make. Heartily applauded, Mr. Carl played an ugly modern composition—of toccata character—with none too secure technique. One of the most pleasing features of his playing was the strongly marked sense of rhythm in the third movement of the concerto.

The concert this evening was that species of musical entertainment known as "Artists' Night." As usual, there was a large audience that applauded heartily and followed the example of Oliver Twist. The orchestral numbers were Wagner's "Faust" overture, Czibulka's "Dream After the Ball" and the "Carnaval Romain" overture by Berlioz.

Mrs. Francesca Guthrie Moyer sang here for the first time. She is a comely woman with a soprano voice. She might, with proper training do well in comic opera and popular concerts, but she is not yet ripe for severe or even light work. Her voice is without distinctive character, and her tone production is faulty. Her tones do not rise, apparently, above the collar bone. Her knowledge of the art of breathing is scanty. Her phrasing is without intelligence. She does not yet understand the art of sustaining tone. Legato is to her a foreign word. The air "dich theure halle," ("Tannhauser"), was far beyond her reach, yet she was applauded heartily. She then sang the Venetian waltz, and she sang it badly, employing neither legato nor genuine staccato in the bravura passages.

As the other singers are well known in Worcester and Boston, there is no need of detailed criticism. Miss Juch showed herself as ever an admirable artist, but alas! the voice seemed worn and thin, although she sang the finale of "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster" with dramatic force. Mrs. Alves gave an excellent performance of "O Don

Patate," and Mr. Anton Schott declaimed the story of the Grail from "Lohengrin" and the "Two Grendlers" with taste and force. Mr. Kieger sang well the insipid air from Braga's "Requiem." The Scheucker brothers played with beauty of tone and technical skill an uninteresting fantasia for two harps by Edmund Schuecker. There were selections for the chorus and Mr. Kieger from Rubinstein's "Paradise Lost," and Mrs. Moyer and Mr. Schott were heard in the duet from the last act of "The Walkure."

It is needless to say that each soloist was encored, and the concert was thus protracted to an unseemly hour. It would be perhaps idle to protest against the encore absurdity, just as it would be vain to decry the real musical worth of these concerts which are so dear to festival frequenters, who call out their best attire for such occasions. These scenes of tumultuous and indiscriminate rejoicing are not peculiar to Worcester or to the United States. And it is a discouraging fact that in nearly every city where festivals are held it is the Artists' Night that is looked forward to most eagerly by the public and by the financial officers of the association.

I learn as I send this dispatch that Mr. Carl was handicapped technically this afternoon by the treachery of the organ. The ugly piece he played for an encore was a toccata by Vidor.

The festival will be over Friday night. Friday afternoon will be devoted to the memory of Tschalkowsky and Gounod. The solo singers will be Miss Juch and Messrs. Davis and Duff. Mrs. Rive-King will play Tschalkowsky's fantasia for piano. Friday evening Saint-Saens's "Samson and Delilah" will be sung. The soloists will be Mrs. Alves, Messrs. McKinley, Duff, Babcock and Rice.

PHILIP HALE.

Today is the anniversary of the death of Thomas Day, the author of that famous, priggish book, "Sandford and Merton." Day was a singular being. He determined to train up a woman that would be a fit wife, so he picked out two girls from foundling asylums. He nursed them when they had small-pox, and finally married them to prosperous citizens. One of these girls, Sabrina, came near being Mrs. Day, but she could not meet his expectations. When he dropped sealing wax on her arms she shrieked, and when he fired pistols in the room she jumped. Then she persisted in wearing thin sleeves for ornament instead of warmth. Mr. Day was killed by a kick from a horse, which he was trying to educate.

The Bertillon system introduced in England excites discussion among all interested in criminal anthropology. A magistrate in Hastings recommends that the kodak redress the balance of the joeing line, and the police should take snap shots of intoxicated persons. But the following objections are made:

"Of course, the repartee that would leap immediately to the lips of weak man is that the camera must have been drunk itself. Moreover, it is a fact in natural history—happy or unhappy, we would rather not say—that people are mostly drunk at night. Yet, these difficulties once overcome, we can foresee a very powerful moral effect. Let each drunken and disorderly be confronted on awaking in the morning with a neatly framed photograph of himself the night before. Even that he might regard in the light of a new and more horrible kind of snake or rat."

This does the Pall Mall Gazette dispose of a singer well known to our lovers of comic opera. "Mr. Hubert Wilkie, as the picturesque hero, succeeds in simulating a German accent to admiration, and in singing even unto irritation. Let us bury the dead, and turn to brighter prospects."

"The editor of a magazine published in London sent to his printers the other day the 'copy' of a sermon. The handwriting of the author is succinctly described by the editor in question as 'horrible.' But that hardly seems sufficient excuse for the fact that an eloquent passage ending with the words 'No cross, no crown!' appeared in proof with the moving exclamation, 'No cows, no cream!'"

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AT WORCESTER.

The Last Day of the County Musical Festival.

Thoughts Suggested by the Concerts of This Year.

The Performance of Saint-Saens Biblical Opera.

(Special Dispatch to the Boston Journal.) Worcester, Sept. 28.—The echoes of the Artists' Night are still heard in the streets. The singer, as usual, excites greater attention than does the work in which she sings. Dress, jewelry, personal habits, likes, dislikes, conduct when seated at table, inspire the reporters of contemporaneous life and morals.

A local newspaper published this morning many items of value to the future historian of these festivals. Thus the town was informed that "Mrs. Guthrie-Moyer is the grand-niece of the distinguished Dr. Samuel

Guthrie, who discovered chloroform and invented the percussion cap, thus laying the foundation for modern surgery and modern warfare." It appears that this singer is "intimate with the Colemans, the Crookers, and other leading families" of San Francisco. She is "distinctly pretty." She looked "just like her picture and her hair was frizzed to precisely the same turn."

It is also reported solemnly that Mr. Carl Zerrahn "even went so far as to pat Mrs. Alves's plump cheek. When he caught sight of Mrs. Juch sitting on the settee with her mother he went still further, for, in addition to patting her cheek, he actually chucked her under the chin." The life of a conductor, then, is not without its amenities.

The town was also told that Mrs. Monteith was "embraced warmly by Mr. Monteith after her success," and Mr. McKinley was asked pointedly, "Where did you get that necktie?"

It will be seen at a glance that there is no dearth here of musical enthusiasm.

No new choral work was sung this week. Either "Phoenix Explains" or "Hora Novissima" would have enriched the repertoire of the society, but the managers preferred, probably for prudential reasons, to make no such venture. "Eljah" or "The Messiah" is always a drawing card, and as the financial result of the year '91-'92-'93 was a deficit of \$3000 or \$4000 (if I have been informed correctly), the managers, perhaps, are not to be blamed for their caution.

As a series, the concerts show an improvement in program-making. There was very little this year that was trivial and nothing that was absolutely vulgar. The performance of the orchestra was almost always admirable, surprisingly good when you remember that each morning was given over to the drudgery of rehearsal, that there was a concert in the afternoon as well as in the evening, and that there was little rest for the players. Mr. Kneisel, as on former occasions, showed genuine talent in conducting both orchestral pieces and accompaniments. Mr. Zerrahn kept the bulky chorus under control and conducted the larger orchestral works in an appreciative spirit.

The work of the chorus was often excellent, especially when the number of singers is taken into account. No such body can do full justice to Verdi's Requiem or any work of modern imagination. As musician and as hearer I do not believe that any "grand chorus" makes for musical righteousness. And yet such is the condition of music at present in nearly every Festival town that a sincere attempt to give properly a choral work with picked singers and a faithfully rehearsed orchestra would be undoubtedly a suicidal policy, so far as the pecuniary support of the public is concerned.

The managers this year were unfortunate in the choice of solo singers. Mrs. Juch, Mrs. Wyman, Mrs. Alves, Messrs. Schott and Kieger have, and deservedly, a reputation. It does not follow that because singers are comparatively unknown their performance will be inadequate. Miss Stein made her debut here, and without preliminary flourish of trumpets, and she proved herself worthy. But there were singers engaged and pompously advertised who were found on examination to be of only moderate ability or utterly unfit.

In reply the managers may say, "This is perhaps true" (for no manager likes to admit of error in judgment); "but where will you find any better?" The answer to this is, "Hold your festival in the spring, not in the fall. In the spring there are singers of international reputation open to engagement. If you then wish a thoroughly trained and dramatic soprano for a work like Verdi's Requiem, there will be an opera singer at your bidding. If you propose to give a work like 'Samson and Delilah,' a heroic opera tenor will then shake the audience. If you wish a brilliant concert singer, there will be a Melba. Virtuosi, pianists or violinists will then be in the market."

But the managers will say, "Such artists cost much money." To this there is only one reply. "A cheap singer is a vain and foolish bargain. The moment you cut down your expenses in this direction, your income shrinks. For your Artists' Night, or for a great choral work, engage the best, and sell your single tickets accordingly."

Nor should the managers listen with the faith of little children to the passionate press agent, whether he be merely man of business or a zealous husband. When a Melba or a Wyman or a de Pachmann is engaged, the audience and the managers know what to expect. But heated notices from the press of England or the wild reports of triumphs in Western towns should not inevitably inspire full confidence.

The concert this afternoon was in memory of Tschalkowski and Gounod, and the program was made up of selections from their works. By the way, the compiler of the program-book erred in stating that no one of Tschalkowski's operas is known "west of the Vistula." One, at least, has been given in London and Hamburg. The concert opened with the Andantino and Scherzo from the Fourth Symphony of Tschalkowski. Then came three of his songs sung by Mrs. Juch, and the fantasia for piano with orchestra, op. 56, the solo part of which was played by Mrs. Rive-King. Gounod was represented by the Sanctus from the St. Cecilia Mass (Mr. Clarence B. Davis and chorus); the hymn to St. Cecilia, with violin obbligato by Mr. Kneisel; an air from "The Queen of Sheba," sung by Mrs. Juch; the trio in the Prison scene of "Faust" (Mrs. Juch, Messrs. Davis and Duff); and the chorus "Unfold Ye Portals," from "The Redemption."

The features of the concert were the excellent work of the orchestra and the artistic singing of Mrs. Juch. Mrs. King was handicapped seriously in tone and cantabile by the very cause of her appearance. She showed that she has good fingers and great facility, but she did not always play intelligently, and her performance was weak in rhythm and expression. She was applauded vigorously by a large audience and recalled. It may here be said that managers of music festivals should not lend themselves to the advertising purposes of piano firms, whatever the character of the instrument may be.

All of the orchestral numbers gave pleasure to the audience, especially the Hymn to St. Cecilia; and the chorus work was satisfactory.

Saint Samson's "Samson and Delilah" was given at the final concert. Mrs. Alves was the Delilah. Mr. McKinley was Samson. Mr. Dufft the High Priest; Mr. Babcock appeared as Abimelech, an old Hebrew, and a Philistine messenger, and Mr. Charles I. Rice was another Philistine messenger. As the Journal published an estimate of this opera when it was sung here a year ago and as the opera will be given in Boston this season by the Cecilia, it is not necessary now to enter into a discussion of the music. It is enough to say that it is a noble work, abounding in high imagination, showing the consummate skill of an acknowledged master. Why do not Messrs. Abbey and Grau produce it in this country? Nor is it necessary to describe at length the performance. The burden is borne chiefly by Samson and Delilah. These parts should be taken by dramatic singers of hot blood and broad style. Mrs. Alves sang well from the purely pedagogic standpoint. But she was at times sluggish, and her airs, "The Spring with Her Dower," and "O Love, of Thy Might," were taken at too slow a pace. Many movements in the opera were dragged and they suffered accordingly. Mr. McKinley was earnestly inadequate. The part is difficult, and the singer had neither the voice nor the authority.

The style of Mrs. Alves was the beautiful "Imperia of the Philistines." Happy no doubt is that woman who cannot enter sympathetically into such a part; but when such a part must be sung, the singer must be of flame. Mr. Dufft entered heartily into the spirit of the composer, and Mr. Babcock lent efficient aid. The chorus did respectable work. But why should it, as in the Requiem mass, need in simple, unaccompanied passages the impetuous support of the organ? The orchestra at times played brilliantly. The performance was oratorical, with all that is there implied. It lacked the general spirit of that of last season. Yet there were pleasing and effective moments, and the hearer left the hall with keen desire to hear the opera in its proper home, sung by opera singers and led by an opera conductor.

PHILIP HALE.

Do you smack your lips at the thought of partridge, reckless of Aristotle, who declared it to be "a very ill-disposed and cunning animal?" And do you dread the thought of carving? Listen to the advice of an old Englishman: "A partridge is for the most part carved and served whole, like a pigeon, but yet he may be served in pieces; but when you will carve him to serve whole you must only cut the joints and lay them abroad, but if you serve him by pieces you must begin to serve with a wing."

Or would you find fantastic enjoyment in Partridge Mettens? Here is the recipe of Gilles, a worthy cook: "Take Partridges and roast them, then take Cream and Grapes, with Bread, scorched against the Fire, and beat all this together; but first steep your Bread in Broth or Claret-Wine; then strain all this through a strainer with Spice, Cinnamon and a little Mustard; set all a-boiling with a pretty deal of Sugar, but take heed that it doth not burn too, and when you would serve away your Partridge, put them into a Dish, and your Sauce under them, and garnish your Dish with Sweetmeats and Sugar-plumbs."

This is the day of St. Michael and All Angels, a day marked by a goose at dinner. For the eating of goose at Michaelmas was supposed to insure easy circumstances for the ensuing year.

So many days old the moon is on Michaelmas day, so many floods after.

If St. Michael brings many acorns Christmas will cover the fields with snow.

St. Michael's rain does not stay long in the sky.

If it does not rain on St. Michael's a dry spring is indicated for the next year.

ABOUT MUSIC.

A Familiar Apparition at All Musical Festivals.

The Brave and Honest Words of John F. Runciman.

Criticism Is the Expression of Personal Feeling.

The musical season is upon us. The Worcester Musical Festival is over, and this Festival serves as a flourish of trumpets before the regular procession of pianists, singers and fidlers of high and low degree.

This same festival, as it is now conducted, is of benefit to hearers and artists. Some of the latter are on trial. They make their first plunge, and luck is for them if they find the water warm and welcome. Of course they wish to please the audience; but they also look far beyond Worcester. Managers, presidents of societies are present, ready to patronize in the open market.

There are prizes to be gained, to be won, and possibly worried circulars. In season that a singer here has both on the audience.

At such a festival the husband of the "prima donna" is an interesting study. There are countries where Mr. Vesuvio is only known to the profession as the husband of Mrs. Vittoria Vesuvio; he has no other name. So has it been from the birth of public song; so was it in the days when Marcello penned his biting satire. This husband combines the imagination of a press-agent, the hustle of a young manager and the devotion of an uxorious man. His faith in the vocal ability of his wife surpasses the potency of the grain of mustard seed. In his deportment toward newspaper men he knows no such phrase as "turned down." After any discomfiture, after a snub, he shows the courage of the dead game pugilist. Although sadly disfigured, he is still in the ring. A species of humanity not to be lightly considered is this same husband. He may have doubts in the night watches concerning the ability of his wife, but in the day there is only one singer in the world.

Before the appearance of a singer in public, there is free discussion of her in the corridors of the hotel, as though she were a race horse. Her physical condition is known to even the indifferent. When she passes, she is shawled carefully, almost blanketed. Her very gait is noticed, as though she might show sudden lameness. Her husband is a walking arsenal of bromides, tonics, mustard plasters, iodine, cough drops, lozenges and mixtures.

If the judgment passed publicly in the newspaper is unfavorable, the reviewer is unnoticed by the singer. But the husband! In the dining room the unhappy reviewer is conscious of a steady glare from angry eyes. He suspects a bribed waiter and powdered glass in apparently innocuous dish. He sees the finger of scorn pointed at him as he leaves the room. Or a pathetic expression, like unto that of the wounded fawn, haunts him in the further pursuit of duty. Nor can he blame the husband of the prima donna.

Yes, the musical season is upon us, and the days of public and private criticism are at hand. For every hearer is or should be a critic. He should not be merely a chronic fault finder, nor, on the other hand, should he be indiscriminate in his thankfulness for all music heard. The fact that an oratorio is sung on a holy day should not divert his mind from the worthlessness of performance, if the singers or orchestra or leader proved themselves unworthy. The fact that the overture or song is by a Bostonian should not of itself compel him to accept the piece. The fact that a composition is by Bach or Brahms should not dazzle the judgment. Nor should any one be

ashamed to declare that a symphony or a sonata bores him, even though his neighbors mon their foreheads in the frenzy of enthusiasm. Nor should he be ashamed to say, "I do not care for this soloist," although his neighbors press forward with laurel wreaths.

An excellent preparation for the season, one of far more importance than analytical lecture on program-book, would be the thoughtful reading of the article "Musical Criticism and the Critics," by Mr. John F. Runciman, which appeared in the Fortnightly Review for August. The following extract will show the tendency of the article:

"Opinions are of three sorts—those that are stolen; those formed by the application of general rules to particular circumstances; those based on personal tastes, personal likes and dislikes. Leaving Number One out of account altogether, the old criticism was made up of the second sort of opinions, while the new is constituted of the third sort. The last generation of critics firmly believed in the existence of some strange rules which they termed the canons of art. What these commandments precisely were, what Moses brought them from the Mount,

where the Sinai was situated, are facts that have never come to light. Judging by results, the Moses may have been Mendelssohn (though not Moses, but Felix, of that ilk), and the commandments only are, what ever Mendelssohn did not authorize is wrong. For even 20 years ago authority carried weight. The critic had only to measure a new composition by these indefinite canons, to settle in his own mind whether Mendelssohn would or would not have done this thing, and state the result. If singing or playing were in question, authorities existed for correctness in these as well. This is the secret of the impersonal character of the old criticism. That authority weighs not a grain at the present day need not be said. An untruth, be it never so hoary, is all the worse on that account. Only a few critics still moulder feebly of the canons of art. The 'new' critic may be defined as defining his position thus: Here am I, endowed with certain faculties, cultured to a greater or less extent; the question for me to decide is not whether the artist I am criticizing produces a result the same as or different from that produced by certain dead-and-gone worthies, whom you call authorities, 'standards of taste,' and what not, and for whom I care not one jot, but whether the result gives or does not give me pleasure! The new critic, therefore, frequently gives no opinion—he

implies it merely, by indicating his delight or the opposite, with the result produced by his subject or victim. His criticism is purely an expression of personal feeling, and as such has a value the old criticism never had—could not and cannot possibly have. * * * The old method makes no demand upon the critic's best faculties. It is a piece of arithmetic, a calculation which requires little artistic sensitiveness to make, and no fancy or literary power to set forth. The critic is reduced to a calculating machine, and his criticism is, of necessity, dull stuff. * * * In the case of the new method everything depends upon the critic. The value of his work is in direct proportion to his artistic sensitiveness, his imagination, his literary skill. If he be insensitive, he can have no real feeling to express about the music he hears, and will certainly be found out and reckoned a humbug. If he be sensitive, he must also have the literary gift; for to express personal feeling requires powers similar in kind, at least, to those of the poets and great prose writers. The very conditions of its production makes the new criticism either very good or very bad. It gives the strong, artistic, suggestive personality splendid opportunities for effective writing; and on the other hand,

may serve as a fatal trap to catch fools, pitiable egotists or humbugs. For these, of course, talk about themselves precisely as they talk about other subjects—only more so, one is inclined to add, for on no occasion does the fool so completely give himself away as when he talks about himself."

Brave words, Mr. Runciman, and true.

Let us take two examples, quoted by this admirable writer. Here are familiar lines:

"I roved at random thro' the town,
And saw the tumult of the halls;
And heard once more in college fanes
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music, rolling, shake,
The prophets blazon'd on the panes."

Mr. Runciman says that these verses may be recommended for the imitation of those critics who cannot write half a dozen lines without dragging in "consecutive fifths" or other technicalities. "Tennyson evidently approved of the organ-playing, though he says nothing of the player's touch or technique."

Here is the other example. It is from Charles Reade's "Woman Hater." He describes the singing of Faust by a German. "His person was obese; his delivery of the words was mousing, chewing, and gurgling; and he uttered the notes in tune, but without point, pathos, or passion; a steady

lay-clerk from York or Durham Cathedral would have done a little better, because he would have been no colder at heart, and more exact in time, and would have sung clear; whereas this gentleman set his wind-pipe trembling, all through the business; as if palsy were passion. * * * Bless your heart, passion is a manly thing, a womanly thing, a grand thing, not a feeble, quavering, palsied, anile, senile thing. Learn that, ye trembling, quavering idiots of song!"

All genuine criticism, or at least all criticism that has stood the true test, is autobiographical, says Mr. Runciman. "Coleridge's, Lamb's, Hazlitt's, even Macaulay's criticism is personal; and it is a proof of the distance music lays behind the other arts that the personal method when applied to it should be called 'new' and that the old in this 'so-called 19th century' should be endured for an hour. Imagine Mr. Henley slating a minor poet because he does not follow canons made authoritative by the example of Milton, Mr. Lang praising Mr. Haggard for his correct taste, Mr. Gosse weeping over Ibsen for that he has departed from the model of the ancients of the best period! Only in music are such things done."

Then Mr. Runciman refers to a species of criticism that is too common in this country. "It is neither old, new, nor indeed, properly, criticism at all: it is descriptions, more or less picturesque, of recent musical performances; it is not criticism, but police-reports, generally badly done. The 'critic' instead of recording the impression made upon him by Madame X's singing, merely reports, generally badly done. The 'critic,' as the case may have been. This is only one more proof of the backward state of music. Can one imagine Macaulay shirking the congenial task of skinning alive the late Mr. Montgomery, merely remarking that 'this poet's productions are read with pleasure by thousands of readers?'"

The reader, of course, has the right to ask about the personality, the individuality, the training and the surroundings of the critic engaged by the editor of his favorite newspaper. He has undeniably a right to differ in opinion. But he has not the right to say "I do not agree with him, neither does Mr. Lang, neither would Otto Dresel if he were alive. Therefore he is wrong." And he should always bear in mind that there is no civic or religious law that compels him to read the articles that cause him keen mental suffering.

The judgment of the hearer is often in-

fluenced by the... of a neighbor. He has reason thus: "At the time I liked the symphony and I applauded. But I see that Mr. Roanerges disapproved of the instrumentation, and Mrs. Hyphen Jones told me that she regarded it as too light for a symphony concert. I suppose I was mistaken." But surely this hearer should have held fast to the opinion, if there was no other evidence brought to bear against it than the solemn thundering of the said eminent critic and the idle chatter of a woman who attends a concert as a society function. So, too, the objectors have a right to their opinions. The great questions are these: How did the music affect each one? What sort of individuality is that of each one? The opinion of one will carry weight in the eyes of those that are in sympathy with the proclaimer of the opinion. But let every tub, big or little, stand on its own bottom.

PHILIP HALE.

NICKNACKIMANIA.

Ninety-two years ago this week a case was tried by jury in England, and it excited so much interest that the record is preserved to us in a perennial calendar published a few years later. The plaintiff was a nicknackitarian, or, according to Bailey, a knick-knacketary man, who sold nicknacks at his nicknackatory. This dealer in toys, baubles, gewgaws, curiosities and "fine things to play withal" had a large stock of mummies, upas-poisoned arrows, antique armor, etc., etc. He was also the proud possessor of the skin of the caméléopard exhibited in the Roman amphitheatre, the head of the spear used by King Arthur, and the breech of the first cannon fired at the siege of Constantinople.

His name was Hurst, and he sued the executor of the widow Morgan, who was an infatuate collector. She had bought among other things "a genuine manuscript of the first play acted by Thespis and his company in a wagon." These articles she had paid for; but the executor refused to pay for stuffing and embalming certain birds and animals, among them an ourang-outang, a

fly-bird and a cassowary. His lawyer claimed that the articles were rubbish and the price extravagant; that the things paid for, including the famous manuscript, had brought a paltry price at auction. To which Hurst's attorney replied that brokers, who were ignorant of the true value of stuffed animals, were not pertinent judges. The Under Sheriff then observed that in matters of taste the intrinsic value of an article was not the proper medium of ascertaining the compensation due to the labor which produced it; "a virtuoso frequently expended a large sum of money for what another man would kick out of his house as lumber, and if the widow, a lady of fortune, wished to amuse the gloomy hours of her widowhood by stuffing apes and birds, her executor was bound to pay." The jury agreed with him and gave damages in full.

This story shows that the frenzy of collecting is no new thing; that nicknack-etary articles, however dearly bought, are sold often at ruinous sacrifices; and in other words, that the sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place whence he arose. And yet the collector has not learned the golden lessons of experience. He still haunts auction rooms, though times be hard. She still buys bric-a-brac because it is "cheap," and may some day adorn some room that exists only in her fancy; or her children are deprived of a necessity that the mantel-piece may be laden hideously; for, too often, the taste of the collector is in inverse ratio with the frenzy of purchasing. Now Little thinks bric-a-brac is derived from a phrase "de bric et de broc," meaning "by hook or by crook;" truly an appropriate derivation. So the onlooker that knows not the passion of the auction-hunter may easily derive nicknack from "Nick"—familiarily known as "Old Nick"—and the "knack" shown by the Evil One in thus distressing households.

Of course the book-hunter is beyond appeal. His case is hopeless. He will buy, beg, borrow, steal; and he wipeth his mouth and saith, "I have done no wickedness." But may not other varieties of these maniacs be turned in time from the downward path that leads from the auction-room directly to debt? It is true that there are occasions when useful articles are found going most reasonably in auction, and they should be secured eagerly if they are needed. But vases, ash-receivers, painted fans, souvenirs of doubtful authenticity, queer plates to be looked at and not used for food, brass ornaments at brazen prices, old furniture that creaks and groans under the weight of an unstarched shirt or wandering cat, clocks with figures that smile at the vain attempts of the hands to go—these are the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines of husband-

ry. It is so easy to buy what you do not need. The money for a necessity is given so grudgingly. The quiet sitting-room is turned into an old curiosity shop; the serving-maid shudders in the task of dusting; timid children must be accustomed to the sight; even the good-natured husband is like a bull in a china shop. These evils are of the time and everywhere. So that it is well, perhaps, to recall the case of Hurst vs. Halford.

001-2.91

A certain clergyman of this city said publicly and from the pulpit, if he was reported correctly, that "there is not a theatre in this city which is fit for young people to go to. * * * The theatres are now running on the verge of obscenity." In making these statements the clergyman said the things that are not.

And does this clergyman judge from personal observation? Or is it not more likely that he speaks recklessly? Does he consider the gravity of such a charge made against many men and women of unblemished life?

There is much nonsense talked about "the pitfalls of a great city," the man-traps laid for country youth. There are ample opportunities for the young to indulge in low vice in villages and small towns, yes, even when prohibition rules. Nor is there in the city a harder character than the country tough.

And here is Mr. Wilson Barrett speaking of "depravity which rears its brazen front," just as though he were really ensorcelled by the novelty of the phrase.

Is any inhabitant of Newport seriously disturbed by Mr. Bourget's views of life there? To many the last installment was dull, without distinction of any sort, unworthy of the Frenchman's reputation. Still it will serve a purpose, if it provokes a reply from Mr. McAllister.

Why should an actress seeking membership in the Protective Union be obliged to tell her exact age? Her age is part of her makeup. Nay more, her birthday is a movable feast. A daughter of a singing comedian not far from here was asked lately how old she was. "Ma says I am 13," she answered, "but I know I am 18."

Even the "Independent" newspapers are now discovering in Senator Hill a virgin mine of golden goodness. He educates little boys, who in after years never mention his name without convulsive sobs. He rebukes sternly and to the accompaniment of low thunder intimate friends who try to pull his Senatorial or Gubernatorial leg. He holds his hands before his eyes when there is delirious dancing on the stage, and never once peeps through his fingers. And "he prepares his speeches with such great care" that he writes them often "on railroad trains."

There are Englishmen that describe Lillian Russell as an "opulent beauty." "Expensive" is the more fitting adjective, at least so her husbands say.

When any foreigner, as Madam Blanc, praises unstintedly our own literary lions, lights and luminaries, there is popular rejoicing, which almost rises to the tumult of bells, cannon, brass bands and chromatic whistles. Why is this? Were we all secretly in doubt concerning the quality of the roar, and the brilliancy of the illumination?

Warm October, cold February.

There was record-breaking in England Oct. 2, 1751, when a man won 20 guineas by walking a distance of 20 miles and back again in 7 consecutive hours. And it was on an Oct. 2, over a century ago, that an English nobleman bet with the Duke of Orleans that he could ride 42 miles in 2 hours. He won a thousand louis d'or, by covering the distance in 1 hour 37 minutes 22 seconds, and he killed the two horses that in turn carried him.

There is a new comic weekly in Boston, and it is known as "Fizz." If its tendency can be judged from the first number, the laugh is not to be always without a purpose, and satire against abuses is preferred to idle quip and pun. May the bottle of "Fizz" prove a magnum.

The Rev. John L. Scudder of Jersey City says that plays of the French school should be eschewed. He's quite right. Those old fellows, Racine and Corneille, are terrible bores.

001-2.94

The cast of "The Mikado," which entered on its second week last evening at the Tremont Theatre, was changed in certain instances. Mr. H. M. Ravenscroft was Pooh Bah, Mr. J. H. Kiley was Ko-Ko and Miss Drew Donaldson was Katisha. The operetta was produced with the care that characterizes the performances of the Duff Company, and the familiar lines and numbers gave pleasure to the audience. Although it may seem ungallant, truth requires the statement that the chief male characters are still stronger dramatically and vocally than the female. As before, the Japanese tea-maidens were viewed with curiosity and admiration. This is the last week of the engagement, as Helen Dauvray will appear next Monday in a new comedy by William Gill, entitled, "That Sister of His."

The dinner given by Mr. McAllister to Lords and Jukes, Princes and members of the untitled aristocracy, reminds one of the feast eaten by the late Artemus Ward and the talented member of the Sloschers Club. "We had soup and fish, and a hot jint, and gowls, and wines of rare and costly vintage. We had ices, and we had froots from Greenland's icy mountains and Injy's coral strands." But oh, Mr. McAllister! Could you not go back of 1860 in the matter of wine?

Now there are large additions to Corbettiana. His attitude toward Mr. Fitzsimmons is by no means striking.

It is not unlikely that he will enter one of the departments at Yale. President Dwight has a beguiling tongue and Mr. Malcolm Chace has just been added to the attractions at New Haven.

The interviews between pugilists and backers demand Homeric phrases. There was no one so poor that he could not "flash a big roll of bills" in the face of somebody, and there was a general exchange of such descriptive nouns as "liar" and "cur." And yet there was no punching, although it is true that Mr. Brady waited for a spicy controversialist, "like a tiger prepared to pounce upon his prey."

Meanwhile, according to an esteemed local contemporary, there is an imperative cry "Fight Fitzsimmons, Corbett, and show that you are without a streak of yellow." Yes, hurry up, gentlemen, if you really must maul each other. The sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep.

The reviews of the first production of Smith and De Koven's comic opera, "Rob Roy," omit to state which of Scott's characters sang the topical song.

Maurus Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, was accused lately by European newspapers of committing suicide. He denied the charge, and added: "I should not be such a fool as to kill myself before the vintage."

The quatrain "originality," by Mr. T. B. Aldrich, which appeared in the Chap-Book for Oct. 1, might have served him well when he was accused of borrowing freely from Swinburne's "Interlude."

The same Chap-Book contains an appreciative notice of Mr. Edward Penfield's posters, which, by the way, are the most artistic feature of Harper's. It is a pleasure to be confirmed in the opinion that the girl represented in the July poster was letting off fire-crackers. Many maintain strenuously that she was frightened by caterpillars.

Miss Gertrude Hall of this town has translated for publication "The Poems of Paul Verlaine." What! All? Nay, nay, Pauline. It is not likely that Miss Hall has Englished faithfully or loosely some singular verses found in "Parallelement." And even in other volumes by the great decadent, there is much that calls for civet, scented soap, scrubbing brush and chloride of lime before the young person should be urged to examine.

This complaint from Dorchester is simply offal.

"Rushing" at Harvard is now confined to foot ball, and Black Monday night is only a tradition. But in Wittenburg College—it is in Ohio, and Hamlet never saw it—there was Monday one of the old, delightful, genuine displays of class feeling. One student was knocked senseless and several were wounded. There were also scratched faces, for Wittenburg believes in co-education and practises it.

The Epicurean Club should by precept and example make for culinary righteousness. Boston is a city without restaurants.

So it will cost about \$1,000,000 to honor Benjamin Franklin by erecting a triumphal arch, or "symbolical structure," at an approach to Franklin Park. Let's see. Franklin wrote maxims recommending thrift, and one of his saws read thus: "He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."

It appears that Edwin Booth thought highly of Desdemona, although others regarded her as a minx, desirous of a man and a latch key. By some Ophelia is called a flirt, who had one eye on the Prince and the other on the throne. So, too, Hoffmann wrote a remarkable essay in which he questioned the sincerity of the anger of Donna Anna toward the rake-helly hero of Mozart's opera.

004-94

The cyclone is the latest Arkansaw traveler.

The disease of Prof. Swing is jaundice. It has not been noticed in his sermons.

Massachusetts is not the only State that can claim a Rehoboth. Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Ohio are similarly blessed.

Mr. S. S. Green of Worcester declared Wednesday at the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Library Club that he believed in libraries lending and borrowing. He added that he borrowed of Harvard and Washington. This habit is undoubtedly agreeable to Mr. Green, but how about the reader at Harvard and Washington who may wish to consult the same books at the same time with the borrower?

Conan Doyle is in this country, and, if the reports are trustworthy, he is worth seeing; for we are told that "his forehead is not colossal, yet it is as if it were built of the same marble as the Titans." Now, just where is this quarry? And, by the way, who built the Titans? As, according to the Egyptians, there were 45 of 'em, it must have been a good deal of a job.

Dr. Doyle says that he admires Poe's detective Dupin. Some prefer Vidocq. Many put Mr. Sherlock Holmes in the first place. But the average boy is still faithful to Old Sleuth.

"Mrs. Paran Stevens has trouble with a tradesman over a little bill," Chestnut. This latest instance caused a "painful sensation" in Newport, where life of late has been a succession of shocks, even for those who are not suffering from a cruel nervous disease.

There is still dispute concerning the identity of the Princess Ruspoll. In any polite age the identity would be regarded as the affair of the Prince alone. In these nervous days Paul Pry is omnipresent, and the question is one of gigantic moment. One account declares that on her mother's side she belongs to "one of New York's best families—the Murrys." She is, therefore, acquainted with Murray Hill, and, probably, on speaking terms with the tavern of the same name. She speaks several languages, looks "open-mouthed" at high buildings, and "the sleeves of her carriage costume are worn tight from the wrist to about four inches above the elbow." The vivid description!

Then it seems there is a Princess Ruspoll in Tiverton. She is "regal appearing," and "the waves in their angry moods dash against the underpinning of the house, which is not palatial, but charmingly free and unconventional." Alas, this is all vague, very vague, and the fact that her father is characterized as "one of the kings of the soil," and "one of God's noblemen," is but a faint idea of the person of the princess. In this connection it may be well to recall the adventures of the Fergusons of Pennsylvania, who amassed a handsome fortune and retired early from trade simply by minding their own business.

To C. R. E.: You state the following problem: "At a fair held in — there was an article up to be voted for between two parties, the person getting the most number of votes to receive the article. At the close of the voting in counting the money No. 1 man had \$46 40; No. 2 man had \$45 92. In counting No. 1 money they found a 50 cent piece mutilated or plugged. Which should receive the article, No. 1 or No. 2? Should the 50 cent piece be thrown out altogether, or taken for its silver value?" This is indeed a hard question, one that Balkis, Queen of Sheba, might have proposed to Solomon. We have consulted managers of church and society fairs, and several sports, two of whom are dead game. The first question is this: Was the coin or vote for No. 1 challenged at the time? If the answer is "No," No. 1 seems the winner. At the same time, the mutilated coin is not current money, and, without going into the equity of the case, No. 2, then, appears to be the winner. Would the bank in — accept the coin at a reduced valuation? If the answer is "Yes," and the value is 25 cents or over, No. 1 appears to be the winner. But in this case of nice points we do not pretend to be the court of last resort. Try some higher tribunal.

Mr. Corbett now proposes to lambast six gentlemen on six consecutive nights, spending the seventh evening in meditation on the art of play-acting, and he proposes to do all this without the aid of the spring-board or any mechanical appliance. The world has not heard the like since the appearance of Mr. John Emanuel Scholtz in Dublin, who, beside other surprising feats mentioned by Dean Swift, drew the teeth of half a dozen men, mixed and jumbled them in a hat, gave any person leave to blindfold him, and returned each their own, and fixed them as well as ever.

This is the festival of St. Francis of Assisi, whose careless youth, conversion and white life have been celebrated in gorgeous song by Tinel of Belgium. And this is the death-day of Henry Carey, who wrote "Bally in Our Alley," a simple ballad that will live as long as the English language is known familiarly to men. Nor is it too much to say that the charming tune to which it is set is worth the whole of Tinel's oratorio. This tune, by the way, was known originally as "The Country Lass." It was older than Carey and superior to his own melody.

Mr. Russell is a-going to run. "Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd!"

It is in Boston, and next week, that the representatives of the Oil and Varnish Association will paint the town red.

Mr. David C. Murray has a good deal to say about Doyle and Caine and Kipling and Barry and Black and Stevenson; but somehow or other we do not hear them talking about Mr. Murray.

And now the noble breast of Mr. Fitzsimmons is filled with joy, the "joy of the strong-brawn'd fighter," mentioned by Walt Whitman, "towering in the arena, in perfect condition, conscious of power, thirsting to meet his opponent."

The people of Mt. Vernon Street sorrow on account of the felling of a sound and stately tree. What whim or fancy could have induced such vandalism? The tree was not in private yard; it stood near the curb-stone. Nor can the loss be made good to the citizens of this generation.

According to the Chicago Tribune, Miss Edith M. Thomas has "eyes that with all her power of expression show a sort of pathos of dumbness in them, as if she would never say or sing some things she feels." This natural handicapping is overcome by the fact that she is "built with a certain buoyancy and spring of movement that is (sic) very noticeable and tells (sic) of some unquenchable vitality of spirit."

"Democratic harmony" had gone so far by noon that ex-Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney and Senator Hill had met on friendly terms for the first time in years. There is an old historical parallel, and thus the record reads: "And the same day Pilate and Herod were made friends together; for before they were at enmity between themselves."

The title of Jones's new play, "The Case of Rebellious Susan," suggests a dramatic treatment of the servant-girl problem.

Much rain in October, much wind in December.

To C. M.—Three Rehoboths are mentioned in the Old Testament. There was the third of the series of wells dug by Isaac (Genesis, xxvi., 22). There was the city of Rehoboth built by Asshur, or by Nimrod in Asshur (Genesis, x., 11.) St. Jerome, however, considers this Rehoboth-ir as referring to Nineveh, and as meaning the "streets of the city." Then there was Rehoboth by the River, the city of a certain Saul or Shaul, one of the early Kings of the Edomites (Genesis, xxxvi., 37; 1 Chronicles, i., 45). The American towns were named undoubtedly after the well, of which Isaac said: "For now the Lord hath made room for us, and we shall be fruitful in the land." By the way, the accent should be on the first syllable.

Commodore Gerry advocates the restoration of the whipping-post, to be used especially in the punishment of cruel handlers of children. Public whipping might discourage wife-beating. Once we had such a post in Boston. It stood in State Street, in front of the Old Meeting House, and, with the pillory, it was moved afterward to the West Street gate. Public whipping was inflicted as late as 1803. The Grand Jury was required, according to the famous charge of a Sessions Justice, to see to it that the county towns were provided with Pounds and schoolmasters, Whipping-posts and ministers.

"The spirit of the people is shown in war song sung by the Japanese troops as they push toward Peking." No wonder that the Chinese are as chaff that is driven with the whirlwind, and the knees of the Emperor smite one against another. But why do not the Chinese use their voices as weapons?

No one need be discouraged on account of the new foot ball rules. In the match between Yale and Brown there was no "disastrous wedge play," but the cheering news comes to us that there were "fully as many injuries, and any number of men were hurt or laid up during the game."

Manager Brady telegraphed Mr. Scholl, "Cheer up and be merry! Cherries are ripe." Words of singular moment, to be likened to Mr. Pickwick's "Chops and tomato sauce."

Composers are always seeking verses that will fire the Muse. Bartolones and basses vie with them in pursuing virile songs of the sea. Do you recollect the terrific piratical ballad heard in the Cave of Harmony, when it was sung by Mr. Hoff, "a gentleman," says Thackeray, "whom I remember to have seen exceedingly unwell on board a Gravesend steamer?" Well, here is "A Song of Shipwreck," which is out of the common run. It was published lately in the Pall Mall Gazette:

The gull may fly by the cliff-top high,
The hovering hawk may soar;
But the carrion crow she bides below,
While the drowned folks swim ashore.

The drowned souls sail on the autumn gale
Between the shore and sea,
And there's never a one beneath the sun
Will bear them company.

O nowhere bound are the souls of the drowned,
Nor seaward nor for shore;
The sun goes west and the gray gulls rest,
But the dead rest nevermore.

The intimate friends of Senator Hill now speak in low tones and with an unmistakable tremolo. He is a poor man, a wretchedly poor man. "As a matter of fact, the Senator has been around in Albany, Saratoga and New York during the last few months with great patches on his shoes." Winter is coming on fast, and in all probability Mr. Hill has no under-clothing. Of course, he ought not to indulge himself in a Jaeger suit, but with a little help he would be able to purchase two sets of plain, unmedicated, comfortable flannels. Meanwhile, Mr. Morton is clothed in purple and fine linen and fares sumptuously every day.

"Is the custom of treating foolish and vulgar?" Well, that depends on whether you're included in the invitation.

To J. B.—We do not know whether a "kitchen-whang" is the same as "whang," a word used in New England to describe a house cleaning party.

There are always 19 fine days in October.

The mother of King Lemuel would have kissed the eyes of Mrs. Jim Corbett, in whom the heart of Mr. Corbett doth safely trust, so that he shall have no need of spoli. "Fitz fighting my Jimmy! Why, my Jimmy would crush him as easily as he would a mosquito." But what does Mrs. Fitzsimmons say? Or is the genial Fitz without a wife? The biographical sketches of heroes of the day are always imperfect and sometimes untrustworthy.

They are selling "anti-Tammany" eggs in New York. Are the eggs for table use?

Mr. Corbett says John L. Sullivan was "an idol of the people." Mr. Corbett was, then, an iconoclast.

The right to hiss at the proper time and place is inalienable, and the theatre manager who tries to take it away by causing the arrest of the hisser should be made to understand that there is a limit to the patience of a suffering public.—New York World. Amen to that, likewise to this opinion found in the Boston Herald: "There is a time to hiss, as well as a time to applaud, and theatrical managers might as well come to a realizing sense of the fact. The hiss is no more offensive on occasions than the noise of the claque."

Mr. Gutzmann, a teacher in Berlin, cures stuttering. He makes his patients practice on the title of his magazine, "Medizinisch-paedagogische Monatsschrift fuer die gesamte Sprachheilkunde."

It is announced that Mr. Paul Bourget analyzed psychologically the American girl in an incredibly short time, yet with "keenness of vision and scientific accuracy of definition." Foreigners are supposed to be clever at this game. There was a Frenchman once in England, who went about analyzing psychologically. Mr. Pickwick met him at the house of Mrs. Leo Hunter, if we are not mistaken, and the hostess thought the Count a wonderful man.

Yet why should any American play the gaw-maw to a foreigner that looks for a few weeks out of car windows or across the mahogany of the brutally rich? Or who made Mr. Bourget a judge over the peoples of the earth? In Paris he is known chiefly as a novelist who writes pseudo-philosophy when his invention fails. He is a French Henry James plus the ability to write in a melancholy and tiresome manner about the indecent actions of indecent men and women. There is a perfume to his style, and this perfume calls for chloride of lime as a corrective.

Poor Miss Rehan. She is described by some as an "interesting personage," and by others she is "placed as an artist," which sounds as though it must be painful to the victim of the operation. Does she ever remember the days when in crude, earnest fashion and with a wealth of angularity she took the part of melo-dramatic or tragic maiden? Does she recall one sloppy afternoon when to a restless holiday, babies-in-arms house she was a black-haired Desdemona, while John McCullough as Iago poisoned Johnny Albaugh's corked ear? This was years ago, before she had met Mr. Daly, who was then still dreaming of dramas of contemporaneous human interest.

What's this? No mention of a possible visit of Sargent's picture of Mrs. J. L. Gardner to the New York Loan Exhibition of portraits of American women? Perhaps the painter was too frank, too truthful in his fixing of a characteristic mood.

This is the anniversary of the birth of Jenny Lind (Stockholm, 1820). There are men and women in Boston who have remained faithful to their first love; and when there is talk of this or that soprano whose name is in every mouth, whose private life is public business, they shake the head compassionately, and say "Ah, you should have heard Jenny Lind."

Our esteemed morning contemporary that plumes itself on being a "family newspaper," justified its pretensions Friday by devoting nearly a column to minute consideration of domestic episodes in the life of Mr. Charles Coghlan. Kuehne Beveridge, by the way, must now seem to the playactor a strong and rebellious liquor.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Perfervid Circular That Heralds Eugene Ysaye.

A Word About Wily or Passionate Press Agents.

Current Notes and Comments Unaccompanied by Affidavits.

Eugene Ysaye, the Belgian violinist, who will be heard here this season, is described somewhat tautologically by his American press agent as "an inspired genius." The same phrase might be applied justly to the press agent, who is indeed puff redly.

Here are choice extracts from the circular:

"Ysaye, the most distinguished artist in Europe; the highest priced instrumentalist ever brought to America."

"His reception by the audience was so enthusiastic and the impression made on Vieuxtemps so great that he, in a fit of uncontrollable admiration, jumped upon the stage and shouted, 'Thou art inspired!' and with tears streaming down his cheeks he embraced and kissed Ysaye, calling him 'his son' and 'star of his school,' upon whom the mantle of greatness has fallen."

The mantle of greatness falling on a star is a rare sight in this country, but queer things are said to happen in Belgium.

"Ysaye's magnificent stature, with flowing hair and the face of a young Greek god, consistently deserve for him the title of 'Champion of the Violin.' When carried away and inspired by his great playing one half expects to see an aura descending upon his magnificent head."

"Ysaye has sent to this country a repertoire which is said to be the largest and the grandest ever sent by an instrumentalist to this country, consisting of two hundred and forty-three classical compositions. Ysaye adds in his letter to his managers, in which he incloses the repertoire: 'If the American people want any more I could inclose another fifty.'" Mr. Ysaye is apparently reckless in his use of English, but the reader should remember that it's the translator who is at fault. This challenge to the American people reminds one of the late pronouncement of Mr. Corbett. Ysaye is prepared to play 233 "classical compositions." Why does he not learn seven more and thus make out an even 300?

"His pupils are as clean cut as a cameo, as distinguishable from other graduates as the real sun from a stage effect."

"As a conversationalist he is charming, with a vivacity that draws you toward him, and in the discussion of arts he talks with an irresistible vehemency." Here again he reminds one of Mr. Corbett.

But this circular is sadly incomplete. It furnishes no information concerning his personal habits, favorite meat and drink, love affairs, views on politics and religion. Ysaye's managers should study the methods of the wily and the passionate press agents of Paderewski. For in proclaiming the merits of the Polish pianist there were estimable people who were unconscious press agents. There was Mr. Gilder, who writes verses; there was William Mason, who was seduced into giving extravagant praise. Magazines were turned into circulars.

Mr. Ysaye is without doubt a most accomplished fiddler. It is true that he was a pupil of Vieuxtemps, who thought highly of him. Let us look at Radoux's Life of Vieuxtemps (Liege 1891). On page 117 we find mention of Ysaye or "Ysaye." "All those, who, having finished their studies in the schools, felt a flame in their heart, hastened to Brussels to consult him (Vieuxtemps) and perfect themselves. Ysaye and many others, free pupils, only brought to him a purely platonic satisfaction and hearty devotion, but he was content." When Vieuxtemps was in Algiers in 1880, he wrote "Alas, there is no one here to play my new pieces, so that I can judge, cut, or alter. 'Ysaye should spend the winter here and I would train him in these compositions. I hear constantly his E string, and I wish I could really hear it once more. Tell him this, so that he will come as soon as possible.'" But Ysaye was then in St. Petersburg. Vieuxtemps died at Mustapha-Supérieur in June, 1881, and at the reception of his ashes, August 28, 1881, at Verviers, his birth-place, Ysaye bore in solemn procession, on a black cushion fringed with silver, the violin and the bow of his master.

By the way, the son of Vieuxtemps, Maximilien, now 46 years old and a civil engineer in Paris, was married last month to Julie Henry La Blanchetais.

But have we not passed the necessity of such silly puffery? Is the American musical public so ignorant that there is need of announcements which might herald in a hill-side village the approach of a three-headed girl or the hairy man of Borneo? Would not Ysaye, who has, like Ulysses, visited many towns and seen many customs, be the first to laugh at such vulgar managerial zeal?

The above quoted circular is an example of the work of the passionate press agent. Each newspaper knows full well his more dangerous brother, the wily representative of a manager. Let us take a familiar case. An operetta is put on the stage and it has a six weeks' run. The first performance is reviewed in the Daily Yawp. The review is discriminating. The faults of the performance as well as the merits are pointed out. Is the press agent daunted? Not a bit of it. He sends to the newspaper during the engagement glowing accounts of the success of the piece; he extols each comedian by name; he takes the place of the reviewer. He argues that some of his copy will finally be used by accident or oversight, and the reviewer will thus be confounded on his own judgment seat. It is impossible to refrain from paying tribute to the perseverance and the cheek of such a man.

To X. Y. Z.—You mistake utterly the purport of Mr. Runciman's article quoted in the Journal a week ago. He did not say that one man's judgment concerning a musical work or performance was as good as the judgment of another. He did say that the highest criticism is the expression of personal feeling. In estimating the worth of such judgment, you must, of course, consider the equipment of the judge. A man who has heard only one orchestra, other things being equal, is less qualified to pass a judgment on the technical finish of an orchestral performance than is he who has heard the leading orchestras of the world and knows the value of comparison.

So they will play soon at Music Hall an entr'acte from "Gwendoline," an opera by poor Chabrier, who died the other day. It is time that we knew in Boston something of his beside "Espana." To be sure "The Merry Monarch" was founded on his "L'Etoile," but how much of the music was preserved in the arrangement made for Francis Wilson?

Hugues Imbert in the first volume of "Profil de Musiciens" gives a delightful sketch of this composer, who left the law to study music. Chabrier was one of a joyous band when he lodged in the Rue Mosnier. There was Saint-Saens, at that time devil-may-care; there was Manet, the chief of the impressionists; there was Taffanel, the great flute player. There were the play actors, Grenier and Cooper. There was Massenet, "with his air of the repentant Magdalene." There was much music, serious and burlesque. Saint-Saens, for instance, delighted in singing madly the air of Marguerite in the church. One spring-night the windows were open, and a voice rose from the gathered crowd: "If I were your landlord, I

should be so happy to have you as a tenant that I would not charge you rent."

As for "Gwendoline," it was produced at the Monnaie, Brussels, April 10, 1886. Catulle Mendes wrote the libretto.

Speaking of this librettist reminds me that he and Paul Ferrier, the authors respectively of "La Femme de Tabarin" and "Tabarin," have protested formally against the first proposed performance of "I Pagliacci" in Brussels, alleging that Leoncavallo stole his plot from them.

Now in the Journal of Oct. 29, 1893, I alluded to the resemblance, and gave at length the plot of "La Femme de Tabarin," a "tragi-parade," brought out at the Theatre Libre in November, 1887, with incidental music by Chabrier.

It is said that Leoncavallo claims that the story of "I Pagliacci" is a true tale; that the tragedy was acted in real life August 15, 1865, near Montalto, in Calabria; that the murderer was brought to trial before his father, a judge.

At any rate, the story is older than either Mendes or Leoncavallo. It forms the basis of an old Spanish play, Englished by Mr. Howells.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The rush seats for the second balcony at the Symphony Rehearsal will go on sale at Music Hall, Monday morning.

The first Symphony Concert of this season will be given in Music Hall Oct. 13. The program will include Cherubini's "Anacreon" overture; Beethoven's 5th Symphony; Tambourin, Gavotte and Chaconne, Gluck; Entr'acte "Gwendoline," Chabrier; Wagner's Kalsermarch.

The first of the Kneisel Quartet concerts will be given in Union Hall the 22nd. The program will include quartets by Cherubini, Mozart, and Beethoven.

Mr. Homer Norris's treatise on Harmony will be published about the 15th.

Herbert Johnson's Quintet Club, assisted by Mr. Joseph L. White, baritone; Mr. Homer A. Norris, organist, and Mr. Hoyt L. Conroy, reader, will give a concert Thursday evening for the benefit of that most deserving charity of the Ruggles Street Church, the Mother and Babe Relief Fund.

The Lotus Glee Club, which is now made up of Messrs. William R. S. Morris, Clarence M. Collins, Charles L. Lewis and Edward F. Brigham, is about to start on an extended tour. The members will be assisted by Miss Vora Burpee, reader, and Miss Nellie Dean, pianist.

According to a reporter of the Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News, Miss Annie Meyers discourses about herself with "absolute frankness and good humor." "Do I like London?" repeated Miss Meyers, "Guess I think it's just grand." Ten to one she never used this phrase, still it is

interesting to note here that "to be charming without being insipid, and piquant without being impudent are predominating factors in Miss Meyers's well-earned success."

The English appear to like moderately Mr. Bridge's setting of "Stabat Mater Speciosa," produced at the Hereford Festival last month. It is described as "of the genre which is likely to attract the attention of choral societies in the provinces." The managers of the Worcester (Mass.) Festival should look at it.

Mr. Corder has written a book on orchestration.

Miss Minnie Theobald, a cellist in London, is the youngest student who has ever been made an Associate with gold medal at the Guildhall School of Music. She has been a vegetarian since she was 9 years old, which, as some think, accounts for the smoothness of her technique.

These are among the unknown, or comparatively unknown, works to be heard at the Crystal Palace this season under Mr. Manhs: Mackenzie's overture, "Britannia," Te Deum for orchestra and organ, Sgambati; "Tannhaeuser" ballad for baritone and orchestra, Soedermann; Rhapsody for baritone and orchestra, Godfrey Pringle; Meditation for violin, harp, orchestra and chorus, Massenet; Concert overture, William Wallace; Orchestral Idyl, Stewart Macpherson.

Among the soloists that will appear in London before Christmas are Sauret, Johannes Wolff, Franz Rummel, Josef Hofman, Plunket Greene.

Clara Schumann met recently with an accident at Interlaken. She was 75 the 13th ult.

Mr. Horace Petherick is bringing out "The Violin; a Treatise, Historical and Critical, Upon the Works of the Principal Masters, from the Introduction of the Violin to the Present Time."

There will be a solemn service at the Madeleine the 17th for the repose of the soul of Gounod.

These as yet unpublished operas will be given at Rouen: "Calendal," by Maréchal and "Hermann and Dorothea," by Le Roy. A new opera, "Lyderic," the subject of which is taken from a Flemish legend, will be given at Lille; the music is by Ratzel. "Die Chansonette," an operetta by Dellinger, was produced with marked success at Dresden the 16th ult.

Materna is again a member of the Vienna Opera Company. She made her first appearance this season as Selika in "L'Africaine."

Julius Stockhausen has had a cataract removed. He still teaches.

Conrad Ansoorge is playing in Berlin.

They have found in Greece another fragment of a hymn to Apollo.

Hans Sommer's opera "St. Foix" will be produced in Munich the 25th.

The great opera house at Alexandria will be opened Nov. 14 by a performance of "Lohengrin."

The manager of the Dresden Opera House now allows curtain calls after each act, as he claims that the judgment of the audience on piece and individuals will be thus clearly shown. To which statement Otto Lessmann adds "Hm, hm!"

The Conservatory at Cologne has 371 pupils and 37 teachers. The Dresden Royal Conservatory has 798 pupils and 91 teachers. At Carlsruhe there are 422 pupils and 22 teachers. At Munich the proportion is 265 to 36. At Wurzburg it is 694 to 17.

At the Vienna Opera House they are resurrecting Gluck's "Iphigenia at Aulis."

No one seems willing to run the risk of managing the San Carlo at Naples this season.

They were singing Trovatore at Spoleto.

One of the singers, frightened, forgot part and lost voice. Suddenly the air was sung as by someone below the stage, and sung greatly to the satisfaction of the audience.

The obscure hero was the prompter.

PHILIP HALE.

A JOY OF SHOPPING.

With the return from vacation pleasure or the season's exile comes the necessity of winter shopping. Happy are they who have purses long enough to buy out of season; they are not so rudely jostled; greater is the bargain. The average purchaser, however, is reminded of the change of the seasons by imperious need of fitting garment. There is a rush to the shop, and then there is a struggle, as with the beasts at Ephesus, or with the belated at a Symphony rehearsal. Such shopping is not a joy. Nor can the zeal that reaches mania be called a joy. Zola in his novel that treats of the Parisian magasin, "Au Bonheur des Dames," made a careful study of this frenzy, which induces chronic nervousness, begets extravagance, and destroys homes. The haunter of the bargain counter, the seeker after novelties, the insatiable reader of advertisements of special sales—these are familiar types that have long furnished material for paragrapher and caricaturist.

The joy of shopping is in not buying. To long for a book, a cravat, an article of jewelry; to watch it from the street as it tempts in the windows; to deny oneself and congratulate conscience; to argue again the question in the night watches; to finally miss the coveted thing, to mourn it as lost forever, to speculate concerning the pur-

laser, as to whether he appreciates his property or whether the latter is willing to serve the owner—these are joys of soul unknown to Dives who buys carelessly, almost at random. The true purchaser does not enter and fumble and inquire. He longs from afar. He would not be too intimate with the object of his desire, lest he might find a flaw. He knows that in a castle of Spain there is no defective plumbing. Should he apply the peppermint test, the castle would vanish in thin air.

"The children of Allee call Bartrum father." There are no children as sweet, gentle and loving. And so it is with the shopper who sees the things that are for others. Is it a folio Florio Montaigne? Unexamined, destined for another, it is without spot or blemish. The binding may know the worm. A page may be stained by the tobacco thumb of some former owner now without books, or indifferent to them on account of dust-choked eyes. The genuine shopper is not aware of these infirmities. To him the volume is sound. And when it disappears he wonders when another copy will rise before him, and whether then he can afford to bear it home. Compared with such pleasure, what is the paltry feeling of the purchaser—that is, the purchaser in the eyes of the world—who looks leisurely at the sage and witty chapters, finds imperfections and questions the wisdom of the expenditure?

Or is there any hat like unto the hat that is to be bought? The one worn is shabby. Even warm friends look at it askance. Rude boys whistle an impertinent inquiry. But times are hard, the old one is comfortable, and it is easier to dream of one not found in windows made of glass, one that might adorn the head of a Castilian grandee in the presence of his King. There is no such hat in existence, but some day this shopper will buy it.

There is another joy of shopping, and it is great. The youngster that flits his nose against the window is a sane purchaser. He has one cry, "Buy me that." Not that he wishes always a specific thing, but he would fain surround himself with the glories of this world, from precious stones to Jackson balls. At supper, just before the visit of the Dustman, he readily accepts a paltry substitute or even a vague promise. But the true and joyful shopper is he that saunters in the street, looks curiously at the windows, admires, condemns, envies for a moment, and then exclaims with the philosopher of old, "How many things there are I do not want." The charcoal titles drawn on empty walls by Balzac were greater landscapes than those by Hobbema, and more glowing portraits than those by Rembrandt or Titian. And no splendor of dress equals the conviction of a woman as to what would best become her.

This is the anniversary, both in day of month and day of week, of the death of Edgar Allen Poe, who, beside natural infirmities, had the great misfortune of being born as one out of due time. Recognized for years in Europe as a genius, his fine literary qualities have, in his own country, until late years, received scanty recognition. And what memorial is there to him in Boston, the city of his birth?

"Miss Rehan has newly 'anatomized' Katharine." Why do you use quotation marks with anatomized, oh esteemed contemporary? The verb in this sense has been in use over three centuries. It is found in Shakespeare, and Burke did not disclaim it.

If an American died in a Chinese town as did Chin Bark Yeu in Harrison Avenue would there not be an outcry here against barbarous people and still more barbarous customs?

There are now many and learned explanations of the cause of the Winthrop Square Tragedy. There is to all of them but one reply: Bury the wires.

"Seventy Japanese transports passed the Northeast promontory the 2d." As for that, all Japan is in a transport.

One of the remarkable features of "Trilby" is that the book sells in spite of its hideous poster.

There are those who think decadent should be spelt with a y.

To the dweller in the ash-barrel, the cell seems a palace.

It is said that Dutch blood was mingled with English blood in the veins of Dr. Holmes, but the play of his wit was Gallic. In Paris, a town loved by him, he learned Gallic clearness and brilliancy of expression, as well as theories of medicine.

Acknowledged master of the style of Pope, in lighter, graceful verse he rivaled Præd. The poet that seemed possessed with the spirit of an occasion, political or jovial, thought of the chambered nautilus and enlarged his soul. The human pathos of his "Last Leaf" finds its complement in the yearning for Divine support that characterizes his religious poetry.

The disciples of Iffhemann know full well that Dr. Holmes was a dangerous controversialist. "Elsie Venner" contributed a new shudder to the literature of the unearthly and the weird. The wit of the man in dally walk and conversation was brilliant, never corrosive, never malignant. In correcting an abuse or fighting a sham the thrust was as of cold steel, but there was no accompanying sardonic laugh, no turning of the weapon in the wound. For the wit was human, as the man was kindly and gentle.

"Foodlums" is the name given by the irreverent to the pilgrims to Mechanics' Building.

Mr. Cookran's speech to the candidates in New York was "punctuated with cheers." In view of Mr. Cookran's record of twists and turns and wobbling, this speech might well have been punctuated with jeers.

Mr. Whistler, the well-known friend of Du Maurier, distinguished himself at a dinner of the American Art Association in Paris. "In Paris," said Mr. Whistler, "there does remain the tradition of the schools. In France, at least it is known, and we are taught, which end of the brush not to put in the mouth. In England this is still a matter of taste."

"In the matter of social success, to be disliked by the right people is every whit as important as to be liked by the right people."

The announcement of the opening nights of the opera season has a familiar sound. "Romeo and Juliet," "Carmen"—and these will be followed without fail by "Faust," with the faithful Miss Bauermeister as Martha. It is to be hoped that opera will not be given this season for the chief glorification of Emma Eames and the brothers de Reszke. And when you bring the company to Boston, Mr. Abbey, let Melba have a becoming and worthy support.

The Pall Mall Gazette pays this delicate attention to an eminent play-actor: "Mr. Irving must have been asleep for 20 years. In a speech delivered at Walsall he declared that there still existed a religious prejudice against theatres. The Lyceum has so long posed for a conventicle, and Mr. Irving has so long been revered as a sort of prelate, that had our only actor desired a text he might more appropriately have discoursed on the theatrical prejudice against the church. The actor is already the most important personage in the community, if press notices, free advertisement, self-satisfaction, and the adulation of the foolish have any meaning. What more does Mr. Irving want? So long has the actor been protected against hostile criticism, that it is almost time to suggest some protection for the world against the actor. As for a municipal theatre, Mr. Irving's favorite scheme, we like it not. There is no reason why the ratepayer should be asked to pay for the stage at the very moment when the stage has been killed by acting. And if there were a municipal theatre, and the actor became a servant, what would Mr. Irving do? Establish a tyranny, or become a constitutional minister for the stage (with a seat in the Cabinet)? We know not, but so high a soul would not brook management. But really the actor has nothing to complain of. He has money and adoration, and the intelligent man has long ago learnt to live without a theatre."

Women have proved themselves admirable designers of book covers. Would that the authors of "The Heavenly Twins," "Marcella," and the spasmodic novels that are sold by prurient advertising had turned their attention to the outside of literature.

Is there any excuse for the existence of the hideous phrase "lady bicyclists?" And yet, as Richard Grant White once said about the phrase, "Mr. Blank and lady," the ado of protestation is perhaps superfluous. "If it pleases any man to announce on a hotel book that his wife, or any other woman who is traveling under his protection, is a lady, a perfect lady, let him do so in peace. This is a matter of taste and habit. The world is wide, and the freedom of this country has not yet quite deprived us of the right of choosing our associates or of forming our own manners." It is easier to admit without dispute that all women who ride bicycles are "ladies," i. e., "the wives or daughters of persons of quality." There is more color, by the way, in bicyclist than in bicyclist.

To B. L. C.: Wapperjaw is said to be a provincial English word, and yet it is not found in the old dictionaries of Bailey or Ash, which include many provincial expressions; neither is the word in a dozen dialect glossaries that are now at hand. "Wapper-eyed," however, is in Grose's "Provincial Glossary," and it is thus defined: "Goggle-eyed;

having full, rolling eyes, or looking like one seared; or squinting like a person overtaken with liquor." The wapperjaw is not an uncommon sight. Not long ago a possessor of this facial distinction, moved by unreasoning vanity, submitted to a series of painful and tedious operations, that her jaw might be of the conventional and approved fashion.

Oct 10 - 94

May no one looking at the statue in the Public Library be tempted to cry out with Cromwell: "The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!"

The American cricketers know a Hawke from a hand-saw.

The Grand Duchess was not alone in her love of uniform and the military—veterans or gory members of the Home Guard.

Alas, poor Shakespeare! His sworn foe, Dr. Owen of Detroit, was quoted with respect at the Ymerlan Club, and Maj. H. C. Dane gave valuable information concerning the said doctor: "I found him," said the Major, "the most modest, unassuming gentleman I have ever met. He took me upstairs and showed me four young ladies, and a young man hard at work on the typewriters."

The Major's testimony settles it. Owen is right. Bacon wrote the works of Shakespeare, Marlowe, Spenser, Burton, the Book of Mormon, and the Joe Miller jest book. To divert his mind he invented gunpowder, ether, promissory notes and bills of exchange. He was also the Man in the Iron Mask.

One of the members of the Ymerlan Club remarked: "As near as I can understand it, Shakespeare was to his time what John Stetson, the popular theatre manager, is to ours." Exactly so. Mr. Stetson is a man of marked ability who, in spite of devotion to other business, has contributed largely to the pleasure of his fellow townsmen by his shrewdness and liberality as a theatre manager. Shakespeare's other business was writing plays, to be acted, and not to serve merely for verbal quibble or metaphysical or psychologic analysis. Mr. Stetson's other business is banking; but many have regretted that he has not been able to give a portion of his time to play-writing. A play by him would be a drama of contemporaneous human interest. It would abound in strong situations, and the dialogue would be epigrammatic, full of color; truly Elizabethan.

Another member argued that Shakespeare was an impostor, because "we hear little of the domestic animals" in his works, and "the despised cat and our are distinctly city animals." This reasoning is not easy to follow. The member should read "The Animal Lore of Shakespeare's Time," by Emma Philpott. There she would find that Ben Jonson was not more complimentary to the dog than was Shakespeare, and in our own day Huxley speaks of the "inherent snobbishness of the dog mind." But Shakespeare knew the "sweet thunder" of the hounds; witness the conversation between Theseus and Hippolyta in "Midsummer Night's Dream;" and he loved the horse and clothed it with glory, even if he looked askew at the "harmless, necessary cat."

"If in the fall of the leaves in October many of them wither on the boughs and hang there, it betokens a frosty winter and much snow."

In speaking of Shakespeare's marriage and the baptism of his first child, Mr. Barrett Wendell went out of his way to slur a well-known New England custom that is still observed in some villages. Mr. Howells discoursed of this custom in "A Modern Instance;" but with greater discretion, and with a keener understanding of New England character.

Has Mr. David C. Murray authority for the plural "bawdries" used in his appreciative article on Dr. Holmes? The noun "bawdry" is a brave old word, which, as employed by Steele, characterizes admirably much of the new and neurotic English fiction: "No one ever writ bawdry for any other reason but dearth of invention."

The latest advice to young women who are not yet "lady journalists," but "opes to be," runs as follows: "Keep your feet dry, keep an eye to your pronouns, and never write on perfumed paper." This is all that is required. Stay: "After these, truth is to be recommended," says the oracle. So that it is better to lie with dry feet than to tell the truth with wet soles. Then there's the saw about truth living in a well.

It is to be regretted that the Master Horseshoers assembled here in solemn conclave have not reported definitely for or against the use of the shoe as a discourager of witches. Long, long ago John Aubrey said: "It is a thing very common to nail horseshoes on the thresholds of doors; which is to hinder the power of witches that enter into the house. In the Bermudas they used to put an iron into the fire when a witch comes in. Mars is enemy to Saturn."

"That the horseshoe may never be pulled from your threshold," was an ancient and kindly wish of ceremony. Perhaps the practice of nailing shoes to thresholds resembles that of driving nails into the walls of cottages among the Romans, who thus sought to prevent the plague. At any rate the association might well have opened the session with the singing by full choir of this ditty of Edward Harrigan:

"There's a story handed down in Irish history,
Far, far beyant the days of King Borhuc,
That the best of luck is always waiting on you,
If you pick it up on the road a horse's shoe.

Chorus.

Then gather the family 'round me Sunday morn-
ing.

Let the babies roll upon the floor,
So one and all I give ye timely warning,
Never take the horseshoe from the door."

Oct 11 - '94

To L. M.—You are right, and your friend, the botanist, has lost the bet. The garbage plant has a decided odor.

Mr. Forget, who appeared as witness before the Luxow Committee, was prophetically named.

The Harvard-Yale foot ball match will be a contest between two "glooms." Accidents have saddened Harvard, and Mr. Billy Bull, one of the professors of foot ball at Yale, says that there has not been such "week aggressive play" seen in New Haven "within the recollection of the oldest graduate," as that witnessed in Yale's match with the Crescent A. C.

It now appears that Mr. Corbett is a "very sensitive" man. According to a sporting gentleman, who is disposed to take a "brighter" view of the possibility of a fight between Mr. Corbett and Mr. Fitzsimmons, the former is liable at a moment's notice to abandon the stage and wallop the latter, for he is "very much irritated under the lash of public criticism." Mr. Fitzsimmons may yet serve as a counter-irritant.

A composer in this town wrote several dead marches and could not find a publisher. He sent them to Philadelphia. They were at once accepted and published; and they are now used by the local bands as quick-steps.

To J. E. C.—There is no allusion to hens in "Old Grimes." Perhaps there is in "Old Grimes's Cellar Door."

These West End palatial cars with cologne, champagne and cuspidors are all very well, but what the public really craves is a seat in a plain, ordinary car in return for a 5-cent fare.

How could any thoughtful burglar expect to be overcome by alcohol in the house of a writer of temperance tales?

The world was informed yesterday by the newspapers that three men had been caught "red-handed." Not one of these offenders had killed a creditor or his Uncle William, nor was he dripping with gore. Two had confused notions of meum and tuum, and the third would fain have fired a town, moved thereto no doubt by professional desire of obtaining an instantaneous view of a "conflagration," for he is a photographer.

That was a singular strike at Brockton, when variety actors refused to go on the stage because two fellow-members of the Protective Union had been received "very coldly" by the audience. "Very coldly" is here a euphemism for "hissed." Yet the incident is not without its pathetic side. There is only one thing that is sadder than the jest which provokes no laugh, and that is the laugh which is as the crackling of thorns under a pot.

"For every fog in October a snow in the winter, heavy or light, according as the fog is heavy or light."

This is the feast day of St. Ethelburge. In good old English times, furrmet was eaten in her honor, and thus the dish was prepared: "Take clean wheat, and bray it (like a fool) in a mortar, that the hulls be all gone off, and seethe it till it burst, and take it up and let it cool; and take clean, fresh broth, and sweet milk of almonds, or sweet milk of kine, and temper it all; and take the yolks of eggs. Boil it a little, and set it down and mess it forth with fat venison or fresh mutton." Ah, the heroic stomachs of those days!

Beuzetta is undoubtedly a fast filly, but where did she get the name?

Mr. Lawrence Maxwell, Jr., Acting Attorney General, is of the opinion that "wool" in the new tariff law refers to sheep's hair only." How was wool defined by early makers of dictionaries? Bailey (ed. 1736) regards wool as "a matter for clothing, growing on the backs of sheep." Ash in 1795 adds, "any short, thick hair." Richardson (1839) has this definition: "The clothing that surrounds sheep; any soft substance similar to it." These lexicographers were careful men. But law is one thing, and language is another.

1. Century cant a sheep was called a wool-bird, and a shoulder of mutton was the "wing." In slang wool means pluck. "You are not half-wooled" is a term of reproach from one thief to another. The workhouse is called the "wool-hole." In Lincolnshire insipid tea is "woolly." In Elizabethan days "wool-flst" was an opprobrious epithet; did it mean sheep stealer?

Oct 12 - '94

THE TALE OF A RUG.

May is not alone in seeing Moving Day. October, too, knows the van that displays to the indifferent passer-by the sacred privacy of domesticity. October, too, smiles pityingly at the hurried march of the folding Bedouins, to borrow the jest that Life stole from a Boston attorney and counsel-or-at-law. The amateur detective, who prefers to be described as a sociologist, notices from year to year the evolution in household goods; the discarding gradually of time-honored ugliness; the less frequent use of black walnut, once thought to be the hall-mark of the refined and the luxurious; the almost total disappearance of the hair-cloth sofa, fit only to be sat upon by wearers of hair jewelry. Soothing and sustaining to the optimist is the knowledge that the old-fashioned carpet, the tightly tacked carpet, the carpet that clings to the floor, is no longer regarded as the indis-

pensable mark of gentility and affluence. There was a time, and it was not long ago, when the wife of a poor man would have resented the taunt "You have no carpet in your best room," and wept most bitterly.

Science and laziness have decided together in favor of the rug. Science assures that the rug is healthier than the dust-gathering, microbe-storing carpet of high or low degree. Laziness dreads the inevitable day of house-cleaning, with its taking up and putting down. It is surely easier to swab a stained floor and shake a rug. But when the question of taste in selection of pattern and color arises, there are as many hideous mistakes in rug as in carpet. There are rugs that are like Mr. Samuel Huxter's trousers: they shriek "Come and look at me." And it takes a trained and quiet eye to select a device that will never grow stale. Many a one becomes tired of looking at the same thing, just as there was once a Roman gentleman who killed himself from weariness of daily sumptuous routine.

Such a man was the Parisian, who, yawning, found one afternoon a sad inflexibility in the pattern of his sitting room rug. Then, too, the colors were sad. He was irritated by the lack of light and movement. He went to the Palais-Royal, where he bought a tortoise, which wandered cheerfully over the tiresome rug. Then he was happy, and he rejoiced at the sight of this animated illumination. The glory of the world fades, and the tortoise is a vain thing. The man soon found little pleasure in the poor beast, and dull was its chaldean hue. A happy thought! He took the tortoise to a gold beater and had it gilded. Then, indeed, was the tortoise a curio, an ambulatory piece of bric-a-brac, and the rug was glorified as though it were cut from the magic carpet that bore King Solomon from town to town. This pleasure waned. The very gilt grew monotonous; it fretted. And then the unhappy one bethought him of a jeweler. Man and tortoise went together, and when the latter returned, it was with carapace studded richly with topazes. Keen was the joy when the thing beautified and enriched the other thing; and as the joy was keenest, the tortoise died—it died of incrustation.

De Goncourt assures us that this rug-fancier, or, rather, rug-enlivener, was a charming fellow, intellectual, and, of course, "tres distingué." His memory should serve as an encouragement and a warning in house decoration. There are simple means—for surely a tortoise is not expensive—of beautifying the plainest rug, but the decorator should not be too ambitious. Be bold, be bold, but not too bold. In other words, avoid topazes; the carapace is better without them.

"In the matter of trousers fashion has no choice but to follow the everyday shape." Trousers for parenthetical legs will still be cut with a circular saw.

The Rev. George Arbuthnot of Stratford-on-Avon is surprised at the number of Baconians in Boston. Let him stay awhile and he will lose the knowledge of surprise. We have everything here, Baconians, Brownugites, Meredithians, Brahmsites, Buddhists (full-fledged and neophytes), and, just now, there's a Food Show worth seeing.

Today is the anniversary of the first performance of "1492," in which Christopher Columbus created his own part.

If October bring much frost and wind, then are January and February mild.

Mr. James Jeffrey Roche is doing noble work in pointing out the blunders in "Tribby." It makes little difference whether a phrase from Mr. Du Maurier's book is quoted accurately, but the integrity of such a classic as "Shoo fly" must be preserved. And "Shoo fly" is a classic, as well as "Dixie's Land," or "Lillibullero" whistled by uncle Toby. There is another classical couplet that is almost always misquoted, and that is the legend found on a package of Lone Jack.

By the way, there's a man in the Back Bay who is shunned by his neighbors and viewed suspiciously by the iceman, the butcher, the grocer, the letter carrier and the milkman. For he said the other day in a street car, "I have not read 'Tribby,'" and, then, lost to all sense of shame, he laughed. Such a confession cannot be hid, and the wretched being is now a pariah, a very leper.

Mr. Bourget, psychologist in ordinary to the New York Herald, having applied test tubes and litmus-paper to the society girls, naturally and logically proceeds to investigate the "manipulators of dollars." Mr. Bourget himself is said to have a fine commercial instinct.

Miss Boviére, the singer, otherwise known as the Countess Zichy, is advertised cleverly before her arrival in New York. The Hungarians are in this respect wise in their generation. Witness, for instance, the case of Hunyadi-Janos.

Surrender the Post Office name. Surrender.

Alexandre Dumas says "Literary men should love one another, or at least should appear to do so before outsiders." He is that rare animal, a Frenchman with a sense of humor.

In spite of the "improved" rules of sentimentalists and molly-coddlers foot ball is the same grand old game. When Williams rushed through Yale's line, Captain Hinkey, the pride of Yale, stepped up to his friend and fellow student, Mr. Beard, and "kicked him heavily," just as an English burglar uses his boots, "those iron-shod correctors of my wife." The attention of Prof. Richards, who lately in a magazine article demonstrated mathematically the inherent gentleness of the game, is called respectfully to this pleasing episode in the sporting life of his own college.

Capt. Trenchard of Princeton, by the way, is no true student. He objects to a game on Dec. 5 because it would interfere, forsooth, with the subsidiary lessons and examinations of his men.

"Young Starlight" and "Kentucky Rosebud," dear madame, are not the names of horses rejoicing in their strength. They designate and identify two "pugilistic phenomena," who propose to pound, lambast and thoroughly maltreat each other, not from a spirit of personal hatred, not willing slaves to the vendetta, but for a pecuniary consideration.

The British Matron has at last spoken, which being interpreted means that Mrs. Kendal, the actress and the wife of Mr. Kendal, denounces the combination of woman and bicycle. "Riding astride a horse, a camel, any animal, is not feminine, and never will be so according to the laws of nature," says Mrs. Kendal, who is always passionate—in print.

They did not like "A Trip to Chinatown" over in London. "Mr. Knowles was incumbered with the clumsy wit of the author of the sketch. Thus, being a supposed invalid, his name was Mr. Welland Strong, and he was forced to indulge in such pranks as the continual thrusting of a big wooden thermometer down his neck in order to take his temperature. In America they may call this sort of thing comedy; the English word is buffoonery. What there was of a play fell as dull as dishwater." It would never do for Mr. Hoyt to run for Parliament. Stay. His piece was played at Toole's Theatre. We thought Toole a stupid fellow on the stage when he visited us.

So Menelek, Emperor of Abyssinia, who proposes to visit European courts, claims to be descended in direct line from the son of Solomon and Balkis, Queen of Sheba. Nothing in the Old Testament substantiates his claim, but the Arabians mention this child of wisdom and beauty and call his name Melekh. According to them he was the ancestor of a long line of Ethiopian Kings. Others say his name was Nulick; others that it was David, after his grandfather.

Oscar Wilde denies in the most emphatic manner that he is the author of "The Green Carnation." "I invented that magnificent flower," says the Apostle of the Beautiful, "but with the middle-class and mediocre book that usurps its strangely beautiful name I have, I need hardly say, nothing whatsoever to do. The Flower is a work of Art. The book is not."

Oct 13-94

This is the anniversary of the death (1754) of Mr. Jacob Powell of Stebbing, Eng. He weighed 560 pounds, and 16 men bore him to the grave.

A contemporary speaks of "Trilby" as "a book with a superb disregard of compromise." Let's see. Was there not a decided compromise between the author and his publishers and the enraged Jimmy Whistler? The latter had the good fortune of the Vermont deacon who said one night at the store: "My wife wanted linen sheets and I wanted cotton. We compromised on cotton."

The pastor of a church near Boston makes the following announcement: "He would be very glad if everyone on whom he calls will bear in mind his previous suggestion as to the great value of time in the effort to reach near 400 homes, and subordinate decoration to dispatch." Will someone please translate this last clause?

Mr. Corbett proposes to shy his castor into the ring at some date in '95 when the corn is waving, Annie, dear, and then only because "the public has demanded a battle." Mr. Corbett, like the pirate's apprentice, is always the slave of duty.

Vanity Fair (New York) published June 7, 1862, a caricature of Dr. Holmes that is as clever as it is good-natured. The Autocrat sits at the breakfast table. A cup, smoking, is in his right hand, and in the gayety of conversation his left leg is raised far above the floor. On the same page is the announcement of the June number of the Atlantic, containing contributions from Whittier, Lowell, Thoreau, Aldrich, T. W. Higginson, Harriet Prescott, Rose Terry, Alice Carey and others.

The same number of Vanity Fair published a letter by "Ethan Spike" on the Merrimac, and, to show the bitter spirit of those days, the middle cartoon represented "Gov. Andrew's School for the Massachusetts Soldier." The Governor, with upturned hat, is calling out, "Now, boys, three hearty cheers—two for the 'nigger' and one for the Union."

And in this number George Arnold proposed to institute a Society for the Suppression of things that Everybody Says. "Meeting its members will be delightful, for if they say nothing else, they will say nothing that Everybody says. You can ask one of them for a cigar or a diamond ring, without being asked in return 'will you take it now, or wait till you can get it?' You will never see one take out his pipe and light it for the sake of that charming little dialogue that we have all shuddered at so often and often:

"A.—'Is smoking disagreeable to you?'
"B. (who knowing the reply, dares not avoid it)—'Yes.'
"A. (triumphantly)—'It is to some folks!'"

They that rail against the stupidity of English newspapers are requested, respectfully, to observe a police court item as it passes through the office of the Pall Mall Gazette:

"We are really sorry for the elderly gentleman who appeared yesterday before Mr. Lane. He had wrecked his life's happiness for a penn'orth of salt. Last Sunday there was no salt for dinner. He said nothing, but on Monday he went out and bought a penn'orth and put it on the table at dinner. 'What's that?' says she. 'Salt,' says he, quite quiet and reasonable. 'Is it?' says she; 'take that, then,' and throws it at him. It was salt. He picks it up; she runs into the garden. When he finished picking it up he runs into the garden and throws it at her, and then begins picking it up again, not wanting to waste it for dinner. But dinner he very nearly never had, for he looks up and there was his wife dealing a murderous blow at him with a garden hoe. Fortunately, Providence intervened, and he was spared to get a summons from Mr. Lane. And, really, she is a most ferocious woman, although up to now she had never done worse than run at him with the family Bible, and give him a black eye with it. Clearly this is no wife for an elderly gentleman."

Gen. Schofield believes that the United States Army should be increased "for defence against domestic violence in the form of forcible resistance to the laws of this country." He also cites China as a pertinent object lesson. Here's food for thought for all patriotic Americans.

"Hinkey and Beard are the best of friends." And, pray, what would Mr. Hinkey have done to Mr. Beard, if they were only on speaking terms, or if they had not been introduced to each other?

And now the late Gen. Banks is described by a well-meaning admirer as a "perfect gentleman." Is this all that can be said of a remarkable man at this late date?

The description of Gambetta dining with Gen. Grant given by their host, Mr. G. P. A. Healy, in his "Reminiscences," tallies with the notes concerning the statesman in the sixth volume of the Journal of the brothers Goncourt. Hebrard mentioned his eating gluttonously, bolting partridges; and his best loved author was Rabelais, of whose great work he had many editions, among them the copy read by the Regent during mass. "Gambetta is gay, a good fellow, amiable, and among politicians the only one of any social charm." This gayety led Charcot to say of him: "Truly a gifted man, but he is lacking in melancholy."

Oct 14-94

THE SYMPHONY.

The First Saturday Concert
of the Fourteenth Season.

Messrs. Cherubini and Chabrier

Enter Arm-in-Arm.

An Evening of Genuine Interest
Without a Soloist.

This was the program of the Symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall:
Overture, "Anacreon".....Cherubini
Symphony No. 7.....Beethoven
Tambourin, Gavotte and Chaconne.....Gluck
Prelude to Act II, "Gwendoline".....Chabrier
Kaiser march.....Wagner

You may wonder at Mr. Paur's choice of the "Anacreon" overture as the opening number of the season; but reflect on what he might have done; he might have chosen Beethoven's "Dedication of the House." Think of this possibility bolstered by tradition, and applaud.

They laughed in Paris 91 years ago this month when Anacreon, voluptuous to excess, so fond of wine that his statue in Athens represented him as one that was drunk and singing, the lover of Bathylus, addressed his odalisque in a call for drink as "Interesting slave!" They laughed in Vendémiaire of the year XII. at the libretto of this opera-ballet written by Citizen Mendouze, nor could the music of Citizen Cherubini prevail against them. Seven nights they laughed at seeing the old rake, a ridiculous bore, and they hissed and they laughed. Today the overture remains.

Here is no modern musical scene painting. Here is no ruddy, riotous debauch. Love is without passion. There is no suspicion of sensuousness. Lovers and wine-bibbers are frozen as in Grecian relief. But how clean-cut are the forms. How noble is the artistic repression. What a sense of proportion rules the work. There is no abuse of color, but there is color from beginning to end. This overture may be well likened unto a mural decoration by Puvion de Chavannes. No wonder that when it was first played in London the audience was not content until the piece was twice repeated. No wonder that Castil-Blaze wrote 40 years ago that "Anacreon" was the last complete, grand overture in the history of French opera.

It was a pleasure to hear the ballet music of Gluck, for the inherent beauty of the gavotte, which is, as Champfleury said of Bocherini's music, like a flame-colored ribbon preserved tenderly in an olden rose-wood bureau; and also for the associations. The chaconne in the eighteenth century often served to conclude an opera or a ballet. When Gaetan Vestris, the great dancer and tyrant of the Paris Opera, saw a rehearsal of "Iphigenia at Aulis," he was thunderstruck.

There was no chaconne for him, no music for his famous gambades. To him enraged said Gluck, "Did the Greeks know the chaconne?" And Vestris replied, "They had no chaconne. So much the worse for them." Tradition prevailed, and Gluck was polite. Vestris danced, and Gluck added ballet music, although, to use his own homely phrase, he said, "My opera is now so full of music that it stinks."

And in these ballets not only Vestris, but Marie Madeline Guimard danced. This strange woman, at whose feet Archbishops and Bishops knelt as suppliants, this woman of wild and horrid orgies was in the dance a chaste Diana. The distinguishing feature of her art was simplicity. Even when she was of 50 years, so scrappy that she was dubbed "The Skeleton of the Graces," so haggard that she made herself up after her portrait at 20. She entranced by her grace and dignity. There are pictures of her in costume and in attitude, and we wonder when we see them at the admiration of her contemporaries. And yet the woman in the gavotte from "Armide" swayed the audience, as does the simple, haunting tune today.

The overture to "Anacreon" was played exceedingly well, with breadth, with an accuracy that was never finical, with a spirit that was the stern master of technique. Even greater was the performance of the finale of the symphony. This number is too often a confused and un-rhythmic succession of noisy shocks. Under Mr. Paur the "peasants' dance" had a nobility that was almost gigantic, as though the brute joy in mere living under the sun found expression in frantic leaps, in twistings and turnings, in evolutions in which Nature itself shared lustily.

Never was there a forgetfulness of the mighty rhythm. In this finale the rhythm is a delight. The body of the hearer is one pulse that beats with it. In the first movement the rhythm is not so much the swing of Time's pendulum; there is something aggressive in its comparative pettiness. As it is the after-thought of this symphony that stands out last evening the movement that dominated was the finale, which, as I have said, is often a stumbling block to conductors.

It would seem as though the prelude to the second act of "Gwendoline" must suffer necessarily by being taken from its home, the opera house. It thus loses connection with that which precedes and follows. For this is a prelude, not merely an intermezzo without distinctive meaning. Even the intermezzo in "Cavelliera rusticana" by its cheap simplicity and every-day tunefulness, although it was not composed, I believe, originally for the opera, relieves the hearer, and serves as a contrast to the stormy passion that preceded and the inevitable tragedy that must follow the confession of Santuzza.

The story of "Gwendoline" is told in another column of the Journal. It might well have been told in the program-book, so that the hearer might have known the character of the act to which the music is a prelude.

This prelude is built upon a theme that may be called the Gwendoline motive, the typical melody of the girl that was to be a bride of a night. This theme given out by the clarinet—and nobly played it was—is singularly melancholy and at the same time passionate.

The upward leap from A flat to G natural is as a stab to the heart, and the theme with its harmonies is one of marked originality and character. After an extended intermezzo, the return of the theme is developed in a powerful crescendo, of overwhelming effect. Here, however, it is not a question of form, it is a question of impression, of creating a mood. Tragedy

is hinted at by the murky passages of the introduction. There are suggestions of the father's murderous command, but the predominating feature of the prelude is its fervid expression of womanly love and longing. Leaving all idea of program-music out of the question, as pure absolute music, this prelude is of wondrous beauty in the musical stuff and in the treatment of the material. Gorgeous and at the same time fine in instrumentation, radical and daring in harmonic progressions, there is the presence of the soul of the genuine composer, who does not experiment with the orchestra, but uses it as a genius uses speech. Superbly played, the prelude made a profound impression.

As for the Kaiser march, perhaps the best criticism is that once made by Heinrich Dorn: "I regard this march as a deliberate insult to my Emperor."

Mr. Paur was received enthusiastically. The new clarinetist and the first bassoon seem valuable acquisitions to the orchestra. Mr. Pourtan, the first clarinet, has a rich and sympathetic tone, and, judging from his work last night, he phrases with masterly skill and poetic feeling. So, too, the tone of the new bassoon player was generous and his playing artistic.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Story of Gwendoline,
the Bride of a Night.

A Word About Emmanuel Chabrier,
Opera-Maker.

Songs for the People, N kita, and
Whistling Snakes.

Let us hear the story of "Gwendoline," as told by Catulle Mendes, the librettist of Chabrier's opera, a fragment of which was played at the Symphony concert last evening. For there are operas besides "Faust," and "Romeo and Juliet," and "Semiramide" and "Carmen," although as far as Boston is now concerned, they need not have been written, for to us they are but names.

Long, long ago, on the coast of Britain, there lived a petty king, and his name was Armel. He had a gentle daughter, Gwendoline, a girl of 16 years. There was peace in the land. The men fished. The women spun and looked after their homes. One day as they were a-gossiping, Gwendoline told a dream: that a Dane had borne her away over the sea. As they laughed at her, there was a great cry. The fishermen were seen running madly, pursued by Danes with Harald at their head. The young chief ordered Armel to hand over his treasures, and, refused, he fain would have slain the old man, but the girl threw her body as a buckler before her father. Harald was troubled. Not knowing that lips and braided hair are deadlier than "fire and iron and the wide-mouthed wars," he wooed and was wooed, and he demanded the hand of Gwendoline. Armel gave consent, but with treacherous heart; for it was his plan that the Saxons should butcher their foes, drunk at the nuptial feast. At the marriage ceremony, the old man blessed the couple, and, in secret, gave the bride a dagger, saying, "If Harald should escape us, you will kill him as he sleeps in your arms." But Gwendoline loved Harald; she begged him to leave the coast; she talked of over-hanging danger. He laughed and would not listen, lost in love. Then there were mighty shouts and shrieks. His comrades were calling him to the rescue. The Danes were at the mercy of the Saxons. Harald fell by a blow from Armel, and

when Gwendoline saw him dying, for she had followed with unequal footsteps, she uttered a woful lamentation, stabbed herself, and fell into the arms of her husband of a night.

And this bloody tragedy was written by the Catulle Mendes, the fierce Wagnerite, the cameo-faced cutter of verbal cameos on which pure women may not look; Mendes, of whom George Moore said, "All he says is false—the book he has just read, the play he is writing, the woman who loves him—he buys a packet of bonbons in the street and eats them, and it is false." Is there a more corrupt and at the same time as graceful a story-teller in all Paris? Surely this man was the honored guest at the banquet of Trimalchio, or drinking near Nero he whispered in that mad musician's ear while they watched together the dancing girls, thinly gauzed, clattering their cracked castanets—some of them were Spanish girls from Gades; and "some were Syrian dancing girls, more wanton than these; and these had cymbals that they clashed above their heads, and there was something fearful in their wild immodesty." But they say that this libretto of "Gwendoline" is without scrupulous taint.

As for the composer, Chabrier, he told his story in a letter published two or three years ago. "I lost 15 years when I was employed in the office of the Minister of the Interior, for it was not till 1877, when I was 35 years old, that I could devote myself thoroughly to music. I am pretty much self-made; I am not the result of any 'school.' Perhaps I have more temperament than talent. Many things which must be learned in youth, I may not hope to know even though I struggle for them. But I live in music; I write as I feel, perhaps with greater temperament than technique. However this may be, I believe that I am an honest and courageous musician."

Imbert tells us that Chabrier was an enthusiastic collector of paintings by the Impressionists and that his rooms were gorgeous with pictures by Manet, Renoir, Monet, Sisley, Helleu, etc. Of Manet's pictures he owned the "Bar at the Folies-Bergere," and "Skating." And Imbert hoped—it was six years ago and Chabrier had not lost his mind—that the composer would not rival the zeal of Clapisson, the opera-maker, who was such a maniacal collector of whistles that he finally saw nothing in nature but whistles; and to him life itself was one whistle.

Alas, poor Chabrier! Overwork and discouragement confused his brain and chilled his blood. He was 44 when "Gwendoline" was first sung in Brussels. The opera was not given in Paris until December of last year, although German cities had heard it and applauded. And he was only 52 when he died, broken-down and old. As a man he was loved and respected by all that knew him, and they were many.

The influence of music over animals is well known. There are dogs that cannot endure the sound of voice or piano, and yet Schenchoffer's pet could give at command the pitch to the orchestra of the Paris Opera. Boorhaave saw spiders and rats drawn toward a lute. There is the story of the two visits of Hunold Singulf to Hamelin. The lion delights in the sound of a drum. The wolf, the stag and the fawn have stopped, though pursued, to listen to a flute. The Marquis de Poméoucant tells of the experiments made on the elephants of Hanz and Marguerite at the Jardin des Plantes. Yes, the books are full of strange stories. In this connection the following paragraph from the Fall Mall Gazette of the 27th ult. is of genuine interest:

"We have heard with our own ears of a whistling coon, and our explorers have told us of a whistling spider. The latter musician 'produces,' says the Times, 'a whistling noise' (we had guessed as much) 'by the simple operation of drawing its foreleg across its jaw.' 'Simple operation,' indeed! If the Times could draw its foreleg across its jaw it would quadruple its circulation in an hour. But now we hear of a third whistler in the scheme of nature—a whistling snake. This is even more wonderful, since snakes have no forelegs, and, as a rule, little jaw. This cheerful reptile lives in New Guinea, and whistles as it slays a man, which shows a very flippant insensibility to the gravity of the occasion. It may be he whistles for joy, or it may be to keep his spirits up, or possibly the spirits of the man. A more plausible interpretation is that it wants to create the impression that it is a cockatoo. Lately a boy of fourteen fell into this misapprehension and looked for the cockatoo up a tree, and did not discover his mistake until he received a bite from the reptile, since which he has used no other."

"Mr. Carpi of Chicago has received letters patent for a device for correcting defective voices. It is called the Vittorio Carpi Graduated Voice Rectifier." The machine bears a close resemblance, no doubt, to the ordinary muzzle of commerce.

It is a good thing to forget occasionally the existence of the intense or the intellectual song-writers, who set to music a spasm, a mood or a definite condition of the rain; it is a good thing to share with the

great public in appreciation of the sweet everyday sentiment of home, with the low curtains, the canary bird, the cradle, the oil stove of cheerful glow, and all that is included in that magic word. A favorable example of this class of unpretentious sheet music is "Life's Too Short to Quarrel." Here is the first verse, to be sung in the movement of a slow waltz (D major)

"An old man stood before his son,
With anger-darken'd brow,
Said he, 'Unless you do my will
You'll rue it long & vow,
Your name from out my will I'll take
Should you my wish decline,
You know me well, I'll be obeyed,
Your way must yield to mine!'
The boy looked up and bravely said:
'I'm sorry, Dad, to say
'That tho' it hurts me to refuse,
I cannot now obey,
My honor 'tis 'gainst fortune,
But I'd sooner lose it all.'
Then, Dad, don't drive me from your side,
Your angry words recall!"

CHORUS (also in slow waltz movement, also D major):

"Life's too short to quarrel, Dad,
Nobody knows where it ends;
Don't let us break, for old time's sake,
'Tis that have made us friends;
Don't let an idle story
Sever the old love chain!
Give me a grip of your hand, Dad,
Let us be friends again."

Mr. W. J. Henderson in the New York Times a week ago said this of a well-known song by Mr. George W. Chadwick: "For humor of a broad, burlesque kind nothing in recent operettas has excelled the Vizier's song in 'Tabasco.' The orchestra cracked a joke—a good, burly jest—with each stanza." Mr. Henderson's article on comic opera, written apropos of the growl of Mr. Francis Wilson at the critics because they did not like the piece in which he is now appearing, is wholly admirable. "The real trouble," says Mr. Henderson, "with the men who cry out against the critics is that they all cherish a silly fear of producing something too good for the public."

In the Music Review for October is a most appreciative review of "Four Little Poems," a set of piano pieces by Mr. E. A. MacDowell. The reviewer, Mr. Cady, believes that "these works are prophetic of that time, now near at hand, when it can no more be said that America has no music than that she has no literature." Mr. Cady, by the way, speaks of "the at-onement of art and nature." Did he find this term in Chicago? Without hyphens, atonement in the sense of "unity of feeling" is obsolete. At-oneness is rare, but it was used by Furnivall as late as 1877: "I see him at last passing into at-oneness with God and man."

Nikita, one of the latest discoveries of that simple and good old man Maurice Strakosch, made her debut in Paris about a fortnight ago as Mignon, at the Opéra-Comique. Arthur Pougin in the current number of the Ménestrel first speaks of the "Eulogistic press notices, the inflammatory reviews, the dithyrambic articles, with portraits of every kind, full face, profile, bust, standing, in street dress, in ball costume, etc., etc. He then gives with a delightful dash of irony her "stage-biography," beginning "A descendant in direct line of the famous Daniel Boone, Nikita was born," etc.

But here is Pougin's judgment of her performance, and there is no greater authority on these matters in France: "Her voice is of good range; the upper tones are the more brilliant; the voice is without particular character, and at a first hearing there is no impression of any extraordinary quality. Nikita sings as far as bravura goes with much skill, but she now and then indulges herself in a most disagreeable tremolo, and she is apt to attack her tones from below, a distressing trick, especially when such an attack destroys pure intonation." Mr. Pougin does not find her pretty; "but she is a strange, singular apparition, with a face full of strength and intelligence." He praises her eyes and her hair, and then, like a sensible man, wishes to hear her again before putting her in her proper place.

What's this! "The program during the tour will consist of miscellaneous numbers, closing with an act in costume, with scenery, from the various leading roles in Melba's operatic repertoire, the selection this evening being the third act (garden scene) of Gounod's 'Faust.' Don't, Melba, don't. The announcement has such a familiar, pathetic sound. Leave this mongrel musical entertainment to Patti and other falling stars."

PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC NOTES.

Miss Mary L. Clary has been engaged by the Handel and Haydn as solo alto in "The Messiah," Dec. 23.

Miss Harriet A. Shaw, the harper, has returned from Dresden, where she filled a summer orchestral engagement with distinguished success. She will teach in Boston this season.

Miss Sigrid Lunde, soprano, will give a song recital in Steinert Hall Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 20, at 3 o'clock.

Mr. Henry F. Gilbert will give three concerts of chamber music in Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Oct. 22, Nov. 5 and 19, at 8 P. M. The program will be made up of compositions selected from the works of Dvorak, Fibich, Glazunov, Lalo, Saint Saens, Svendsen and others.

Miss Lila Juel, the soprano of the Mendelssohn Quintet Club for the last two years, has been engaged by the Tremont Street M. E. Church.

The first performance of Mr. George W. Chadwick's new symphony at the Symphony concert next Saturday evening is looked forward to with marked interest by all musicians and admirers of his talent. It will be remembered that this symphony won the prize offered by Mrs. Thurber's Conservatory. The leading New York newspapers will be represented at the concert, for the interest is not merely local. American symphonies are not picked off trees; nor are they found in the streets; and any important work by Mr. Chadwick is sure of a most respectful hearing.

The manager of the Theatre National at Rome was lately fined \$10 by the President of Public Shows because the performance was closed at 20 minutes past 12. "Are we in China?" asks the Trovatore.

A concert will be given in Berlin the 21st, the receipts of which will go toward building a church in memory of William I. One of the numbers of the program will be "Song to Aegir," words and music by William II. It will, of course, be wildly applauded. Bote and Bock will have the ineffable honor of publication.

Sarsate gave three concerts for the benefit of the poor in Pamplune, his birthplace. The people of the town met him at the station, and there were tumult and fireworks in his honor.

The Duke and the Duchess of York propose to visit Patti at her castle. Will they be allowed to play on Nicolini's billiard table, and will they drink "vin ordinaire" or from Nicolini's private bottle?

Tosti has written a "comedy with music." The orchestra is represented by string quartet and harmonium. The work will be first produced at a concert given by Queen Victoria at Windsor.

Paul Vidal has finished an opera, "Guer-nica," for the Opéra-Comique.

The first volume of "Hispaniae Schola Musica Sacra," a monumental collection of the masterpieces of religious music of Spanish composers of the 15, 16, 17, 18 centuries, has just been published by Pujol & Co. of Barcelona. Felipe Pedrell is the editor, and the work is highly praised by leading European critics.

Fursch Mad's maiden name was Emilie Fourche. When a student at the Conservatory she appeared at the Fantaisies Parisiennes.

"Paquita," an operetta by Vincenzo Viente, has won applause at Naples.

An organ recital will be given by Mr. George E. Whiting at Sleeper Hall Thursday evening. Miss Leimer will assist. The program will include pieces by Hesse, Rink, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Whiting, Mrs. Beach, Ross and Rossini.

A song recital will be given by Mrs. Hartmann in Horticultural Hall, Nov. 27. She will be assisted by the Kneisel Quartet and Mr. Rotoli.

SHAKSPEARE IN AMERICA.

The Rev. Mr. Arbutnot of Stratford-on-Avon is "really surprised at the great number of American students of Shakspeare. In England, of course, the poet is largely read, and Mr. Irving has done a great deal to increase the public interest in his works by his splendid revivals of many of the plays, but we do not study Shakspeare as you do." These are flattering words, but are they wholly deserved? It is true that few have been influenced by the opinion of Walt Whitman, who claimed that while Shakspeare's contributions, "especially to the literature of the passions, are immense, forever dear to humanity—and his name is always to be revered in America, there is much in him that is offensive to Democracy; he is not only the tally of Feudalism, but I should say Shakspeare is incarnated, uncompromising Feudalism in literature." Nor does the fact that Scott and Tennyson, like the mighty poet, "exhale that principle of caste which we Americans have come on earth to destroy" prevent keen and honest enjoyment of their works. Again, we may plume ourselves justly on the thoughtful and brilliant critical labors of our countrymen, from Ver-planck to Rolfe; labors that are recognized and appreciated in every country which knows the name of Shakspeare.

But is the knowledge of Shakspeare's plays and poems deep and widespread throughout the land? In respect to the honor paid him on the stage we must yield to Germany, where, in the theatres of even small towns, plays are given each year that to us are only known by reading. "Hamlet," "As You Like It," "Othello," "Twelfth Night," "Romeo and Juliet," these may be expected during a winter, as ice and snow, and there are a few, as "Taming of the Shrew" and "Cymbeline," that are occasionally seen. Or a tragedian of the ranting school may strut through Cibber's version of "Richard III." But the German playgoer takes his Shakspeare

chronically and in allopathic doses. We hear a few plays sporadically and arranged to suit a nervous, impatient people. What manager would dare in this country to put "Henry VI." on the stage? It is not now necessary to ask how much of Shakespeare is in this said play, but German audiences had the opportunity of seeing the three-part play last season.

Do we know our Shakespeare thoroughly or superficially? Take two familiar, daily instances of misquotation and evident misunderstanding. How often the phrase, "He has gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns" is used with reference to the dead? Now the "undiscovered country" mentioned by Hamlet has a bourne, and "bourne" here means frontier

or pale; it does not mean "realm," or "domain," and when Keats wrote:

"A thousand Powers keep religious state,
In water, fiery realm, and airy bourne,"
he wrote nonsense.

Here is the other instance. There is a common quotation, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and this quotation is found generally in a burst of sentiment or a moralizing platitude. Now, what did Ulysses say? Why, he uttered this cynicism, unfortunately the expression of a truth of all time:

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gauds."

It may be said that these misquotations occur as frequently in England as in the United States, and the statement may be true; but such inaccuracy would not in all probability be found in Germany, where thoroughness is preferred to slap-dash brilliancy. And remember that these instances of utter misunderstanding are twistings of phraseology in two of the most famous speeches written by Shakespeare.

Is not, after all, Shakespeare too often a name to conjure with, a theme for idle controversy, an occasion for hair-splitting? We read about him instead of reading him. We guess at the identity of the Dark Lady and neglect the sonnets. We read about his insomnia and do not study his plays. Nares's glossary is more profitable than the conjecture of a Detroit doctor, and there is good time spent in dallying with the Baconian problem. Yet the play's the thing, if we would know the almost supernatural genius of Shakespeare.

Like other strong men, Mr. J. L. Sullivan in his declining years seeks the quiet comfort of country life. Sated with histrionic honors, he will quit the loathed stage and "establish a sanitarium" on his farm. There will also be a "studio" for artistic chin-clipping and kidney-mashing.

President Elliot believes "in the greatest diversity toward the close of a student's life and the closest uniformity at the beginning." Too many students are uniform in diversity throughout the course.

So gross stupidity is regarded at police headquarters as worthy of a reprimand. Let's see. Did not some one say, "It is worse than a crime, it is a blunder?"

'Tis full moon tonight, and what is the wisdom of the ancients? Full moon in October without frost, no frost till full moon in November.

Alas, the women who propose to fight Tammany are beginning to fight among themselves. "Refining influence in politics."

It is most fit that there should be music galore at a Food Fair. Is not music the food of love?

Hill is evidently nervous. He has invoked the Divine blessing on the Lexow Committee.

Away off in Kansas Mr. Murphey heard the Macedonian cry.

Kicking and swearing are now as condiments to foot ball.

Oct 15 - 94

Is Dr. E. E. Hale responsible for the paragraph that is now going the rounds, and apparently without contradiction, viz.: "The five distinctively American poets, Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell and Holmes, were all Unitarians?" Mr. Whittier was until the day of his death an Orthodox Quaker of the old school.

And, by the way, that is a singularly arranged catalogue of "distinctively American poets" which omits the name of Walt Whitman.

Perhaps the "superb diamond combination" scarf pin and stud will console our old friend Mr. Edward Everett Rice, for the loss of his singing-bird.

That daring train robbery took place appropriately near Acoquia Creek.

"Everybody in Paris is praising the picturesque way Bourget sees things, and it is the general opinion that his book is the best study of the new world." The loudest and the most confident in this opinion are those who have never visited the United States.

Oct 16 - 94

"1492" AT THE TREMONT.

Rice's Surprise Party in "1492" drew a crowd last evening to the Tremont Theatre. The old favorites were welcomed heartily, and so were the old jokes, some of which, in Spanish, were undoubtedly brought over by the great discoverer in person. It would be an idle task to inquire into the popularity of this extravaganza, which is now practically a variety show.

Judged as a variety show, it is of uneven merit. Miss Vaughn's songs, as ever, pleased the audience and, sung alternately in German and in German-English, they were applauded rapturously.

Miss Mabel Clark is a lithe, supple woman, who has studied patiently the toe-dance, and whose natural grace precludes the thought of laborious exertion. Graceful, too, are the Hengler sisters.

Mr. Walter Jones, as the tramp, gave an amusing exhibition of gross caricature. He belongs to the school of acrobatic comedians, who relieve their legs by give-and-take chaff with a policeman. One of the best things in the show was the sketch of a countryman by Mr. Keefe; it was not overdone, it was consistent throughout, and it was in its way artistic. Mr. Peachey was the Columbus that sings on shipboard, and as before Mr. Richard Harlow was the low-necked Queen. Mr. Harlow's make-up was effective, and his massive chest excited wonder and admiration. By the way, it seems impertinent to speak of him as Mister, for is he not the prima-donna? Yet to call him the primo uomo would probably not be truthful, and it might give him offence.

It is a singular fact that whereas a woman in male dress is often a delight to the eye, the reversal of this transformation provokes morbid feeling and the recollection of the condition of stage life when men-singers usurped the place of women in opera. Mr. Harlow, let it be said, is never vulgar, and he fascinates without doubt many women, who admire his costume and his carriage and wonder how he does it. In New York, I believe, he was taken seriously, and passionate paragraphs appeared in leading newspapers, which told of the mysteries of his dressing room, discussed at length his histrionic talent, and praised the beauty of his teeth. Let it also be said, in justice to him, that if Isabella is to be played by a man, it might as well be played by Mr. Harlow, for here nature and art are in friendly rivalry.

The costumes and the scenery are sumptuous, and Mr. Rice has mounted the piece lavishly. The orchestra, led by Mr. Batchelor, played with more vigor than precision, and the ends were often at sea-saw. The piece starts on a four-week run, and it will be given without doubt to full houses.

PHILIP HALE.

THE EPERGNE OF CHIVES.

The guests may be congenial and not too many; the temperature of the room may be as faultless as that of the wine; the palate may be tickled without a clogging of the brain; the service may be like unto that of the Slaves of the Magic Ring; the conversation may steer steadily between flippancy and solemn dogmaticalness; and yet the pleasure of a Sybarite will be spoiled by the presence of an epergne, branched, with each branch bearing a vase of flowers. The epergne may be the famous silver cocoon tree presented to Mrs. Clive Newcome at the second of the banquets of the Bundelcund Banking Company; the same tree that Mrs. Mackenzie, the terrible mother-in-law, would fain have saved from the wreck. It may be a simple box of ferns. In either case there will be sensitive diners-out, to whom it is as a upas-tree, smothering kindly and gregarious feeling, poisoning enjoyment.

There are men of prosaic mind to whom the celery stalk is sweeter than the rose, and plain lettuce more to be desired than the rarest species of fern; to them the choicest vegetation is that which sighs for oil and vinegar. There are sentimentlists who cannot endure the eclipse of a fair face opposite. The curious would confirm their suspicions concerning the undue tipping of old Mr. Bitters, whose glass is the other side of the table ornament. All of these guests long for a clear view and the rigor of the game.

The only possible excuse for the existence of the epergne would be a profitable recollection of its primary and original use, which was chiefly to hold pickles, as we know by reference to early hookson cookery and the note to the Verses to Dr. Warton, which explains that his pupils presented him with an epergne, when he resigned the head-mastership of Winchester, hoping that the gift might remind him "of 'Pickies' left behind." The branches also bore dishes for desert, as sweetmeats, salted almonds, or the like. But let us grant cheerfully that pickles, although often excellent and sometimes indispensable, are shunned at formal dinner by the fastidious. On the other hand those fond of green and living vegetation will hardly be consoled by the substitution of the "quatre mendiants," almonds, figs, raisins and nuts. What compromise will satisfy?

The answer is chives; chives growing luxuriantly in watered earth; chives, ignored by the foolish, unknown to the unfortunate. The dictionary gives this cold and scentless definition: Chive, the smallest cultivated species of Allium (A. Schoen-

oprasum), which grows in tufts, with rush-like hollow leaves and small clustered bulbs. This definition gives no idea of the glory of this little "sallade hearbe," for which the Israelites yearned after they had turned their backs on Egypt. The dictionary again gives this scanty information, without thought of praise: "The leaves are cut for use in soups and stews." And this is all that it says of the chive, or chive, to use the obsolete, but more pungent spelling.

A pot of chives would delight the eye by the cool color, green. In the presence of cooked death it would cheer by the thought of life. The perfume of this plant is shy; it yields itself only to the touch of the tongue. And these delicate shoots are not alone for "soups and stews." They need no dress. In their nudity they are grateful, gentle stimulants. Has the cook forgotten cunning of seasoning? Break a shoot and put it boldly in soup or sauce. Or by tasting it unaccompanied by grosser meat, refresh yourself and prepare for following course. If your curiosity lead you to experiment, add its piquancy to sherbet or iced cream. Toasted crackers and cheese will welcome it; but let the cheese be delicate, and not frighten the sensitive plant by its strength. The vessel mounted on castors may be rolled from guest to guest, passed as a loving cup, without the haunting dread, however, of neighborly disease. And does the chive shrink and wither after it thus ministers to man? Grateful in that it has been so appreciated, it renews its shoots, and it is replenished, like the widow's cruise. Use does not destroy its savor. It is neither discouraged, nor does it sulk. Its growth is not rankness, nor has it the vanity, the emptiness of Jonah's gourd. This humble, modest plant is the one fitting dweller in the epergne, which ostentatious with gaudy or proud flowers belies its origin, that is if the name really comes through corruption from the French epergne—saving, or economy.

Mr. William Q. Judge says that there are four kinds of ghosts: "Those of living men, dead men, animals and inanimate objects, including growing vegetables." Mr. Judge forgets the ghost of the cooked onion, and his classification excludes the "ghost of a chance," as well as that of an idea.

Life is a dance is the motto of the Viennese, and Strauss is its conductor.

Alcohol from beets? Sunbeams will yet be extracted from cucumbers.

The prospectus of a Boston school makes this delicate distinction: "Modern languages are taught by native gentlemen. Dead languages are taught by Harvard graduates."

He that is lucky at matching tails in the evening is apt to turn over a head in the morning.

Mr. W. F. Apthorp, the learned author of the Symphony program books, slipped in a singular fashion last week when he spoke of "the ideal, lofty beauty" of the Corybantic dance. For the Corybantes, priests of Cybele, "moved with a fury they called divine, celebrated their feasts in beating drums, dancing, leaping and running of every side like mad folks." And so we find Huxley speaking of "that form of somewhat Corybantic Christianity of which the soldiers of the Salvation Army are the 'militant missionaries.'" The leaping of these old priests was undoubtedly "lofty," but the dance was the antipodes unto "ideal beauty."

"Mr. Hinkey of Yale is as popular as ever. In fact the players speak more highly of his methods of training this year than they did last season, and say he is doing all in his power to make the work as easy as possible." Mr. Beard would no doubt bear witness cheerfully to this. It will be remembered that he was the man whom Hinkey encouraged by kicking him.

Mr. Howells believes that women would "purify public life," and they should be allowed to enter politics because they "could not be bought." This remains to be proved in the United States. The histories of Asiatic and European politics are full of

instances of overthrows and downfalls occasioned by the treachery or amorous weakness of women. The story of "Venus Preserved" and that of "Diana of the Crossways" are not merely figments of the imagination.

"Tribby" is not received with squeals of joy in London. Indeed, the warmest of the reviews are but lukewarm, and the Pall Mall Gazette prints a savage column, written in the old Blackwood style. This review is headed "Thackeray for the Kitchen." Here are a few extracts, and they deserve separate paragraphs:

Again says Mr. du Maurier, in a most enthusiastic discovery: "It is a wondrous thing, the human foot." So also is the human cheek, which can express so vain a latitude."

"Art, science, literature, morals, all branches of human activity are alike familiar to him. He has mastered them all, and proves himself a sort of Guide to Knowledge. So sound is his theology that he is likely to put Mrs. Humphrey Ward's nose out of joint."

"He writes like a hurdy-gurdy, which need never stop so long as a handle is turned or a penny is dropped in the slot. So facile is the style that not a single paragraph rises to distinction or even to accuracy. . . . Of so many languages does he profess a knowledge that it might seem churlish to reproach him for ignorance of English. But true it is, that though he has looked up 'alas' in six dictionaries, he is wholly ignorant of the science of grammar."

"So that, though he is manifestly unable to handle the English language, though his art students are British prigs cut in pasteboard, though Trilby never strayed from a Hampstead kitchen, he is seriously criticised as a novelist and admired in the suburbs for a miracle of versatility. Not even his persistent hysteria has terrified his admirers." It was hostess Quickly that remarked on a famous occasion, "By my troth, Captain, these are very bitter words."

Oct 17-94

There are days in sporting life that are as lead. Again there are days in which the horizon seems far removed, and Earth herself whispers to her children "It is sweet to have consciousness." Such a day was Monday. Mr. Walcott, whom we proudly claim as a fellow-townsmen, landed with his powerful right on the jaw of Mr. Gibbons of New Jersey, who "shook convulsively for a moment, and then fell like a log." Mr. Murphy, a 115-pounder, broke Mr. Sullivan's nose. Mr. Richardson, preparing himself to defend the honor of Harvard, broke his collar bone, and two of his playmates were injured. There was only one cloud in the sky: Mr. Hinkley let the day pass without kicking anybody, and, like the Emperor, counted that day lost.

The Vie Parisienne says women are to wear still fuller sleeves and taller hats, and it asks: "Is it really true that the mode-designers dislike women?" Apropos of this, where is the sense or the wit in this quotation from "The Green Carnation." "She is a good woman, Reggie, and wears large hats. Why do good women invariably wear large hats? To show they have large hearts?"

The same French weekly is responsible for the statement that dinners in Paris this season will have only three simple, but substantial, dishes. There will be no remarkable sauces, no improved gravy soups. "This is, perhaps, good news for the hostess, and 'twill comfort ruined stomachs, how about the ancient fame of French mandizing?"

The semi-annual dinner of the Economy Club was eaten here this week. The daily practical economists, however, the walking directories of lunch counters, dine daily at the Food Fair. Some of them, married, but not satisfied, take home cereals for breakfast.

Proud New York is at last under a Netherlands, and kisses the conquering foot.

The sea is Gloucester's cemetery.

This is the feast-day of that strange and good woman St. Etheldreda. By ironical chance, the word "tawdry" comes from the name of this stainless wife and abbess; for she was also known to the world as Audrey, and at the fair of St. Audrey gaudy laces were sold. They say that she died of a swelling in the throat, a punishment, as it seemed to her, for her delight at the beginning of maidenhood in glittering necklaces.

Anglo-maniacs should get out their aniseed bags. The 17th of October for years has seen the first of fox hunting in England.

Pic and beer are consumed together in Chicago. Let's see; Chicago's the town where they insist on stirring sugar in a glass of claret.

When birds and badgers are fat in October, expect a cold winter.

And does the old superstition live in any village or on any farm that the badger's right legs are of a different length from those on its left, to enable it to run with ease on the side of a hill?

By badgers we mean, of course, the animal known also as the bawson, brock and gray, and in numbers they are described as a cete. We do not refer to the most estimable inhabitants of Wisconsin, known as "badgers," they say, because the first permanent workers in the Wisconsin mines made themselves rude habitations in the earth, after the burrowing fashion of this plantigrade.

Mrs. H. M. Stanley gave good advice to all those young women who suffer from self-introspection and self-analysis. "Care very much for something, let it grow and fill your hearts. Parents should let girls grow out of themselves." What a contrast to the spirit of a Mrs. Wynford Philipps, who "loves human beings in the spirit of the collector." Nor, in spite of Miss Ellen Terry, is it a dangerous thing for a girl to give one's hobby its head. As a philosopher prosed, "The people who say proudly 'my work is my hobby' are in a bad way. A hobby is meant to be a diversion—a backwater, a safety valve, a pursuit in which life interests are not involved."

The fastidious have hitherto found delight in the boiled egg. A snuff-taking cook cannot defile it, and it is innocent of a waiter's prying thumb. Some meddling professor has changed all this; for he avers that the bacilli of certain diseases are conveyed in the inside of an egg.

They that are inclined to judge Mr. Barnet's "1492" as a comic opera should ponder the fact that the author himself dubs it "an extravaganza." Now an extravaganza will include anything literary, musical, or dramatic; it can be stretched until it takes in Mr. Harlow.

Why should not Mr. Harlow give one of his celebrated pink teas in the lobby of the Tremont? The Japanese girls established a precedent a fortnight or so ago.

Mr. Oliver Sumner Teall, gilded society youth, politician and Perpetual President of the Anti-Treating Society, has been obliged to make public his financial condition. It appears that his debts and liabilities are \$110,936 79, and his assets amount to \$6 74. He claims by an ingenious process of reasoning that his debts are trifling, because he owes \$101,939 29 to his father-in-law. The latter must regard Oliver as an expensive family luxury.

Oct 18-94

To B. J. L.—The piano best adapted to your purpose is an upright. The directions for use are simple. Raise the narrow cover and fill with ice, as, according to modern theory, the cold air should fall upon that which is stored. The keyboard is removed easily, and there is ample space for cheese, pickled tongues, sardines, crackers. Then below, of course, you keep your beer, and the pedals may be used as handles to the cold closet. Any one can master this instrument in one lesson, and yet in order to keep his technique he will practise regularly. No visiting virtuoso would refuse to give an exhibition of his skill on such a piano; on the contrary, he would volunteer gladly. The grand piano, by the way, is not used now by the best artists as a convertible bedstead.

Jules Simon, Reinach and others tell how the Emperor William should be treated in the event of his visiting Paris. They all forget that his favorite drink is cucumber punch.

Here's a grim anacreontic that shows strange influences at work on the eminently respectable British Muse:

Mrs. Life's a piece in bloom
Death goes dogging everywhere;
She's the tenant of the room,
He's the ruffian on the stair.

You shall see her as a friend,
You shall birk him once and twice;
But he'll trap you in the end,
And he'll stick you for her price.

With his kneebones at your chest,
And his knuckles in your throat,
You would reason—plead—protest!
Clutching at her petticoat;

But she's heard it all before,
Well she knows you've had your fun;
So her frills flush through the door,
And—her old man's job is done.

The warming-up spin of the Maine was under seemingly prohibitory circumstances.

The German official who fogged women brutally in a colony escaped with a nominal punishment. Hitherto the beater of women has been regarded as the peculiar pride and boast of England.

Princeton thinks that Yale's effort to abandon Thanksgiving Day as the date of their foot ball match is an "impertinence." Yale, perhaps, remembers the "Impertinence" of Princeton's victory last Thanksgiving Day.

Ex-Secretary Fairchild is making a brave attempt at the part of Abdiel. Will he be persuaded finally to follow Lucifer?

Over a century ago the Rev. Mr. For-dyce, in a sermon to young women, snaked as follows: "To the men an Amazon never falls to be forbidding." This he said, not knowing that a Mr. Pinero would write a play.

Three hundred and thirty years ago Sir John Hawkins sailed away from Plymouth to Cape Verd, "having heard that negroes were a very good commodity." He carried a black cargo to Hispaniola and sold it there; and he was the first Englishman that thus dealt in negro flesh.

Foot ball practice at Harvard is well characterized as "snappy."

This is the feast day of St. Luke. "There is often about this time a spell of fine, dry weather, and this has received the name of St. Luke's little summer." As the saint was a physician, it is singular that fine weather should be associated with him.

This summer, as that of St. Martin, is akin to our Indian summer, which, as the old saying goes, comes in the winter if October or November shuts the door in its face.

Let us remember, however, that forecasts of the weather formed a special duty of the Brahmins. The philosopher who made a slip in his guess kept a shut mouth for the rest of his life, nor would he even condescend to chat concerning topics of the day.

Another big kick in New Haven. This time it was at a stockholders' meeting.

It will be observed that Judge Combs,

who was shot in a little episode of the French-Eversole war, lived in the town of Hazard.

Senator Hill is appealing to the women of New York to exert themselves in aid of "The Bachelor Governor." Does he hold out personal inducement?

Nordica is at last a full-fledged German singer. She has been decorated by the Duke of Coburg, who spends his time apparently in decorating everybody for everything.

No wonder that thoughtful men dread jury-service. Miss Monroe, in the trial of her suit against the World, insisted on reading the whole of her Columbian Exposition poem to the 12 men in a box.

Mr. Tim Campbell of New York, now running for Congress, knows how to touch the popular heart. "I'll be your Congressman," said Tim, "and you can come always and call on your Congressman. Me home is 14 Columbia Street. You can always see me, an' if I can't give you anything else I've always th' price of a growler, an' you'll have the pleasure of talkin' t' me." Will Dr. Depew do as well when he appears in the Bowery?

The fact that Mr. Debs is at large, and lecturing at will, shows the great good nature of the American people, as well as its sense of humor.

Mr. Bayard stated solemnly the other evening that he had been in England a long time and had never heard an oath. Then, he never cared to wander from his own fire-side.

Oct 19-94

A CONSERVATIVE COMPANY.

There are radical and restless persons, male and female, who carp at the West End Company because it proposes to heat only 150 street cars this winter. They talk of favoritism and even of parsimony. They heat themselves as they discuss the matter. These estimable people forget the climatic conditions that bind this company; they reject the element of humor that should season life; and they ignore the fact that conservatism is the dominating jewel in Boston's brilliant crown.

A winter in Boston is only enjoyed by those who were born here; or by those who, brought at a tender age, survived the ordeal. It has not been the custom to heat street cars any more than carriages of high and low degree, including heretics. Imagine the shock received by a Bostonian the moment of stepping into an agreeably heated car! It would rival the painful surprise at finding a vacant seat. Then, too, the change in temperature would be dangerous, as is the rapid journey in March from New Orleans to this town. The cars as yet are not provided with cloak rooms, and the passengers would be obliged to sit in heavy wraps and overcoats. The death rate here is high enough at present.

The heating of street cars would be a subtle, none the less deadly blow to society. Heat relaxes physically and mentally. For a familiar instance, see the effect of alcohol on the vocal chords. In a comfortable car a Bostonian might lower himself to affable conversation with a stranger. Old, white whiskered Mr. Marlborough might look roughly at Mrs. Chester-Park. Barriers might be burned away. There might be a leveling of all classes, until family portraits looked at the River Charles rather than on their degenerate descendants. And the Bostonian, when he wandered from his city, would no longer be known at a glance, a thought not to be endured.

By heating cars, one of the great pleasures of existence would be cut off. Today a ride is an event. There is the brave announcement "I'll catch a car." There is the open defiance of the unwillingness of the motorman to stop. There is the achievement of an entrance, possible only to ex or present foot ball players. There is the ruddy glow that comes to the cheek, the iron to the arm, by hanging valiantly by a strap and using neighbors as so many punching bags. What need of artificial heat when there is animal heat? If cars were provided with a calorific machine or calorifier of any description, electrical, car-

boniferous or pneumatic, the air would be intolerable. Few would ride. There would be vacant seats. The transit from one station to another would be a dull, sordid commercial transaction. Not that a seat should necessarily be despised. In its proper place and at the proper time it is a good thing. But it should be a bone of contention. There should be the element of chance in acquirement, even when there is no physical struggle.

Again, if all the cars were to be heated, affidavits of daily, surely semi-weekly bathing would be called for, and no self-respecting citizen would reply to such a demand. Furthermore such a requisition would work with gross unfairness as a sumptuary law against many honest fellow-townsmen.

The question "Why heat just 150 cars?" is a foolish one. The officers undoubtedly drew the number out of a hat, a perfectly honest method of solving any popular problem. The company is not tyrannical. It does not intend to force its patrons into heated cars. It does not propose to infuriate them by the arrogant display of long lines of warm and spacious cars. Somewhere, probably far removed from the noisy haunts of men, sometime, probably at dead of night, or just before day-crack when it is coldest, a heated car will sneak its way as though ashamed. As there are effeminate, the loathsome transports will be used, and here and in the suburbs there may be 200 by 1900. But the West End is a conservative company and it knows the wishes of conservative passengers. It does not propose to occasion riot and bloodshed by a startling innovation in the heart and the great arteries of the town.

Mr. Bourget, the psychologist, has the agility of a flea. He jumps from society girl to business man, from stock broker to laborer and is no respecter of persons. If there is anything with which he is thoroughly conversant it is with the working man, as well as with "his wages, habits, ambitions and opportunities." To gain this knowledge he followed the example of the adventurous Mr. Richard Harding Davis, and visited, under protection, "the lower quarters of New York." He also studied the subject at Newport, and found a mine of information in Mr. McAllister.

Mr. David C. Murray is writing three satirical dramas. As they are "not intended for presentation on the stage," they are evidently for the library and the closet.

Mr. Murray said in an interview last spring that to be a successful novelist "one must have tramped, one must have campaigned, one must have starved and dined with Cabinet Ministers." One shudders at the preparatory drill undergone by the successful playwright. Just think, for instance, of the number of German plays that Mr. Augustin Daly plodded through in order to borrow judiciously.

"A storm of indignation is beginning to break around the heads of the Yale football managers." This chaste language recalls the fact that there were similar storms in ancient amphitheatres when gladiators or wild beasts did not meet the expectations of the crowd.

An alleged criminal is not necessarily a dangerously wicked man because he frequented auction rooms and bought bric-a-brac. Many estimable persons are possessed with such mania, and buy recklessly to repent the next week. It is also to be remarked that some of the most inveterate purchasers bid under an assumed name, although the innocent deception is known to auctioneer and fellow-bidders.

Experts differ even in matters of poetry. Prof. William Henry Goodyear testified that Miss Monroe's Exposition ode was "a distinct work of genius," and the inference was that she should recover \$50,000 from the World. Nobody testified as to Prof. Goodyear's ability to distinguish a distinct work of genius from one that is confused. And then Stoddard, the poet, alleged on the other hand, that her poem might be worth \$20.

To "Inquirer: No. 'Sloyd' is not an archaic form of 'Slew.' To say 'He Sloyd him'

could never be equivalent to 'He slew him.'"

Town Topics is enthusiastic over "Vagabondia," by Richard Hovey and Bliss Carland. It will be remembered that some of Carland's poems have appeared in the said weekly. Nevertheless the enthusiasm is not without warrant.

Comments are easy between Bayard and John Bull. That affair of the lost centrepiece is apparently forgotten.

This is the anniversary of the death, as well as the birth, of Sir Thomas Browne. If he had been allowed him, what a whimsey he would have written on the subject.

An old calendar tells us that on this day in the year 1741 Garrick, the "British Roscius," as he is emphatically termed, made his first appearance as 'a gentleman who never appeared on any stage.' And what was the nature of the entertainment in which he appeared? It was a concert of vocal and instrumental music, divided into two parts. Between the two parts was 'an historical play called 'The Life and Death of King Richard the Third.' There were also 'Entertainments of Dancing' and a ballad opera in one act called 'The Virgin Unmask'd.' These last were 'performed gratis by persons for their diversion.' The concert began at 6 o'clock, and the tickets were "at 3, 2 and 1 shilling."

To E. A.: You criticize the spelling of the word "croquettes," which occurs in a report of Mrs. Lincoln's lecture at Mechanics' Building. It is the preferred form, though not the older; for in a book published in 1706 we find "In cookery, croquets are a certain compound made of delicious stuff'd meat, some of the bigness of an egg, and others of a walnut."

It is not often that one tired of life drinks a solution of morphine out of a tin dipper. And yet this happened in Jersey City.

The season of afternoon teas is approaching, when man pretends to like his "cup of comfortless wash." Stay: it is more than likely that men who haunt such functions really enjoy this reflection on lunch and insult to dinner.

Strauss in German means ostrich, but Nathan has neither the silly pride nor the silly confidence of the bird.

Justice Diver is unfit for his position, even in New York. He allowed himself to be walloped thoroughly by Mr. Tekulsky.

President Cleveland is both decadent and symbolist. He proposes to set out weeping-willows near Gray Gables.

Fruit sellers complain that sales of grapes have fallen off because the public fears appendicitis. Yet a famous surgeon of this town declares that in all the operations performed by him—and they are many—he has never found a foreign substance as an irritating cause.

There are renewed efforts in France and England to abolish the practice of tipping. The evil is growing here. There are misguided men that fee the waiter even when they hang in air, suspended by a chair.

The Tsar, like humbler men, is a child in the hands of his Doctor.

The Briggs controversy is up again. Chestnut.

Even spring poets should be encouraged.

Miss Munroe is awarded \$5000 damages. The jury must have liked the poem.

Miss Sylvia Bogert is no longer a "dress-reformer." And why? Because her bloomers would not fit.

Mr. Comstock bobs up again. What a pity it is that he cannot arrest the Luxembourg.

Promoters are still trying to operate on Niagara for cataract.

Mr. Caspar Whitney's article, "The Value of Kicking," should have been dedicated to Capt. Hinkey.

This Marie Creste, who makes an atrocious charge against Ambrose Thomas, a man of 83 years, seems to be a foolish woman in search of notoriety.

They forget the great characteristic of Mr. John L. Sullivan, when they talk about his not having gone through the formalities of purchase of real estate. Quickness of blow always distinguished him. No sooner does he think of a farm than it is his, with lambs and mint sauce, turnips and onions, and a "sanitarium" for pugilists.

Why do the Trustees of the Public Library keep harping on "unfavorable criticism?" A sense of dignity should forbid it.

To L. B. S.: There are two DoYLES "creating comment," and you have mixed them up. One is Conan Doyle, the novelist, the other is J. H. of Ward 17.

Today is the anniversary of the birth of Sir Christopher Wren, who did not love organists, and called the mighty instrument "a box of whistles."

The publishers of "The Chap-Book" announce that the first 10 numbers of the publication are out of print. These little pamphlets will have undoubtedly a fictitious value. But such a story as that published in No. 11, "The Passion Flower of Magdala," will provoke yawns. Nor will anyone forgive its monotony on account of 45 pages, and "A Detail from the painting by Giovanni Bellini" being furnished for five cents. Edgar Saltus had a closer view of the Magdalene.

Mrs. Lincoln's last lecture recalls the old Paris saying: The more piquant the sauce, the staler the fish.

Many will echo this despairing cry of a Londoner:

"Of daughters young, and mothers old,
Of mothers timid, daughters bold;
Of daughters tender, daughters tough;
Of daughters without rope enough;
Of girls that don't know when they are
Well off, but claims a wanderjahr,
A latch key, and a music hall,
And all that's unconventional—
Of all this journalistic 'stuff'
At last, I think, we've had enough."

They that regard Mr. H. A. Jones as a bright and shining light will cry "outrageous!" when they read this judgment in "The Case of Rebellious Susan," pronounced by the Pall Mall Gazette: "Instead of taking his theme merely as a comedy, Mr. Jones made his characters speak long winded speeches about woman's duty, and Eve, and the fireside, and so forth—speeches which could be justified in a comedy only by epigram, of which there was a plentiful lack. The result was that Mr. Jones, feeling no doubt that his play was a trifle dull, had resource to some impossible farce to relieve it withal. The old story—in fact the grand old formula of the British stage: 'Melodrama plus farce equals comedy.'"

ccr 21-94

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The First Performance of Mr. George W. Chadwick's Symphony in F Major at the Second Concert of the Fourteenth Season.

The program of the second Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, "Carnaval Romain".....Berlioz
Recitative and aria from "The Spectre's Bride".....Dvorak
Symphony No. 3, F major.....Chadwick
(First performance.)
Three songs, with piano.....Wagner
Ballet Music from "The Demon".....Rubinstein
The orchestra gave a brilliant performance of the overture by Berlioz, which wears well, in spite of its respectable age. The ballet music by Rubinstein is always welcome, and it was delightfully played.

The air from "The Spectre Bride" suffers from an overlaid accompaniment, and when the singer has lost the freshness and strength of her voice, she is but one instrument, often subordinated, among many. In "Dreams" and the "Cradle Song" Miss Juch charmed the audience by the display of exquisite art. And I am not sure but that her singing of the former song was the feature of the concert.

There was naturally lively curiosity concerning the symphony, which was led by the composer. Mr. Chadwick for some time has been a man of performance rather than one of promise.

That this symphony won a prize is not in itself a eulogium. One is apt to shy at the thought of a prize composition, fearing lest it be either hopelessly academic or of laborious and strained originality.

The museum of music is full of prize specimens that attracted the attention of the moment and then were labeled and put away. Once in a while they are dusted, or aired. So they are not wholly in limbo.

I hasten to add that Mr. Chadwick's symphony is not dry and academic after the fashion of that which too often wins the approval of a jury of professors, doctors, and other Daniels and Solomons. On the other hand, it is eminently sincere and free from trickery.

The impression made, however, by the performance of last evening, was not altogether favorable. The first movement has agreeable passages, but neither in thematic stuff nor treatment has it the strength or the sensuous beauty, or the homogeneity that we are all so glad to acknowledge as the characteristics of the composer when at his highest flight. The movement does not seem to have been struck out at white heat. The end is not inevitable. There is, in fact, the suspicion of prolixity. There is the idea that the composer felt obliged to say a good deal about many things. Nor does the second movement, a tuneful larghetto, compare in originality with the third movement, or in strength with the finale. In this larghetto, the second theme has more strongly marked character, more individuality than the first, and it remains in the memory when the first is as though it had not been written.

To my mind the strongest and the best movements of the Symphony are the scherzo and the finale. The theme in the scherzo, first sung by the horn, has a popular character that in the absence of a more precise phrase may be described as a folk song or wandering melody that is repeated by a negro, and undergoes modifications without the specific intent of the dusky singer. This is no negro tune imported from Bohemia for use in Spillville, Iowa. It has the true mixture of reckless indifference and superficial melancholy.

The trio of the scherzo is interesting, not without genuine beauty, and, all in all, Mr. Chadwick may plume himself upon this movement, as upon much of the finale. I say "much of the finale," because in spite of clever effects produced by syncopation, and in spite of the broad and flowing second theme, there are passages that are dull and noisy.

The instrumentation is at times effective; it is often without sufficient contrast, it is often thick and monotonous. To parody the line of a French poet, "the horns are always sounding in the wood."

Mr. Chadwick was warmly received, and applauded heartily after the finale.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Strange Airs Breathed by "The Green Carnation."

How Lord Reggie's Purple Anthem Was Performed.

Clever Kodak Snaps of Composers and Compositions.

You say, Miss Eustacia, you do not know "The Green Carnation," flower or book. The former is the invention of Mr. Oscar Wilde, who has acknowledged the authorship of the absinthian volume beyond and above all peradventure by denying it.

Let me read to you passages relating to music, or rather read them yourself, and we may talk about the book later. For it is a good plan even in this nervous age to read a book before condemning it violently or contracting the disease known specifically at present as Trilbyitis.

"The opera tonight is 'Faust,'" said Mrs. Windsor. "Ancona is Valentine and Melba is Marguerite. I forget who else is singing, but it is one of Harris's combination casts, a constellation of stars."

"The evening stars sang together," said Mr. Amarinth, in a gently elaborate voice and with a sweet smile. "I wonder Harris does not start morning opera; from 12 till 3 for instance. One could drop in after breakfast at 11, and one might arrange to have luncheon parties between the acts."

"But surely, it would spoil one for the rest of the day," said Lady Locke. "One would be fit for nothing afterward."

"Quite so," said Mr. Amarinth, with extreme gentleness. "That would be the object of the performance, to unfit one for the duties of the day. How beautiful! What a glorious sight it would be to see a great audience flocking out into the orange-colored sunshine, each unit of which was thoroughly unfitted for any duties whatsoever."

"'Faust' is always nice; a little threadbare, though, now. Old operas are like old bonnets, I always think. They ought to be remodeled, retrimmed from time to time. If we could keep Gounod's melodies now, and get them reharmonised by Saint-Saens or Bruneau, it would be 'charming.'"

"Lord Reggie and Mr. Amarinth are going down for the hop-picking." * * * Mr. Amarinth is having a little pipe made for him at Chappel's or somewhere, and he is going to sit under a tree and play old tunes by Scarlatti to the hop-pickers while they are at work. He says that more good can be done in that sort of way than by all the missionaries who were ever eaten by savages."

"Lord Reggie and Mr. Amarinth both play, and they are arranging a little program. All old music, you know. They hate Wagner and the moderns. They prefer the ancient church music, Mozart and Haydn and Paganini, or is it Palestrina? I never can remember—and that sort of thing, so refining. Mr. Amarinth says that nothing has been done in music for the last hundred years. Personally, I prefer the intermezzo out of 'Cavalleria' to anything I ever heard, but of course I am wrong."

"Lord Reggie and Mr. Amarinth both played the piano in an easy, tentative sort of way, making excess of expression do duty for deficiencies of execution and covering occasional mistakes with the soft rather than with the loud pedal. Lord Reggie played a hymn of his own, which he frankly acknowledged was very beautiful. He described it as a hymn without words, which, he said softly, all hymns should be. * * * He was so enamored of his hymn that he played it over and over again, and, from his touch, it seemed as if he were trying to make the Steinway grand sound as much like a spinet as possible."

And now, Miss Eustacia, you come to the performance of Lord Reggie's anthem by the village choir. His hostess was delighted at the idea: "I love a choir practice above all things. Choir boys are so pretty. They must come to the practice in their nightgowns, of course." Mr. Amarinth, who had been awake before five "reveling in the flame colored music of the farmyard cocks" left Reggie, who said "I am unlike Saint-Saens. I always compose at the piano." "A few moments later some simple chords, and the sound of a rather obvious sequence, followed by intensely Handel-like runs, announced that Lord Reggie had begun to compose his anthem. * * * At lunch that day Lord Reggie announced that he had composed a beautiful anthem on the words, 'My lips are like a thread of scarlet, and speech is comedy; thy temples are like pieces of pomegranate within thy locks,' and sound exactly like something of

Esmés," he said, but really they are taken from the "Song of Solomon." I had no idea that the Bible was so intensely artistic. There are passages in the Book of Job that I should not have been assumed to have written."

Dinner came, and with it Mr. Smith, the ritualistic curate. "Lord Reggie was pale, and seemed abstracted. Probably he was thinking of his anthem, whose tonic and dominant chords, and diatonic progression, he considered most subtly artistic. He would like to have written in the Lydian mode, only he could not remember what the Lydian mode was, and he had forgotten to bring any harmony book with him." Ah, Miss Eustacia, this looks like a break. How many modern treatises on harmony mention the Lydian mode or any of the ancient modes for that matter. Perhaps the author was thinking of old Dehn's strange text book of 50 years ago, or Bellermann's "Der Kontrapunkt." But listen to conversational bursts at the dinner. You must remember that Amarinth was working on the weak side of the curate to interest him in Reggie's anthem and secure a church performance of it.

"The high church party are showing us the right way," Mr. Amarinth remarked impressively, with a side-anthem glance at Lord Reggie which spoke volumes. "They understand the value of aestheticism in religion. They recognize the fact that a beautiful vestment uplifts the soul far more than a dozen bad chants by Stainer, or Barnby, or any other unmusical Christian. The average Anglican chant is one of the most unimaginative, unpoetical things in the world. It always reminds me of the cart-horse parade on Whit Monday. A brown Gregorian is so much more devotional. 'I beg your pardon,' said Mr. Smith, who had been listening to these remarks with acquiescence, but who now manifested some obvious confusion. 'A brown Gregorian,' Mr. Amarinth repeated. 'All combinations of sounds convey a sense of color to the mind. Gregorians are obviously of a rich and sombre brown, just as a Salvation Army hymn is a violent magenta.' 'I think the Bishops are beginning to understand Gregorian music a little better. No plover's eggs, thank you,' said Mr. Smith, who was totally without a sense of melody, but who assumed a complete musical authority, based on the fact that he intoned in church."

You remember Mr. Haweis, who preached and fiddled and talked and wrote sweetly about music and morals, and visited us once on a time. Well, our old friend was mentioned at this dinner. Madame Valtesi thus brought him in: "Is it true that Mr. Haweis introduced his congregation to a Mahatma in the vestry after service last Sunday? I heard so, and that he has persuaded Little Tich to read the lessons for the rest of the season. I think it is rather hard upon the music halls. There is really

so much competition nowadays!" "I know nothing about Mr. Haweis," said Mr. Smith, drinking some water from a wine-glass. "I understood that he was a conjurer, or an entertainer, or something of that kind." "Oh, no, he is quite a clergyman," exclaimed Mrs. Windsor. "Quite, except when he is in the pulpit, of course, and then I suppose he thinks it more religious to drop it. * * * 'The most popular of all the London clergymen invariably has an anthem that lasts half an hour, and preaches for five minutes by a stop watch.' 'I scarcely think that music should entirely oust doctrine,' began Mr. Smith. 'The clergyman I sit under,' said Mrs. Windsor, "always stops for several minutes before his sermon, so that the people can go out if they want to." "How inconsiderate," said Mr. Amarinth; "of course no one dares to move. English people never dare to move, except at the wrong time. They think it less noticeable to go out at a concert during a song than during an interval."

"Now you spoke of music ousting doctrine. Do you not think that the truest, the most poignant doctrine, speaks, utters itself through the arts? Music has its religion and its atheism, painting its holiness and its sin. Mozart and Bach have given me belief that not even the subversive impotencies of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and the terribly obvious 'mysteries' of Dr. A. C. Mackenzie have been able to take from me," murmured Lord Reginald. "Ah! Reggie, each decade has its poet Bunn," remarked Amarinth. "We have one Bunn in Mr. Joseph Bennett, but where are his plums?" "Lord Reginald, for instance, would convert more men to Christianity by his exultant and purple anthem than most preachers by all their sermons."

Then Amarinth went out and took his coffee on the lawn. "The moon washes the night with silver, and thank Heaven! there are no nightingales to ruin the music of the stillness with their well-meant but ill-produced voices. Nature's songster is the worst sort of songster, I know." Meanwhile Reggie practised the anthem and Amarinth chattered about him. "He fascinates by being sedulously unexpected. Listen to his anthem. He is beginning to play it. How unexpected it is. It always does what the ear wants, and all modern music does what the ear does not want. Therefore, the ear always expects to be disappointed, and Lord Reggie astonishes it by never disappointing it."

Skip the description of the rehearsal of the anthem and turn over to the performance at the church. Reggie was at the organ, "this fact becoming apparent during the service in the abrupt alternations of loud and soft, the general absence of pedal notes and the continued employment of the vox humana as a solo stop during the singing of the psalms, to the undoing of the men in the choir and the extreme astonishment of the unused congregation. At the beginning of the second lesson, too, Lord Reggie made his presence known by the performance of a tumultuous and unexpected obligato, which completely drowned the opening verses of the fourth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew.

and caused the painted windows at the extreme end of the church to crackle in a manner that suggested earthquakes and the last great day. 'What is he doing?' whispered Madame Valtesi to Amarinth. 'Is it the 39 articles?' 'No, replied Esme; he is only getting up from his seat. How wonderful he is! I never heard anything more impressive in my life. After all, unpremeditated art is the greatest art. Such an effect as that could never have been produced except inopportunely.'"

Now Reggie had told his friends not to stare at Jimmy Sands, the soprano: "Don't any of you stare at him while he is singing, or he will get sharp." Poor Jimmy at the appointed time sang flat, "perhaps owing to the fact that none of the party from the cottage so much as glanced at him during the performance. 'He evidently made allowance for our staring,' Madame Valtesi said afterwards. 'However, it can't be helped; we shall know better another time. I thought his singing flat gave a touch of real character to the anthem.'"

Mr. Smith was congratulated on his charming little service by Mrs. Windsor, who consoled with him "on having been unable to pronounce the blessing." "This formality had been rendered impossible by the ingenious action of Lord Reggie, who had forgotten about it, and evoked continuous music from the organ ever since the amen of the prayer preceding it, finally bursting into a loud fugue by Bach, played without the pedal part, just when the curate was venturing to meekly insert it into a sacred interstice of comparative silence, brought about by the solo employment of the vox humana without accompaniment."

Admirable is the description of the professional hymn (sung on a later occasion) "whose words dealt with certain ritualistic doctrines in a spirit of serene but rather incompetent piety, and whose tune was remarkable for the Gounod spirit that pervaded its rather love-lorn harmonies. As Mr. Amarinth said, it sounded like a French apostrophe to a Parisian Eros, and was tinged with the amorous music color of Covent Garden."

And do you rub your eyes, Miss Eustacia, and wonder if the world is topsy-turvy? Then you take "The Green Carnation" as a genuine flower that draws its perfume from the breast of nature. Do you turn to the closing sentences to find a key? You listen to this chatter of Amarinth: "Railway stations always remind me of Mr. Terriss, the actor. They are so noisy. Look out of the window, my boy, and you will see two elderly gentlemen missing the train. They are doing it rather nicely. I think they must have been practising in private. There is an art even in missing a train, Reggie. But one of them is not quite perfect in it yet. He has begun to sweat a little too soon!"

You will enjoy this little book, Miss Eustacia, for you have a sense of humor. I have not italicized the witty and true lines about music, for I know you understand English, and know the meaning of a hint as well as open and frank expression.

PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC NOTES.

The Kneisel Quartet will give a concert in Union Hall tomorrow evening. The program will be: Quartet, Haydn, G major, op 77, No. 2; Quartet, Sgambati, op 17; Mozart, Quintet, G minor. In the last piece Mr. Zach will play the second viola.

At Wellesley College tomorrow night there will be a concert of chamber music by Miss Jessie M. Downer, pianist, Miss Jenny Corea, soprano, and Mr. C. L. Staats, clarinetist.

Mr. Jerome Hopkins will give here a short series of his "original and cynical" piano lectures and concerts, to begin in Steinert Hall Monday evening.

A new string sextet, by a boy of 16 named Bernhard Kohler, recently created an extraordinary sensation at Cologne.

The Seidl Orchestra will give two concerts here early in December. The soloists will be Miss Lillian Blauvelt, soprano, and the Misses Rosé and Otilie Sutro, ensemble pianists. Ysaye, the violinist, will make his first appearance in Boston at the second of these concerts. Mrs. Julie Wyman will appear at several of the concerts around Boston.

Campanini will settle in London as a teacher and concert singer. He has been engaged for the title part in Berlioz's "Faust," at the Royal Albert Hall, Dec. 13.

Palestrina and Orlando Lassus died in 1594. To commemorate the 300th anniversary of their death, a concert will be given in Vienna.

An "American," Mrs. Isabelle d'Outreleau, now living in Italy, has finished two operas. She claims to have been a pupil of Thalberg. Thalberg died in 1871.

Sibyl Sanderson will not sail for America until December.

Calvé will appear at the Paris Opera this month in 1895 in "La Navarraise" and "Hamlet."

They say in Paris that Massenet will set to music Zola's "La Faute de l'abbé Mouret."

The biography of Hermine Spies, a celebrated German contralto, by Eulthaupt, has just been published in Stuttgart.

The new operetta, "La Demoselle du Téléphone," music by Serpette, did not meet with success at the Theatre Parisien.

Songs by Edgar Tinel have just been published by Breitkopf and Haertel.

Humperdinck's "The Luck of Edenhall," for chorus and orchestra, has been published.

A concert will be given at the Boston Conservatory of Music tomorrow evening. Miss Mae Shepard and Messrs. Chelius, Pierce and Marston will take part in it.

The Heberlein Concert Company will give a concert in Berkeley Temple, Tuesday evening, in which Miss Milles, Miss Heyman, Miss Francis and Mr. Heberlein will take part.

Miss Helen D. Orvis announces five morning concerts for young people in Chickering Hall Nov. 17, 24, Dec. 1, 8, 15, at 11 o'clock. Messrs. Ticknor, Riddle, Kneisel, Fries, Lang, Perabo and Foote will take part.

The first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York will take place Nov. 1. Mr. Plancon will be the soloist.

Mr. Haydn Coffin is giving vocal recitals in London, "mainly with the object of introducing some of the newest songs from the pen of American composers." His programs include songs by Buck, Hawley, Nevill, Chadwick, Johns, Gerritt Smith and others.

It is rumored that a new operetta by Messrs. Coolidge and Surette will be brought out in Boston in January.

READ RUSKIN.

It is the time, these are the days when men and women consider thoughtfully the subject of winter clothes. For, alas, raiment is not on tap, nor does it ripen with age. The average man, he that is not unduly anxious about his personal appearance, looks over his wardrobe, and goes to the proper shops. He can tell in advance, within a few dollars, the amount of his outlay. His thoughtfulness is displayed in conjecture concerning his wife's or daughter's necessary winter equipment. And to many estimable women, luxuries are necessities.

The women should assist in these times by not making too big burdens for the men to carry. Women in other cities are obliged to exercise their wits, to invent agreeable and tasteful economy. The Bostonians are more fortunate. They have been taught for many years that cudgelling of the brain destroys gray matter; it is better to consult the oracle. And who is the great oracle on Art with a large A? It is not Meredith, it is not Browning, it is not even Mr. Oscar Wilde, admirable as are these masters in their respective ways. Few women would have the courage to dress after the patterns designed by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, although his pictorial costumes fit his pictorial characters. No woman can say sincerely of herself as did the cynic of man:

"The dress proclaims the man, the bard declares;
But fine attire does not the gentleman denote.

For he is known not by the coat he wears,
But by the manner that he wears his coat."

What should she do then? The answer is simple: Read Ruskin, who has laid down the aesthetic law for everything for all time, from dragons to railways, from sacred music to taverns. Nor let her be discouraged by the fact that the oracle once thundered: "For the sake of fine dresses they let their fathers and brothers invest in any devil's business they can steal the poor's labor by."

Will the advice of Ruskin bring joy, like dawn to one frightened by night visions? Comforting and comfortable is the opening sentence: "Now mind you always look charming; it is the first duty of a girl to look charming; and she cannot be charming if she is not charmingly dressed." But what follows? "It is quite the first of artists in the duties of girls in high position nowadays to set an example of beautiful dress without extravagance." The woman—for all women are girls in the matter of dress—might reply: "Yes, but that which is beautiful to me is extravagance to you." Let us listen, however, to the Professor. "On great occasions they may be a blaze of jewels if they like and can, but only when they are part of a show or ceremony. In their daily life and ordinary social relations they ought at present to dress with marked simplicity." Any sensible woman will say "Amen!" to this and read on with lively anticipation of sound counsel. "Dress as plainly as your parents" (or husbands) "will allow you, but in bright colors if they become you. . . . What you think necessary to buy beyond this for the good of trade, buy and immediately burn." But here the Professor grows erratic. Why must she wear bright colors, even if they become her? That which she buys under the alleged pretext she buys for herself, and why should she burn it? Or should she believe in the Professor and "choose the materials that will wear longest?" Even the bird and the snake tire of their dress. There are men—wretched beings, it is true—who weary of the same face or expression of face, as the divorce courts show. To persist in wearing the same gown would give another pretext for separation to the frivolous.

And now Ruskin finishes his crescendo of irritation. "You must not buy yards of useless stuff to make a flounce of, or drag them behind you over the ground." To which a woman will reply: "But we must follow the fashion and"—her eye catches this final counsel and she throws aside the book. "Get your dresses made by a good dressmaker with utmost attainable precision and perfection, but let this dressmaker be a poor person living in the country." No, Mr. Ruskin, even men that have approved of your preceding propositions must now abandon you, for you offer soberly a pulpy, ready paradox. Who said that you are without humor? Your last statement is worthy of Gilbert.

What is the origin of the Down-East term "wamble-cropped," for "blue," or "depressed?" Has it anything to do with "wamble," meaning unsettled, or with the verb "wamble," to move in an awkward manner?

The Pall Mall Gazette discovers that Beacon Street is the Piccadilly of Boston—without the traffic. But Piccadilly has no river Charles with a bank for view and dumping purposes.

It was the mother of ten who was cautioned by a visitor against an uncovered tank at the bottom of her garden. "Oh, no. We ain't lost many that way."

The Phrenological Journal points out that the bumps of Senator Jones are those of a "mellow, responsive and emotional" organization.

All song birds do not fly southward at the approach of winter. The most expensive, as Melba, are found in northern climes.

"Great care should be taken in cooking mushrooms." And greater in selecting them.

The stomach of Beard, the foot ball player, is better. He is now able to swallow and retain his pride.

The funniest thing about "The Green Carnation" is that some take it seriously.

When De Wolf Hopper cracks a real joke he dislocates an arm.

Truly Mr. Debs has seen a great light.

OCT-23-94

MUSIC.

The First Concert of the Tenth Series Given by the Kneisel Quartet.

The Kneisel Quartet gave the first concert of the 10th season in Union Hall last evening. Mr. Zach played second viola in the quintet. The program was as follows:

Quartet, G major, op. 77..... Haydn
Quartet, D flat, op. 17..... Sgambati
Quintet, G minor..... Mozart

The quartet by Sgambati was first played in this city by the Listemann Quartet during the fall of 1889, and the attendant circumstances of that performance did not favor a calm valuation of the work. Sgambati in his younger days turned his back on musical Italy, and looked across the Alps. He was influenced mightily in the sensitive period of creation by Liszt. They say that of late years he has shown more genuine Italian feeling. However this may be, the quartet played last night reveals in large measure the power exerted by the hyper-modern German school.

"We always return to our first hates." Even when played by the Kneisel Quartet the first movement and the finale do not make a more favorable impression than when they were heard five years ago. They seem extravagant, strained, wildly ambitious without definite purpose except to startle. This music is not quartet music in the true meaning of the word, but this fact alone should not bias the hearer against enjoyment, for traditions are but liquid things, nor is there in this day a Procrustean bed for composers with their pieces. Even want of strict form may be excused if the effect of beauty or strength is present. But these movements, taken in bulk, seem vague and unnecessarily ugly. The introductory adagio has the mock mysticism, the bathos of Liszt. The most interesting feature of the first movement is the treatment of the choral, which although at times eccentric, is yet often masterly. As for the finale, it is disagreeable music. The scherzo is full of fancy and is by all odds the strongest and most musical of the movements. It is a thoroughly delightful and most creditable piece of work. So, too, the andante contains passages of genuine beauty, passages that are spontaneous and sincere.

If the end of all art is the fabrication of unity, then are the best quartets of Haydn and such compositions as the immortal quintet by Mozart supreme in chamber music. This music has the classical serenity, the simple perfection of expression even in humor or in passion. There is no straining after effect any more than in a phenomenon of Nature.

It is a good thing, yea, it is a blessed privilege to hear such a work as the G minor quintet played by such artists. The performance of the other pieces was wholly admirable, but the performance of the quintet was one long and devoutly to be remembered. When the ensemble was so excellent, it may seem invidious to particularize, and yet one cannot refrain from praising without stint the exquisite playing of Mr. Kneisel in the adagio by Mozart. For when he played, it was as though Mozart sang.

PHILIP HALE.

The flat-maiden passionate for the piano is dubbed justly "La belle Dame sans Merci."

The pork-ple hat is frowned on by the upper-crust.

Many in Russia have suffered from insomnia.

The first of the chamber concerts of the season reminded the audience that Boston is without a suitable, comfortable, and safe hall for such entertainments. And, by the way, where is that marvelous new Music Hall that was to spring into existence as quickly as Aladdin's palace or Jonah's gourd? It was to be fully equipped. There were to be cloak rooms and genteel ushers, baignoires and ambulatories, and in fact all sorts of nice things. It was to be a thing of architectural beauty, something like a compromise between a Roman amphitheatre and a horse-shoe crab. And the stockholders were to exult in swollen dividends. The lot is still there, sad, gaping, vacant. But where, oh where is the hall?

To G. L. B.: You are right. The word "tsar" represents ultimately the Latin word "Caesar," but it should not therefore be spelt necessarily "Czar." The change of the Germanic "k" to "c" brings "ts" in Slavonic. The following paragraph taken from "The New English Dictionary," edited by Dr. Murray, may furnish you a satisfactory explanation.

"The spelling with 'cz' is against the usage of all Slavonic languages; the word was so spelt by Herberstein 'Rerum Moscovite Commentarii,' 1549, the chief early source of knowledge as to Russia in Western Europe, whence it passed into the Western Languages generally; in some of these it is now old-fashioned; the usual German form is now 'zar,' and French has recently adopted 'tsar,' which is also becoming frequent in English, and has been adopted by the Times newspaper, as the most suitable English spelling."

A son of a tsar is a "tsarevitch," which, however, is no longer an official title in Russia, having been superseded, since the time of Paul I., by that of "Grand Duke," literally "Great Prince." Nor is "tsarevna," a daughter of a tsar, any longer an official title. Just as the hereditary prince has the differentiated title "Cesarevitch," so his wife is the "Cesarevna." The empress is the "tsarina," although the Russian title is "tsaritsa," and the Russian official title is "Impritsa." Other words formed from tsar which need no explanation are tsarate, tsardom, tsarian or tsaric or tsarish, tsaricide, tsarism, tsarship.

As for "coleannon," which the Hon. Timothy J. Campbell proposes to serve with curiy cabbage at his "old-style pig's head razoo," it is an Irish dish: "potatoes and cabbage pounded together in a mortar and then stewed with butter."

"And still we cannot support the Hon. Dick Walsh. There are a number of reasons for our decision. For instance, we notice that the Hon. Dick Walsh describes himself as 'born in your midst.' We deny it."
—New York Sun.

A correspondent writes that striking coincidences between passages in the works of Mallock and paragraphs in "The Green Carnation," lead him to believe that Mallock, not Wilde, is the author of the latter book.

Mr. J. H. Gilmour, the playactor, is reported to have said that "dear, gentle Charles Lamb" should not have called tobacco naughty names; "he ought to have known better; but then, like Napoleon, he could not smoke." If Mr. Gilmour knew his Lamb thoroughly, he would not have thus slipped. In the "Farewell to Tobacco," Lamb exclaims:

"Plant divine, of rarest virtue!
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you!
'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee;
None e'er prospered who defamed thee."

He was an inveterate smoker until "debarred the full fruition of its favors" by a "sour physcian." And he would smoke the strongest, rankest variety, an accomplishment which he had toiled after, "as other men after virtue."

There is talk again, and naturally, about doctors' incomes. It was a specialist in Minnesota, an oculist, who was summoned once by a man of exceeding riches, nervous about a speck in one of his eyes. The journey was a fairly long one, but the operation was of laughable simplicity. The patient told the doctor to go to the bank in the village and present his bill. The bill was given to the Cashier; it was for \$5000. The Cashier smiled and said: "You've made a mistake, doctor; Mr. Blank is worth more money." But the bill was paid.

Verdi's "Otello" was produced at the Paris Opera in sumptuous fashion. Especial machinery, at a cost of \$3000, was invented for the tempest alone. A fleet of five ships tossed and pitched over a raging sea. The thunder, lightning and gunshots were regulated by a keyboard with electrical connections, which was in the Director's proscenium box.

They say that the first two numbers of "The Chap-Book," published last May, command today \$3 or \$4 apiece in Chicago, such is the passion of collectors.

And this reminds us that the New Orleans man who took all that was left of the first edition of Mr. Fennellosa's Phi Beta Kappa poem, and "says that in its way the poem is in advance of anything written in this country," may turn out to be a speculator in literary curiosities.

27-97
Jurymen of marked conversational powers talk away the dignity of the jury system.

These Winthrop mortars are known appropriately as the De Blange guns.

"I would rather be a lamp-post in Boston than a wealthy property owner in San Francisco" is the way a Boston woman expressed her preference the other day. And no doubt there are men who would rather lean against the lamp-post than against the wealthy property owner.

Mr. David C. Murray, lecturer, is his own press agent. As press agent he is alert and romantic, fluent and passionate. "For my part," said Mr. Murray early this week, "I don't know anything so delightful as to have a great audience before me and to feel that I can play on them as one plays on a fiddle—to make them angry or merry, to make them cry, to thrill them, to frighten them—in short, to do with them what I will. That is the sweetest triumph a man can have. It is the greatest joy, the finest mental exhilaration in the world." And now if people miss their opportunities it is not the fault of Mr. Murray. He gave them fair warning.

The conduct of Mr. G. F. Sanford, late of Yale, passeth all understanding. He has left foot ball and track athletics to enter into some gross and sordid commercial enterprise in New York.

The thought of militia and armories and parades puts Mr. W. D. McCrackan in a highly nervous state. When wild Hungarians or Anarchists of any nationality defy the majesty of the law, Mr. McCrackan would fain appease them by sweet reasoning, or possibly by the introduction of the referendum.

So, Mrs. Sallade lost her case. Possibly she used too much vinegar and not enough oil.

It is to be hoped that the report about Mr. Oudin's physical condition is exaggerated. He is a singer of rare taste and intelligence.

There is nothing left to the imagination in the description of a visitor published by a contemporary. She has "a warm glowing tint," she also wears "a vest of silk, and cuffs and collar of Italian hand-made lace." She unpacked her trunks "inside of 20 minutes." As she has traveled 22,000 miles, and been "made much of in Northern and Southern social circles," her remark that "Boston is a delightful city; if I had to settle down to just one place in America I should select Boston by all means" is the greater compliment. By the way, was it the visitor or the reporter who said "Settle down to just one place?"

This is the feast-day of St. Proclus, who taught the people to sing the Trisagion as he once heard it performed by angels, and "it is at least agreed that on the people singing it the earthquakes ceased." The tendency of much of modern music is to provoke earthquakes and other perturbations of Nature.

There is a dispute at present as to which city is the oldest. Some say it is Damascus, founded by Uz, the grandson of Shem. Rabelais claimed the honor for Chinon, "the famous city, noble city, ancient city, yea, the first city in the world." But Chinon was his birthplace, and he was, perhaps, thus prejudiced.

Theodore Tilton's poetical tribute to the memory of Dr. Holmes recalls the fact that he is still alive.

Candidates for a degree at Yale will hereafter be presented by an "orator," as at Oxford. Will the system of guying the candidates be likewise introduced?

The Chant in London known as Mrs. Ormiston now stirreth up discord; and how will the dissonances be resolved?

Cinnamon tea is recommended in cases of fever. What would be its effect on a cinnamon bear?

"The contemptible meanness of the male sex." This is not a quotation from some "downtrodden woman," who aspires to "purify politics." It is from a sermon delivered by Dr. Parkhurst of New York. But in creating the distinction that marks social ostracism for one particular offence, have not women been more unjust and hard-hearted than men?

An Englishwoman thus replies to an attack on the habit of killing birds to secure feathers for feminine ornament: "What hypocrites you men are. We, at least, leave the butcher's work to butchers, but you, in the name of sport, go out and publish the fact with pride if you succeed in slaughtering hundreds of the most beautiful birds for your pleasure. Cast the beam out of your own eye; throw away your guns, and then you may ask us with a show of consistency to cease decking hats and cloaks with feathers." But this reply is neither logical nor true, as far as England is concerned; for there "the sportsman is a preserver even more than a destroyer, but to satisfy the feminine love of ornament many fine species are in danger of extinction."

25-94
This is St. Crispin's day. Lay in your winter boots.

A book written to prove that Marshal Ney was not shot, but was secretly conveyed to Charleston, S. C., will soon be published. Nay, nay, Pauline.

Gov. Waite in his campaign is encouraged by an astrologer. He should remember that the stars are not always trustworthy. On a famous occasion they fought in their courses against Sisera.

It seems that the sword of Garibaldi is in Nova Scotia. But we still have the sword of Bunker Hill.

There is sound sense in the Norwegian proverb: "There are many weathers in five days, and more in a month."

Some laugh at Col. Nicol because at the oath Salvation jubilee he said, "Before I as converted I was a boozier; now I'm bleaser." The Colonel used good English words. The verb "to boozie" is nearly a century old, and "boozier" has been a many years in good repute. As for "blesser," it is over 300 years old, nor did remy Taylor, that sublime writer, dis-in it.

So, too, the word "bum," used by the Colonel, had the opprobrious meaning of today four centuries ago. The Colonel understands and appreciates the wealth of the English language.

Emperor William's song for male chorus will be heard for the first time in Berlin Sunday. The Apollo Club should procure copies, and sing the Imperial composition at its first concert. Such a compliment would cement the friendship between Germany and America. Each member of the club would probably receive a photograph of the composer, and Mr. Lang would be decorated, possibly with the Iron Cross, for his bravery in the venture.

This is, indeed, sad news about Miss Webster, but the account published in a contemporary will excite the wonder of all students of Grecian history. "Some of her more enthusiastic followers were almost convinced that she was Sappho reincarnated." Miss Webster's plan "was ultimately to found a school, in which, like Sappho, she could be a living example to young women." Miss Webster certainly should pray to be delivered from her friends. She never made the preposterous claim of being the tenth Muse.

Mr. Maynard gave an interesting lecture on "How Birds Sing and Fly," but a report of the lecture put this strange statement into his mouth: "People who fancy that crows don't sing are mistaken. The male bird sings a most beautiful song during the nesting season, but prefers his mate as a sole auditor." It was the mate, then, who gave the song away to Mr. Maynard. Mr. Crow has cause for a divorce.

Because the Forbes Library has just been dedicated in Northampton, it must not be inferred that the town has been without such an institution. For at least 30 years it has had an excellent Public Library, judiciously selected and of genuine help to the inhabitants.

It is doubtful devotion to publish after the death of an author articles that he did not see fit to give in a volume to the world while he was alive. Walter Pater was a most fastidious verbal artist, and his admirers are content with that which met his own approbation.

This is the anniversary of the death of several famous men. Demosthenes, who paid so much attention to tone production; King Stephen, the worthy peer, whose breeches cost him but a crown; Chaucer, who, according to Artemus Ward, had talent, "but he couldn't spel;" Torricelli, the inventor of the barometer and other scientific things; Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, who had the misfortune lately to fall into the hands of Mr. George Meredith; Hogarth, master of realism, and George Eli, in whose mouth Thackeray put this couplet:

"I neither had morals, nor manners, nor wit:
I wasn't much missed when I died in a fit."

Speaking of penmanship in the public schools, was Horace Greeley a vertical, horizontal or slantindicular writer?

It was on the 25th of October, 1694, that Admiral Edward Russell, in hospitable vein, brewed a mighty, a Gargantuan punch in a marble fountain at Alicante. Thus he brewed it: four hogsheds of brandy, one pipe of Malaga, 20 gallons of lime juice, 2500 lemons, 13 hundredweight of fine, white sugar, five pounds of grated nutmegs, 300 toasted biscuit, and eight hogsheds of water. A canopy prevented "waste by evaporation or dilution by rain." The cups were filled by the ship boy, who rode round the fountain in a boat. Admiral Russell, no doubt, that day was a truly popular commander; but it is now 200 years since the punch was quaffed, and some of the drinkers have not got over it yet. In this connection it is well to note that one of the earliest accounts of punch (1672) refers to it as an "enervating liquor."

THE WISDOM OF SYBARITES.

There is a haven of rest on Beacon Hill. There stand houses whose inmates hear not the far and rumble of traffic, and know not the nerve-irritating electric car. In the heart of the town the sleepers hear dreamily the birds in their season at break of day; even the hum of the mosquito is drowsy; and the only discordant element in the hush is the sporadic wailing of a domestic cat. These fortunate ones recall the Sybarites, who had such delicate ears that they would allow no trades in their city which made a rasping noise. "They would not have blacksmiths or carpenters, or any such trades in the city." And to a sojourner in the region near Loushurg Square, life is once again serene, and the ordinary boarding house of commerce is transfigured and is Lotos-Land.

In such a haven one remembers the fantastical dream of Adolphe Retté, suggested possibly by the well-known prose poem of Poe. "Strange silence; people flow by as an idle stream of shadows; carriages roll without tumult; black waddings oppress the town; the sun is a fleecy thing set in blue waves. The idea flashes across me, Noise is dead! And I shriek with laughter at the conclusion that earth is henceforth condemned to eternal silence. Then a huge announcement unfolds itself, and I read in a distorted hand, 'You are invited to the funeral of Monsieur Noise, who died this evening. Killed by the excess of his contemporaries, he was held in horror by Providence. On the part of his widow, Humanity.'"

Yet to the dweller in the country the silence of this favored spot would no doubt seem only comparative. That it appeals so to the citizen shows the steady growth of the evil. No wonder that there are protests against the introduction of electric cars. The fact that unfortunates say "You will soon be accustomed to them," is of itself a warning and a protest. The result of the habitual use of many modern instruments for procuring "speed and convenience" is more or less destructive to nerves and temper. Take a long ride in a car. With the din, the clattering over cross-tracks, the jump at each start and the sudden stop, the restlessness of the slow, irregular progress when there is danger of a block, in what sort of mental condition, pray, does the business man arrive at his office? Half the time he has not even the poor satisfaction of sitting down. It is true that people who live near a boiler factory become accustomed to the riveting; that the Swiss whose cottages overlook the rushing glacier-bed stream are lulled by it; but it is the regularity that does not disturb. The regularity of the electric car is its irregularity.

Or take a less aggressive form of modern annoyance, the telephone. How many leave the closet, successful or not in the call, without nervous irritation, caused either by the routine indifference of the operator, the feeble or thick voice of the answerer, or the sneaking consciousness of personal infirmity in tone-production and enunciation?

Nervous apparently from constitutional and climatic reasons, the American dwellers in town grow daily more nervous. This is the age of nervous diseases, of insomnia, of premature mental and bodily decay.

Conservatism is dubbed sluggishness. The new book, no matter what its contents may be, must be read in a day and the judgment pronounced that night. The preacher must be "up-to-date." There is anxious hunting after a new fad before the name of the last is widely known. The great meaning of "I loafe and invite my soul" is not appreciated. Man strives to keep pace with the electric current. Too many, alas, go to bed to the accompaniment of the noisy music of the street. They feel like saying with Wild Rosy of Yucatan, "If I could only get a decent sleep."

"Those that are weather wise
Are rarely otherwise."

Harvard proposes to beat Yale if every collar-bone in the University has to be broken in preparing for the match.

Queen Victoria took a gold medal by exhibiting a stand of fruit at the Crystal Palace Horticultural show, and loud was the grumbling of those who complained of unfairness. The Queen should enter her exhibit under an assumed name, as Mrs. Percy J. Johns or Mrs. French-Smythe.

An enthusiastic admirer of Mrs. Lincoln said that this famous cook not only made the cake yesterday; she also took it.

That the President of the United States is constantly under the protection of a guard of armed men is a melancholy thought to those dreaming of an ideal Republic.

merciless go farther than in the case of the fact that a murdered woman wore "under garments of exquisite cleanliness."

This is the anniversary of the death of Sir Geoffrey Kneller, who had the honor of painting 10 crowned heads as well as the face of Mr. Christopher Cat, pastry cook and keeper of a London tavern. "Painters of history," said Kneller, "make the dead live, and do not begin to live themselves till they are dead. I paint the living and they make me live."

The farmers of Australia propose to forward regularly large consignments of turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, etc., from Victoria to England.

There are men who worry over the proper number of shirtstuds to be worn of a festive evening. For their benefit here is the latest news from London: "Three studs are at once the simplest and also the most pretentious mode—a fine example of extremes meeting; two studs savor somewhat of fancifulness, but have the excuse of convenience; a single stud is neat and all that is requisite, provided the shirt be well cut; it cannot, however, fail to recall the painful fashion—now happily almost extinct—of wearing in the centre of the shirt some conspicuous piece of jewelry. For in the daytime, at all events, there can be no excuse for pretentious studs. The discreet taste at the present time seems to be for small balls of gold; no one, however, need take exception to pearls, provided they be small and plainly mounted."

As for the shirt collar, the oracle says wisely, "the shape is a matter for individual taste. . . . The half breed between a stand-up and Eton, which has for the last year or two been seeking fashionable approval, has now been branded as the chosen accompaniment of a green carnation, for which it certainly seems eminently suitable."

Mongrel goose is now found on many a table. Reader, do you know how to dissect the delicious bird, so that your guests will not call for mackintoshes during the operation? In olden times there was the High Dutch fashion and the Italian. The former was preferred by the prudent because "they cut the breast into more pieces, and so by consequence fill more plates." And this was the order of the carving: "On the first plate a thigh; 2, another thigh; 3, a side of the rump, with a piece of the breast; 4, the other side of the rump, with another piece of the breast; 5, a wing; 6, the other wing; 7, the rest of the stomach upon which, if there be little of the wing left, you may join the two small keel bones; to the eighth, the merry thought, with the rest of the rump, and any use, at your discretion. If you will, you may join some of the breast with the best piece which you always present to the most considerable person at the table first, and take notice, too, by the bye, the brawn of the breast ought to be for the most part served out first."

Or if you dread carving and still long for goose, why not try the ancient recipe for "A Potage of Green Geese," a dish, however, not for faint or queasy stomachs: "Take your green-geese and boyl them the usual way, and when they are boyled take them up and fry them whole in a frying-pan to colour them, either with the fat of bacon or hogs-larde, called nowadays manège de pork; then take ginger, long pepper, and cloves; beat all this together, and season them with this spice; a little parsley and sage, and put them into a little of the same broth that they were boyled in, and sprinkle a little grated cheese over them, and let them have a little stew, and then dish them up with sipets under them."

Mr. David C. Murray proposes to eschew henceforth the title of "lecturer." He prefers to be known as an "entertainer." It is true that the titles are not necessarily synonymous, and there is no doubt that Mr. Murray is an entertainer. Anyone who deliberately names Robert Buchanan "the genius of the age" is like Artemus Ward's Kangaroo, "an amoozing cuss."

"When Cornelius Vanderbilt opens his new house at Fifty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue with a ball, soon to be given to introduce his daughter to society, Seldi will sit down to a \$15,000 piano, which has now been put in place in one of the magnificent parlors." How's this? The eminent apostle of Wagner to play for dancing! Or will they have a fiddler, as Yeaye, to help him?

This piano is decorated in shades of green, including pistache, pea green and Paris green, and the machine is "in harmony with the Louis XV. room." The piano stool, "conceived in a scheme of green and gold," price \$200, is also in the Louis XV. style. Mr. Seldi, to be in harmony, should wear a suit of bottle-green, also a wig. It was in the reign of Louis XV., by the way, that the arrogance of the rich waxed intolerable and was an offence in the nostrils of the people.

Advertising suggests the thought of Paderewski. They who heard him at his last concert in London say that his performance was a severe disappointment. It is rumored that a nervous disease has enfeebled the pianist and the man.

It is the custom to leer at the play-actors stranded on the rialto, to caricature the hamfatters and the bums, but the pathetic story of the melancholy stroller, anxious for work, who fainted in New York the other day from sheer weakness, is only one of many. In these eccentric figures perchance is hidden a noble Hamlet or a rollicking, delightful Charles Surface.

The circular of certain laundrymen in town states that they have gone into this business only to gain money to satisfy "high ambitions for higher education." And yet their present occupation demands the highest education. To wash and iron without injury to the goods entrusted to them; to starch so as to prevent the profanity of the wearer; to be accurate in count; are not these characteristics of a culture all too rare?

Is it true that the school houses of Boston are overcrowded and without decent ventilation?

Apropos of school houses, the question of nutritious food for the children at luncheon is a serious matter. Children in their choice of diet have not the natural sagacity that distinguishes many other animals. They will too often shun good soup or meat, milk and bread and butter, to batten on cake and pickles.

Is there any luncheon in hotel or restaurant today that tastes so good to the business man as that carried by him in basket or tin pail years ago to the country school house? Bread and meat, a piece of pie, doughnuts and cheese—but Hellogabalus never fared as well. Then, too, the mercantile instinct was developed by the practice of swapping, as a doughnut for an apple, or pie for a sandwich.

Dean Hole, who will lecture in this country for the benefit of the Rochester (Eng.) Cathedral, is known to many by a volume of entertaining memoirs, full of agreeable gossip about Thackeray, Leech, Dickens and others. The volume showed the discriminating mind of the author. The Dean is indeed a hole of information.

They dispute now as to whether Dr. Holmes was a humorist or a wit. Did he not display both wit and humor?

"The Empress was Invalided for many weeks." Is there any authority for such a verb?

A volume of new poems by Paul Verlaine has crossed the Atlantic, and its title is "Epligrammes." The copies now here are of the first edition. Book collectors do not need to be reminded that Verlaine first editions soon command a premium. "Fetes Galantes," for example, a little volume of 54 pages, first published in 1869, is bought eagerly in Paris for 16 or 20 francs.

The announcement that the old Public Library is to be sold recalls the fact that some time ago there was earnest talk of building an opera house on the site. The opera house is needed, but much more necessary to the city is a comfortable, safe, and suitable Music Hall. There is not one fit room in the city for the display of a pianist's taste and skill.

Rosebery may persuade at the present moment the English to like the Czar, but wild horses could not drag them to love Russia. There's too much "property" at stake.

This is the anniversary of the death of Ida Pfeiffer, who visited the Holy Land, Turkey, Egypt, Sicily, Italy, Iceland, Scandinavia, rounded Cape Horn, saw China, Japan, India, Asiatic Turkey, the East Indies, California, an eruption of Cotopaxi, the Azores, Madagascar, Cape Town, and other sights, countries, and people too numerous to mention. Once was she nearly eaten by the Battas. Once was she almost the victim of Queen Ravanola. And has she not told of these and other halfbreath escapes in her books of travel? Truly a remarkable woman; a greater traveler than Nelly Bly or Miss Londonderry. The name of the latter suggests irresistibly an advertising scheme.

MUSIC.

The Third Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall, Under Mr. Paur.

The program of the third Symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony "Unfinished".....Schubert
Concerto in E flat for piano.....Beethoven
Mr. Baermann, pianist.

Symphony, C major.....Schumann

One charm of the immortal fragment by Schubert is that the symphony is unfinished. The slow movement does not stand on the same level with the supernatural allegro, and they that know and love Schubert the best are thankful that he never composed a scherzo and finale. The long works of the great melodist are generally a long descending of musical interest. As it is, there is the curiosity as to what he might have done with this projected symphony if his life had been spared and he had learned to prune and condense; and there is also the thought of the colossal impudence of the German who, a few years ago patched together two movements and finished it for him.

The fragment remains, and the allegro will be a delight for all times, not so much because of the charming, eminently Schu-

bertian second theme first sung by the cellos, as because of the romantic atmosphere that enwraps the music, from the simple opening measures to the end. Or who can even forget that apparently inevitable modulation that introduces the theme above mentioned, or who is not moved mightily by the opening of the free fantasia, the yearning of passion that seizes, as from a tower, the end of all?

About the proper tempo of the famous second theme there has been much dispute. Some take it too fast, and it is then as though ground out by an orchestra. Others drag it; they deliberately check the organic rhythm which should be a pulse to the musical body, and play it with piling sentiment, creating an adagio. If Mr. Paur erred at all, it was slightly, and on the side of slowness. As for the second movement, it is pretty and popular, and there are delightful harmonic surprises; but, as I have said, it has not the overwhelming individuality of the movement that precedes.

Mr. Baermann gave a very fine performance of the great concerto. Not that it was equally admirable throughout, for in the finale there were occasional traces of restlessness that was not under absolute control, and the "loud-pedal," so called, was used at times too freely. But, on the whole, the performance was one to be remembered; it was so thoughtful, so well considered, so free from "virtuosity" in its objectionable form. There was no feeling of deadly rivalry between the piano and its old enemy the orchestra. Mr. Paur conducted the concerto like a master, and the few slips in intonation in the first movement could be pardoned easily, as the temperature of the hall was not favorable to either wind or string instruments.

The crowning glory of the Schumann Symphony is the wondrous adagio, probably the greatest slow movement composed since Beethoven's time. It is the fashion for writers on Schumann to pat him on the head, and in speaking of this symphony to say, "The fruits of his contrapuntal studies are here in graceful abundance." But one of these fruits is indeed a dry and withered thing. I refer to the staccato counterpoint that follows the first succession of violin trills. What in the world did Schumann mean by following such a superb climax by measures which suggest the class room and blackboard? Fortunately they are few in number.

So, too, I fail to see beauty or strength in the two trios of the scherzo, which by the way was played with infinite accuracy as well as dash. Of these trios, the second is the more offensive, for offensive is not too strong a word to use in this connection. Stiff are they both, and also are they dry.

The hall was crowded. After the Schubert symphony and the concerto, there was most hearty applause.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Published Opinions of a Late and Welcome Guest.

An Interesting Experiment With Piano and Screen.

Famous Bores in the Great Operatic Gallery.

Mr. Krehbiel of New York was in town a week ago Saturday to hear Mr. Chadwick's Symphony; and his views and opinions were published in the New York Tribune of last Monday. He surveyed city, music, and musicians as through a telescope set up on another and a happier planet.

"The musical activities of Boston," says Mr. Krehbiel, "are always an interesting study to the observer from New York."

Now this statement may be reversed easily, and as follows: The musical activity of a lecturer from New York is always an interesting study to the observer in Boston.

Mr. Krehbiel adds, "Not wholly because of their extent or their variety, for, in sooth, despite the Symphony Orchestra with its weekly public rehearsal and concert, New York hears much more music every season of all kinds than Boston; nor even because of their superior merit, for one can assert that the average of performance is higher in New York than it is in Boston, notwithstanding the efforts of the superb organization which Mr. Higginson maintains."

Does Mr. Krehbiel really believe the latter half of this statement? Is there any orchestra in New York that plays as well 24 times in the season as the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Paur? Is it not the Kniesel Quartet of Boston that delights the music-lovers of New York by the exquisite finish of its performance? Are there so many choral societies in New York that are superior to the Handel and Haydn, the Cecilia, and the Apollo? Do wandering stars, singers, pianists, or violinists shine with more than ordinary brilliancy over Manhattan? Or how does Mr. Krehbiel know the superiority of musical performances in his city, unless he listens to the bourgeois musical attempts in Boston through a long-distance telephone? Even with the aid of space-annulling science it would be difficult to judge of the respective merits of two concerts when they were synchronous, and it would indeed require a practised ear.

But we should not complain for Mr. Krehbiel finds "among the musicians composers, teachers and performers a more vital guild spirit in Boston than in New York." This settles it. We still are the people. But we never should have known it, had not Mr. Krehbiel discovered and named this element of superiority. Messrs. Paur, Zerrahn, Lang, Kneisel, Adamowski, Faellen, Chellus, et al. have been working away industriously, doing the best they could, and yet not until Monday, Oct. 22, 1894, on the arrival of the New York Tribune from the Metropolis, was it discovered by their fellow-townsmen that these musicians were imbued, filled, possessed with "a vital guild spirit." Perhaps the musicians themselves were ignorant of their great good fortune.

"As I write," says Mr. Krehbiel, "I am not able to say what is the voice of the newspaper reviewers; but if it is not kindly the circumstance will only add a little to the bewilderment which long-range readers of the Boston newspapers have frequently felt in the past respecting the Bostonian standard of judgment. I confess that I do not know what constitutes musical orthodoxy in Boston. Sometimes it seems to be simply the other kind of 'doxy,' that is, the kind not exemplified in the work, under the critical scalpel. And such a conclusion is confusing when the programs are as varied as those of Mr. Paur, who loves Liszt and dallies with dances."

Let no reader form an unjust idea of Mr. Krehbiel's character. He is a large, fine looking man of genial disposition. He is welcomed here heartily by friends and admirers whenever he leaves New York to visit the provinces. The supposition that his mind has been impaired by unremitting attention to the subtle meaning of the Wagnerian opera is as absurd as insulting. He is a veritable sleuth-hound on the track of a folk-song, and he can scent his prey when others abandon the chase. He is also a graceful writer. When Mr. Paur "dallies with dances," Mr. Krehbiel is seriously distressed, and as Mr. Paur is a kindly man, he will no doubt suspend henceforth his offensive dalliance. It is even possible that Mr. Paur will cease to love Liszt.

So, too, the newspaper reviewers of Boston were deeply pained to learn that they have on former occasions provoked "bewilderment" in the manly breast of Mr. Krehbiel. It is his own fault, however, for he has of late neglected his duty; he has not lectured here for a year or so. There was a time when Mr. Krehbiel unrolled the Wagner panorama, and we all profited thereby. There was a time when, with the assistance of Mr. Seidl, he took the trouble to explain to us the mysteries of coral in all its branches, antipathes, heliospora, meandrina, the family cyathophyllidae, fungia, tubipora, astroides, and even the millepores which are only distantly related to the other coralligenous animals, though their calcareous skeletons also form extensive reefs.

Alas, those pleasant and instructive afternoons are over. Now, if we all, like sheep, have gone astray, it's Mr. Krehbiel's fault. When Mr. Dvorak's great "North American" symphony was brought over here, although Mr. Krehbiel was present for the purpose of disliking the performance under Mr. Paur, there was no preparatory lecture to give points to the conductor and to put the hearers in the proper mood for enjoyment. He should, therefore, be the last to reproach us with confused notions concerning "musical orthodoxy."

That Mr. Jerome Hopkins, the pianist, played last Monday evening behind a screen excited surprise and amusement; and yet interesting experiments could be made in precisely this manner. Let us suppose, for instance, that four pianists, as De Pachmann, Paderewski, Busoni and Rummel, were to play in turn a sonata by Beethoven or a group of pieces by Chopin under these conditions: no announcement of the respective pianist should be made to the audience; his entrance should be unseen, and he should be entirely concealed from public view. Now how many in the audience could name without mistake the pianist actually at work?

Such an experiment might throw some light on the problems of tough and temperament. It would at any rate be interesting.

It will be remembered that Heinrich Pudor recommended some time ago that hearers should sit with their backs to the performer, and that the hall should be dimly lighted.

And is not the concealed orchestra—an idea not wholly original with Wagner—a variation on the same theme?

The Pall Mall Gazette published lately an amusing article entitled, "The Wagnerian Gallery of Boreds," which is well worthy of quotation in full, but lack of space forbids.

"The phrase (that is the title) may have one or more meanings; it is decidedly and cruelly ambiguous. Lest, then, Lord Dunsart or Mr. Gatty or another should suppose it levelled at his head, let it be explained at once to mean the Bore created by Wagner himself. It has been said that Wagner never wrote a music-drama without weaving into it the character of one stupendous bore, from the Flying Dutchman onwards. The Dutchman himself is terrible enough,

and would be more than impossible to live with; his gloom, his unrelieved stolidity, his impenetrable brain, are like the clouds upon a dull, gray day, without relief, without hope, with nothing about them save a sempiternal sense of oppressiveness and uninteresting pessimism. In him Wagner headed the list of his bores with one of the noblest representatives of the class. Nevertheless, it must not be imagined that these various gentlemen, whose portraits hang like ancestral paintings in a dusky gallery, are indistinguishable one from another. Just as the character of the Dutchman is all the more tedious by reason of the glaring distinctness of his qualities, so is it with his companions, the heaviness of whose construction is in each case a separate and private heaviness peculiar to itself."

The reviewer then pays his respects to Venus in "Tannhauser," who "is dull with all the dullness of a woman who is enduring a phase of love that is unrequited and unreturned." * * * There is no awfuller person than the amorous lady whom you do not desire; and the heartier, the more passionately Venus pleads, the more does one pray that she will let the poor man go about his own devices and weary us no longer, through his own nameless weariness, by her importunate entreaties."

"From Venus we pass to the greatest and most magisterial bore of the whole gallery—Wotan, otherwise the Wanderer. A bore, indeed, of stupendous grandeur, and of a fine, solid, wall-like character! He moves everywhere in a mass. He claims your attention by sheer ponderousness of manner and utterance. He button-holes you by the half hour with a dignity of persistence that has nothing grotesque about it save for the helplessness to which his audience is reduced. * * * He insists on surrounding himself with every conceivable motif of the Nibelung, and without convincing anybody that he has a right to do so. Is he reproachful, he marshals his facts with the emotion and completeness of a code of laws. His passions are mean, and he has an unregal way of relying upon his mere size and upon his position in life for his chief effects. * * * He wrangles with his wife in public, committing thereby one of the unpardonable sins. * * * He is, above all things, a full-blooded and ponderous bore, rejoicing in his tediousness, and thrusting his ineffable wearisomeness down into the hearts of amiable and inoffensive people. There is something, too, in his attire, in the tunic and the girdle, in his appearance, in his sham, Jove-like beard and hair, which, with the discovery of his character, one finds particularly insufferable and irritating. For this is not one of your bores whom you suffer in silence; he has an active influence, and uses it."

I do not agree with the reviewer in his estimate of the Dutchman, perhaps on account of early prejudice in Vanderdecken's favor. The legend itself is fascinating. Then there is the delightful essay of Mr. Curtis in "Prue and I." There is the story of Mairryat. There is the wild and grotesque article by Heine, on which Wagner based his opera. No, no, the Dutchman is indeed a romantic character, given it is true to moody silence and long staring at young women; but ships avoid him and his crew, and he only sees a woman once in seven years, so he is not without excuse. As for Venus, her music is a bore, but the lady herself is often charming. The dominating bore in "Tannhauser" is Wolfram, who picks aimlessly at a harp and addresses the evening star with faulty intonation. Wotan is, indeed, a colossal bore; there's no denying it. But he has a rival in maudering King Marke, who looks at Tristan and says, "Why did you do it? Oh, why did you do it?"

Operatic bores are not confined to the Wagner Gallery. The harper in "Mignon" is an admirable specimen. William Tell and Marcel have great capabilities in this direction, and they often improve them. As played by some, Don Juan himself is a tiresome, long-winded creature. Then the Queen of Night must not be forgotten. But the supreme bore in opera is undoubtedly Semiramide, who in real life is said to have been a woman of seductive manners and varied accomplishments.

PHILIP HALE.

IN CONVERSATIONAL VEIN.

Advertisements tell us that lessons in "Right Speaking and Conversational Voice" will be given here this winter. Such lessons are needed in Boston, as in other towns, if Dr. Johnson was sound in holding the opinion that "the happiest conversation is where there is no competition, no vanity, but a calm, quiet interchange of sentiments." But one asks, "Did not Dr. Johnson roar? Did he not browbeat and contradict? Did he not once say, 'No, sir, we had talk enough, but no conversation; there was nothing discussed?'" Now the Doctor like many sensible men, was in the habit of shifting his horizons. No doubt the night he enjoyed the "calm, quiet interchange of sentiments," he did most of the work. As De Quincey said of Coleridge, "It was not colloquium, or talking with the company, but alloquium, or talking to the company."

Whether there be talk or conversation, the tones should never stab the hearer. Her father told us how Cordelia spoke,

and the voice of Eustacia Vye, that "raw material of a divinity," was like unto the viola. They say that Nature has dealt harshly with her children along this coast; that East winds have fretted the vocal chords and clogged the tubes of speech; that high-pitched, nasal, or metallic voices are handed down as an inheritance in any family of the real old stock. Then the passion for talking in street cars impairs, imperceptibly at first, the beauty and the mellowness of feminine tones, which soon grow thin and sourish. But should men and women have a "conversational voice" in contradistinction to a voice for business transactions in office or in the household? Surely the teacher makes such distinction by implication. This should not be. The voice is one of the indexes to the soul. It should not wear a mask. It should not lie even from mistaken politeness. The rough but honest voice of a man needs no sandpapering or filing of conventionality. His honesty need not find full expression in blunts or yells, but the moment he bethinks him of his voice and pays greater attention to the manner of speaking than to the substance, he provokes justly suspicion. At the same time is not to be denied that there are aggressive, irritating, harassing voices, which heard in another room at once arouse prejudice before the speaker's face is seen. The hearer says to himself, "If I have to talk with that man I shall insist that he be first tied securely to his chair." Such persons should take lessons, and many sufferers from them would gladly foot the bill.

Does "Right Speaking" refer to grammar, social usage, accuracy in matter of anecdotes and statement of facts, or to the con-

versation that would best fit a particular occasion? "Right Speaking" is a little vague. Some ill-natured person, an envious visitor, no doubt, said that the Bostonian had three subjects of conversation when brought face to face with a stranger: The weather, family connections, and the ruling fad. Yet this reproach is not so terrible as it first appears. The weather is neutral ground, where there is generally agreement, for unless one is extremely singular he prefers a fine day to sleet and fog, and the sun to a thunder storm. Relatives serve as possible means of identification. There is pleasure in matching an Uncle Thomas on the father's side against the stranger's Cousin Isaac. Each owner of the relative rises in the other's esteem. On later and more precise inquiry Uncle Thomas may turn out to be a mean, stingy fellow and Cousin Isaac a man of riotous living; but they serve as pawns in a friendly game. As for the discussion of the fad, this is a direct and easy way of sizing each other up. "Right Speaking," however, is, probably, more like a table of questions and answers, and lessons in it may be of real help. Take the case of a young man who sits for the first time at dinner next an agreeable-looking maiden or matron. One unfortunate slip, one chance allusion to a weakness or to an unpleasant chapter in family history, and the pleasure of the evening is ruined.

Without knowledge of the character of either, conversation is a game of hide-and-seek. But let there be questions easily and adroitly put and gracefully parried, and there is soon mutual respect and esteem. Lessons in this branch should include rules for emergencies, subjects to be broached when speech flags, topics never to be mentioned under any circumstances. The teacher should give dinner parties as dress rehearsals. She should incidentally discourage such solecisms as "those sort of things" which is heard daily and everywhere. She should add immediately that the painfully accurate in form of expression is a bore more to be dreaded than the teredo. And on each wall of the school-room should hang this motto: "The best conversationalist is the best listener."

So Mr. Bayard's compliments are appreciated. The degrees to be awarded by Oxford and Cambridge were easily earned.

A contemporary speaks of the "Emotional Cream" of experience. Is this anything like a milk shake?

Mr. Quincy has even gone so far as to incur the displeasure of theoretical reformers.

A real Marquis arrested, and in Newport! Where was Mr. McAllister?

Capriyl should visit Bismarck.

Those who have walked about the corridors of the Empire Music Hall, in London, will not wonder at the decision of the County Council. The performances on the stage, however, have always been eminently respectable.

This is the festival of St. Simon and St. Jude, a day anciently accounted as certain of rain. Possibly the fact that they were patron saints of fishermen had something to do with it; at any rate, there is an old saw:

The oxen play
On St. Jude's Day.

The French now have an opportunity for horrid revenge. A tragedy in five acts by Gen. Verdy du Vernois, who was Minister of War at Berlin during the Franco-Prussian War, will be produced at Strasburg. Or is not the General continuing the war?

Oct 29-94

Mr. Fuller-Maitland, in a snippy article on musical criticism, complains that variety is impossible to it on account of the narrow limits of its technology. The Pall Mall Gazette recommends him to go to Berlioz. "Such passages as that in his 'Grand Traité' concerning the melody of the wandering spirit from 'Orfeo' linger forever in one's memory, because they happen to be not only the record of the impression made by music upon a mind of the last refinement, but also—literature."

In this connection it is well for all writers on any art to remember the words of Dr. Pusey: "And for myself, I avoid using technical language, and try to teach truth in as acceptable form as I can. People shut their eyes and their hearts against the truth in one form, which they will receive patiently in another."

Oct 30-94

Miss Mira Heller, a member of the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau Opera Company, sang last season in the opera houses of Saint Petersburg, Moscow, Odessa and Warsaw. Jean de Reszke, it is said, recommended her to the managers. It is not likely, therefore, that she sings as well as Emma Eames. Miss Heller studied with Pauline Lucca.

That the late Hans von Bulow was an irritable and arbitrary personage enough is still remembered. The wonder now is that he was not much more so. In his brain, recently prepared in Egypt for examination, there has been discovered the cicatrix of an internal lesion resulting from an accident in childhood. In the cicatrix the ends of two nerves had got partially pinched. That this would be fatal to a man's—let alone a musician's—equanimity will be readily understood.—Pall Mall Gazette.

It was reserved for Mr. James P. Pigott, Democratic Congressman from Connecticut, to discover that the income tax is the logical and inevitable deduction from the text: "As the Lord has prospered you, so give." But just where is this text to be found, Mr. Pigott?

Is it possible that a wart in the Emperor's ear beat on the imperial tympanum a quick march for Capri?

Cities, an artist declares, have a color tone. Boston looks gray, Chicago looks a "witty-drab," and Baltimore burnt sienna. "New York is a red blotch with a green streak." The green streak is formed undoubtedly by the visitors from New Jersey and other counties, who are greeted affably by Hungry Joe and his brethren.

To C. A. J.: You ask about "the origin and time of Harvest moon and Hunter's moon." Richard in his "Fact, Fancy and Fable," gives the following answers: The 'Harvest Moon' is described as the moon near the full at the time of harvest in England, or about the time of the autumnal equinox, when, by reason of a small angle of the earth and the moon's orbit with the horizon, it rises nearly at the same time for several days. Commonly speaking, it is called the 'Harvest Moon' because its light is made at the time of harvest, enabling the busy farmer to continue his labor by its light. It is more likely, however, that its name came from the time of harvest without any idea of labor by the light.

Hunter's moon according to the same authority, is the lunation after the harvest moon. Sportsmen do not hunt by moonlight. The obvious meaning, therefore, is 'hunter's moon,' the crops being harvested, there is nothing to interfere with the sport of the game. The last sentence is nonsense. Sportsmen do hunt by moonlight, as duck-shooters who use decoys know full well. In Maine, moose have often been killed by moonlight. The last full moon, I believe, was the hunter's moon; the one before it was the harvest moon.

"Never think especially of publishing your work, or of making money by it," says Harper's Young People to young writers. "Always be paid only to those who understand their art, not to beginners." This advice should have appeared in the funny column of Harper's Magazine. Its humor is too subtle to be appreciated by youth.

Mr. Decker, an Englishman, wrote 'Daisy Bell' in this country, and after it was published he had "the mortification of seeing it laid on the shelf for nine months." When he went home he introduced it in London, and it made a great hit. "London success made it a success in America, and it came back, to be one of the most popular songs of the day." Here is another instance of the pitiable condition of music in America. Even a masterpiece is unrecognized until attention is called to it by foreign music hall audiences.

The cover of Mr. W. F. Apthorp's entertaining volume, "Musicians and Music Lovers," must have been suggested by either "The Yellow Book" or "Chatterbox."

It seems that the science of home life, which treats of plumbing, cooking, ventilation, etc., is now entitled Oikology. It may be important to know that there is another science closely allied to this, and it is oikoscopy, the divination by accidents that happen at home. The terrible results of the breaking of a looking glass form a chapter in this latter volume. Husbands who live under sweet but rigid control, and shudder at the word "henpecked," may be pleased to know that household rule is oikodesposune, and they may find solace in the sonorosity of the name of their condition.

Gov. Waite said of the famous Secretary McCullough, "I don't know where he is now, if he's living, but if he is dead I can very quickly tell you where he is." Here is a strange combination of ignorance and execrable vulgarity.

The scheme of a Brooklyn man to knock out burglars with bombs loaded with concentrated ammonia is neither new nor original. Nebo, the fantastic hero of Josephin Peladan's extraordinary novel, "Curieuse," went about the streets of Paris, armed with similar weapons, and with chemical

preparations that were designed to kill as well as to surprise or amaze.

"Among our present slang expressions found in Shakespeare did you know that 'touched' was numbered," said a reader. "You will find it in 'Timon of Athens,' where a servitor of Timon's having appealed to Sempionius for a loan and been told to try some other of his master's friends replied: 'My lord, they have all been touched, and found base metal; for they have all denied him.'"—New York Sun.

Here the reference is to the touch-stone. But the verb to touch, in the sense "to get money from anyone," is found in "A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," the second edition of which was published as far back as 1783.

Oct 31-94

Tonight is All Hallow's Eve, or Halloween. Ghosts walk abroad, even the feeblest and the laziest, and, they say, spirits will answer anyone that calls on them. Does a maiden wish to know her future husband? Let her eat an apple before a looking-glass, and he will peep over her shoulder; or if she wets a shirt-sleeve and hangs it up to the fire to dry, and lies in bed watching it till midnight, he will enter and turn the sleeve. The children born on Halloween see and talk with the inhabitants of the air that are not known to less favored mortals.

If your cat is tired and be-draggled tomorrow, it will be because a witch will ride her tonight to the Sabbath, and then pull her tail to furnish a wild accompaniment to the song of the devilish choir.

The Yale News declares that the lack of spirit and life shown by the eleven is a disgrace to the university. Nevertheless Harvard will continue its practice.

When Mr. Watts gave his beautiful "Love and Life" to the United States, he expressed the hope that it would be the nucleus of a national academy of arts. Why this talk of hanging it in the White House? The only paintings there now are the portraits of the Presidents and the wives of some of them, and two paintings by Bierstadt. Watts's picture would certainly be lonely. If it must remain in Washington, the proper place for it is the Corcoran Gallery. No Congress can be trusted with the formation of a National Art Gallery, even though that eminent critic, Secretary Carlisle, should act as adviser.

The action of the police at the Lafayette Club soiree cannot be too highly commended. Even Mr. Henry Chase must approve of it. Superintendent, Deputy Superintendent, Captains, Lieutenants, Sergeants, Inspectors and patrolmen were bound that Mr. Mysterious Billy Smith and Mr. Dick O'Brien should have every opportunity for punching each other to heart's content. "Several times Lieut. Peare had to rise and instruct Referee Murphy to order the assemblage to be more decorous," in order that the sluggers should not be confused in their judgment or diverted from their aim. There is no city where wicked left punches and copping of right coppers, hard ones on the ear, and nasty ones on the jaw are so protected by the police from outside interference as in Boston. Why should Mr. Corbett and his friend be urged to meet each other in Florida or Mexico.

The protest of Germany against the transportation of American beef seems singular to those who have been obliged to live in Germany and eat the meats of the country. It is not the stewing-pan or the frying-pan or the greasy sauce alone that makes beef, mutton or veal so unpalatable to strangers. With here and there an exception, the meat itself is of poorer quality than in other Continental countries, let alone England and the United States.

A famous historian, well known personally in Boston, told the following story when he was asked what he thought of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy: "I was once Librarian in a small town, and it was my custom to catalogue books on the real meaning of Daniel, astrology, modern spiritualism, etc., under the general head 'Insane Literature.' When any volume written in support of the Baconian theory appeared, I catalogued it under the same head."

Mr. Plunkett, the State Inspector of Tenement Houses, has found that the discharge of his duty is full of danger. His son died of diphtheria, the germs of which were probably carried home by the father, and now Mr. Plunkett himself is sick with the same disease. By the way, who are the owners of these "filthy tenements" of the West and North Ends?

They say that the word "parlor" is now taboo to the fashionable, who prefer "drawing-room." "Parlor," derived from the French, was used originally to designate a little room or closet in a convent where people talked to the nuns through a grated window, although in the time of Elizabeth it had its modern meaning. "Drawing-room" is an abbreviation of "with-drawing-room," indicating "an apartment to which the women at a family party are supposed to withdraw from the dining-room." This word is not found in dictionaries of 1786, but it appears in those of the last years of the same century.

This reminds us that about twenty years ago the hideous term "saloon parlor" was used by the suddenly and brutally rich and by some house-furnishers. The term was applied to a room made by throwing what used to be front and back parlor or drawing-room and dining-room into one large saloon-like apartment. Concerning this verbal barbarism, Richard Grant White spoke as follows: "This new name is worth a passing notice because of its illustration of the pretentious vulgarity into which the aspiration for elegance is apt to lead too many aspirants."

An esteemed evening contemporary in an editorial article, the 30th, speaks in most disrespectful terms of the Governor of New York. Here are instances: "Meat falls, flower falls." "When flower was \$7 a barrel." "Flower is sold by the pound." Even the bitterness of a political campaign does not excuse such personalities, particularly as Gov. Flower is not a candidate for reelection. It may be suggested that our contemporary refers to the blood-thirsty editor of the Arena; but such personalities in even this case are to be deplored.

Having cooked Capri's goose, Emperor William sends him a black eagle. To the ex-Chancellor the imperial bird will look very like a crow.

Nov. 1-94

If All Saints' Day will bring out the winter, St. Martin's Day (Nov. 11) will bring out Indian summer.

If on All Saints' Day the beechnut is dry, we shall have a hard winter; but if the nut be wet and not light, we may expect a wet winter.

If you remember disconsolately Hood's dismal lines on November, console yourself with this sentence of Dr. Drake: "No period of the year is better entitled to the appellation of The Season of Philosophic Enthusiasm." In this connection, it may be well to observe that the Dr. Drake here quoted is Nathan Drake, the Shakespearean scholar, not the more celebrated inventor of Plantation Bitters, S. T. 1860 X.

Listen for a moment to the wisdom of Lilyware Hen, the Welshman, who lived to the surprising age of 140 years:

"On All Saints' Day hard is the grain, The leaves are dropping, the puddle is full, At setting off in the morning Woe to him that will trust a stranger."

On All Saints' Day the top of the branches are bent; In the mouth of the mischievous disturbance is congenial; Where there is no natural gift there will be no learning.

On All Saints' Day 'tis hard and dry, Doubly black is the crow, quick is the arrow from the bow, For the stumbling of the old, the looks of the young wear a smile."

This decision in the Leslie Carter case is indeed sad news, for Mrs. Carter now proposes to return to the stage.

When Mr. Goff said to Mr. Sheehan, "You see, we have learned you something," he returned to old usage, for "to learn" meant "to instruct or inform" as well as "to receive instruction."

Sardou's "Gismonda" in which the Bernhardt is said to have triumphed gloriously, as Schiller's "Globe" with a decided difference.

It is said that Conan Doyle "spoke kindly" of Mr. Howells. Like so many strong men, he is merciful.

They are talking again of the establishment of a Theatre Libre in New York. By the way, what's become of the Theatre Libre that was to be an ornament and an educational force in this city? Was it not described at the time as an imperative need? If we remember aright, the building site was chosen and the architectural plans respectfully submitted. All social and political problems, from the single tax to the referendum, from the proper rating of Browning to dress reform, were to be settled for all time by the dramatic performances at this theatre. There was a long line of citizens, each armed with a play, a masterpiece, who were, by public showing of their wares, to convict disobliging managers of criminal indifference or stupidity. The plays and the playwrights are undoubtedly still here. So is the building site. But where is the Theatre Libre of Boston? Not even the weekly show of Living Pictures can console us for its absence.

Poor Yo-Ho Na La, the almond-eyed Empress of China, could not endure the insult of her husband's blow, and she killed herself, they say. The Chinese theatre is very, very old. In all its repertoire is there not one passage that corresponds to "The man that lays his hand upon a woman," etc.?

Mr. Aubrey Beardsley is incorrigible. Neither satire nor abuse disturbs him in the malicious pursuit of his art. Witness his four illustrations in the third number of the Yellow Book. The portrait of himself is the sublimity of impudence. Terrible is the sarcasm of "Lady Gold's Escort." Look carefully at "The Wagnerites;" have you not seen such faces wrenched or panting, yearning for the climax that never comes in the later music-dramas, those Tragedies of the Dissonance? You may call "La Dame aux Camélias" grotesque; but surely you must also find there beauty and strength.

To C. W.: Phillis Wheatley was a negress brought from Africa to Boston, in 1761, and then sold to Mr. John Wheatley. She wrote much poetry, concerning the merits of which doctors disagree. Gen. Washington commended certain of her verses, and Thomas Jefferson declared them to be beneath the dignity of criticism. She visited London in 1773, where she was patronized by the Countess of Huntingdon. In 1778 she married Mr. John Peters, "a colored man, successively a shopkeeper, journeyman baker, and self-styled lawyer and physician, who brought her to poverty and great distress, from which she was relieved by death" in 1781. She was one of Dr. Sewall's flock, and she died at her house in Court Street. Tuesday, a volume of her poems entitled "Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral," published in London, 1773, and sold in handsome modern binding, brought in this city at auction \$4.50. There are several American reprints of this volume, three of them with a memoir by Miss Odell of Jamaica Plain.

Col. Ingersoll was not even original in his written encouragement of suicide. George Puttenham told this story over three centuries ago: "There came into Aegypt a notable orator, whose name was Hegesias, who inveighed so much against the incommodities of this transitory life, and so highly commended death the dispatcher of all evils; as a great number of his hearers destroyed themselves, some with weapon, some with poison, others by drowning and hanging themselves to be rid out of this vale of misery, in so much as it was feared least many more of the people would have miscarried by occasion of his persuasions, if King Ptoleme had not made a publicke proclamation, that the Orator should avoyde the country, and no more be allowed to speake in any matter."

"NOTHING BUT POLITICS."

There are many, too many men, both young and old, who for a fortnight have thrown down newspapers impatiently, with the remark: "Nothing but politics!" They object to the space given to reports of political meetings, to editorial articles and paragraphs of encouragement or warning. It would be hard to discover what reading matter they would prefer. Is the Czar of more interest to them than the Governor of their own State? Is the latest development in the flying machine of more pressing moment than the tariff? Are arts and sports of more vital importance than problems of government?

Now these men that cannot brook the prominence of politics are, as a rule, of comfortable position in society and of generous education. They are rich enough to afford to enter politics and forsake business or a profession for a time. But either from laziness or from affectation, they / and apart from the strife, like the lord, "neat, and trimly dress'd," who enraged Hotspur. They jeer impartially at McKinley and Wil-

son. They go back to the tariff of 1816 and say, "Till then this question formed no element in our politics, and it was an evil day for this country when a purely scientific question became mixed up in passions and politics, and adhesion, on one side or the other, to what not one voter in a thousand ever began to comprehend, was made a test of party." There may be or there may not be truth in this complaint. Whether the day was evil or good the day is here now. The question must be answered. The more educated the voter, the more advantageous to him his position in the world, the greater is his civic and national responsibility.

These languid men are the first to deplore the activity of "the foreigner" in politics. They run over a ticket and start back at the appearance of a name not peculiar to New England stock. It would be well for them if they were to imitate the activity of foreign-born men who appreciate the privileges of American citizenship, even if their use of it is at times mistaken. Misdirected zeal and bull-headed obstinacy are more to be commended than cynical indifference or wanton and destructive laziness.

Or one of these delicately-minded men may say, "I cannot agree with the principles and practices of either party, and why should I submit myself to the annoyance of going to the polls and shooting an arrow airward?" In Utopia, or the City of the

Sun, it may be possible for Government to exist without parties, and theoretically it would be a grand sight to see each citizen voting as an individual, but in this imperfect, incomplete daily life, parties are necessary to govern, to legislate, to establish a principle, or to correct an abuse. If Mr. Faint Heart was brought up in the nurture and admonition of any party whatsoever, it would be better for him spiritually, and as a citizen, to show it some sort of allegiance than to sit on a fence and listlessly shy stones at those who have at least some definite political belief. He may boast that he stands on the rock of independence, but true independence is not characterized by jibbing the honest efforts of partisans, or by personal inaction. Furthermore, there is a species of independence in politics, of which we have heard much of late, which is synonymous with spite or selfishness, which is parochial and pharisaical. It asks for civet at the caucus and chloride of lime at the polls. It does not favor the use of money, it is true. Not so much, though, on account of the sin of bribery, as on account of the apparent waste of money so employed. It does not carry a knife, because it has not the courage to use it. When it fastens itself to the skirt of an established party, it crows lustily at temporary success. When it smells defeat, it denies its former associate, abstains from voting, and sulks and pouts in a parlor at the election returns, saying, "This country is going to the dogs. In England they order these things better." And it is such independents, together with the lazy and the indifferent, that complain of the attention paid by newspapers to problems that are of vital importance to every man, woman and child in this land.

Nov 2, 1904

The local linguist who is accused of swindling is now looked for and spoken of in several languages.

"A witty and light-hearted lady—a remnant yet remains, in spite of the advent of the leaping, bounding, new womanhood—once startled a selected audience by the general statement, 'All men are widowers.'" The Yellow Book, vol. III.

As November, so the following March.

In Sweden there is often about this time some warm weather, called "The All Saints' rest."

Mr. Russell will have no luck. The horse-shoers have gone back on him.

President Cleveland must have had a stiff upper lip when he wrote the Thanksgiving Proclamation. Perhaps he anticipated the defeat of Hill.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree, the English play actor, will appear here in a novelty entitled "Hamlet." Critics, spare that tree!

It appears that a crowning indignity has been offered Miss Winnie Davis, the daughter of the Confederacy. She has been accused of belief in female suffrage.

Dr. Jelly was firm and unshaken as a witness in the hospital investigation.

Elizabeth Hudson writes in the North American Review: "Strangely enough, when whole families are destroyed by bad sewage appliances, no one remembers to blame the incompetence of the housewife, whose life-work it is to guard the household from just such dangers." Then practical plumbing should be taught in every annex and all young ladies' boarding schools. The text book should be Solder's "Every Woman Her Own Plumber."

This reminds one of the ancient Ogee proverb: "It is better to dwell with a virtuous wife on the housetop than with an earnest plumber in the bath room."

Pray, what does Mr. O. H. P. Belmont intend to do with his imported sacred cattle? Is it not cruelty to take them from their home? There they were the objects of superstitious attention. In Newport their only amusement will be to watch the ocean and Mr. McAllister.

Gumbo was very successful in concealing his real age.

But why should Gumbo's internal organs have been so affected? Was he given to hitting the bowl? In Lisbon did he partake too freely of Calcevalla, that sweet, white wine?

Miss Louise Montague, once a prize beauty, if we are not mistaken, is now adorning the stage of the Park Theatre of an evening. Her many friends are delighted with the rapid strides she has made in the use of English since she was last seen here. She now pronounces the word Roxbury as though it were still spelled "Roxborough," and without hesitation or the jogging of the prompter.

What would a wedding of today be without chrysanthemums? Are roses and orange flowers clean gone out of fashion?

They that delight in a fine brand of satire should not fail to read "A Note on George the Fourth" by Max Beerbohm, in the last number of the Yellow Book. It is a delicious, purple paradox, to use the phraseology of the decadents. "I feel that my essay may be scouted as a paradox. * * * I do not despair of success. I think I shall make converts. For the mob is notoriously fickle, and so occasionally cheers the truth."

In this paragraph there is something more than satire: "Our youths who spend their days in trying to build up their constitutions by sport or athletics, and their evenings in undermining them with poisonous and dyed drinks, our daughters who are ever searching for some new quack remedy for new imaginary negrims, what strength is there in them? We have our societies for the prevention of this and the promotion of that and the propagation of the other, because there are no individuals among us. Our sexes are already nearly assimilated. Real women are becoming nearly as rare as real ladies, and it is only at the music halls that we are privileged to see strong men."

And how personal are these English decadents, in jest or in earnest. The Prince of Wales is "that splendid exemplar of the delectable life, our good Prince, whom Heaven bless." "In the political machine are crushed and lost all our best men. That Mr. Gadstone did not choose to be a Cardinal is a blow under which the Roman Catholic Church still staggers. In Mr. Chamberlain Scotland Yard missed its smartest detective. What a fine voluptuary might Lord Rosebery have been!"

It is hard to tell which is the more indecent, the quarreling of doctors or the bestial raving of Anarchists, over the dead body of the Czar.

There is a dispute in New York as to whether Lillian Russell's imported chorus girls and dancers are "artists" or "working women." Bring them on to Boston, and let the people judge.

It has been proposed to consolidate the South End and Back Bay branches of the Post Office. But how thoughtless! Surely the blundering proposer is not a true Bostonian.

Nov. 3, 1904

Mr. Morton's coachman may yet drive the Cabinet to a smash-up.

Sovereign spoke in Texas like a plain, honest man. He rang true.

This story about the Emperor William turning down the New York World and then offering his musical copy to the Sun, which turned him down, reads suspiciously like a clever advertising dodge of Brer Laffan.

An esteemed contemporary informs us that Mr. David C. Murray kept right on smoking a huge pipe even when "a well-known queen of the drawing room" insisted on shaking hands with him, "her eyes aglow with a great expectation." It was after the last lecture here, and she wished to "scatter the pearls of her praise and appreciation at his feet." By the way, this comparison is, no doubt, chaste and beautiful, but uncomplimentary to our visitor. Mr. Murray's pipe had "a bowl as large as a teacup, hanging down over his chin!" And he never offered the "queen of the drawing room" a whiff, he did not even hand her a cigarette.

Mr. Ritz, we learn from the same source, is just now reading Bacon's Essays, a translation of Epictetus, a life of Milton and Roberts's Rules of Order. This shows a catholic taste, but it is the last musical task that will be of greatest value to him in his attempt at municipal reform.

It will be remembered that last year Mr. Paur was slated in New York when the New York Symphony Orchestra played there under his direction. Some of the authorities who use the newspapers as tripods declared emphatically that he would not do. Others sneaked out, "Paur must go," and they were willing to save Mr. Higginson the trouble of breaking the contract. Mr. Paur, however, did not go. He still leads the orchestra and lives an orderly life in Jamaica Plain. Long may he wave!

Now the orchestra gave its first concert of the season in New York Thursday night. There was natural curiosity to see how the disgruntled and the false prophets of last year would open the campaign. They rear you as gently as any sucking dove. The concert was a perfect love feast. The New York Times says that the orchestra is "a great and abiding joy." One of its concerts is "the very vintage of melody and harvest of harmony." Nay more, "The sensuous embrace of the warm tone that surrounds one is in itself a musical experi-

ence of a lifetime." We read that the overture ("Sappho," by Goldmark) was "finely rest by Mr. Paur, and played with superb precision, vigor and tone by the orchestra."

The Tribune is not as effusive, but the only word of depreciation is that the orchestra did not "always play with quite that technical finish to which its hearers have been accustomed." Nevertheless it was hard "to remarkable advantage and showed itself in fine form." So, too, the Sun missed "the pithy centrality and strong focus" in the performance, and gave as a cause for the absence of these no-doubt desirable qualities the fact that the concert was given in the Metropolitan Opera House, which Mr. Paur did not gauge the first time. But there are no sneers, no slurs and there is only rare and minor disagreement.

Mr. Morton Fullerton has penned a poem to George Meredith, in which he says:

"N hand but thine is found to fit the gage
The Titan, Shakespeare, to a whole world threw,
And thou hadst boldly to his challenge sprung,
And had he in our English tongue."

Of course there's no use in arguing this proposition. You might as well contradict a thunderstorm, or reply to the aurora borealis. But as Mr. Meredith is said to be a man of common sense in daily walk and conversation, is it not possible that he is now saying to himself, "That young man is a-guying me?"

Again, the old, old paragraph about the therapeutic value of the apple returns to help fill a column. It's the same old apple of commerce, "an excellent brain food, exciting the action of the liver, promoting sound sleep, preventing calculus, and a preventive of throat diseases." Oh, yes! Also "a remover of superfluous hair, an admirable substitute for family butter, not genuine unless stamped on the label; since then I have used no other."

John Jacob Astor is planning out 18 new bars. But he will put them into a tavern, and into the hands of a publisher.

Flower in bloom late in autumn indicate
that winter.

If there's ice in November that will bear
a duck
There'll be nothing after but sludge and
muck."

New Haven is full to running over with
last year's coaches. It's a pity that Yale
cannot send eleven of them against Har-
vard.

You realize now in a measure what Rus-
sian merchants and poets mean when they
speak of the religious devotion of the great
bulk of the Russian people to the Czar,
whether he may be.

ABOUT MUSIC.

A Few Words About These
"Educational" Programs.

"Musicians and Music Lovers,"
a Book by W. F. Apthorp.

Essays That Interest and Abound
in Valuable Suggestion.

It seems that the program of the Sym-
phony concert on the 27th ult. was regarded
by some as highly "educational," and,
therefore, to be praised loudly. This pro-
gram was made up of Schubert's "Unfin-
ished" Symphony; Beethoven's E flat con-
certo for piano and orchestra; and Schu-
mann's C major Symphony. It is true that
the performance was excellent for the most
part, and at times unusually fine. It is true
that piano students and piano teachers
might have learned some valuable lessons
by hearing Mr. Baermann play. But why
was the program per se educational? Why
should it be more educational than that of
next Saturday, which will include an over-
ture by Smetana, a symphony by Sgambati,
and a suite by Bizet?

Is not such characterization of an emi-
nently respectable and familiar program a
phase of fetish worship?

It is now agreed generally that it is safe
to applaud heartily works by Bach, Mozart,
Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann. Their
position is secure. Even Schumann is now
regarded by the majority as a classic. Truly
are they great names, glories of the
Temple of Music, but there are other names
to be respectfully considered. Strict and
undeviating attention paid to the works
of those here mentioned does not necessarily
make for musical righteousness.

All sorts and conditions of music should
be known. Education does not consist
merely in slavish adoration of respectability,
in love, wonder and praise of music of the
past. It is just as necessary to know what
contemporaries are doing as to be reminded
of what the ancients did. It is of greater
importance that young musicians and music
lovers should hear for the first time a sym-
phony by Sgambati than for the tenth time
a symphony by Schumann.

You should not, you cannot ignore the
existence of composers of today. Because
a composition is signed Chabrier, or Mac-
Dowell, or Sinding, or Chadwick, you have
a right to say, "These works are interesting
or dull, well-made or of inferior workman-
ship," but you have no right to dismiss
them carelessly because they have not won
the approval of two or three generations of
hearers.

There are certain musical works that re-
semble Hume's History of England, a com-
plete set of Walter Scott, the Spectator, and
the long line of books which "no gentle-
man's library should be without;" but to
depend upon them alone for "educational"
purposes would be to imitate the conserva-
tism of the Chinese.

It may be said, although some shrink out
"A blasphemer! Stone him to death!" that
any student of instrumentation will learn
more by suggestion and stimulation in hear-
ing and by study of the score from Chab-
rier's Prelude to the second act of "Gwen-
doline," or from MacDowell's suite than
from repeated examinations and hearings
of Schumann's C major Symphony. I am
not comparing the musical worth of these
compositions. I speak only of a detail in
practical education.

Nothing can show more plainly the paro-
chial condition of music in the United
States than this absurd exaltation of the
ancients at the expense of the moderns.
Why, Beethoven and Schumann were mod-
erns once and looked at askew by many
contemporaries who no doubt talked of the
educational advantages to be gained by
hearing the works of their predecessors.

There is much modern music that is weak,
or extravagant, or bad. No one disputes
this assertion. On the other hand how much
that is dull and hopelessly old fashioned
and merely routine work is to be found in
these same ancients who are held in awful
veneration.

So in opera, the tendency is to approve
only that which is familiar: "Faust" with
the faithful Miss Bauermeister as Martha,
or "Lohengrin" with an Ortrud who occa-
sionally does not stray from the true pitch.
The first decent performance of "Cavalleria
Rusticana," or "I Pagliacci," was of greater
educational value to the musicians of this
town than was the fiftieth performance of
a well-known opera; not because it was a
"novelty," but because it showed the spirit
and the purpose of a new and intelligent
school of opera-makers.

Because there was the mighty Elizabethan
age, or because Goethe and Byron lived,
shall Hugo, Browning, Whitman, Verlaine
be neglected? Because the humane Field-
ing described man for all time, shall Hardy
or De Maupassant go unread, or be admitted
to the library under protest?

One may well exclaim with Walt Whit-
man:

"Great are the myths—I too delight in them,
Great are Adam and Eve—I too look back
and accept them;

Great the risen and fallen nations, and their
poets,
Women, sages, inventors, rulers, warriors
and priests.

Great is today, and beautiful,
It is good to live in this age—there never
was any better."

"Musicians and Music Lovers" is the title
of a volume of articles prepared for sundry
occasions by William F. Apthorp. The
book is published by Charles Scribner's Sons.
Mr. Apthorp's book has, first of all, this
great merit: It is almost always interest-
ing. Some may find traces of irritating ar-
rogance, or undue familiarity, or affecta-
tion in the choice of words. I confess I
like these faults, if they are faults. I like,
for instance, this familiar colloquial, every-
day comparison, on page 4: "I have heard

many people complain that fugues are dry,
you might say, with equal reason, that
demijohns are dry—some are and some are
not—it all depends upon what is in them."
It is also true that somebody is always
a-talking or a-writing to Mr. Apthorp. It's
Buelow, or Franz, or Lowell, or Dresel.
But what was said is often worthy of re-
peating. It is very likely that Mr. Ap-
thorp's intercourse with Mr. Dresel led him
to value him extravagantly as a musical
guide, philosopher and friend. But
the enthusiasm evoked is a reward.
The voice of Mr. Apthorp trembles
and his face flushes when he speaks
of the dead man and remembers
what he said, and imagines what he might
have said. He is also enthusiastic over
Bach. "I know," says Mr. Apthorp, "that
I can hardly open a volume of Bach without
a certain feeling of superstitious terror."
He talks prettily about "the sacred mys-
teries of Bach's art." "Donizetti and Bel-
lini, the melodious exterior of whose music,
beautiful as an archangel, but thinly veils
the imperfect anatomy of a Mollusk, are
already falling into oblivion. A Bach chorus
is eternal." But why compare such dis-
similar men, oh, Mr. Apthorp? Why plunge
madly into such molluscan rhetoric? If
your friend Bach, in his own day, had tried
to write opera, he would have made a sorry
mess of it. And why focus together
men of such utterly different characters,
purposes and times? Furthermore, you are
not discriminating, you say a Bach chorus
is "eternal." If you mean by this that it
will live forever in the sense of the eter-
nity of the finale of "The Passion Music."
According to Matthew, your proposition
may easily be disputed. Some of Bach's
music, much of it, is dull, dull beyond re-
ception. There are organ fugues and

choral variations that even the adoring
Haupt would not play or give to his pupils.
He would frame some excuse; he would
shake his head, take snuff, and turn the
pages until he could conscientiously say:
"But this, this is a masterpiece." No, Mr.
Apthorp, there are many choruses by Bach
that are simply daily spider-spinnings of
counterpoint. You, however, seem to fall
"nearly into the frame of mind of the
French critic who wrote of Victor Hugo:
'Every one has his own way. As for me
who speak here, I admire everything; like
a brute.'" Stop a moment. Was it not
Hugo himself who said this of Shakespeare in
regard to a famous command of Falstaff?

In your article on Bach you say "The one
point which differentiates the organ from
all other instruments is that it has no ac-
cent, no power of emphasis. Its tone is
dead." This is perhaps true to a certain
degree, although much depends on how the
instrument is played. They that have heard
Haupt, Merkel, Guilman, Gigout, Saint-
Saens, Widor would not be likely to make
this reproach.

"Some of his (Bach's) greater organ pieces
have been arranged for orchestra: the
Passacaglia in C minor and the Toccata
in F." But it is not at all likely that the
latter piece was written originally for the
organ, and some of the acute students of
Bach believe that the former was composed
for a piano with two keyboards and a set of
pedals.

The article "Additional Accomplishments
to Bach's and Handel's Scores" will interest
chiefly those who are willing to indulge in
fisticuffs over a tradition or a breach of
reverence, so-called. Here, Mr. Apthorp
says, and his manner is cocky, "whether a
musical phrase be played on an organ or
on a clarinet, it still remains one and the
same phrase." "Yes," or "no" may be the
answer here. For the question of modifica-
tion through color enters. To some the
phrase would be a skeleton clothed by the
organ in maiden white, but by the clarinet
in robe of yellow or purple.

Of interest to all and of undoubted value
to many is the opening article, "Musicians
and Music Lovers," and full of shrewd,
cool sense are the pages devoted to "Some
thoughts on Musical Criticism." Mr. Ap-
thorp pays a noble tribute to the memory of
the late J. S. Dwight, a tribute of friendship
and appreciation. Nor does his affection
prevent him from telling the truth about
Mr. Dwight's musical equipment: "Of spec-
ifically musical organization he had ex-
tremely little; his only native aptitude for
the art consisted in what is commonly called
'a fair ear' and general aesthetic sensibility.
It may be doubted whether he ever really
studied music; his technical knowledge of
the art was always slight. . . . He had
a certain rather superficial knowledge of
the rudiments of harmony. . . . He never
developed anything that could fairly be
called musical facility; he never handled
musical notation with the ease of a craftsman,
and always found some difficulty in follow-
ing performances from the score, especially
when things went at a rapid tempo. His
naturally musical ear never developed to
more than an average pitch of delicacy;
technical slips seldom disturbed him, and
'rough performances' fully satisfied him, if
only the right spirit was there."

Admirable, most admirable in many re-
spects, although the reader may not sym-
pathize always with the spirit or agree in
the conclusions, are the articles on Meyer-
beer and Offenbach. And yet the article
on the supreme master of opera-bouffe, as
great a genius in his way as Palestrina in
his, or Wagner in his, is well-nigh brought
to naught by an unaccountable, fatal, in-
decent, outrageous omission. "When he

(Offenbach) tried to do it still higher in the scale, as in "Herkules" (1880) and "Robinson Crusoe" (1887), he failed signally; he could not walk securely in the higher forms of composition." And you have never heard, Mr. Apthorp, of "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," an "opéra fantastique," first performed Feb. 10, 1881, at the Opéra-Comique, four months after the death of the composer? You may say that your article on Offenbach appeared originally in the International Review for March, 1881, and that it was written before the production of the said opera. But in your preface to this volume you state that the essay has been rewritten.

Now this fantastic opera, given repeatedly in Paris, welcomed enthusiastically in Berlin, associated in Vienna with the terrible tragedy of the Ring Theatre, played in the United States wretchedly and in a wretched version by the Soldene company, is not even mentioned by you, not even in a partial and hurried catalogue. And yet it was the one work on which Offenbach labored faithfully and with hope of immortality.

The critics of Berlin, who are not given to slopping over, spoke of pages in this strange, fascinating work as worthy of Mozart. Reyer, after hearing it, repented publicly of harsh things written by him in former years against the composer. In Hanslick's "Aus dem Opernleben des Gegenwart" (pp. 81-91) there is a careful and most appreciative review of this posthumous work.

This "Contes d'Hoffmann" is to Offenbach what "William Tell" is to Rossini, "La Belle Hélène," like "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," is the more characteristic, more genial work; but in each case the more serious opera shows a musical strength and purpose that had been denied by carpers, and even by admirers. It is true that Offenbach left only the piano and voice arrangement, with copious indications for the instrumentation, and that Guiraud, following these instructions, prepared the work for performance; but the wealth of beautiful, gay and melancholy melody, the surprising richness and dramatic quality of harmony, the sustained dramatic power, as in the two trios of the third act, where Dr. Miracle invokes the demon's aid to induce Antonio to sing, although he knows that it will be her swan song, and rejoices with horrid joy, as she will thereby be separated eternally from Hoffmann—the ghastly trio of the men in the darkness, relieved at times by the electric sparks from the fiend's knuckles, the trio between the hesitating maiden, the demonical physician and the dead mother, who, from her portrait, urges Antonio to sing—these, in their full mastery of dramatic and musical technique, are the work of Offenbach. If you were to hear this most original work, Mr. Apthorp, you would rewrite that sentence on page 197.

There is much to admire and praise in this volume, and, if space allowed, it would be a pleasure to quote passage after passage that stated or suggested something of value. Mr. Apthorp, like a sensible man, knows that in criticism horizons shift. Woe to that man who always sees to the same inflexible boundary, never contradicts himself, never recants. Here is a book that will interest the amateur as well as the practical musician. And even he that reads about music and the drama only to be at ease in general conversation will find here an agreeable task and much that will be of profit to him, although in the reading he may be unconscious of instruction. It is a good thing for music, it is a good thing for Boston that Mr. Apthorp dwells here and writes.

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Ben Davies gave a concert in Dresden the 27th.

Felix Drassek has finished an opera, "Bertrand de Born."

Sigrid Arnoldson has been singing with great success in Northern Germany.

Pigner, the great Russian tenor, has bought two theatres at Nishni-Novgorod.

Miss Maud Powell has organized a string quartet in which she plays the first violin.

A buffo singer in Italy named Rosa has sung Beppo in "Fra Diavolo" for the 137th time.

"The Camisards," a new opera in four acts by Langert, has been produced at Coburg.

"Frode," an opera by Beechgard, a Dane, first produced in Prague, Oct. 9, was a failure.

Eisenberg's life of Johann Strauss, just published by Breitkopf & Haertel, is highly praised.

The orchestral score of "Guntram," by Richard Strauss, will be sold in parts at \$2.50 apiece.

Georges Lamothe, a well-known French organist, died suddenly at Courbevoie, at the age of 52.

Luigi Maria Luzzi, the well-known composer and teacher, died lately at Naples, at the age of 63.

Ernest Reyer has agreed to write the score for Frédéric Mistral's poem, "La Reine Jeanne."

Wilhelm and Johannes Wolff are to teach the violin at the Guildhall School of Music, London.

New Italian operas that won success are "Paquita," by Valente (Naples), and

"L'Assedio di Canelli," by Thermignon, produced at Canelli.

The second of the Symphony concerts in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, will be given Thursday night.

Wasielewski's "History of the Violoncello" is to be translated into English by Isabella Stigand.

They say now that Verdi is at work on a libretto by Boito founded on Shakespeare's "Tempest."

Adolphe Adam's "The Doll of Nuremberg" will be revived at the Munich Opera House this winter.

The subscription for the monument to Donizetti at Bergamo has now reached the sum of 25,000 francs.

Mrs. Amalie Joachim, whose concert tour in this country was such a sad failure, is now teaching in Berlin.

Clara Poole will remain in London this winter. She has sung successfully in several important concerts.

Ambrose Thomas has been decorated by King Humbert with the grand cross of Saint Maurice and Lazarus.

The first for William, three-part song is 53 measures long, the tempo is maestoso; 600 copies have been already sold.

The people of Cornville have presented Planquette with a chime of bells for his villa. Bell-tunes from well-known operettas are played hourly.

Miss Mary D. Chandler will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall, Thursday afternoon, Nov. 15, in which she will be assisted by Miss Gertrude Franklin in songs.

Laroche, a Russian, is at work on a biography of Tschalkowsky. The material is given by the brother of the dead composer, and it includes interesting correspondence.

"The Two Roses," a new opera by the Spanish composer, Isaac Albeniz, will be brought out at Barcelona. The subject is an episode from the English War of the Roses.

Patti has just discovered a new tenor near her Welsh estate, and will have him sing at her next London concert. He is a tin miner named John Williams, but his local nickname is Eryr Afon.

The program of the Symphony Concert in Music Hall next Saturday night will be as follows: Overture to "The Bartered Bride," Smetana, new; symphony in G, Sgambati, new; first suite, "L'Arlesienne," Bizet.

The Sousa festival concerts occur at the Boston Theatre on the evenings of Sunday, Nov. 18 and 25. Two distinguished vocalists, 50 excellent musicians, and a program of large variety are the attractions offered.

The famous singer, Johanna Wagner, died at Würzburg the 16th ult., 65 years old. She was the niece of Richard Wagner, and a party in the great leading case of Lumley v. Wagner.

Mr. Arthur Beresford, the solo bass of Trinity Church choir, has been engaged to sing in Bach's "Passion Music According to Matthew," which will be performed by the Oratorio Society of New York about Easter.

The following new operas will be brought out at the Comédie-Lyrique, Paris: "La Revanche de Galathée," one act, by Clément; "Pedrolino," one act, by Boussagol; "Les Gardes Françaises," three acts, by Rosallen.

Calvé has appeared again in Paris in Carmen, with overwhelming success. The Ménestrel speaks of her as the most complete artist now on the operatic stage, when both singing and acting are taken into consideration.

The mass performed in commemoration of Gounod, the 18th at the Madeleine, was the composer's own "Messe de Requiem," on which he was engaged almost up to the very moment of his death, and which had been given in public only once, at the Conservatoire, last Good Friday. The orchestra numbered 120.

The second in the series of chamber concerts at Brattle Hall tomorrow night will be given by Messrs. Philpon, pianoforte; Hoffman and Hahn, violins; Zahn, viola; Stockbridge, violoncello, and Hackebarth, horn. This is the program: Brahms, trio, op. 40; Grieg, romance from quartet, op. 27; Dvorak, Andante from quartet, op. 80; Saint-Saens, quartet, op. 41.

Carvalho, director of the Paris Opera Comique, and husband of Molián Carvalho, the great soprano, is about to publish his musical reminiscences in Le Matin. He has been an opera manager for nearly forty years, first at the Theatre Lyrique and afterward at the Opera Comique. It was he who first produced Gounod's operas, "Faust," "Mireille," "Philemon et Baucis," and "Romeo."

A special musical service will be given at the Church of the Messiah tonight, at 7.30. The choir, under the direction of Mr. Charles J. Buffum, will be assisted by Mr. Herbert Johnson and Masters F. and T. Wood and Harry Johnson. The program will include selections from the works of Sullivan, Goss, J. C. Warren, Mendelssohn, Stainer, Barnby and Dykes. All are welcome.

These novelties will be played at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, Vienna, this season: Bruckner's 2d symphony; two overtures by Dvorak; a serenade by Fuchs; three pieces from Grieg's "Sigurd Jorsalfar"; Mackenzie's Overture "Britannia"; Smetana's "Sarka" (third part of symphonic poem "My Fatherland"); Tschalkowsky's 6th symphony.

Mr. Edwin Holland in his treatise on "Voice Production" gives the following lucid information concerning breathing, that most important factor of good singing: "The pupil should place her hands on her two sides midway between the arms and the waist, and draw a deep breath slowly and steadily." Only do this, girls, and you will master the art of singing, and managers will knock each other over at your door.

FACTS AND FANTASY.

In the last number of the Chap-Book a protest and a solemn note of warning come from Col. T. W. Higginson against a modern American literary tendency. He quotes these instances of what he regards as pernicious to national literature. Mrs. Louise C. Moulton writes in the Century Magazine for September:

"Shall I lie down to sleep, and see no more
The splendid affluence of earth and sky,
The morning lark to the far heavens soar;
The nightingale with the soft dusk draw nigh?"

"But," says the ungallant Colonel, "she has lain down to sleep all her life in America, and never looked forward to seeing the morning lark on awakening. She never saw or sought the nightingale at dusk in the green lanes of her native Connecticut. Why, then, should she revert to the habits of her colonial ancestors, and meditate on these pleasing foreign fowl as necessary stage-properties for a vision of death and immortality?"

Instance second. In "Songs from Vagabondia," either Mr. Carman or Mr. Hovey alludes to "hearts like the throstle." Col. Higginson claims that there is no bird in America which is called, even locally, a throstle. Instance three. In the same volume the poets write "As the nuthatch there that clings to the tip of the twig, And scolds to the wind that it buffets too rudely its nest." Col. Higginson cries out, "But you

are all wrong, my dear boys. The American nuthatches put their nests in hollow trees or stumps, where the winds do not reach them." It will be seen that the Colonel, to parody a phrase of Dickens, is adamant in the matter of ornithology.

Now Messrs. Carman and Hovey might reply, "It's very likely there is no throstle in America. To tell you the truth, we never thought to inquire. We did not say, however, that we had ever seen such a bird here. The poem is 'Vagabondia.' The action or mood is not necessarily peculiar to the United States. The poem was not drawn up like a bill for the protection of domestic industries. It was not written with geographical, ornithological, or anthropological intent. Observe: We also say in the same poem,

'Here is Goleonda,
Here are the Indies,'

but, Colonel, you will not find these places on the map of our country. Again, you complain of the unnatural habit ascribed by us to the nuthatch; but you forget that we have placed this bird in Arcady, and you might as well object to the presence of a faun or 'dryads, bedfellows,' or hint that when we 'played with the sleek nalaids in the splash of pools' our innocent sport would have incurred the censure of the Selectmen." So, too, Mrs. Moulton might well say, "When 'I lie down to sleep' in poetry, my bed is not necessarily in 'Native Connecticut' or in Boston, my abiding place. I have a right to hear the lark or the nightingale, though my address is Rutland Square."

Col. Higginson says, "Let the fin de siècle movement go as far as it pleases, the literature of a nation must still have its own flowers beneath its feet, and its own birds above its head; or it will perish. If it begins by confusing these, it will end by confusing the facts of society, and life also. Indeed, this additional process may be regarded as begun, when Mr. Crawford, in his latest novel, makes his New York heroine resort to 'a dissenting minister' for purposes of consultation; the personage in question being as completely out of place in that locality as would be a queen or a parish beadle." The point against Mr. Crawford is well taken; but does Col. Higginson make no distinction between a novel that professes to portray contemporaneous life and a poem of full fantasy? Must the doctrine of Verismo prevail even in the flight of imagination? And what poet could resist this test? Coleridge speaks of the "loud bassoon." No adjective could give a false idea of the character of the instrument; and yet what musician carps at this untrue detail, o'er-mastered as he is by the glory of the poem. There are hundreds of such instances. Take Col. Higginson's own ward in literature, Miss Emily Dickinson. Do seraphs really have "snowy hats" which they "swing" on occasion?

The Boston Art Students' Festival will invite to the "gala court at Bagdad all the people mentioned in the Arabian Nights' Entertainment." That is, in the old version, of course, not in Burton's or Payne's translation.

According to Farmer Dunn, Indian Summer has not yet arrived. Yesterday, however, was a skillful combination of the characteristics of spring, summer and fall.

This is the feast day of St. Emeric, a Hungarian saint, whose name this country bears. For Vespucci was known as Amerigo, the Italian form of Emeric.

"Burlesque is no laughing matter," says Mr. E. E. Rice, "when one has to write about it." But why should he thus qualify the first half of his statement?

As physicians wrangled over the Garfield case, over the Emperor Frederick's case, so now they quarrel indecently over the late Czar.

The only son of "the famous 'Ettrick Shepherd'" is dead. But who reads the works of the Shepherd today?

It is a sadly ironical fact that Imperial professions of peace give rise to a European feeling of insecurity.

The "world record" is lowered again. It will be a relief to have it finally touch bottom.

Our neighboring town prefers apparently to be smaller Cambridge than greater Boston.

A street car strike yesterday would, indeed, have struck home.

110 0.94
The old Cardinal preached not alone for New York, but for every town where there is sin at today. "Let no one fall into the sin of omission and be an idle spectator of the battle that will be waged."

And this learned and good Rabbi spoke words of wisdom that may well sink deep into each woman's heart. "A woman no vote? * * * God has placed many votes into every sensible woman's hand, and she lowers herself if she thinks she must needs do as men do, and put a paper into a wooden box. Let all women exercise all their legitimate influences of speech, of look, of sweet persuasion, of flattery, if need be, and their votes, unrecorded in the written rolls, will and must count in the day of battle and probably decide its issue."

And all that Joe Howard can see in this mighty protest against the corrupt practices of Tammany is "the rumpus which new stimulants, itches, inflames and annoys the body politic." The indignant and honest cries of "Shame!" are, according to Mr. Howard, merely "the winds of detraction and the waves of malicious assertion." Joseph-Joseph, you'll never be a Cardinal.

How easy it is in this world to gain the reputation of a deep thinker. Here's Sir John Lubbock, for instance. He is regarded by many—especially by those who have never read his works—as a sort of composite living picture of Solomon, Daniel and Minos in the act of pronouncing judgment. And yet his last book, "The Use of Life," is a collection of thrice-sodden commonplaces. Here are a few instances. "Many people talk, not because they have anything to say, but for the mere love of talking." "It is half the battle to make a good start in life." "Never do anything of which you will have cause to be ashamed." "If we wish to be happy we must try to be good." And this is the mature wisdom of Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M. P., F. R. S., D. C. L., LL. D.

The old yell of the Tiger, "What are you going to do about it?" has not been heard of late in the jungle of Manhattan.

The New York Times says that the show of portraits of women at the Academy of Design is "a battle of precedence in the eyes of the public between art and aristocracy." This saying may be variously interpreted.

To W. T.: In the sentence "Rev. Archimandrite Kallinikos Dilveis made an eulogistic address," Archimandrite is not a baptismal name, as you evidently suppose; it is the name of the Superior of a monastery, corresponding to the Abbot in the Western church. Occasionally it is used of a Superintendent of several monasteries, corresponding to the Western superior abbot or provincial father.

"When in November the water rises, it will show itself the whole winter."

Today is the anniversary of the death of Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV. of England. As in the case of the late Tsar, the Emperor Frederick, Garfield, there was strife in the medical fraternity. Her attendants were said to have shown scandalous carelessness and neglect. The judicious Chronicle remarks: "Extreme caution must be observed in dealing with these popular reports, considering the general propensity in human nature to slander, and the tendency to find in the deaths of eminent personages food for excitement and marvel." One of the doctors who attended the Princess, Sir Richard Croft, committed suicide a few months after the death of his patient.

This is also the anniversary of the death of that eminent soldier and wit, Sir John Falstaff, truly misunderstood from the beginning. Or grant that Fat Jack, the "old, unwieldy, debauched, humorous, cowardly bravo, a fit ornament for the sign posts of drinking houses," is a vile slander on John Falstaff, Knight Banneret, Champion of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and Baron of Chigullibm; still is the gross caricature misunderstood. This quatrain by Maginn is more than a paradox:

"For those who read aright are well aware
That Falstaff, sighing in the forest green,
His heart felt less the load of care
Than Falstaff, reveling his rough mates between."

None reminds us occasionally, as in Mexico, that the earthquake is not an extinct terror. The Lisbon shock, by the way, was in November, on the first day of the month, 1755.

A local evening newspaper of Monday, in hurried joy taunted a contemporary with parody as one of today a portrait that was at least 29 years old. In the same issue of the paper was a portrait of ex-Gov. Lybrand, a large one, one of the kind that takes composition, and it was labeled respectfully "Gov. Greenhalge."

The news of the death of Eugene Oudin did not only the many friends who loved and respected him, but also those who only knew him as a singer of excellent taste and discretion.

110 7-44
November leaves are no more melancholy than November letters. There are many of the latter this morning.

The following is taken from the Pall Mall Gazette:

"Paul Jones, an American journalist, has, according to the German correspondent of the Tagblatt, just won the following bet at Boston: He undertook to begin life again naked and penniless, to make a fresh living, to travel, and to economize \$5000. All this in the course of a year. He began his career without clothing by cleaning boots at the public baths. Then as interpreter he got a free passage to London. There he sold papers. Next he wrote for papers. Then he lectured and saved his \$5000, and lastly returned to Boston to pocket his bet of \$10,000 more." And thus is history made. It is not unlikely that a century from now this fakir will be confounded equally and impartially with Miss Agnes Huntington and the famous Captain of the Bon Homme, Richard.

Ruskin on mountains is nothing to the Chicago editor among the Alps. "Indeed, I have always thought of this great snow-white glacier, coming so low down on the front of Mont Blanc, as taking the character of a well-polished shirt bosom, giving Mont Blanc from this side the air of being in evening dress," says Mr. Matthews in the last number of Music.

They are now wondering in England why more cider is not drunk in the country. "It is a light, wholesome drink, not half so liverish as beer, and almost, if not quite, as nutritious." The peculiar head-splitting, tragedy-incident properties of hard cider are evidently unknown in the land of "bit-tah-be-ah."

French physicians use the term Brightiste to characterize a victim of Bright's disease, and they used it of the late Tsar. Now a newspaper in Lyons did not understand this, and said: "As regards England's internal policy his Imperial Majesty has favored the free trade doctrines of John Bright." This recalls the story of an examination paper: "John Bright, statesman, inventor of new disease, and died of it."

It appears that Yvette Guilbert is another of your blood-thirsty, raven-croaking patriots. She denies "indignantly" the report that she is engaged to sing in Berlin. "I sing in Berlin! Never in my life!" which is probably as near as the French can get to the phrase "not on your life." It is true that she was insulted by "an offer of \$500 a night for a month's engagement," but she spurned the bribe.

Lord Herschel made a speech the other day at the opening of a free library in Colchester, England. He was not shocked at the fact that three-quarters of the books taken out of public libraries are fiction. "In many cases the fiction has a good mental influence, and in none a very bad one." This all depends on the discrimination of those who select the books.

Why is it, asks an Englishwoman, that some hostesses grow tired and wrinkled in the effort to make people feel as if they were in a home for inebriates, or a private lunatic asylum, or any place where people are not trusted to go about alone? Many a woman is in the habit of announcing proudly, "This is Liberty Hall," and then goes about to make it a very House of Detention.

And then she gives this advice, which, alas, comes too late for '94. Bear it in mind, ye hostesses of '95. "To give a really successful country house party you must make your house as like an hotel as possible. See as little of your guests as may be; let an efficient staff of servants provide for their wants when they announce them. See that the food is good, and let them neglect to feed if they like. Never personally conduct them anywhere, unless expressly desired; send a man with a trap. Ask no questions, and take no interest in letters and telegrams. Lead your own life, and let them lead theirs. This is hospitality as the nineteenth century understands it."

"The trouble is with American people," says Miss Louise Montague. "they are too tolerant." Then she adds, "I have always been most cordially received, and most beautifully treated."

Mr. William F. Apthorp believes that critical reviews of musical and theatrical performances should be signed. "To my mind," says Mr. Apthorp, "criticism should be nothing but an expression of enlightened opinion,—as enlightened as possible, but never dogmatic. What the critic knows is valuable to himself mainly; it is what he thinks and feels that is valuable to others. And it is extremely important that the public, who read criticism, should know with whom they have to deal. This is one reason why I so much like the French style of, so-called, personal criticism; where the critic writes over his own signature, gives his own opinions for what they are worth, and fights for his own ideas." It is one of life's little ironies that Mr. Apthorp's critical articles appear in a newspaper that believes in impersonal reviewing.

110 8
It was in November, 1871, that the Tweed ring was broken. Harper's Weekly then declared in the leading article of the 25th, "The victory has been won only by the most unprecedented activity and zeal and union of all honest men in the city. * * * This victory is won for the year only, not for next year, nor for future years. * * * It will be the fault of no class but that of honest and intelligent men if another tyranny as foul as that of Tammany ever again enslaves the city." The warning was soon forgotten, although the words were prophetic. Tuesday saw a greater triumph over a still corrupter Tammany. Will there be need of a similar awakening to righteousness 20 years from now? Or has the lesson sunk down deep into the heart of the honest body politic?

Mr. Erving Winslow, in a preface to his translation of "Pelléas et Mélisande," that powerful drama by Maeterlinck, says that among the "literary likings" of the Belgian playwright are "Poe, Puvis de Chavannes, Baudelaire." Now, Mr. Winslow, just which one of de Chavannes's books do you, yourself, prefer? His History of the Popes, his realistic novel "La grande Salope," or his collection of topical songs? And what was the date of the year in which de Chavannes gave up literature and took to painting?

A heavy November snow will last till April.

Mrs. Annie Wakeman Lothrop's name must be added to the list of American explorers. Just as Mr. Richard H. Davis discovered Paris and portions of New York, the absinthe habit and mixed ale, so Mrs. Lothrop has found out for the benefit of a local contemporary all about Guido Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot. It is a singular fact that English historians and compilers of perpetual calendars have ignored the existence of any such conspiracy, and that it was reserved for an American woman to describe at great length this remarkable attempt to blow up Parliament.

This is not the first time that England has threatened the Chinese.

Whatever artists, or Mr. Jimmy Ishmael Whistler, may say of the late Mr. Hamerton, his writings on artistic subjects have given pleasure to many and also been a stimulus. As a moralist, he was undoubtedly a dealer in the commonplace, and in talking about art he was apt to preach. The last article by him that gave rise to even mild discussion was a review—flat, without distinction—of Yellow Book No. 1, and it was published in Yellow Book No. 2.

Conventional as was Mr. Hamerton in certain ways, he recognized gladly the strong talent of Aubrey Beardsley. Thus

he praised that morbid artist's "economy of means," his "ready and various invention," his "perfection of discipline, of self-control, and of thoughtful deliberation at the very moment of invention," "his exquisite sense of beauty in curving lines, and the singular grace as well as rich invention of his ornaments."

Mention of the Yellow Book suggests at once Mr. Max Beerbohm, whose forte is to be misunderstood. Here are people denouncing vigorously his defence of George IV. of England. How much more fun they would have in this world if they only could buy a sense of humor at a druggist's or a hardware shop.

Mrs. E. B. Granniss, "the courageous woman reformer"—a complimentary but vague title, by the way—did not forget the wiles of her sex when she watched the polls in New York town. She was false to her doctrines for the good of Republicanism, and may the sin be forgiven her, for here is a case of evil that is good in the making. She did not wear the reform dress she advocates, but appeared in "a conventional costume, including a new bonnet that created envy." She was further clad in "a look of determination, a lunch basket, and a copy of the Election laws."

Does not the following paragraph read as though it were of the England of today? Yet Mortimer Collins wrote it 20 years ago: "There are a few gentlemen who believe in the existence of ladies. That such should be the case is a remarkable fact. The loud woman, the fast woman, the scientific woman, have done their utmost to abolish the lady. Ah, but without success. She lives still, in happy corners of England where progress is unknown, and where she grows, a joyous, radiant flower, unspelled by algebraic or ecclesiastical watering pot. There are plenty of lovely girls in England who know absolutely nothing—those are the sweet creatures from whom to choose wives. The instant they begin to talk about the Athanasian Creed or the Darwinian theory they are useless for marriageable purposes."

Wilkie Collins is known to all, but how many read the fantastical books of that rare genius, Mortimer Collins? Do you remember that dinner described in "A Fight With Fortune," provided by Lyceff for a young countryman who brought a "grand unsophisticated appetite" to London? "Half a dozen oysters, and Montrachet; clear tur-

the and punch; red mullet stewed in port champagne; fillet of beef; Chambertin grouse with Yquem; gruyere; nectarines and figs; Chartreuse and Noyau."

To T. W.—You are right. There is no such thing in nature as a "great blob" of snow or rain, although a contemporary disagrees with you on this point. A blob, in the sense here used, is only a drop or a little globule, as a "blob o' dew," or the "honey blob of a bumble bee." "Hob" itself is not slang, as you suppose. There is a slang expression, however, "on the blob," which means "by word of mouth" as opposed to "screwing," which is "begging by letter."

Apropos of paganism, it is generally believed that the late Walter Pater, he of the exquisite, colored, haunting and melancholy style, was a devout heathen. The British Weekly declares that he was really a high churchman.

Massenet, it appears, composes music with the aid of a thermometer and a water bottle. Does he refuse to write until his temperature is at a certain height? Dr. Holmes once said that the feet grow cold as thought waxed hot. Here again it is a question of individuality.

To A. H: We did not "sneer" at Sir John Lubbock the man, the scientist, or the friend of humanity. We did call attention to a few instances of many jejune common-places found in his latest volume. Even a good and a learned man may be a dull preacher. Take the famous list of 100 books recommended by Sir John. Nine out of ten persons who confined their reading exclusively to these books would turn out hopeless prigs. The tenth would take to drink, go mad or kill himself.

The Democratic Governor-elect of California is a Budd out of season.

Mr. T. F. Bayard still believes in the Democracy "pressing forward toward a free trade tariff." Nor is he alone in this opinion. This obstinacy of a party in the face of the whirlwind is not unlike the slow and intrepid march of a jackass toward the ever receding bundle of hay.

It will be noticed that in the published rumor of the re-engagement of Miss Odette Tyler to Mr. Howard Gould the name of the piece, as well as that of the theatre in which she plays, is stated with painstaking accuracy. The theatre manager also appears as lime-lighted guide, philosopher, friend. Odette, O don't!

The Musical Courier of New York thus declares its belief in Boston: "That city has a great deal of fine music, a goodly array of admirable performances, a strong corps of teachers, a notable body of young composers, a scholarly conductor, and a staff of critics who are gentlemen and good fellows, and who can never by any possible chance be suspected of agreeing in their judgments." Prosit! Courier. Likewise skoal!

The wild oats sown by Breckinridge still yield a bloody harvest.

Dr. Parkhurst deserves the honor paid him by the Union League, but it is hard to imagine him as a club man. However, he has had a good deal to do lately with clubs.

Some may wonder at the space given to the telling of the deeds of the late Mr. Kelly. Now this man was in his day a great ball player; his name was familiar throughout the land. He was to base ball in popular estimation what Mr. Grace, the Englishman, is to cricket. Surely a man of such prominence, and of such kindly nature that he was dear to many, deserves more than a passing and perfunctory notice.

To Vincent Corbet, born Nov. 10, 1627, his father Richard, Bishop of Norwich, gave as third birthday present this little poem, which shows hard sense as well as affection:

"What I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well.
I wish thee Vin before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health;
Not too much wealth, nor wit, come to thee,
So much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning, not for show,
Enough for to instruct, and know;
Not such as gentlemen require,
To prate at table, or at fire.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes and his places,
I wish thee friends, and one at court,
Not to build on, but support;
To keep thee, not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways;
Nor lazy nor contentious days;
And when thy soul and body part,
As innocent as now thou art."

It is a pleasure to find in a contemporary these plain words about a sorry jester:

"Mr. Jimmy Whistler denies in the Westminster Gazette that he is the author of the stupid reply to Mr. Du Maurier upon which I commented last week. 'How would anyone imagine for a moment,' he says, 'that I had any hand in it?' He was good enough to say that the English 'are incapable of seeing a joke.' I think they are entirely capable of seeing Mr. Whistler's jokes. No doubt this Du Maurier letter is one of these jokes and his disowning the authorship of it is a joke on a joke. The secret of Mr. Whistler's joking consists in being silly, senseless, hysterical and abusive, and at the same time assuring the public that he is the witliest man in the world. Flavor the directory with Sam Jones and you will have a whole cyclopedia of Whistlerian witticisms. They are as bright as iron rust, as biting as a hen, as cutting as a feather bed, and as pointed as the side of the house. I was going to compare Mr. Whistler's polemic style to Mr. Etienne Brodie's, but Mr. Brodie uses more odomatic English, and has a sense of humor. To call Mr. Jimmy Whistler the Steve Brodie of France would be unjust to Mr. Brodie."

Sarasate, the great fiddler, was asked the other day which of the monarchs he had played before pleased him the best. And he replied, "Really, I don't know. They all asked me the same question." "And what was it?" "Each one said, 'How old were you when you began to play the violin?'"

Are you "supra-sensuous?" Do you receive knowledge through the five senses or by means of "psycho-gnosis?" These are burning questions, it appears, and they will not brook dalliance or inattention.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Possible Apparition of Berg, the "Iron Pianist."

"La Belle Dame Sans Merci" in Most Fearful Shape.

A Word About Smetana's Opera "The Sold Bride."

Where are the pianists? Wandering violinists will visit us. Singers, male and female, of high and low degree, foreign and domestic, are advertised to sing for our amusement. Orchestras of New York and Boston will interchange visits. But where are the pianists? Is it possible that the winter will pass without compulsory listening to the sob of Chopin and the maniacal roar of Liszt? Can it be true that there will be a season without a dozen performances of the Waldstein sonata? They say that Paderewski is but the shadow of his former glory. Where is Slivinski, where all the other "skis"? Does Poland claim and retain her own? Are there no German invaders to stun and make afraid? Alas, the calm is no doubt deceptive, like unto the calm that precedes the hurricane.

Why does not some shrewd manager import Mr. Berg, the "Iron Pianist," who has delighted thousands at the Royal Aquarium? Mr. Berg is an "ex-pupil of the Berlin Conservatoire"; he plays Chopin's scherzos, Beethoven's sonatas, pieces by Liszt and Mendelssohn. This in itself is not remarkable. Almost everybody plays everything in these days. But his programs last from 4 o'clock on a Friday afternoon to 10 on a Saturday night. No pause. As no audience, however carefully trained, could stand the test, a watching committee is in attendance, in relays.

The hands and the wrists of Mr. Berg are big and strong. He is a sturdy man. He plays altogether from memory, and never looks at the score, but only at the clock. His repertoire includes 400 pieces. The skin of his fingers does not wear off. "It is here in my brain," he said, tapping his forehead, "that I feel tired." If he waxes sleepy he takes strong coffee or tea, and without stopping "the flow of music." He eats and drinks as he plays. "That little matter is easily settled. I play with my left or right hand, and with the other I convey my bouillon or sandwiches to my mouth. There is plenty of beautiful music for one hand."

Does Mr. Berg train for such a performance? A reporter asked: "Is there any special diet you take, or do you go in for punching the ball and so forth so as to get up your muscle?" "No," was the answer; "my training is the training of all my past years as a public pianist. I gave my first public recital as a pianist when I was five years old. Ah! you will see that ten hours a day at the piano for 28 years should keep me fit and well, as you say, for this feat of endurance."

What a boon such a pianist would be to the music critic, who would not fear a sluggish street car or a determined block. Even if the critic were a day late, there would still be material for judicious observation. Or, if he is a hustler, he might write his notice in bulletins, as:

"10 P. M. Mr. Berg attacks the finale of the 'Moonlight' sonata with undiminished fury."

"11 P. M. This remarkable pianist is now playing a nocturne by Livorno Lumbago and eating a bologna sausage with exquisite touch."

"12 P. M. The audience broke out in frenetic applause as Mr. Berg began his own brilliant fantasia on 'We Won't Go Home Till Morning.'"

"Latest—2 A. M.—Mr. Berg charmed even the policeman by his pathetic rendering of 'Don't Get Weary.'"

You know "La Belle Dame sans Merci," the "lady in the mead," whose charm was sorrow and delight to the Knight-at-Arms met by John Keats on the cold hill's side. I wish that Mr. MacDowell would take this ballad of all ballads as the subject of a symphonic poem. To be sure Mr. Mackenzie wrote a piece to the same title, and it was played here in the January of '91; but the music shows no passionate imagination; it is plegmatic as though its current were choked with oatmeal. I know Mr. MacDowell would do better.

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At this address for a moment, why does not some musician look lovingly on "The Kavanagh" that glorious drinking song by Carman or Hovey, probably the latter. And the first verse runs as follows:

A rumble and a pewter mug,
And a table set for three;
A rug and a mug at every place,
An' a basket or two with Brie!
Pass the jugs of Cruikshank Lown,
And a like crusted foam!
'Tis Kavanagh receives tonight
M. Murreugh is at home!

There is another "Belle Dame Sans Merci" who holds in thrall churls, and clowns, and chumps, and chuffs, and all plain, simple, honest men as well as pale kings and princes, too. She is more to be feared than any one of the three great ladies dreamed of by the Ophium Eater; than the spectre-woman and her death-mate on board the skeleton ship seen by the Ancient Mariner. And her name is the Indefatigable Pianist.

The Pall Mall Gazette Man knew her and described her for all time.

"The business always begins with the slamming of a door and a healthy footfall across the room. . . . The music-stool creaks, and La Belle Dame is ready to play. She puts both her hands upon the keyboard, and the treble shrieks apprehensively, and the bass roars like a city in revolt. After that the hush. Last an interval. Yet I sometimes think that hush is really the worst of it all. It is a voluminous apprehension, a towering impendency. The poor devil in Poe's 'Pit and the Pendulum' must have had a taste of my sensations. A first victim is being chosen. I have a vision of the spirits of composers small and great—the spirits they have thrown off in the compositions—standing up like suspects awaiting identification, while her eye ranges over them. Chopin tries to edge behind Wagner, a difficult and forbidding person, and Gounod seeks an eclipse of Mendelssohn, who suddenly drops and crawls on all fours between Gounod's legs; Sullivan cowers, and even Piccolomini's iron-framed nerves desert him. She extends her hand. There is a frantic rush to escape. Have you ever seen a little boy picking dromice out of a cage? I always see this small nightmare during that dreadful pause, a vision of a writhing heap of kicking, struggling, maddened composers, and of a ghoulish piano grinning expectant, jaw raised—lid I mean—and showing all its black and yellow keys. A melancholy shriek. Tito Mattei is captured. A song, 'Pum—so long the way—Pum—so dark the day—Pum—Dear Heart! before you come.' So Tito Mattei comes pattering through the wall into my presence.

Then La Belle Dame batters to pieces a study by Chopin. "High up the confusion of the stormy sky she drives in a sieve dropping notes—the witch of the storm."

"But the third piece in her repertory has begun—Rubinstein. This, at any rate, is familiar. She plays with the confidence born of long unpunished misdoing. That Rubinstein must indeed be sorry, and unless their elysium is like the library of the Linnaean Society, and fitted with double windows, all the great departed musicians must be sorry, too, that he ever wrote a melody in F. Daily from the altars of a thousand, of ten thousand, school pianos that melody cries to heaven. From the empyrean of the music master upon which the

sun never sets, day and night, week in week out, from year to year, Rubinstein's Melody in F streams up forever. These school pieces are like the Latin ritual before the Reformation, they link all Christendom by a common use. As the earth spins, and the sunlight sweeps ever westward, that melody passes with the day. Now it is tinkling in a gray Moravian school, now it dawns upon the Adige and begins in Alsace, now it has reached Madrid, Paris, London. Then a devotee in some Connemara Establishment for Young Ladies sets to. Presently tall ships upon the silent main resound with it, and they are at it in the Azores and in Iceland, and then—one solitary tinkling, loudling, reduplicating, manifolding into an innumerable multitude—New York takes up the wondrous tale. On then with the dawn to desolate cattle ranches, the tablelands of Mexico, the level plains of Illinois and Michigan. So the great tide that started in Rubinstein's cranium proceeds upon its destiny. Always somewhere between the hours of 11 and 2 it comes back to me here, poor hunted composition, running its eternal world gauntlet, pursuing its Wandering Jew pilgrimage, and I curse and pity it as it goes by. . . . It has gone. There follows 'The Maiden's Prayer.'"

Who does not know this woman? She is your neighbor. She is mine. Her industry is a plague. Her persistence is a crime. She must work, and others must weep. There should be a musical Ghetto, where all that practise diligently on instruments, pulsatile or of string, wood and brass, should be compelled to dwell. When there is a marked degree of proficiency, the student might be allowed to live in other quarters of the city, but with a ticket-of-leave, and still liable to supervision. Rents in the Ghetto would necessarily be low, and any landlord of sharkish tendencies should be discouraged by the Inspector of the district.

The Symphony Orchestra played last evening the overture to Smetana's opera, "Prodana nevěsta"—a Czechish opera, first produced in Prague under the direction of the composer, May 20, 1866. The opera was originally in two acts, and contained only

20 numbers. It was afterward changed and enlarged until in 1870 it appeared in the form in which it is now given in German. The German title, "Die verkaufte Braut," is Englished often, but erroneously, "The Bartered Bride." The title should be "The Sold Bride," for "verkaufen" is "to sell"; the German word for the verb "barter" is "tauschen" or "vertauschen." But why is Smetana's opera, a folk-opera, to the Czechs what "Der Freischütz" is to the Germans, entitled "The Sold Bride"?

The story is a simple village tale. Hans, the son of a peasant, Milcha, by his first marriage, wanders for a long time from his native village. He returns home, is unrecognized, and he woos Maria, who loves him in turn. Her parents wish her to take as a husband Wenzel, a silly, stuttering clown, who is Milcha's son by a second wife. They offer Hans 300 gulden if he will let Maria alone. Hans agrees, and he signs a contract in which he inserts this clause: "Maria shall marry no one but a son of Milcha, and then only on condition that he loves her." After the contract is signed by all the parties, Hans makes himself known. The true lovers are happy, and Wenzel does not care, for he is enamored of a strolling dancer, with whom he proposes to travel, dressed in a bear skin, that he may hop when she dances.

They say that the music of this opera is charming; light, yet written in masterly fashion, of Mozartian tunefulness, sounding with the freshness and the sparkle of the 30's or the 40's. Of course, the hyper-modern Germans see everywhere in this comic opera—for originally the dialogue was spoken, not sung—traces of candle-swallow study of Wagner. They speak, for instance, of the use of the left-motiv, as though Grétry, Weber, Auber and others had not employed this device before Wagner. Now, Smetana's first opera, "Die Brandenburger in Boheimen," was censured by his countrymen as too serious, too labored and too Wagnerian, but "The Sold Bride" was hailed with delight as a humorous, charming, thoroughly Czechish work.

To us the opera is but a name, Czechish, German or English. For the operas that are doled out to us in a season—can two weeks be considered a season?—are to be counted on the fingers. Will the time ever come when opera will be a live, flourishing institution in this town; when there will be an imperative desire to hear new dramatic works; when there will be discussion concerning the spirit of the composition and the purpose of the composer; when the fact that Emma Eames did or did not dine with Mrs. Hyphen Blank will not be regarded as of vital importance, and this or that incongruous costume worn by Nordica will not blind the public eye to calm consideration of her performance? There is today no small city in Germany that does not, during a year, hear many operas that are unknown to this town, which plumes itself on the cultivation of music within its walls. We could exchange with profit a performance of "The Messiah" or the Pastoral symphony for a hearing of Bruneau's "L'Attaque du Moulin" or Giordano's "Mala Vita."

PHILIP HALE

The program of the Kneisel Quartet concert, which will be given tomorrow evening in Union Hall, is as follows: Quartet in D minor, Cherubini; quartet, E flat major, op. 74, Beethoven; piano trio, A minor, Rubinstein. Mr. Perabo will be the pianist.

Mr. Elliot Hubbard will give a song recital in Chickering Hall Wednesday evening. He will be assisted by Mrs. S. B. Field, pianist. The program will include songs by Haydn, Franz, Brahms, Dvorak, Duprato, Delibes, Saint-Saens, Wolf, Bullard, Nevin, Miss Wood and Foote.

Messrs. Max Heinrich, Whiting and Roth will give a concert in Stelnert Hall Tuesday evening. The program will include Gaudeamus, 12 songs by Jensen, op. 40, and Bruch's Swedish Dances, op. 63.

A piano recital will be given in Stelnert Hall Thursday at 3.30 P. M. by Miss Mary Chandler. Miss Gertrude Franklin will assist. Miss Chandler will play Grieg's Sonata, op. 7; Liszt's Wilde Jagd; L'Alouette, by Glinka; a scherzino by Moskowski, and Chopin's polonaise in A flat major. Among Miss Franklin's songs are: "Comment dis-je," and "Die Lorelei," by Liszt, and songs by Bullard, Henschel and Nevin.

The New England Conservatory String Quartet will play in Sleeper Hall Thursday evening, Haydn's D Major Quartet and Schumann's Piano Quartet. Mrs. Bertha Maas will be the pianist.

The first of Mrs. Helen D. Orvis's five concerts for young people will be given in Chickering Hall Saturday morning at 11 o'clock.

The program of the Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall Saturday evening will be as follows: Symphony, E flat, Mozart; symphonic poem, flute and orchestra (first time), Benoit; entr'acte from "Rozamunde," Schubert; march, B minor, Schubert-Liszt; overture, "La Part du Diable," Auber.

Mrs. Florence P. Hartmann will give a song recital in Horticultural Hall, Tuesday evening, the 20th, with the assistance of Mr. Rotoli and the Kneisel Quartet. She will sing songs in Italian, French, German and English. The Kneisel Quartet will play Haydn's G major quartet, op. 77, an andante by Grieg in G minor, and Dvorak's quartet in F major, op. 95.

Miss Sigrid Lundie will give a concert in Stelnert Hall, Tuesday afternoon, the 20th. She will sing in a varied and pleasing program. She will be assisted by Miss Chandler.

The Adamowski Quartet will give its first concert in Chickering Hall Wednesday evening, the 21st. The program will include Mozart's D major quartet, Chadwick's romanza for violin and piano (MS. first time) and Cesar Cui's quartet C minor, op. 45 (first time).

Mr. Arthur Beresford, assisted by Mr. Norman McLeod, will give a song recital in Union Hall, Friday evening, the 23d, at 8.30 o'clock. His program includes songs by Buononcini, Scarlatti, Handel, Schumann, Verdi, Mackenzie, Colyn, Mrs. Beach, Shield, W. G. Smith, Perlet, Pinsuti.

Sousa's famous band will give a series of four concerts in Boston, Sunday evenings, the 18th and 25th, at the Boston Theatre, Monday evening, the 26th, at the People's Church, and Wednesday evening, the 28th, in Mechanics' Hall. The soloists will be Mrs. Francesca Guthrie Moyer, dramatic soprano.

Mr. Emil Tiffero, tenor, assisted by Mr. Molé, Mr. Johns and Dr. Kelterborn will give a concert in Stelnert Hall Friday evening, the 23d.

Saint-Saens's "Samson and Delilah" will be sung by the Cecilia in Music Hall Wednesday evening, Nov. 28. The chief solo parts will be taken by Mrs. Wyman and Messrs. Davis and Meyn.

The Handel and Haydn Society has engaged Mr. W. H. Rieger of New York, tenor, to sing in Bach's Passion Music Good Friday next.

Henry Schradieck, the violinist, will now live in New York.

The Hungarians do not appear to hanker after Wagner's music. The 10th anniversary of the opera at Pesth was commemorated by the publication of a history of the opera house. There were 72 performances of operas (26) by Verdi, and 143 performances of 3 operas by Wagner. This statement should be taken with considerable salt. Verdi has written 28 operas, but it is ex-

tremely doubtful if 8 of them have ever been sung in Hungary.

They propose to revive Méhul's "Uthal" in Munich. This opera in one act was first sung in Paris in 1806. To obtain Ossianic color, the composer used first and second violas in place of the violins. The result was monotony, and Grétry cried out at the performance, "I'd give a Louis to hear a chantarelle."

Mottl at Carlsruhe conducted the other night these three operas: "Les deux Avares" (Grétry, 1770); "Les Petits Savoyards" (Balayrac, 1789), and "Djamilleh" (Bizet, 1872). The second opera was most enthusiastically applauded.

Eugene Raab, harper in Munich, has invented a new kind of harp, which, he claims, is more beautiful in form, and of more pleasing musical effect, as "there is a more intimate association of melody with accompaniment." He calls the instrument "The Poetic Harp."

A manuscript nocturne by Chopin, composed for his sister before he left Warsaw, has been found there. It was played by Balakireff at a concert given on the anniversary of Chopin's death.

A monument will be erected at Florence in honor of Rossini.

A subscription is now taken in Rome for a gold medal in honor of Verdi.

An amateur at Bologna, Cincinnato Baruzzi, established a prize fund several years ago for competition in opera. Six compete this year. Two of them have written librettos as well as music.

Delmas has taken the place of Maurel as Iago in Verdi's "Otello" in Paris. They say Delmas has "invented" no new gesture, but he can be heard all over the theatre, and that is something after all.

Ambroise Thomas declares that no one has sung the music of "Mignon" in the third act as well as Nikita.

Henri Van Cutsem willed to the Brussels Conservatory 34,000 francs to establish an annual prize of 1000 francs for the girl who after obtaining a diploma of "capacity" shows striking talent in the competition for the diploma of "virtuosity."

Saint-Saens goes to Algiers to work on the unfinished opera of Guiraud.

Widor will conduct at Geneva the 28th a new symphony for organ and orchestra composed for the opening of Victoria Hall.

Figaro (Paris) has this to say of the Scottish suite for violin by Mackenzie: "The Scots are of a generous hospitality; but they make up for it by writing music."

Edouard Nadaud has been chosen solo violinist of the Paris Conservatory concerts.

Mrs. Pack will sing the leading role in the new opera, "La Femme de Claude," founded on Dumas's play of the same name.

A woman known as Mrs. de Nuovina made a sensation in Bordeaux as Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Ysae played Saint-Saens's third concerto and Bruch's Scottish fantasia with "colossal success" at the Leipzig Gewandhaus Oct. 25.

A new lyric-comic opera by F. Hummel met with respectful attention at Prague Oct. 25.

Busoni, neglected by the musical publes of Boston and New York, played in Hamburg Oct. 22 at the orchestra concert under the direction of Gustav Mahler, who took Busoni's place. Busoni played Weber's concertstueck and Liszt's Spanish rhapsody.

James Kwast, pianist and teacher, refuses a call to Bucharest, and will remain in Frankfurt.

Nordica and Ravelli will fulfill an engagement at the Berlin opera.

Judic and Dupuis have met with great success at the Variétés in Hervé's "Lili."

Miss Florence St. John appears in the title role of "Mirette." She succeeds Elaine Gryce, who succeeded Kate Rolla, who succeeded Maude Elliott. Next!

The Bostonians will produce "Prince Ananias" at the Broadway Theatre, New York, Nov. 20. Victor Herbert, the composer, will conduct.

Aluminium drums are now used by the Austrian regimental bands. They are much lighter than the brass drums and have a more melodious tone.

The Louise Beaudet opera company will appear in the first production of "Jacintha," which will take place at Philadelphia tomorrow night.

A new operetta, music by Gauthier and text by Martin and Berhard, with the title "Mam'zelle Sous-off," will be soon produced at the Bouffes-Parisiens.

Miss Parentaine, a soprano of "sweet and light voice," made her debut at the Opéra Comique the last of October in Gounod's "Mireille."

Some say Verdi works at "King Lear;" some say at a "Calliban;" others, "Romeo and Juliet." He himself says "Falstaff" is his last.

Mr. E. A. MacDowell of this city has finished a piano-sonata which bears a motto from one of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

A hitherto unknown opera by Hadyn was recovered lately in the archives of Prince Esterhazy in Eisenstadt, Hungary. It is supposed to produce it in Vienna this winter.

"Talmah, a lyric drama on the terrace of a King's palace on the Syrian coast 200 years before Christ," is the title of an opera produced lately at Mannheim. The composer is Henry Berny (Heinrich Weiss).

Miss Etta Parker, an alto well known in this city, has written a pretty song entitled "The Song My Paddle Sings." It will appeal strongly to all altos, who often search in vain for something good and new in these days of reckless writing for the voice.

Humperdinck, whose fairy opera "Hänsel and Gretel," has provoked such widely differing criticisms, has made an agreement with the Intendant of the Berlin Opera to produce all operas written by him within the next five years at that opera.

Marie Jaell has given these singular titles to three volumes of new piano-pieces: "What One Hears in Hell," "What One Hears in Purgatory," "What One Hears in Paradise." The first title might well be given to many a thundering, endless composition for piano.

"Les Béatitudes," by the late Cesar Franck, was given in Berlin for the first time Oct. 22, and although the performance was inadequate, the work made a most favorable impression. Why should not the Cecilia give this work, or "Ruth," which many consider the masterpiece of the greatest of modern French composers?

Raoul Kozgalski, who appeared in London last season as an 8-year-old pianoforte prodigy, has just produced at Leipzig and at Berlin a symphonic legend for full orchestra, which he conducts himself. It is founded on the story of the murder of the Bishop of Krakow by Boleslaw II. of Poland and is of considerable length and pretensions.

To X. N. X.: Melba is said to have been born in 1855. Her maiden name was Nellie Mitchell. Very young, she married Charles F. Armstrong, a sheep farmer, known familiarly as "Kangaroo Charlie." Her birthplace was Melbourne, Australia. She made her operatic debut in Brussels at the Monnaie during the season of '87-'88 as Gilda in "Rigoletto."

Heinrich Reimann of Berlin has been scolding and shrieking for the last month in the Allgemeine Music-Zeitung against modern organ sonatas. He is particularly bitter against those by Guilmant, Capocci and Best. Neither can Mr. Reimann endure the organ symphonies of Widor. The critic himself has written organ sonatas. Will he attack them, and thus give them a publicity they would never otherwise obtain, or will he acknowledge frankly that they are very beautiful?

The London Telegraph tells a touching story apropos of the production of "Otello" in Paris. In the latter city lives a draper named Otello. Naturally it occurred to a chance traveler to call upon him and ask if he were any relation of the hero of Verdi's opera. Instead of being offended the draper owned that he knew nothing interesting about his birth, but that his name had been used against him by flippant and ribald persons, who suggested that one day he would smother his wife, although he had not the remotest intention of doing anything of the sort—or so he assured his visitor. However, he said that there was some good in his name, because he meant to see Verdi's opera, and thought that the singers might like to know that there was an Otello in the audience as well as an Otello on the stage. A nice story! We rather wish we had invented it; but such an invention would have presumed too much on the silliness of humanity.

TWO CONCERTS.

The Actual Appearance of Long-Expected Melba.

Plancon Carries Away the Honors of the Concert.

Sgambati's Symphony as Played Under Mr. Paur.

This was the program of the concert given by the Melba company, under the management of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, yesterday afternoon in Music Hall, in the presence of a very large and enthusiastic audience:

- Overture, "Egmont".....Beethoven
Duo, "Solo profugo" (Marta).....Flotow
Messrs. Mauguiere and Plancon.
Aria, "Che faro senza Euridice," "Orfeo".....Gluck
Mrs. Scalchi.
Song, "The Two Grenadiers".....Schumann
Mr. Plancon.
Valse, "Se Saran Rose".....Arditi
Mrs. Melba.
Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor".....Nicola
Second act of Rossini's opera, "Semiramide,"
Semiramide.....Mrs. Melba
Airsce.....Mrs. Scalchi
Aria, "Zampa".....Harold
Mr. Mauguiere.
Mad scene from Donizetti's opera, "Lucia"
.....Mrs. Melba
Air, "Le Tambour Majeur" (Le Cald).....Thomas
Mr. Plancon.
March "Reine de Saba".....Gounod

To some such concerts are distasteful. Not because there may be questions concerning the merits of the chief singers, but on account of the inherent absurdity of a scene from an opera, with costumes and scenery, and what scenery! O Semiramide, daughter of the great goddess Astarte, who once deligned to love a mortal, when she was maddened by jealous Venus, thou mighty woman nursed by doves, widow

of Ninus, conqueror of the East, Egypt, thou who turnest the mountains of Bagdatta into a statue, and levelst other mountains to make a highway, builder of Babylonian walls and hanging gardens, great and magnificent even in the horror of thy crimes, could they not cull for thee on the stage of Music Hall rugs that at least were spotless, or build for thee a summer house that was not like unto the bower in a German beer garden?

Must we indeed take opera in such distasteful doses? Must the well-bred, tastefully dressed, admirable concert singer be turned in the twinkling of an eye into Babylon's Queen or poor crazed Lucia, without a mitigating cause, except, forsooth, that an aria is to be sung.

On the other hand, let us forget the absurdity of such operatic scenes and rejoice in the remembrance of the presence of fine singers. Not that all were of equal excellence. Mr. Mauguiere, who last season in opera showed taste and discretion, was throaty yesterday and as if in poor condition when he endeavored to deal justly with "Tol dont la grace" from "Zampa." Nor was Scalchi to be praised for her delivery of the air from "Orfeo"; her upper tones were hollow and she sang with unnecessary and unmeaning explosiveness. In the duet from "Semiramide" she was heard to better advantage; and her singing was superior to any of her performances last year when it seemed as though she was trying to give an imitation of a mixed quartet. Her roulades were as a rule smooth, and her heavy voice seemed flexible.

Melba showed signs of indisposition, for in the music from "Semiramide," which, by the way, is not suited to her, as much of it lies in the lower and ineffective part of her voice, she was not always true to the correct pitch, her tones seemed at times muffled, and her phrasing suffered occasionally on account of necessity of frequent taking of breath. In the waltz and in the scene from "Lucia" she was heard to greater advantage. And when she is at her best, how admirable she is. Such singers prove to us that bel canto is not a lost art. A tone of Melba is in itself a delight, it is so clear, so pure, so crystalline.

She is not obliged to display her musical ornaments to win respect and admiration. The moment she emits and sustains a tone, any question of a doubting Thomas is settled. With what authority she delivers a phrase! Such is the perfection of her art that the most carefully worked vocal embroidery seems unpremeditated, like an epigram suggested by an occasion.

The honors of the concert, however, were borne away by Plancon, who is a greater artist than Melba. His mastery over a voice naturally less flexible is almost as complete as hers. As hers, his voice is of beautiful quality. But Plancon has a broader, more generous, more dramatic individuality. Back of the voice is a man of sentiment, of passion, of imagination. Do you object to hearing "The Two Grenadiers" in French? Why? The grenadiers were French, were they not, soldiers of the great Napoleon. Paris was kinder to Helme than were the cities of his fatherland. A Frenchman has a right, the right to sing this song, especially when his name is Plancon. As for the drum-major's air from "The Cad," do you not hear the merry refrain although the singer has left us for a time?

The program of the fourth symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall was as follows:

- Overture, "The Sold Bride".....Smetana
Symphony No. 1, D major, op. 16.....Sgambati
"L'Arlesienne," No. 1.....Bizet

The story of Smetana's opera is told in another column of the Journal. The overture is familiar to concert goers under the title here given, and also under that of "Overture to a Comedy." It is a delightful piece of work, whatever its name is. It is so fresh, so spontaneous, so logical. Here is no pot-pourri, no absurd attempt at fine, yet incongruous writing. The piece is built mainly out of one theme, admirably treated, the theme, I believe, that is used in the vital scene of the opera.

Bizet's suite from the music to "L'Arlesienne" is always welcome, and last night it was read most intelligently by Mr. Paur. Take, for instance, the andante molto of unearthly beauty in which the solo is played by the saxophone. When the work was last given under Mr. Nikisch the tempo was so absurdly fast that the sad and tender melody that characterizes in Daudet's melodrama the appearance of poor Frederi, the "Innocent," was without meaning, although the same excellent artist, Mr. Strasser, was the player. It is true that Bizet's music gains greatly when it is performed in the theatre, serves as commentary, establishes, or confirms a mood. To me, at least, it is his masterpiece, a greater work of art even than "Carmen."

Mr. Apthorp, in the program book, says that "this is the first of two orchestral suites arranged by the composer from his entr'actes and incidental music to Alphonse Daudet's drama." Mr. Apthorp is mistaken. Suite No. 2 was arranged by Guiraud after the death of Bizet. Is not Mr. Apthorp also mistaken in giving the date of the first performance of Daudet's piece as Sept. 30, 1872? The date was Oct. 1. And what does the compiler of the program book mean by saying, "critics have called it (The Sold Bride) the best comic opera since Lortzing and Von Weber." It is true that Weber wrote a comic opera, "Abu Hassan," and at a pinch another dramatic work of his might be dubbed a "comic opera," but he is not distinctively known as a master of this species of entertainment. Mr. Apthorp's calling is here a high one. He is supposed to instruct. He teaches the ignorant or the indifferent to detect a subsidiary theme, to dilate with the proper emotion, to enjoy thoroughly that fetch known as the "Sonata form." It is his solemn duty, therefore, to be painfully accurate in statements of fact.

The Sgambati symphony is a work not to be lightly considered, not to be carelessly dismissed. It is not without its paradox; that is to say, infinite labor leads often to a trifling result. Now Sgambati is least of all superficial. You can almost see the sweat wrung from him by his work, and yet the hearer is often tempted to ask, "Why such labor?" The impressions after a single hearing are these: the chief faults are poverty of genuine melodic thought and an absence of true depth of feeling. Perhaps this latter impression is not properly expressed. Let me put it this way:

There is more true musical thought, there is more musical sincerity, there is greater felicity of expression with the simplest means in the adagetto in the suite by Bizet than in this whole symphony by Sgambati. The first movement is interesting. It is at times

irresolvable. Here as in other movements there are charming passages, rare bits of instrumentation, delightful and unexpected harmonic progressions, surprising contrapuntal devices, but the hearer is always able to pry curiously into the means employed by the composer. He is never swept away by passionate outburst; he is never moved profoundly by thoughtful beauty of music. Constantly he is tempted to cry out "Well done; that's mighty clever."

Take the serenata, for instance. If you are priggish you may object to its presence as a fifth wheel to the symphonic coach. But if we must have modern symphonies, let there be three, four or six movements, provided they interest. In this serenata there is a dash of Northern mist, a sug-

gestion of Grieg, then you think the conventional serenade of Italy will be sung, a tune perhaps not without vulgarity; but how cunningly and how agreeably he disappoints you. There is always some little touch in the harmonies or the instrumentation that saves the piece from the reproach of triviality. Yet do you miss the sensuous, distinctive tune of Italy.

The second movement is full of suggestions of the gorgeous ceremony of the Holy Catholic church, as in that quartet by Sgambati played lately at a Kneisel concert. Even in the scherzo, full of delightful things, Sgambati cannot get wholly away from the cathedral. In spite of the occasional brilliancy and the ingenious rhythmic devices of the finale, it is the weakest, the most perfunctory of the movements. Here certainly is a work that was worth the playing and worth the hearing. It is easy to say here is Berlioz, here is Liszt, here Wagner shows his head, and here you hear Bolto's harp; when you have said all this, there still remains the man Sgambati, earnest and ingenious.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this: The symphony is without entrails.

All in all, the concert gave genuine pleasure. The performance was admirable, the selections were interesting, and the concert was of most reasonable length. It is also a pleasure to see that Mr. Paur is as careful in the performance of pieces called by the ignorant "light" or "unpretentious" as he is in the reading and performance of a "classic" work.

PHILIP HALE.

AN ENGLISH CLAIM.

Travelers may be divided roughly into two classes. Arthur Young is a shining example of one, and he, going over the farms of France and talking with the peasants, foresaw and could account for the horrors of '93. The other class is represented ably by Count Smolitorck, an eternal type, known to Herodotus, prince of travelers, and seen today on every record-breaking steamship.

Keen observers like Young are comparatively rare in any walk of life. The Count is one of a numerous family. The American who gives a snap-judgment on the Home Rule question after a fortnight's stay in London, is his brother, and Mr. Bourget, who, after a hurried trip and a round of princely entertainments, turns the United States and its inhabitants into psychological copy, is his cater-cousin. And how much better is this latter type than the class described by James Howell, "the priggish little clerk" of King Charles's Council: "A shame to their country abroad, and their kindred at home, and to their parents; Benonies, the sons of sorrow; and, as Jonah in the whale's belly, traveled much, but saw little?"

Yet superficial as these studies by the French novelist may be, he has convinced some of the English of the fact that all American women do not sit in a hothouse eating sweets, do not wear thin shoes at inopportune times, and often ride and walk. Look over Mrs. Trollope, Basil Hall, Capt. Marryat, Dickens, and you will find allusion after allusion to the nervous, pale beauty, the bad teeth, the thin, lazy figures of American women, and the everlasting rocking chair. Perhaps there were malice and caricature in these sketches. It was unfair in Mrs. Trollope to judge the United States from the manners and customs of the dwellers in Cincinnati at an early date. But there was truth, much truth in those unpleasant observations. The delicate, fragile beauty of our women was for some strange reason a source of pride, and Hawthorne was moved to sneer at the British bulbous type. Only the other day an English reviewer called attention to the fact that the heroines of Messrs. Howells and Henry James are not athletic. "They are driven about the suburbs on the box-seat of the local carts and coaches, but carriage exercise, as it used with great irony to be called, seem to be the most they attempt." The reviewer then adds: "Now all is changed. Mr. Bourget finds the States full of an infinite number of girls, most of whom are called May, whose life is spent in the most vigorous games. They ride, they row, they yacht, they live in the open air. The only thing they do indoors is skirt-dancing, pursued with conscientious technique and the utmost resolution." And the kindly English critic pats this nation on the head and commends its adaptability, its desire to improve. "A similar impulse is certainly proving itself able to reform and change the whole accent of transatlantic English.

The result of the thinking of the American race." So here again is that delightful, reprehensible cordedness treated so humanously by Mr. Lowell. Still much may be forgiven Mr. Bourget if his light sketches have rubbed the scales from foreign eyes, foreign, we say for your true Englishman, as much a foreigner to us as is a Dane or a man from the Midi.

Is it true that this change in the physique of our women comes solely or chiefly from national sensitiveness to censure, as the reviewer thinks? In spite of Dickens' well-merited scorn the splittoon is still a national institution. In almost every public building it is a frequent ornament, and printed threats and entreaties strive to preserve the cleanliness of floors and steps.

In spite of scoffs and jeers, the restaurants are crowded with men that eat against time. The first question put to a stranger is still, "Well, sir, what do you think of our country?" Dentistry is one of our fine arts. Furnace heat still cracks furniture.

It is not likely that any foreign observation has brought about this change in the physique of women. The causes are purely domestic. There is greater attention to the simple rules of hygiene in schools. Gymnastics and fashionable sports have played their part. The mothers of these girls did not work as hard as did the mothers before them. There is more variety in life. The science of cookery has reached a higher stage of development. Still it must be remembered that Mr. Bourget's physiological as well as psychological observations were taken chiefly among the rich. Whether his statements would hold true of our women from Maine to California is open to doubt. The old idea that poverty or at least low and humble living is good for brain and body is well nigh exploded. Without going as far as Mr. Bourget in his conclusions, it may be said that the level of healthy physical condition is higher than in the days of Dickens. Does anyone suppose—except an English reviewer—that foreign jesting raised this level?

"THE DEVIL'S DEPUTY."

"The Devil's Deputy," a comic opera in three acts, libretto by J. Cheever Goodwin and music by E. Jakobowski, was given last evening for the first time in Boston by the Francis Wilson Company at the Tremont Theatre, which was crowded. Mr. Catenhusen was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Melissen, an inn-keeper.....Francis Wilson
Lorenzo, a singer from the Grand Opera.....Rhys Thomas
General Karamatoff.....J. C. Miron
Sergeant.....J. T. Chaille
Bartow.....W. A. Laverty
Princess Mirane.....Miss Amanda Fabris
Elophine.....Miss Lulu Glaser
Bastella, Countess Karamatoff.....Miss Christine McDonald
Bob.....Miss Josephine Knapp

This operetta has a plot, and although the subject is neither original nor probable, it is at least coherently developed and carried through three acts. The situations are moderately amusing. The interest of the dialogue is centred in Mr. Wilson's lines, which are no doubt of his own invention, as they bear the Wilsonian hall-mark, which is a mixture of slang, gags and a wrenched vocabulary. If these lines were not delivered by their author, they would often sound flat and they would fatigue. As comic opera goes and is understood in these days, the libretto is above the average in one respect, that there is a developed plot which does not retire abashed for an hour to allow of the introduction of variety business.

The music is not as inherently good or as well adapted to the purposes of operetta as is the music of "Erminie." The vein of melody is thin and weak; the rhythms are of a monotonous pum, pum, pum order; there is harmonic conventionality. In the first act the only number that lingers in the memory is the short song of the old women. In the second act the opening chorus and the "Futterling Song" are worthy of mention, although the latter was chiefly noticeable on account of Mr. Wilson's performance. In the third act the trio recalls "When Love Is Young" from "Erminie," but Miss Glaser's song is not without pliancy. The other numbers are cheap and ordinary, utterly without distinction of any sort. The music allotted to the soprano and the tenor are of the wishy-washy English sheet-music-for-the-drawing-room order, and the choruses all sound familiar.

Now this operetta is likely put upon the stage. The scenery is most excellent. The costumes are tasteful throughout, and in the second act are of striking beauty. The chorus has pretty girls galore. The principal parts, as a rule, make the most of the opportunities presented, and they are worthy of a brighter operetta. Miss Fabris acts with liberation. She is agreeable to the role. Her voice, unfortunately, is shrill, dry, and generally unpleasant. Miss Glaser is less extravagant in action, less squeamish with the audience, and in these respects she has gained greatly since her last appearance here. Now she is charming and vivacious, and she does not as formerly provoke mingled feelings of delight and irritation. Miss Knapp was admirable in a small part. Mr. Thomas, a tenor of pleasing quality of voice, sang without affectation and with no mean effect, but in action he was as phlegmatic as a British soldier. Mr. Miron was excellent as the boisterous and stupid General. The chorus was really satisfactory, and the orchestra was moderately competent.

Of course, Mr. Wilson was the show. His personality and individuality made the three hours pass quickly. He has been dubbed by some a clown. In the sense that the genius George L. Fox was a clown this term may serve. But the fitter word to describe his comic art is fool, the educated and whimsical jester found formerly in the courts of Kings and Princes. Mr. Wilson gains his effects not merely by his athletic feats, his struggles with furniture and the law of gravitation. His phraseology, as it is a part of him, suggests often the refined man that dons the jester's cap and bells. It is true that his fooling is at times exquisite, such as excited the envy of Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek on a memorable occasion; it is also true that this fooling occasionally becomes clowning pure and simple. Even when he plays the coward or the silly chump there are touches of gentleness, of genuine good-humor, of pardonable self-appreciation of his antics, of an eminently lovable nature that warm the heart and draw men and women to him.

Now if you do not care for Mr. Wilson, and if you are not satisfied by scenic display, do not go to this operetta; for "The Devil's Deputy" per se is a vain and unprofitable thing. There are hundreds that are fond of Mr. Wilson, as was shown last night when they would not leave the theatre until he had thanked them from the stage. If you are among his admirers, you will enjoy "The Devil's Deputy," although you may wish that he appeared in an operetta of greater merit.

PHILIP HALE.

1st performance Abbey's Theatre N. Y. Sep 10. 94

Melissen.....Mr. Francis Wilson
Lorenzo.....Mr. Rhys Thomas
General Karamatoff.....Mr. J. C. Miron
Sergeant.....Mr. J. T. Chaille
Bartow.....Mr. W. A. Laverty
Princess.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Elophine.....Miss Lulu Glaser
Bastella.....Miss Maud Bliss
Bob.....Miss Christine McDonald
Mlle. Robott.....Miss Anella Gardner

There's always some "shrewd judge of men" who knows a potentate intimately, has summered and wintered with him, and tells the world all the state and social secrets that would otherwise be locked forever in the imperial breast. Mr. Poultney Bigelow has his William; and now Dr. Geffcken has his Nicholas.

This is St. Martin's Day. The old saw has it: "If the geese at Martin's Day stand on ice, they will walk in mud at Christmas." So wind northwest at Martinmas, severe winter to come. If the wind is in the southwest, it keeps there till after Candlemas. Then there are the halcyon days of St. Martin's summer.

Since the election the public has heard considerable about Mr. Morton's Holsteins and Mr. Singerly's Guernseys, but nothing at all about Hon. J. E. Russell's Merinos. Why is this thus?—Exchange.

They are coming home with their tails behind them.

These singers are so courteous. Here's Melba, just recovering from the influenza. "No," she says, "it is not your climate. I like the climate, although, of course, it is not quite that of Paris." And she was here Friday and Saturday.

To Corbett's manager the majesty of the law is "a trivial matter, not worth talking about." In this respect he resembles the heroes of Tammany Hall.

Why should you object, dear ladies, to the christening of a vessel with champagne? The steamship does not drink, and the wine is wasted.

Yale's secret practice is so clever that Capt. Armstrong's "new trick" is deemed worthy of a full description in the newspapers.

Mr. Oswald Herrling, who stood heroically by the bridge, is a modern Horatius, or rather a misguided Casabianca.

To J. J. No. The red lanterns proposed for police use are not danger signals for criminals.

De Witt, Yale's half-back, has now no back at all.

Sic transit Mercury!

MUSIC.

The Second Concert of the Kneisel Quartet in Union Hall.

Few in the large audience at the Kneisel Quartet Concert in Union Hall, last evening, could have been unduly mindful that the concert was over two hours in length; for there was the reconciling quality in attendance of an uncommonly good program. From first to last the concert was of fascinating interest. First was given a quartet in D minor by Cherubini.

A well known encyclopedia of music, noted for its elegant binding, would inform the musical world that Cherubini only wrote two string quartets (Sic.). There are actually six in number. His first quartet was composed in 1814; No. 2—C major—in 1829; No. 3—D minor—performed last evening, 1834, and these, prior to 1837, were followed by three more.

Musically considered, the quartet in D minor stands very near Haydn, who, more than any other composer, Cherubini so admired; and we can but find the noble pedagogogue far superior to Haydn in richness and also, as need not be told, in his scholarly command of means. Would that he had not so constantly avoided homophony, and that he had imbibed more of his unpretensions, yet none the less indispensable art, from Father Haydn.

The scherzo of the quartet—not so idealized a scherzo as Beethoven would have made—nevertheless charms as but few such movements can. At the moderato sans lenteur of this movement, which is really a polacca, pure and simple, the master has his say with neither reticence nor restraint; and, strangely enough, from Cherubini, the lively emotion of a dance, with gay, well-nigh teasing humor fills the heart.

The elevation and energy of the last movement well sustains the interest to the very end, and yet the great work, as a whole, is, after all, something of a Janus, for one of its two faces is turned backward and the other forward.

The most valuable work on the program was easily Beethoven's opus 74 in E flat major, regarding which masterpiece there is really but little new to say. Certainly in its external proportions, if not in its depth of meaning, it surpasses the boundaries that Beethoven had hitherto reached in chamber music.

The trio, op. 85, by Anton Rubinstein, came last, and a single hearing of the work would itself preclude the necessity of passing judgment. It certainly appears to be all that Mr. Perabo, in a recently published critique, has claimed for it; while the seriousness of thought and nobility of mood of certain portions of it are very impressive. Is the moderato—excepting, of course, the charming meno mosso—mere tone-play? So it seemed at a first hearing. Wagnerish enough, to be sure, is the weird and mysterious finale; but all such thoughts are naught more than impressions; and the "magnificent work" that Mr. Perabo has found after serious and important study is doubtless a reality.

Perhaps the trio shows but few signs of a uniform plan throughout; still it ought not to be demanded that any artistic conventionalism—in other words conventionalism—should influence a musical character so capably independent (if not always creative) as Rubinstein.

The technical difficulties of the work are stupendous, and these are mostly confined to the pianoforte part, which Mr. Perabo played with great clearness and all due subordination.

He was the real and only Perabo, indeed, in his piquant and winsome rendering of the quasi-berceuse with which the moderato con moto is interpolated. Of Mr. Kneisel and his associates it would seem supererogatory to say more than that both the Cherubini and Beethoven were superbly well played. Let the Cherubini quartet be repeated. It was, doubtless, as great a novelty as the Rubinstein "Trio" to a majority of the Kneisel Quartet's patrons. Thanks, gentlemen, for your liberal "cuts" in the Rubinstein. The work is too long, albeit its lengths are "heavenly."

C. L. Capen

Mrs. Cleveland compromised on American champagne.

There can be a sting in a soft answer. Witness the case of Oliver Herford, poet, story-teller and artist. He received lately an unpleasant, spiteful letter. Did he sulk in reply, with a surly "Yours, etc.?" Not a bit of it. What could be more courteous than his final flourish:

"O—be—d—lently, O. Herford."

By what process of calculation did the West End Company arrive at 149 as the proper number of cars to heat? One hundred and fifty is perhaps too conventional a number, or the company did not propose to make a hog of itself just for one car.

The war of the tenors will begin next week in New York. De Reszke opens the battle as Romeo and Tamagno will answer fire as Arnold, who declares on sundry occasions that Mathilde is the idol of his soul. The outcome of the engagement is by no means assured. De Reszke is game but no chicken, and Tamagno, who was not in condition when he visited Boston, is that rare bird, a true heroic tenor, not a boosted haritone. As regards possible re-creation, honors will be easy. The Pole can accuse Tamagno of washing his tenor's socks to save a few cents, and the Italian will find De Reszke's stock farm food for jesting.

Portraits of Sybil Sanderson are getting to be as thick as blackberries in their season. The illustrated journals accentuate the force of the pictures by saying in print that Miss Sanderson is beautiful, which leads Mr. W. J. Henderson of the fine Italian hand to remark, "This seems to be a superfluous bit of information, for the photographs give proof that Miss Sanderson has no intention of concealing any of her beauty."

A country storekeeper in this State received lately this encouraging reply from an old lady whose bill had long remained unpaid: "Don't worry about my bill Mr. —. I'll owe you forever before I'll cheat you out of it."

It appears that the final word about the late Tsar has been spoken by Mr. Stuart Cumberland, mind-reader in ordinary to pontificaldom. "Among the many crowned heads," says this deep thinker, "with whom have had the honor of being brought into contact, his Majesty Alexander III., as a subject for my experiments, formed the most interesting psychological study."

There are certain eminently worthy people in England who advocate, in all reverence, the re-writing of the Bible, that archaisms may be changed into the language of today. It is to be hoped that the ideos scheme will not be carried out.

If they persist we may expect such versions of familiar verses as "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled street car, a raging appetite and anger therewith."

Some say this is the time of Indian summer. The red man would need an overcoat to thoroughly enjoy it.

The thought of Heine's statue rejected by cities of Germany shows that Philistinism still rules in German Town Councils. Have the poet's friends tried Goettingen, described by him as "a beautiful city, seen to best advantage by a turned back?"

"Chopin without dispute the Tennyson of the piano." Better the Poe or the Baudelaire. Brahms, of course, is the Browning. Many a modern composer might be likened to the late Mr. Tupper.

Every lover of humanity is radiant with joy at the thought of Mr. Dana's delight in "Tribby," which brings surcease of electionary sorrow.

There are no children in the village stories of New England, says Autolycus. "A baby is introduced for the sake of the emotion of some grown-up person—generally one of the spinsters so customary in that little fiction; but children for their own sakes, as Victor Hugo and George Eliot had them, are not there."

Here is a choice specimen of torpid liverism in literature, and it is in a review (Pall Mall Gazette) of "The Yellow Book," which is still a stumbling block to many. "As for the 'art' (again may we be forgiven) Mr. Beardsley, yellowest of them all, convinces us that he is by nature and intention a Presbyterian, for he successfully dodges the specially Presbyterian commandment, and makes to himself graven—no, processed—images, which are not the likeness of anything that is in the earth, nor in the water below the earth, nor in the firmament that is above the earth. He has the prudish instinct that gloats upon the festering lily and noses after loathsomeness as some men strive after virtue." Now, let us all await cheerfully Mr. Beardsley's Portrait of an English Reviewer.

The Pall Mall Gazette has just heard of the success of the three-color process. Its account may be of interest to many who now wonder. "The process consists in photographing any picture or natural object in such a way as to produce three different plates, which represent respectively the red, yellow and blue rays reflected from the object. The analysis is scientifically perfect, and the synthesis is effected by printing the blocks obtained from the three photographs upon one another, using one of the primary colors for the pigment in each case. The results are astonishing, and effects which hitherto were scarcely obtainable with 12 or 14 printings can now be produced from three blocks. Pictures produced by 'colotype' have already given almost perfect results, and line blocks suitable for ordinary typographic printing are now being produced with great success. It will soon be almost as easy to produce illustrations, not only colored, but correctly colored, as to produce them in black and white." Colotype is a thin plate or sheet of gelatine, the sensitized surface of which has been etched by the action of the actinic rays, so that it can be printed from. The word is also used for the print or the impression, and the process.

GLADSTONE AT PLAY.

That at an advanced age Mr. Gladstone snuses himself by translating the odes of Horace is not only a proof of remarkable mental activity and versatility, it is another instance of the attention paid by English statesmen to the cultivation of the classics. Perhaps it is true that Latin is not in these days often quoted in the House of Commons, and that if a member were to elinch his argument with a Greek verse he would run the chance of ironical or jeering interruption, but if the custom has fallen into neglect, there is no legislative body in the world where a quotation from a classical author of Rome or Greece would be understood by so many. There was a time in Parliament when the dead languages enlivened repartee, broadened the argument, added force or pathos to an appeal. Look over the books of selections of British eloquence. Does Lord Chatham

speak on the question of removing the from Boston? He borrows from Virgil Lord Mansfield, surrounded by a mob in the Court of the King's Bench, used a shield forged by Cicero. Burke was a walking dictionary of quotations. Fox, Pitt, Brougham—not only such orators, but men of humble reputation turned readily to the ancients for aid and counsel. No doubt these verses were sometimes lugged in by the heels. No doubt that at times the display of scholarship was superficial and perfunctory. No doubt there was good reason for the irritability as well as the critical judgment of Mortimer Collins when he extolled Catullus at the expense of "that philosophic, prosaic, metre-manufacturing Horace, who was evidently born to be quoted in the English House of Commons."

How often is a Latin quotation heard in Congressional debate, and how many would understand it? Oratory as known to us before the Civil War is a lost art, and it is as well that the chief points of an American speaker should be made in the language native to him. But in school and college the tendency to abandon the close study of Latin is to be deplored. No matter how speedily the intimate knowledge slips away in the care and the rush of a professional or business life, the drill in translation is of incalculable benefit in enlarging and enriching an English vocabulary, and in aiding in happy choice of phraseology. No English school-boy is surprised to learn of the fruits of Mr. Gladstone's leisure. He himself is most soundly grounded in Latin versification. But what American student would believe the report that Senator Gorman, or Senator Hill, or Gov.-elect Morton was at work on an English version of the epigrams of Martial or the Agricola of Tacitus?

As for the merits of Mr. Gladstone's translation, that is another matter. He states in his preface that "without compression, a translation from Horace, whatever his other merits may be, ceases to be Horatian; ceases, that is, to represent the original." He believes that "the translator from Horace should both claim and exercise the largest possible freedom in varying his metres, so as to adapt them in each case to the original with which he has to deal." These propositions will be disputed. Is compression the crowning glory of a translation? Do you prefer this literal sentence of Apuleius, "They strip off all their garments, they remove their cloaks" to the Elizabethan version of Adlington, "Howe'er there be divers that will cast off their party-lets, collars, habiliments, fronts, cornets, and krippens"? Or take the 33th ode of the 1st book of Horace? Mr. Gladstone thus fashions the first seven lines:

"Off with Persian gear, I hate it.
Hate the wreaths with lime bark bound.
Care not where the latest roses
Linger on the ground."

Is not the version in prose by Lonsdale and Lee at the same time more literal and more poetical:

"Boy, I detest a Persian sumptuousness;
wreaths twined with bark of linden are distasteful; care not to search in what spot perchance may linger the late-blowing rose." And Horatian in its spirit is the famous imitation by Thackeray, beginning,

"Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is,—
I hate all your Frenchified fuss."

This is not the suitable place, however, to discuss the merits of Mr. Gladstone's translation. It is enough to say that while the version may not be to him a poet's

crown, it is another proof of his great mental virility.

MUSIC.

"Gaudeamus," a Song-Cyclus, Sung by Mr. Max Heinrich.

A concert was given last evening in Steinert Hall by Messrs. Max Heinrich, Roth and Arthur Whiting. The program included "Gaudeamus," 12 songs by Adolph Jensen (op. 40), to poems by Scheffel, and Grieg's sonata, op. 13, for violin and piano.

This cyclus was sung by Mr. Heinrich April 15 of this year. Few then knew that he proposed to sing the songs, for he announced his intention in a manner that was almost stealthy. There was then a slim attendance. The next day Bostonians, or to speak by the card, "Chers Bostoniens," were told, as they read at the tea table, that they had lost an opportunity of a lifetime. The sorrowing musician or lover of music then felt as if he had missed the sight of an extraordinary meteoric display, a sudden and destructive popular uprising, an earthquake at a reasonably safe distance, or the assassination of a pianist at his instrument by an infuriated lover of the composer who was maltreated. The more sensitive wore sack cloth for a week and confined themselves to a diet of roots and herbs.

Now are these songs so utterly miffick, yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping?

If the wisdom of the ancients is not a vain and foolish thing, these songs should be dear to musicians, for they are in praise of wine. And what do the ancients say?

It is the key of the cellar that tunes the voice.
The cock crows best when his throat is wet.
When the bagpipe is full it sounds the best.
After drinking, you wish to sing; after singing,
you wish to drink.
Drink sometimes, O beginner, with your comrades;
for as you catch fish with a hook, so you can gain a musician's friendship with a full glass.
"There's no dithyramb," roars Epicharmus,
"if you drink water."

Of course the moderns have changed all this. Still a jolly drinking song is almost always appreciated if it is roundly trotted. But a cyclus of songs that extol potatoes pot-deep is too much of a good thing, unless the ditties are roared lustily in a cellar thick with smoke to the clinking of glasses and the crashing of mugs, when the sentiment is more to the point than tone production or finish of phrasing.

These songs by Scheffel and Jensen are a glorification of drinking. Students, the prophet at Ascalon, monks, Dr. Faust, parson, dwarf, physician, jurist, Lord of Rodenstein, all drink away their health or possessions. And by the end of an hour this eulogy of the quenching of inordinate thirst becomes monotonous, or would become monotonous if Rodenstein's songs, which are the last numbers, were not musically the most attractive. The first six, with the exception of the "Old Assyrian Song," are neither conspicuous for melodic beauty nor for characteristic, rollicking expression. Everywhere there are proofs of earnest labor and sound scholarship. But the conviviality seems theoretical, pedantic. There is little moist, warm imagination. The composer does not sing with wine-stained lips. The cockles of his heart, when tested by the jagometer, are at the best lukewarm. There is more glow, more good fellowship in Clay's "Gipsy John," which Mr. Heinrich sings so delightfully, than in this whole carefully elaborated cyclus.

Mr. Heinrich prefaced his delivery of the songs by explaining them in an informal and humorous manner. He sang them *con amore*, and with a conviction that might induce a most rigid Prohibitionist to question the dry reasonableness of his cause.

The sonata by Grieg was chosen possibly with symbolic purpose. It is as dry as the herring that provokes the thirst of a jaded reveler. Mr. Roth's tone was sympathetically dry, and the performance did not divert attention from the intrinsic barrenness of the composition.

PHILIP HALE

Cassius Marcellus Clay now addresses his son "EM tu Brute?"

"Under no consideration will Yale play with the University of Pennsylvania. Old sores remain unhealed." And it looks as though the University of P. was in excellent condition to inflict new ones.

Portions of the libretto of "The Devil's Deputy" must have been written by a press agent. Witness the line, "He received an ovation after the rendition of his song."

Mr. Higginson has spoken. "So long as the old hall stands without danger of alteration or removal on account of rapid transit schemes or any other cause, the plan for a new hall is not likely to be pushed." One of these causes, of course, may be fire, which may consume the building and roast a thoroughly "representative, cultured and enthusiastic audience." The present Music Hall is bleak, barren, hard to ventilate or an aid to pneumonia, uncomfortable, and without any conveniences.

But no one should fret or be moved to anger. "The model of the new Music Hall is still in possession of the committee and is stored in this city." By the exertion of proper influence, no doubt one can console himself by gazing lovingly at this model of the ideal hall with ambulatories, baignoires, enafodias, emissaria, practical coat racks and umbrella stands.

Gov. Waité is irrepressible. It was only the other day that he was represented as cowed, abashed, terrified, quivering and slinking under the whips and slings of Populist oburgation. Here he is, as pleased as Punch, with his talk about "the soil and the bowels of the earth" and "withering monopoly."

After all, you should not blame the people of Marlboro Street for not hankering after the introduction of electric cars. It's a pleasure nowadays to be borne along easily by an old fashioned horse car without the racking and the jarring due to the motorman's miscalculation of the strength and the quality of the juice. "Suaviter in modo" should be painted on each lever. Then, too, there should be a training school for motormen, with real cars provided with dummy passengers.

A letter from London informs the palpitating public that Paris "applauds a mediocre representation" of Verdi's "Otello." Now all the other critics say the performance was superb. Verdi himself was delighted beyond measure. But stein critic as he is, he is probably not as exacting as "Max Elliot." Max, Max, stick to your Dukes, and your Earls, and your untitled people who make a sensation for a day.

A local contemporary has discovered that there are women in Boston who shampoo their hair perhaps once a month, and it beats the drum of exultation. It does not give the derivation of the word itself, but it declares solemnly that "the shampoo, with its dashes of hot and cold water, the thorough manipulation of the head, the toning of the scalp, the quick and effectual process of drying, is most beneficial." Our hustling friend is not weary in well-doing. Essays on chiropody and depilation are even now preparing.

These tenders are shy creatures. De Resake touches the pier with the exclamation, "I promise that the American public shall see something new in my Tristan."

They tell many stories in England about the late Father Healy, parish priest of Killiney, and a good priest, too, who might have stepped out of one of Lever's novels. Mr. Dalfour once asked him if he was as much hated in Ireland as the journals claimed. "If they only hated the devil," said the Father, "half as much as they hate you, there would be no work left for us to do." Once he sent a sort of Mr. Malaprop to England to buy him a horse. The man came back saying, "I didn't buy him because he had a touch of the vernacular." "Then you should have bought him," said Father Healy, "for he must have been a lineal descendant of Balaam's ass." "I hear you're such a funny man, Father Healy. Do say something funny," said a gushing young lady some dozen times. "Well, I think you're a very nice girl, my dear. Isn't that funny?"

The swell horses at the New York show look curiously at the human beings in the stalls. Altogether it is an extremely aristocratic affair. There is not a horse present that is unprovided with a pedigree.

There is row decadent cookery. The artist reads Poe and tries the Bizarre, that is to say, he makes a curious arrangement in pork and strawberries, with a sauce containing beer. But let the artist speak, as reported in an English journal: "Then I produced some Nocturnes in imitation of Mr. Whistler, with mushrooms, truffles, grilled meat, pickled walnuts, black pudding, French plums, porter—a dinner in soft velvety black, eaten in a starlight of small scattered candles. That, too, led to a resignation. Art will ever demand its martyrs. The awful many will never understand. For dinners they love harmless dishes that are forgotten as they are eaten. My dinners stick in the memory."

12215.94
We must cross the Atlantic to discover the customs and the manners of this town. The London Daily News assures its readers that "literary lads" of Boston chew gum while reading papers to the various societies. "On the other hand, lecturers complain that the view from the platform of a whole audience diligently chewing gum," with the attendant facial distortions, is most distracting.

It seems that a music school in Boston employs a dramatic censor, who tells the female pupils what plays may be seen without bringing the blush of shame to the cheek. "She in turn is guided almost solely by the reports of the critics." Pray, how does she finally arrive at a decision? By throwing dice? Or by pulling straws?

A Frenchman who has been investigating the favorite tipples of famous men says that Byron drank port. The poet may have drunk it, but only on the side. Gin was his favorite beverage. This inspired Thackeray's sneer: "Think of 'filling high a cup of Samian wine'; small beer is nectar compared to it, and Byron himself always drank gin. That man never wrote from his heart. He got up rapture and enthusiasm with an eye to the public."

"Tween Martinmas and Yule
Water's wine in every pool.

Vertical penmanship and perpendicular luncheon in schools excite discussion. There is no apparent need of immediate excitement over the former, but the question of proper luncheon for children is a serious one. All mothers are not likely to agree to the proposition that a "philanthropic enterprise" will necessarily administer safely to young stomachs, but it must be remembered on the other hand that there will be no jurisdiction over lunches brought from home. Whether a school committee has any legal right to make a deal with a public kitchen remains to be determined.

An amateur decadent in town gave this as an example of the extreme Philistinism that asks of art, "What is it for?" He saw once in Italy an excursion party of "young misses" standing before the superb Venus of Tiphna. And now, Mr. Something-or-other, call one, addressing the leader of the flock, "What is this to teach us?"

No one need be alarmed by the reports concerning the ignition of wooden stuffs by an independent electric lamp. The safety of such a lamp was shown in the early days of its invention by a lecturer, who broke it in a shower of gunpowder. An Austrian has discovered that the heat given by this lamp will take the sulphur out from gunpowder, but will not cause explosion. Explosives did not go off even when the temperature was 215 degrees.

Mr. George W. Vanderbilt will signalize his entry into active social life by giving a concert at his house. Cortland Palmer "will play a concerto or two, as well as a few piano solos." This will indeed be a serious event.

Thomas Hardy has changed the title of his new novel from "The Simpletons" to "Hearts Insurgent." The former title was dangerously near Reade's "A Simpleton;" and the latter is not without affectation. By the way, why has Hardy refrained from publishing in book form that strange story of a temperament which appeared in a London weekly journal immediately after "Tess?" 'Twas all about a young man who courted a girl and late in life wooed her granddaughter.

Some have used in their protest against soft coal the old theory, often advanced in the eighteenth century, that the frequency of suicide in England was occasioned in a great measure by the stormy and unequal climate and the use of coal for wood. But in the latter part of that century when suicide happened oftener in Geneva in proportion to the number of inhabitants than in England, there was no such fuel in the Swiss town.

Gen. Clay says he loves his 14-year-old wife "better than any woman on earth. She is a good cook." Here is another instance of the old adage that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

The late Col. McCaull was the means of furnishing the public with much genuine amusement. His latest venture came to an abrupt ending, but there was a time when his name was a guarantee of an excellent performance.

Those who believe that consumption, insanity and a stunted population are all due to tobacco must welcome the invention of a Mr. Gates of Chicago. You put the cigar or its wicked little brother into a holder with a twist. You draw a breath; a bag collapses, and the smoke not entering the mouth is sucked through and ejected at an opening below the nose. Such smoking will amuse infants, and is preferred by some to sweet-fern or rattan.

According to a paper read at the American Ornithologists' Union, the swallow is a bird of sober habits, who never feels the need of night air or a walk 'round the block just before sleep. One swallow may be a bird of limited capacity, since he cannot make a summer, but he is never found dead at the foot of a light house, as are warblers and other migrants of loose behavior.

To J. G. D.: You question the spelling "Sybil." If Miss Sanderson prefers to spell her name with a "y" in the first syllable, and is thus known in the operatic world, she is her own authority.

12216-94
The news from the Horse Show still continues to be of rare interest to all sports and fanciers. A local contemporary gives the following points that are invaluable to thoughtful lovers of the race: "The most strikingly handsome woman was Mrs. —, who has lost flesh and gained in distinction." No mention of condition powders or drenching. "The lovely sisters, Mrs. — and Mrs. —, attracted much attention. The corsage in each case was relieved so as to give a touch of individuality." This span is driven without use of the curb, and the harnesses are of the lightest. "A milky blue silk corsage, garnished with matchless lace, was chosen by Mrs. —, who is renewing the beauty that made her famous." We do not approve of such foppery and masquerading. Nothing is more beautiful than a glossy, well-groomed, natural coat.

This is the anniversary of the death (1850) of George Wombwell, whose delight was in owning menageries. At the time of his death a good panther was worth \$500. Hyenas ranged from \$150 to \$200 each, zebras were quoted at from \$750 to \$1000, and a tiger in fair condition brought about \$1000.

So 500 representative citizens of Chicago contend that its population "is not less than 2,000,000; it must never be allowed to get below that figure," and Chicago will become the leading city of the world. At a public dinner these sentiments were adopted as the guiding motive of life, and there was uproarious tumult of hewgag, horn and psalter. Now that the dinner is over and the squeals of joy are less noisy, the Chicagoans might with advantage read slowly to themselves the piece once dear to school boys, "What constitutes a State?" Then they should ponder the moral condition of the city, its government and the character of its officials. Concord, Mass., is greater than Pekin. There is something in this world besides pork and profits. Nor is it simply a matter of counting houses. The great question is, "Who are in the houses?"

On the night of Nov. 16, 1823, Dr. Thomas Forster observed a colored discoid halo about the moon. There were six concentric circles; the first dull white, then these were the colors: Orange, violet, crimson, green, vermilion. But no one knows where the learned doctor had been that evening, or how he had prepared himself for scientific observation, or whether the next morning he had a fleeting vision of the blue monkey that is said to sit, chattering and grimacing, on the foot-board.

The train robbery in the Indian Territory was realistic enough for a howling melodrama: A lanky bandit, with red whiskers, considerable profanity and a fat passenger addressed humorously as "Here you big duck."

Japan demands \$360,000,000 from China as indemnity. This suggests problems for clever little children with commercial instincts. If the sum were to be paid by Chinamen in America, how many collars would it take at two cents apiece to pay the bill? Or, if Li Hung Chang were obliged by the Emperor to pay the bill in person, how many years would it take him, provided that the soap and other necessities and conveniences were of first quality?

The Apollo threw away its opportunity for gaining foreign distinction and imperial decorations. Mr. Lang will not wear the Iron Cross this season. For the first performance in this country of Kaiser Wilhelm's male-part song "Sang an Aegir" was by the Arlon of New York last Sunday night. The Apollo could easily have prepared it for an early, extra concert, as the music is of the simplest kind. One critic remarks that the Emperor's "characteristics, such as we know them, are found therein." This Orphic saying admits of individual interpretation.

Mr. E. A. MacDowell of Boston and Richard Strauss enjoy the honor of standing in the relation of godfather to the new-born child of Mr. and Mrs. D'Albert. Will they compose cradle songs for the little one?

It appears that the average age of 50 famous male singers was 62 years, and of 50 female singers 57. Judging from the operatic ballet as it is known in America, the average is much higher.

The tragedy in Nashville seems to be the result of disappointed feeling in politics. Or as the assassin put it: "A man can't live in the same climate with me and do me dirt like that."

"Anson said he could not make out how a little fellow like Duffy could beat him in batting." Goliath might have wondered thus at David.

To N. S.—You say that you object to the word "electrolier," which you found this week in the description of a theatre. The word, however, is at least a dozen years old. The ending is arbitrarily adopted from chandelier, as is the case with "gaseller." We agree with you in this: the two words are of vile compounding. As long as "chandelier," a gray-haired visitor from France, means "an ornamental branched support or frame to hold a number of lights (originally candles) usually hung from the roof or ceiling," why should it not include electric lights, or lights fed from cucumbers or potatoes, as well as candles and gas? In French slang "chandelier" means the nose of the human face.

12217/94
There is a world of suggestion in this simple statement of Sam'l of Posen Curtis: "Mr. Duncan Harrison had been traveling with John L. Sullivan and had hurt his jaw, or something of the sort."

It looks as though there would be a great anti-Germanic uprising. Emperor William has just finished an opera.

"Cause for joy at Yale" is the headline. And what is the cause? A great endowment? The discovery of a planet? Has the circle been squared? Is there a new and sure solution of "Aelius Lamia?" Such intellectual triumphs would excite only moderate rapture. Capt. Hinkey actually praised the eleven. Therefore do the Yalensians sing praises with the timbrel and harp; therefore do they sing aloud upon their beds.

Yet there are many pleasing mathematical problems suggested by foot ball. If Harvard is to Brown as 15 to 0 and Yale is to Brown as 12 is to 0, what will Harvard be to Yale, would be comparatively simple, if Yale did not have an unpleasant fashion of turning the jack from the bottom of the pack in the critical, heart-thumping, throat-choking moment.

That discussion about club-life in Boston was indeed interesting. Gov. Greenhalge said one question was, "What part in the drama of life is the club member going to perform." Well, the member of the average club has infinite opportunity for cultivating the art of kicking, the indispensable accomplishment of a good citizen.

Lieut. Gov. Wolcott in this same discussion referred to the Mermal Tavern frequented by Beaumont and Fletcher, Shakspeare and Ben Jonson; but there is a vast difference between the tavern and the club. The former, alas, is as extinct as the dodo. George Moore well said that when the club superseded the tavern all literary intercourse ceased. "Literary clubs have been founded, and their leather arm chairs have begotten Mr. Gosse; but the tavern gave the world Villon and Marlowe. Nor is this to be wondered at. What is wanted is enthusiasm and devil-may-careism; and the very aspect of a tavern is a snort of defiance at the hearth, the leather arm chairs are so many salaams to it."

The respectability and the conventionality of a Boston club are apt to breed mutual self-admiration among literary men. Every author is a hero to his neighbor. And there

are good natured members who play willingly the part of every man's Boswell. In the tavern there was more rude shattering of idols, a keener examination of claims to literary greatness.

Ysaye, the violinist, may well pray to be delivered from his managers. Ignorant of music, they are doing their best to make a great artist ridiculous.

At a late meeting of the School Committee it was asked bitterly if a dish of beans was a suitable luncheon for a little, tender Boston child. Let us consult the wisdom of the ancients, as interpreted by Leland in "Etruscan Roman Remains." There was a very old Roman minor goddess known as Carna. Some think she strengthened the heart and entrails. Others call her Cardea, a goddess of the door-hinges. Now, the dish of pork and beans was sacred to her; it was eaten in her honor on June 1st. And Leland remarks: "This fact alone would convince any native of Boston that she must have been the most genial, humane and aesthetic spirit in existence—and I am not sure that, if a copy of this work should ever find its way to the Hub, the modern Athenians will not erect a church or temple to her, unless, indeed, they have one already, for there are few things which they do not know, and nothing which they have not tried in the way of religion." He says, furthermore, "Pork and beans—probably baked—was an Athenian dish, associated with the deepest mythological mysteries." And shall this sacred dish, dear to the fathers, be taboo to the children? Perish the thought! Let there be sacrifices continually to Carna! Let there be a statue to her—of course in Copley Square.

Speaking of pork, here is a pleasing extract from an English sassiety-journal: "Lady Clanmorris, who, among other things, is an excellent violinist, is as devoted to sport as her husband." While at one time making a cruise in the Sunbeam with her husband and Lord Brassey, she had some good pig-sticking in Morocco, and brought home with her a fine boar's head, the prize of her own spear."

To N. K. M.: Richardson's definition of a "profession" is "the declaring openly or publicly any art or science or the practice or teaching of any art or science." Business, trade, profession, art are synonymous in the sense of a calling, for the purpose of a livelihood. Crabb makes these distinctions: "Buying and selling of merchandise is inseparable from trade; but the exercise of one's knowledge and experience for purpose of gain constitutes a business; when learning or particular skill is required it is a profession; and when there is a peculiar exercise of art it is an art." He then adds, "Clergymen, medical or military men, follow a profession." But why does he omit lawyers and teachers of science? The terms profession and professor are today used loosely by many. Is the master of Sanscrit a professor? So is a corn doctor. Is medicine a profession. So is hair cutting. Do not forget that there are professors in hundreds who profess loudly; so perhaps they have a right to the title.

The Medical Press sounds the trump of warning against kissing, which, to quote its elegant English, is "intimately associated with the warmer passions of the heart." The kiss must go because it may transfer "pathogenic microbes." But there's many a brave fellow left who will gladly run this risk of zymotic disease.

Fresh and cumulative evidence has been found in France which practically settles the fact that the Man in the Iron Mask was Count Ereolo Mattioli, Secretary of Charles IV., Duke of Mantua, who proposed to sell the fortress of Casale to Louis XIV. and then betray the plot to the courts of Austria, Spain, Savoy, and the Venetian Republic. Hence the rage and the vengeance of the French monarch.

Conservative English journals poke fun at Gladstone's Horace. Here is an instance:

"Saw where golden Tiber stood
Back-holden on his Tuscan shore
And then on Vesta's fane his flood,
And Numa's Palace fiercely bore."

Here is the venerable statesman returning to 1870 and the Education act and the parsing lesson. Who bore? On whom bore? Bore what? Mr. Gladstone bore, the irreverent will exclaim."

NOTES.

The serious illness of Miss Alda Craigie (Creole Patti) necessitates the indefinite postponement of the concert announced to occur at the Grand Opera House tonight.

There is already a good demand for seats for the wage-earners' concerts given by the Cecilia. The concerts will be, as follows: Nov. 27, "Samson and Delilah," by Camille Saint-Saens; Jan. 16, miscellaneous concert; March 27, Brahms's "German Requiem;" May 1, miscellaneous.

For other musical news see page 13.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Random Thoughts Suggested by Flute Solo.

Words of Bitterness Blown Over the Atlantic

In Regard to the Question of Musical "Distinction."

The appearance of Mr. Molé as the solo player in Herolt's concerto for flute and orchestra recalls the glory and disgrace in which the flute player was held in ancient times. There may or there may not be a history of the flute from the time when it was played probably by the nose, as in the Society Islands, the Marquesas (see Herman Melville's description), and generally through Polynesia, "which is par excellence the home of the flute," to the death of Theobold Boehm, who revolutionized the instrument; but there is a great store of material for a study of the player himself, from the North American Indian who wooed his girl by the Winnebago courting flute, from the young Greek serenader—who heard these dreadful words, quoted by Aristænetus, "Why do you crack your cheeks with blowing your pipes under my windows? Don't you know, you goose, that a flute isn't the slightest use now-a-days without a reasonable supply of the 'ready' to back it up"—to the days of Taffanel, Andersen and Molé.

Now in Greece the glory of the flute-player was his disgrace. The lyre-player and the cithara-player were driven to the wall by these favorites of the people. And these same flute-players, dressed in long, flowing robes, with women's veils, and with straps strapped round their cheeks to support the muscles of the mouth, would ravish the ears. They were effeminate, they were mistaken easily for women. They would wear delicate Milesian slippers. Some of them were proud of saffron-colored gowns. The sums that they asked and received were vast. To many \$1000 for the day's performance was but a moderate price. They were welcome in society. They lived so extravagantly that we find in Suias the expression, "she lives the life of a flute-player."

Their names have been handed down, Ismenias, Antigenides—there's a long list of them, and one name is Philoxenus, who wished the neck of a crane that thereby he might take more pleasure in his meat, and his ease is considered carefully by Sir Thomas Browne in chapter xiv. of Book VII. of "Vulgar Errors," although the learned doctor speaks of this sensualist as an excellent musician, who desired the neck of a crane, not for any pleasure at meat, "but fancying thereby an advantage in singing or warbling, and dividing the notes in music."

And Rowbotham, who has collected enthusiastically the wisdom of the ancients, sums up the character of these flute players: Gluttons, epicures, haughty parasites, that lived at Kings' tables, as Dorion, for instance, who gormandized at the table of Dionysius of Syracuse; and some would boast their achievements in cookery. And Ismenias, when he would purchase a gorgeous jewel, and got it by accident at a lower price than it was worth, was angry with the man who sold it him so cheap and said, "You have disgraced the jewel."

Corrupt above all women were the female flute players, of whom Lamia was the chief, to whom the Athenians built a temple, and worshipped her alive as Venus.

And costly beyond belief were the flutes blown by impure lips. The wood was seasoned for years and years. There was great care taken in the time for cutting the reeds of which the flutes were made, which grew in a Boeotian lake. The flute of Ismenias cost \$3000, and there were rivals to it.

This is the way the flute was used at the banquets at Syracuse, when the potatoes were in royal wines, red, white and yellow, or the wines of Sybaris that ran in pipes, two miles or more, from the vineyards in the country to the city. Again it is Rowbotham that tells the tale, prompted by Plutarch. "For a great cup was filled with wine, and there was a flute-girl ready to give the sign when to begin. And when she began to play the king of the revel raised the cup to his lips, and it was passed round from hand to hand, and so contrived that the last man should have finished it when the flute came to an end of its tune."

Truly, the flute of antiquity that charmed and inflamed the senses must have been a very different instrument in quality of tone from the waterlogged tube of today. Venus moved to the sound of flutes. The silver oars of Cleopatra kept stroke to the tune of flutes. Flutes were heard at the incredible orgies in the Byzantine circus, where the future Empress Theodora won such fearful fame. The lover in Ausonius murmurs "your flute, it is that has won me." Ever in later days, they say Leonardo da Vinci employed "the velvety tone of flutes as a

kind of spell to get that pose of Mona Lisa's countenance in which a refined sensuality is the grand characteristic."

The invention of the treble flute in Egypt was synchronous with the deep national concern taken in the licentious revels of Iubastis; in Asiatic countries the inevitable instrument accompanied the distracting, brain-disturbing dance.

Pythagoras, as well as Plato, would banish the flute from town and village, "for it had something impudent and meretricious in its tone." And yet every man in Thebes could play the flute; indeed it was the Theban instrument.

Or would you hear of its use today in French slang. The interjection "Flut!" is the same as "shut up." The word stands also for a bottle of wine, a champagne glass, a beer glass, a syringe, a hospital attendant. The verb "fluter" is equivalent "to play on the German flute," to drink extravagantly; and it also means "to chatter without meaning," or "to send one about his business." The plural "flutes" is applied to pipe-stem legs. In the last century it meant an instrument of torture by which the fingers of the victim were crushed. "To tune his flutes" is to agree with one upon a plan. To be "of the wood of which flutes are made" is to be a weak, easily moulded fellow. "To play the flutes" is to run away at full speed. A "fluteur" is a drunkard.

In old English slang, a flute was the recorder of a corporation.

The Pall Mall Gazette reviewer, apropos of the first performance of "His Excellency" at the Lyric, thus speaks of Gilbert's librettos: "The expression of his humor is tough-fibred, even (sometimes) ponderously brutal. His invention can hardly be called abundant by his warmest admirers. In construction he has, despite an admirable eye for stage effects, very much to seek. But he differs from most or all other contemporary writers of comic libretti in that he possesses, or is not ashamed of confessing, an intellect. The crass imbecility and fatuousness of the ordinary comic opera are impossible to him; his humor is a little sledge-hammer way, but it is humor; his jokes have not always an agreeable savor, but they are jokes. If you are not always pleased with his fun, at least you can listen to it alertly, and are free from the unutterable melancholy which comic opera most often induces."

Mr. George Grossmith did not escape as easily. "We expected to find him," said the reviewer, "as the Governor, precisely the same as we had found him as a sorcerer, an Admiral, a General, a Mikado, a clown, and the rest of his parts, and we were not disappointed. He was a Governor imitat-

ing Mr. George Grossmith. He is not alone in depending on his idiosyncrasies for effect, but in his case they really do not amount to very much; a rather thin and very incisive voice and constant facial contortions are not the whole of his humor, but there is very little beside them."

There is a pianist coming across the Atlantic after all, and his name is Bernhard Stavenhagen. He was born in Greiz, 1862. He studied the piano under Rudorff, at Berlin, and in 1885 went to Welmar and became a "favorite pupil" of Liszt. He has played in Germany, Russia, Austria and England. This is his first visit to America. He, with the young 'cellist Jean Gerardy, will be first heard at an orchestral concert in New York Dec. 12.

Stavenhagen is said by those who have heard him to be a pianist not unlike Arthur Friedheim, massive, granitic. And mighty is the power with which he smites the shrieking keys.

It is a pleasure to find in England, the great nurse of oratorio, a man with courage enough to write as follows about "Eljah." Of course it is the reviewer for the Pall Mall Gazette.

"Of all the sacred works that have ever been composed there is none which suits so exactly the genius and character of the Royal Choral Society as 'Eljah,' performed by that august body last night at the Albert Hall, for the inauguration of its season. The 'Eljah' is a work of academic inspiration and the Royal Choral Society is eminently academic. Last night it produced as smooth and as satisfactory an interpretation of the work as Mendelssohn himself could have desired. * * * The performance, then, was an estimable one, and worthy of Sir Joseph Barnby's reputation. Orchestra and chorus were well drilled, after a military sort of fashion, and Mendelssohn hovered over all in a kind of glorified haze. Had Sir Joseph Barnby been conducting this society 48 years ago, it would have been for him, we are convinced, that Mendelssohn would have written 'Eljah.' For Sir Joseph Barnby—he, too—is in some sort an inspired professor."

In speaking of Jakobowski's "The Devil's Deputy" Tuesday morning, I used this phrase, "The other numbers are cheap and ordinary, utterly without distinction of any sort." A correspondent wishes to know what I mean by "distinction." Let me give him a homely example of "distinction" in music. We will not consider the characteristic piquancy and elegance of Delibes. Let us not examine into the characteristics of a comic opera by Lecocq, or Offenbach, or Strauss, who, all of them, have written works easily distinguishable on account of

...that was once whistled constantly
streets. You know the chorus:

...the chorus to O Grady,
...and I look to see a mortgage on my life;
He used to see me early every morning,
At night he saw his wife."
Or take, "I had \$15 in my inside pocket,"
words a music by Mr. Harry Kennedy,
the inventor of the just-quoted song.
Take that masterpiece, "Little Johnny
Dugan," with its sublime lines:
"Of course you know it wasn't right to do what
Dugan did."
To rob Mr. Cartley's home and be a burden to his
...
There must be compensation when the judgment
day comes."
If I was Johnny Dugan, I'd get him another
wife."

...these songs have a distinction that
to be found in any number of "The
Deputy." Each one has a decided
... The man hounded by O'Grady;
... who was foolish enough to call
end of Tammy Hall; Dan Mc-
who "left in the door" and "with-
provocation or a cause took a hold of
... these are living characters. They
... in suitable music the sentiments
... are natural to them, and the song
... the inevitable, the only expression
... As a result, these songs were at
... familiar to thousands, and familiarity
... not weakened their original strength.
"The Devil's Deputy," with the possible
... of the "Stuttering Song," in
... the delivery by Mr. Wilson wins the
... , pointless words are set to aimless,
... id music.

PHILIP HALE.

COMING CONCERTS.

Miss Sigrid Lunde will give a song recital
Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in Steinert
Hall. She will sing songs by Lassen,
Lars, Lago, Mozart, Schubert, Nevin,
Phippen, Mrs. Beach, Woolf, Gounod,
Rossini. Miss Mary Chandler will
give piano pieces by Von Westerhout, W. G.
and Chopin.
Florence P. Hartmann will give a
recital in Horticultural Hall, Tuesday
evening, with the assistance of Mr. Augusto
and the Kneisel Quartet. She will
sing by Buononcini, Carissimi, Doni-
rotoli, Riedel, Massenet and Rossini.
Kneisel Quartet will play Haydn's G
Quartet, op. 77; an andante in G
by Grieg, and Dvorak's F Major
t, op. 96.
Adamowski Quartet will give its first
concert in Chickering Hall, Wednesday
evening. This will be the program: Mo-
d Major Quartet, Chadwick's ro-
for violin and piano (MS first time);
Cesar Cui's C Minor Quartet, op. 45
(MS first time).
Boston Symphony Orchestra will give
concert at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge,
Friday night. The program will be as
Sgambati's first symphony; ballet
from Rubinstein's "Demon"; the
... to Auber's "La Part du Diable."
Molé will be the solo flute player in two
... from Benoit's concerto for flute
and orchestra.
Mr. Arthur Beresford, assisted by Mr.
Orman McLeod, will give a song recital
Union Hall, Friday evening, at 8.30
o'clock. He will sing songs by Buononcini,
Mozart, Handel, Schumann, Verdi, Mack-
enzie, Colyn, Mrs. Beach, Shield, W. G.
and Perlet, Pinsuti.
Mr. Emil Tippero, tenor, assisted by Mr.
Molé, Mr. Johns and Dr. Kelterborn, will
give a concert in Steinert Hall, Friday
evening.
The program of the Symphony rehearsal
concert Friday and Saturday will be as
follows: Overture, "Sappho," Goldmark
at time at these concerts; air, "Ocean,
My Mighty Monster," Weber; Symphony,
"We're de," Raff; air, "O, Sleep, Why Dost
Thou Leave Me?" Handel; symphonic poem,
"Preludes," Mrs. Elene B. Eaton will
be singer.
Gerard Russo's sixth annual concert will
be given at the Hollis Street Theatre Sun-
day evening, Nov. 25. The Verdi Quartet,
Mrs. Gerard Russo, soprano; Miss Lenna
Maire Howe, trombonist; Miss Maudie Cox,
soprano; Frank A. Kennedy, violinist;
George T. Martin, tenor; Edward W. Emer-
son, humorist; Harry B. McAdams, basso;
and T. Phelan, pianist and accompanist, and a grand
orchestra under the direction of C. W. Ben-
will take part.

SUNDAY CONCERTS.

...bands are distinguished for their
of classical compositions, and some
popular works. Sousa's is equally
... with both. Mr. Sousa has the
... of making up his programs
... , and he is thus enabled to
... varying moods and fancies of all
... . It will be a genuine treat for
... vers to listen to the following pro-
... t the concert to be given in the Bos-
... neatre this evening.
... , Tannhauser, Wagner
... at a Massquade, Larome-Foerster
... e 1890, "Air and Variations," Pryor
... Mr. Arthur W. Pryor.
... "A Musical Critic's Dream," Dix
... of the Children, Gillet
... "The Liberty Bells," Sousa
... Hungarian Rhapsody, Liszt
... Fantasia, Bonnard
... a 1890, "O Hall, I Greet
... Tannhauser, Wagner
... Francesca, Gauthier-Moyer
... "F de Aa" (new), Kunkel
... Tied Aa, "Lhengrin," Wagner
... .
... excellent program is offered at the
... rt to be given at Bethesda Hall, South
... on, tonight. In all there will be thir-
... n numbers. Mrs. Dr. Galvin will be
... in pleasing selections, as will Master
... n G. Jones, the boy soprano, Mr. For-
... er and Edmond T. Phelan, the humorist.
... The first Sunday concert at the Algonquin
... , this afternoon at 4 P. M., will be
... en by the Boston Instrumental Club, Mr.
... W. S. Brown, conductor.
... art form with orchestra) will be given
... the Cecilia Wednesday evening, the 28th.
... b will be assisted by Mrs. Julia Wy-
... Mr. Charles E. Davis and Mr. Hein-
... . The Vase Farrer's concert will
... . Sunday evening, the 27th, and the same

work will be performed with the same
assistance.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The review of last evening's Symphony
concert is in another column.
Mrs. Ada M. Benzing, contralto, has been
engaged by the Handel and Haydn to sing
at the Christmas performance of "The
Messiah."
Henri Marteau has been playing with
overwhelming success in Scandinavia.
Mr. A. J. Poperelow of St. Petersburg
has invented a method of teaching the
piano in one hour to anybody acquainted
with the Arabic numeral figures. The
student holds a gummed piece of paper on
which 85 numerals are printed, in large
type. After these figures are pasted to the
piano keys, a music book is used in which
all the notes are expressed by figures ar-
ranged vertically, and the tones thus ex-
pressed are struck out of the piano accord-
ing to the corresponding figures. Measures
are designated by dashes. Expression de-
pends on the player and the use of the
pedals. The inventor in his "Directions"
says "Play with whichever finger is most
convenient; when necessary, use the fingers
of both hands." He also adds in good faith,
"I am sure that by this method deaf mutes
can play any favorite piano piece."
"Rob Roy," the latest of De Koven and
Smith's operettas, will, in all likelihood, be
given in New York the remainder of the
season. If it is brought to Boston, it will
probably be given at the Boston Theatre.

MUSIC.

The Fifth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

This was the program of the Symphony
concert given under Mr. Paur last evening
in Music Hall:

Symphony, E flat, Mozart
Symphonic poem for flute and orchestra (first
time here), Benoit
Ballet-movement and Entr'acte from "Rosa-
munde," Schubert
Heroic march in B minor, No. 3, op. 40, Schu-
bert-Liszt

Overture, "La Part du Diable," Auber

Benoit is a composer little known in Bos-
ton, and yet there are some that regard
him as one of the most prominent of
musicians now living. A man of singular
sincerity and inexorable will, he has de-
voted himself to the task of making Flemish
music immortal, a task to which the ex-
traction of sunbeams from cucumbers would
be a holiday affair. Deeply indebted to the
German school, he thinks forsooth that by
writing music for Flemish texts and by
using Flemish words to indicate the de-
sired pace and expression, he thus con-
tributes to the glory of his race.

Little by him has been given in this city.
In New York he has a zealous disciple in
Mr. Frank Van der Stucken, who was his
pupil. Mr. Van der Stucken has endeavored
to repay a debt of gratitude and show his
unfeigned admiration by giving works of
Benoit for chorus as well as for orchestra.
These works excited respect as well as
curiosity to know more about this singular
musician. "Lucifer," a colossal affair for
chorus and orchestra, has been produced
in London, and it certainly is worthy of the
examination, at least, of the Cecilia. The
overture "Charlotte Corday" has a right
to a hearing in a symphony concert.

It is not at all likely that the flute con-
certo, introduced last evening for the pur-
pose of displaying the undoubted talent of
Mr. Charles Molé, gives one a just idea of
the musical equipment and imagination of
the composer. As many virtuosos pieces, it
was probably written on account of a
friend who was addicted to the flute, and,
as a rule, in carrying out such a friendly
intention, the composer must keep one eye
on the friend and one on the Muse. It
must be confessed that the concerto, as a
whole, did not leave an impression of
strength or beauty.

There were pleasing passages; there were
interesting bits of instrumentation; there
was a commendable absence of clap-trap,
of deliberate appeal to the unthinking; but
as a whole, the concerto seemed to be a
rather cumbersome machine built to carry the
flute-player aloft in a haze of glory. The
blaze, however, is to come from the player,
and not from the machine. The first move-
ment, "Will-o'-the-wisps," is the most in-
teresting, and it contains considerable
picturesque detail. It is most impressive
the sky-defying madenza is not in the
original score. The second movement,
"Melancholy," recalls irresistibly, but by
ironical contrast, the air "Away with
Melancholy," once dear to Mr. Swiveller.

There is in this movement a pleasing
use of the horn with the flute, and there
are striking passages for the cellos, but
the treatment of the subject "Melancholy"
is too realistic, and, as the part for the flute
is not particularly grateful, the movement
is, perhaps suitably, depressing. The finale
"Dance of Will-o'-the-wisps" is perfunctory
music in the main. All this jack-o'-lantern
business was better understood by a French-
man named Berlioz. This may be said, how-
ever, in behalf of the concerto—it errs on
the side of earnestness rather than frivol-
ity, and when one considers the mass of
rubbishy tootle-tootle-too that has been
written for the flute, one is inclined to re-
move the hat to Benoit.

The characteristics of Mr. Molé's playing
are well known to the musical public of
Paris, Berlin and Boston, and to praise
them at length at this late day would al-
most be an impertinence. An easy and
graceful master of all technical difficulties,
a musician of taste, skillful in phrasing on
account of his remarkable control of
breath, he is, indeed, an artist of high rank.
At times he is, perhaps, too anxious to ob-
tain enormous tone, and the instrument
which he uses does not always respond mu-
sically to the demands of his ambition. He
was most heartily applauded.

Although it may seem ungracious to say
so in view of this player's uncommon skill,
the place for the flute in a symphony con-
cert is in the orchestra, as one of many
instruments. As for that matter, a sym-
phony concert without a soloist—flute,
flute player, cellist, pianist or singer—is
more to be desired, is more thoroughly
rounded and complete than when the ele-
ment of individuality enters so strongly,
and in a word dominates.

...of the program do
...comment. The an-
...only gained by the fact
...as an andante, and not
...dragged out till it was turned into a
yawn-provoking adagio, as is too often the
case. The menuetto and the finale are still
delightful, but the symphony as a whole
must be ranked below the imperishable G
minor, and some of it now seems hopelessly
old-fashioned.

The selections from "Rosamunde" showed
to great advantage the body of wood-wind,
which has been strengthened by the intro-
duction of the new first bassoonist and first
clarinetist. The arrangement of the march
by Liszt is undoubtedly clever, but it is not
without insincerity, the besetting sin of
the Hungarian Monk. In this march the
kettle drum man again endeavored by dry
thumping to convince the audience that he
is obliged to play an inherently unmusical
instrument. Other drummers have been
heard in this city, and his earnest efforts
are, therefore, in vain.

It was a pleasure to hear an overture by
Auber, although the master of opera-
comique wrote other overtures that would
have revealed more fully his piquancy and
elegance. They say that Mr. Paur preferred
the seldom-used title "Carlo Broschi" be-
cause he objected to the presence of his
Satanic Majesty in the original title "La
Part du Diable." This is a case of remark-
able prudery. How, pray, would Mr. Paur
change the title of the "Mephisto" waltz?
And has he never heard Auber's opera in
Germany under the title of "Des Teufels
Anthell?"

Some may have wondered at the appear-
ance of such a light overture on a sym-
phony program. Our public is so accus-
tomed to great and ponderous, deep and
massive works that it should be educated
up to the enjoyment of that which is light
and sparkling. I hope the day will come
when Mr. Paur will have the courage to
conduct in the sight of the people a foot-
iciting, heart-rejoicing, sensuous waltz
of Johann Strauss.

PHILIP HALE

THE SAYING OF CORNELIA.

There are cracles of fashion who rejoice
in that men as a class are no longer fond of
gauds and jewels and golden chains; that
the Darwinian theory of selection does not
apply to the head of creation; for while the

male of a species is splendid and dazzling,
to impress favorably the female of his kind
—witness the peacock and the peahen—
man is a plain and simple animal com-
pared with woman, who from time im-
memorial has craved eagerly personal
adornment and sacrificed almost daily at
the shrine of fashion. To be sure, a man
from sentiment may be found wearing a
necklace with a locket or a bracelet, but he
keeps it carefully concealed, and if it is dis-
covered his mortification is genuine. To
wear jewels, to stiffen fingers with rings is
voted now effeminacy. In earlier days the
bravest were sumptuous in dress. A slight
favor was paid by the link of a golden
chain worn by the patron. Gone are these
chains and rings and pompous seals and
diamond-hilted swords and bejeweled snuff-
boxes. The museums have robbed the citi-
zens; or if such male ornaments are still
retained in families, they are under lock
and key, not thoroughly enjoyed in harm-
less public ostentation. When Mr. Dickens
was over here the gorgeousness of his waist
coats and the variety of his chains excited
fierce indignation, and women who wore
diamond ear-rings at the breakfast table
sneered at his taste.

Perhaps no one reads Renodaeus today.
He loved precious stones, "besides they
adorn Kings' crowns, grace the fingers,
enrich our household stuff, defend us from
enchancements, preserve health, cure dis-
eases, they drive away grief, cares, and
exhilarate the mind." Mr. Max Beerbohm,
who by letting down the fences of con-
ventionality puts up defences of cosmetics,
and George IV. might weave paradoxes
from this textual stuff. Thus, it is the duty
of a man to wear opals to show courage,
to defy augury. Hyacinth and topaz,
granatus and chrysolite, beryl and chel-
donius, carbuncle and chalcodony, emerald
and sapphire, pearl and ruby, sardonyx and
lapis lazuli—how the names glisten and
shine and twinkle and glow. To carry gems
loose in a pocket as you do a knife and a
latch key is to jeer at the chemistry of the
earth, and yet Biecher would play with
them thus, as a boy with jack-stones. To
carry them, but in a little box with velvety
compartments, is to suggest the drummer,
the pawn shop, or the lapidary's; you might
as well crush one of these precious stones
and drink it in viper's wine as a medica-
ment, a stomach jewel, an ornament to the
blood, a brain-ring or nerve-bracelet.

Malvollo was a gentleman, a noble thinker
concerning the soul, driven, no doubt, to
Puritanical excess by the reprehensible con-
duct of Sir Toby. When meditating the
punishment of that roisterer, how did he
plot his action on the judgment seat? "I
frown the while, and, perchance, wind up
my watch, or play with my—some rich
jewel." How dignified, how resting to the
nerves! As in a street car, how soothing
would be the application of snuff from some

list it. You note the brilliants. The box was given me by the Mayor for services in the famous Gas case." To stroke a plain watch chain is as vacuous a proceeding as to stroke the nose. What is a gold-sheathed penknife or a gold-tipped pencil case? A conventional attempt to ennoble that which is merely useful. The glory of an ornament is its utter lack of practical worth. Let your watch be a silver cased Waterbury, but your fingers should have an appalling splendor. Jewels of value would lead to the abolishment of the unmanly glove, and thus to economy. Jewels gladden the eye, they excite envy; while perfumes reflect on cleanliness and assail that more vulgar organ, the nose. Do you say that women have risen above such meretricious gauds and despised them? Do you quote Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi? But to what ending came those human jewels, dearer to her than rubles? Would the loss of a pearl necklace have so wrung her woman's heart?

Mayor-elect Strong is too busy a man to discriminate nicely between "will" and "shall." Probably the reporters did him an injustice. And after all, what they need in New York is a man who says "No."

Mr. Pitman of Oxford has a better memory than that attached to Bob Cook. He remembers that there is such a college as Harvard when he speaks of an international race.

As a college President Dr. McCosh was of the grand old line of scholars and divines. The ideal President of today is apparently a business manager.

MUSIC.

The First of the Sousa Band Concerts at the Boston Theatre.

The Boston Theatre was crowded last night with the admirers of Mr. John Philip Sousa, the eminent bandmaster, the composer of foot-exciting marches. And it is indeed an excellent band now under his control. In quality of tone, in precision, in observance of dynamic gradations, there is little to be desired. The program was ultra-popular. To be sure, the names of Liszt and Wagner were on the bill, but there were dances and marches without number, and, perhaps, the marches, particularly those by Sousa, pleased the musician as much as the amateur. The "Tannhauser" overture as played by such a band, is indeed a remarkable performance, but such arrangements are not as purely musical, as an honest jig or clog-dance with all the suggestions of the levee and the riotous roustabouts. Sluggish indeed is the blood of the man who does not involuntarily beat the floor with his foot when such a dance or a fiery march is given with all the dash and rhythmic sense for which Sousa is famous. The encore fiend was present in battalions and Mr. Sousa was too good-natured. The soloists were Mr. Pryor, a young man who performed wonderful feats on the slide-trombone, and Mrs. Francesca Moyer. The second of these popular concerts will be given next Sunday night at the Boston Theatre, and there will be an entire change of program.

Here is a delightful educational complication in Cincinnati. A critic of public schools proposes to lecture to school teachers on "How to Acquire the Art of Teaching." Meanwhile teachers whom he had criticised intend to call on him and demand an apology. Their motto is: "Teacher teach thyself."

was telegraphed as a surprising fact that the representatives of foreign Governments did not attend the dedication of the war memorial at Rio Janeiro. It would have been surprising if they had taken an active part in the proceedings. President Monroe's other name to them is Dennis.

Audiences have often shied at "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and horses down in Maine, it seems, jump at the very wagons of the show.

Mr. Foxhall Keene, the "best dressed man" at the Horse Show, a "picture," did not wear a chrysanthemum.

"Paul Bourget at Harvard." Would that his translator had studied English there, or, in fact, anywhere.

There are nine coaches on the Yale field. It takes nine coaches to make a half-back.

"The hour is freighted with responsibility," said Mr. Corbett of Ward 4. And it is indeed slow freight for the Democracy.

Mr. Szafranski has published under the title "Humors of the Reichstag" a few utterances of German Deputies. Now, many of them are solemnly dull. It was the Baron de Nordeck de Rabenau who said, "If I were to define bottled wines, I should say that all wines that are in bottles are bottled wines." Here are two instances of conscious humor. Herr von Schalscha remarked, "If you were to take 20 members of this Chamber, I do not think you could fix the limits of immorality." Dr. once asked, "Is there a more burning tion than that of cremation?"

After "the Yellow Aster" and "The G Carnation" comes "The Scarlet Poppy." There is a fashion in titles as in bonnets. Here is a title fashioned after the mode dear to novelists of the earlier years of this century: "Tonic and Teutonic, a Romance of a Brewery," by the author of "Colic and Bucolic, a Summer Idyl," and "Seen and Obscene, or the Adventures of Mr. Comstock."

Old Chimes has been quiet of late, but the other evening at the Porphyry Club, when the talk was of literary matters, he remarked aggressively that he was tired of Lamb, who was old and tough enough now to be called Mutton.

The N. Y. Sun in mellow philosophic mood assures a contemporary that there is much to see in the spectacle of life, "from the death of an Emperor to the swift oburgations of newsboys pitching pennies in an alley."

The Sun also remarks, "The Senate is not an asylum for campaign contributors." For "is not," read "should not be."

Cassius Marcellus Clay expects "to live to be an hundred years old." It is not unlikely that he already contemplates a third marriage.

The suitors of "Madeleine" are chiefly law-suitors.

There is a man in this town who is regarded by many as a reservoir of wisdom. How did he gain the reputation? Simply by listening patiently to any suggestion, developed train of thought, or argument, and finally saying slowly, "I don't quite agree with you." But the cause and the reasonableness of this limited disagreement are always left unknown quantities.

A well-known restaurant in Boston pays a delicate compliment to a New York confectioner by advertising as an edible, "Mallard Duck."

To J. G. D.:—The fact that follows Miss Sanderson in spelling "Sybil" still distresses you. You did not 'question' the spelling, pronounced it as rankly wrong. You singing woman in debasing the language. In another communication you said that the form "Sybil" was only used by silly women, certain newspapers and a vicious blunderer in literature. Let's see. now quote from a few books consulted hastily and at random. "For as a man prophesied is called a prophet, so a predicting woman is called a Sybil (Thomas Heywood's "Nine Books Concerning Women" 1624 p. 76). "Whereupon the Sybil's books were consulted" ("Livy faithfully done into English" 1686 p. 69). The 11th chapter of Book 5th of Sir Thomas Browne's "Vulgar Errors" is entitled "of the Pictures of the Sybils" (Bohn edition 1852 Vol. 2 page 38). "The Sybilline books were consulted" (Liddell's "History of Rome" 1865 p. 289). "Then I was reminded of the prediction of my Sybil" ("Etruscan Roman Remains" by Charles Godfrey Leland, 1892, page 44). See also Bayle's Dictionary, the ten-volume edition, article "Cassandra." Here is a famous instance, "It has all the contortions of the Sybil, without the inspiration" (Boswell's Life of Johnson, the 11th edition, N. Y., 1891, Vol. IV., p. 69).

There has been talk again about Bohemia, suggested, undoubtedly, by "Tribby," not Nodier's, but Du Maurier's. All the definitions of the enchanted land and its inhabitants are not as alluring as those by Thackeray and Boyle O'Reilly. Murger is this: "Bohemia is a term in the artistic life; it is the preface to the Academy, the hospital, or the morgue."

Still more sinister is the definition of a Bohemian by Delvaux. "A lazy fellow who uses up his sleeves, his time and his mind on the table of a cafe frequented by the literati. He believes in the eternity of youth, beauty and credit. One fine morning he wakes up, a consumptive in a hospital, or a swindler in jail." And it is Delvaux who defines Bohemia as "the hall of honor, glory and wealth, where sleeps—often for ever—a crowd of young people too lazy or too discouraged to break down the door of Fame's temple."

But Thackeray saw Bohemia with Kimmell, more optimistic eyes—witness his famous description of the tobacco-clouded country in "The Adventures of Philip." There is hardly room for this little district in Boston. The writer of natural Bohemian instincts is soon tamed after arrival, and the native Bostonian is so embarrassed by traditions that if he catches a glimpse of the delectable country it is for a moment and from the top of a family tree that often is as upas to any originality.

To Miss Guiney the exuberant praise of Bliss Carpan in the last Chap-Book is more than sheets of postage stamps.

Apocryphal of the Chap-Book, it seems as though Mr. John Sloan advances as a rival to Mr. Aubrey Beardsley. Pray, what are his unclothed man and woman doing on page 25? Are they caught in Saturn's belts, or are they victims of factory shafting?

MUSIC.

Song Recitals Given by Miss Lunde and Mrs. Hartmann.

Miss Sigrid Lunde, assisted by Miss Mary D. Chandler, gave a song recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. She sang songs by Lassen, Brahms, Schumann, Schubert, Nevin, Tosti, Phippen, Mrs. Beach, Wolf, Gounod, Delibes and Rossini.

Miss Lunde has improved in certain respects since her last appearance here, and she shows the results of patient study and capable instruction. Formerly she sang with a wild and misdirected enthusiasm that often awakened sympathy in spite of the hearer's consciousness of gross technical faults committed in his presence. Today she sings with greater artistic control. She has a keener sense of values. She understands that unbridled temperament is like a full-blooded horse without a bit. She now has a better understanding of the meaning of legato. Her phrasing is more intelligent. Her passion is no longer explosive whooping. Her attack is cleaner, more direct. The detail is more elaborated. There is more intelligence in the conception of the composer's idea.

On the other hand, her intonation was often impure; sometimes distressingly false. Nevin's "Nocturne" did not show her voice to advantage, and the "Waltz" by Rossini is to her a foreign thing. Mozart's "Voi che Sapete" was nervously treated by singer and accompanist.

Miss Chandler played pieces by Bach, W. G. Smith and Chopin. The scherzo by Chopin is beyond her present ability.

Mrs. Florence Pierron Hartmann, assisted by the Kneisel Quartet and Mr. Rotoli, gave a concert last evening in Horticultural Hall. Mrs. Hartmann sang airs by Buononcini and Carissimi, and they were without effect. Her intonation was not always pure, her upper tones were without body, and she sang generally without conviction. Nor did she fare much better in Donizetti's "O Mio Fernando." The other selections by Rotoli, Riedel, Massenet and Rossini (air from "Cenerentola") either gave her a more favorable opportunity for the display of her best points, or she had her voice more under control.

The voice in the lower and the middle register is not without a sombre beauty, but the highest tones are fuzzy and shrill, and she takes them with effort. In many ways she shows the results of careful instruction, and she is undoubtedly of a musical nature. In a polyglot program she sang one song in English, and in this her enunciation was not always distinct. A program of simpler selections would have given more genuine pleasure to the hearer, and would in all likelihood have made a more favorable impression on him.

The Kneisel Quartet played selections from Haydn's G major quartet, Dvorak's F major quartet, and the andante from Greig's G minor quartet with the care and the taste that characterize the performances of these admirable ensemble players.

PHILIP HALE.

RUBINSTEIN.

The death of Anton Rubinstein removes a mighty figure from the musical world, and yet it does not provoke the feeling of irreparable musical loss such as was caused by the death of Mozart, Schubert or Bizet, for there is no doubt but that the great Russian had said in music all that was within him of power, beauty and originality. He was born Nov. 16, 1829—not Nov. 30, 1820, as is often stated—and his sixty-five years were crowned with laurel long before he felt the heart stroke.

It will be as a pianist that he will be longest and best remembered, and traditions of the surprising virtuoso will outstrip the printed pages of his compositions in the race to the enduring temple of Fame. Yet did he itch and burn with desire to be known as a great composer. He undoubtedly had talent, and at times he showed traces of absolute genius. He was fluent, too fluent. He was versatile, and, again, too versatile. The first movements of his chamber and orchestral music are often most admirable, almost always interesting; but from there on it seems too often as though the composer already desired to begin another work; as though after the exposition and development of his first ideas he cared little as to what became of the following movements; and so

there is generally a deeper end of interest. So, too, is the case with his opera, "Feramors." Or take his other operas, profane or sacred. There are gems in nearly all of them. But "The Demon" and "Feramors" will be known by the exquisite ballet music long after they had vanished from the stage. With great facility, he lacked concentration. With a critical sense keenly developed in judging of others—witness the little volume that provoked so many by its truthfulness or its paradoxes—he was apparently unable to stand apart from his own work and examine it.

In the catalogue a Russian, deeply indebted to the generosity of the Princess Helene, yet he is not acknowledged by the modern Russian school as distinctively Russian in his music. He was too "cosmopolitan." Yet are there songs by him—and in his songs did his talent for composition rise to its full height—that breathe the wildness and the melancholy and the quiet beauty and the calm submission to the inevitable that characterize so much of Russian literature and folk-song.

Not by his operas, not by his symphonies, concertos, and trios, will Rubinstein go down safely to posterity. Songs by him will be sung as long as there are lovers, sad or joyous. His ballet music, with exotic coloring and pleasing barbaric monotony, will long delight all hearers of true taste. He will live forever in the memory of those who have heard him play, and tradition will rank him justly among the very few great pianists. For this Titan in face and bearing was no mere trickster, nor was he so

scrupulous in detail that he became a pedagogue or an instructor in ordinary to the public. He used the piano as the medium of revealing a tremendous individuality, which impressed even the unmusical. At his best, he was simply overpowering, beyond and above criticism.

Compared with him the much-lauded Paderewski is but the chrysanthemum of a season.

Careless, at times reckless in performance, there were yet moments when he was not apparently in the vein that were like unto the unveiling of a great mystery, a vision of awful depths, the sight of the stars at dead of wintry night. Again he was the incarnation of tenderness, and smiling gently, he would whisper the secret of a woman's heart.

As man and as pianist he was without affectation, without guile. He was generous to extravagance. Many who knew not the rank of the pianist will mourn the friend. And such was his personality, and such was his individuality, that his death is a matter of world-importance. The passing of Verdi could be the only death among musicians of this year that would cause such widespread mourning and a sense to thousands of a personal loss.

The Rev. Mr. Addison believes in the Sunday newspaper, that is "if we could banish from that sheet all evil gossip, slander, murders, suicide, etc." No respectable journal publishes with knowledge "evil gossip" or "slander." But murders and suicides are unfortunately incidents of daily life. The clergy, with best intent, has not been able to banish them. Must such news be passed over, ignored? Do not even the details often point a moral, sound a solemn warning? By the way, certain bloody deeds are described in the Old Testament with circumstantiality.

Today is the anniversary of the death of John Hill (1770), quack, satirist, playwright, actor. Garrick says of him:
"For physic and farces,
His equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is."

The strange empiric Englished in admirable fashion scientific books of value as Theophrastus "On Gems." His "Vegetable System" in 24 folio volumes, is, indeed, a monumental work. Hill invented a remedy for the gout, known as the Tincture of Bardana, and it was of the gout that he died.

Of similar irony would be the death of an inventor of a celery-compound from immoderate indulgence in celery-salad.

As Nov. 21, so is the winter. Does any one know the origin of this old saw?

There is the sea-saw of joy and depression in painting, as in art, politics, matrimony, and the other little games of life. The death of Mr. Flordan, who had trained himself on 27 bottles of ale for a friendly quarrel with Mr. Fitzsimmons, east a gloom over sports circles, but with the glad news from the Atlantic Athletic Club came the good news, burning, expanding the war. Mr. McAuliffe broke his left arm, and Mr. Zeigler's tonic elbow, but he

still fought like a gamecock, "although suffering excruciating pain." The referee, who seems to be a perfect gentleman, rushed in and "wiped the blood from Zeigler's streaming face," which was "all red and dripping." There was also "an awful pandemonium." And no one was thoughtless enough to mar the pleasure of the evening by dying.

Let the Czar tremble. Let him shake and shiver. The Finns refuse to swear fidelity to him because he has not sworn to cherish Finland as the apple of his eye.

It appears that Admiral Meade dearly loves a race.

Mrs. Bullock saw only one drunken man in Maine in three months. She is possibly related to Ambassador Bayard, who never heard profanity in England. Or perhaps she is color blind.

Dr. Holmes had a right to enjoy the attentions paid him in England. He needs no such officious defender as Squire Smalley, formerly of this country.

A local contemporary speaks of a "leaderette." It will soon be a-talking of "paragraphettes;" or will it prefer "paragraph-lots?"

The death of a brother of the late Henry Wilson will remind many for the first time that Mr. Wilson's real name was Jeremiah Jones Colbath.

To B. F.—We have before this explained the meaning of the word "chap-book," and you will find a definition in any dictionary of decent size. Chap-books, published by Isalah Thomas, Worcester, 1787-1796, will be sold in Boston at auction this afternoon. "History of Little Goody Two Shoes," "Wisdom of Crop the Conjuror," are examples of the titles.

Today is the anniversary (1783) of the first unconfined aerial voyage in a balloon made with rarefied air, the machine called then a Montgolfier.

The old swindle will not die. The name of the victim this time is Hyde, and the English fortune awaiting the family is \$350,000,000. There are 400 heirs, so that each one will receive \$875,000. That is, when he gets it.

To H. S.—You ask questions apropos of the funeral of the late Czar. "Theophanes, a priest of the early church," should read Theophanes. He was a Bishop, godfather to Peter the Great. He was influential in raising the character of Russian church music. A "troparion" in the Greek Church means "a book containing hymns, responses and anthems." "Troparia" are hymns which probably had their origin "in the ancient custom of inserting ejaculations in the Psalms, especially when used as introits."

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MUSIC.

The First Concert of the Adamowski Quartet This Season.

The Adamowski Quartet (Messrs. T. Adamowski, Moldauer, Zach and J. Adamowski), gave the first concert of its seventh season in the new Chickering Hall last evening. The program was as follows:

Quartet, D major (K. 499).....Mozart
Romanza for violin and piano (MS., first time).....G. W. Chadwick
Quartet, C minor, op. 45 (first time).....Cesar Cui
The Quartet by Mozart in D major proved to be the one written in 1786, and not the one composed as the first of a set of three (1789-90), for the King of Prussia, who was so pleased that he gave Mozart a golden snuff box filled with 100 friedrichsd'or. Although the quartet played last evening is not equal to any of the famous six dedicated to Haydn, it is full of spirit and beauty. The final is in Haydn's sportive vein, and the work as a whole is eminently cheerful, with only a rare touch of the peculiar Mozartian melancholy, a melancholy free, as a rule, from morbidity.

Mr. Adamowski, assisted by Mr. Arthur Whiting, played in a sympathetic manner Mr. Chadwick's romanza, an agreeable little piece without special distinction.

Little of Cui's music has been heard in Boston. There is only one mention of it in Mr. Wilson's "Year Books," 1893-1892. During the season of '90-91 two dances from "The Prisoner of the Caucasus" were played by the Philharmonic Orchestra under Mr. Listemann. And yet Cui has composed five operas (the last "Filibuster," produced at the Opéra Comique, Paris, in January of this year), two scherzos and a tarantelle for orchestra, a suite for violin and piano, over 50 songs and other pieces. Rubinstein used to play a polonaise by him.

Cesar Antonowitsch Cui was born Jan. 6, 1835, at Wilna. By profession he is a civil engineer. He was—perhaps is—Professor of Fortification at the School of Engineering in St. Petersburg, and his treatise on "Field Fortifications" reached a third edition in 1880. He is today a General in the Russian Army. He was interested in music at an early age, and studied under Moniuszko (1820-1872) and Balakireff (1836-). From 1864 to 1868 he was the music critic of the St. Petersburg Journal, and he fought earnestly in behalf of the music of Schumann, Berlioz and Liszt. A book by him entitled "La Musique en Russie" was published in Paris in 1881. He was one of the founders of the ultra-modern Russian school of music, a colleague of Rimski-Korsakoff, Borodine, Mussorgski, Dargomyzski. They say that in 1871 he became more conservative, and dared to admit that all program music should be good music even without a program. The Countess de Mercy-Argenteau has written his life.

This quartet by Cui is hardly a quartet in the old-fashioned sense. The themes are not elaborately and contrapuntally developed. Each voice has not its separate and distinct walk as in the great models. The effects are often sought out with the assistance of bizarre means. The work is not rounded and complete. There are at times hitches and halting places as though Gen. Cui had said to himself, "What shall I do next?" Yet there is much that is interesting, and there are strong and beautiful passages. The first movement, an allegro, opens with a spirited theme, that might serve as a peasant dance; for a second theme there is the suggestion of an Italian aria. This movement seems to be the most firmly knit and the most spontaneous. The second movement, another allegro, is again full of the vodka-inspired dance, and again there is a breath of air from Italy. It is indeed curious to see throughout the composition how Russian folk-song stands side by side with Italian melody, as though there were proposed deliberately a contrast between national music and the foreign invasion which triumphed for a time and in a way led to the foundation of the new school. The third movement, an andantino, contains charming passages, but it seems labored and diffuse. The finale is a wild drive over a dreary steppe. And, a little Father, do you hear the horses, and do you hear the driver singing a dance-hall tune picked up in the city, and o how drunk he is!

In spite of its occasional cheapness and the blemishes hinted at above, the work is not without interest. It suggests, however, the man who is bound to write a quartet at any cost, and come what may, rather than the man who has musical thoughts, and the ability to control them and give them full expression in quartet form.

The performance showed the results of careful and conscientious preparation. The club plays each year with more repose, self-control and sense of proportion. The works of modern composers are apparently more congenial to it, and in these works it appears to best advantage. Not that the quartet by Mozart was played in a slovenly manner; far from it. Much of the performance was excellent. It is in an adagio by Mozart that the lack of perfect self-control and sympathy is noticeable. But in the playing of Mozart—most difficult task—the club makes steady progress.

It is a matter of regret to all lovers of music that there is no suitable hall in Boston for chamber concerts. This new Chickering Hall does not answer the purpose.

PHILIP HALE.

"The white chrysanthemum is this year the symbol of the uninitiated." Certain young Bostonians of dubious proclivities, please paste this announcement in your hats.

We are surprised to find the New York Sun, that stern guardian of the purity of the English language, referring in a headline to "rooster broth." Perhaps the roosters were hens as well as cocks, for, as Richard Grant White once remarked, "domestic fowls are no more roosters than canary birds or peacocks." However, the Sun is such a stickler for verbal proprieties that we swallow the rooster with the broth. "Crito, we owe a rooster to Aesculapius; discharge the debt, and by no means omit it."

The "Guide to Foot Ball," by A. A. Staggs and H. L. Williams, is not complete. There is no chapter on bone-setting.

If this were really a nation of book-fanciers the "Guide to Foot Ball" would be bound in pigskin.

A contemporary speaks of the "popular anonymity" of "The Breadwinners." Is it not generally understood that Col. John Hay is the author?

It appears that the veteran foot ball coach, Mr. Walter Camp, is Treasurer of the New Haven Clock Company, and his office address is now care of the Leland Stanford University eleven. The foot ball must be properly wound up, though the Yankee clock runs down.

Happy the man that says today, "I, too, heard Rubinstein."

The Apollo sang last night. Today it is the feast of St. Cecilia; but the society named after the noble dame does not lift up its voice in song until next week.

It is a singular fact that in Colombani's oratorio, "Il Martirio di Santa Cecilia"—written probably about the end of the 17th century, no allusion whatever is made to Cecilia's skill in music. The earliest celebration in her honor was partly religious and partly secular, and it was at Evreux, France, 1571. The earliest recorded musical celebration on her day in England was in London, in 1663, and three odes, two in English, one in Latin, music for all three composed by Purcell were prepared. Only one was sung. They that are interested in this subject should consult Husk's "Account of Musical Celebrations on St. Cecilia's Day," London, 1857.

They say that the fishwives in Paris paint lobsters red, so that they actually seem live "cardinals of the sea." This painting enlarges the value of the lobster as a household pet. His color will now enliven a dull rug, and he may be more easily found by the children.

And there are instances of devotion to such pets. A few days before Gerard de Nerval was found dead in a narrow, dirty street of Paris, he was seen walking in the Palais-Royal, dragging after him, by means of a blue ribbon, a live lobster. To a friend, who accused him of madness, he replied: "Why is a lobster any more ridiculous than a cat, or a dog, or a gazelle, or any other beast that will follow man? Besides, I enjoy the company of lobsters. They are quiet, they are serious, they know the secrets of the sea, they do not bark."

It is a pity that the only English translation of Rubinstein's "A Conversation on Music" is so slovenly that it is a task to read it and difficult to ascertain the precise meaning of the author. There are rabid persons who will never forgive Rubinstein for saying of woman: "The two feelings most natural to her: her love to man and her tenderness to her children, have never found from her their echo in music. I know no love-duet composed by a woman, and no cradle-song. I do not say that there are none in existence, but that none composed by a woman has had sufficient artistic value to be stamped as type."

Here is another story of an opal ring. Alfonso XII. gave one to his first wife, Queen Mercedes, just before her sudden death; it then went to the King's grandmother, old Queen Christina, the mother of Isabella II. She died two months after receiving the ring, and left it to Mercedes's sister, Maria del Pilar, daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, who also died after a few months, as did also her sister Christina, who inherited the ring from her. Alfonso then determined that no one else should wear the fatal opal, and took it himself; within two months he was buried. And now Queen Christina, bound that it shall not work its fatal spell, gives it to Our Lady of Almudeada. Is there a Spanish thief so free from superstition that he would steal it?

The late Francis Magnard knew the value of a short and pungent leading article. It was Villemessant, however, who shaped for years the policy of Figaro by declaring that a dead dog in Paris was of more interest to Parisians than was the most extraordinary occurrence in a foreign country.

Japan has been heard from. "I'm pretty well, thank you; how are you?"

To F. P. B.—"Alcazar" is a Spanish word that was borrowed from the Arabic "al-qasr." It means "palace," also "fortress."

Mr. Carnegie said the other day, "I think a man who dies rich dies disgraced." What's the matter with the iron business?

The name of Mayor Schieren, who vetoed the resolution prohibiting the playing of bands out doors, should be held in grateful remembrance by all strolling German musicians. Let his praise be sounded on the watery horn and on the sour and squeaking clarinet!

Mlle. Drog, who was a victim of stage-fright in "Wm. Tell" in New York, is said to be a chronic sufferer from the disease. It is not unlikely that she will be a Drog in the operatic market.

There is no doubt of the honesty and the fervor of the people of Marlboro Street in their protest against the substitution of electric cars for horse cars. In these days when there is so much indifference shown in public matters, such hearty indignation is refreshing.

Where Massachusetts Avenue crosses Huntington Avenue stood formerly a snug little building for the accommodation and the shelter of people who are allowed by the West End Company to ride on its cars if they can find room. In bad weather the crossings are mud and slush. Bleak is this spot, exposed to fierce winds. In summer there is no shade. The humble shed was a comfort in all seasons, and especially because the waits between the passing of bunches of cars are absurdly long.

Now when there was talk of the prompt erection of a new Music Hall, this building was taken down. It is unnecessary to add that it has not been put back, nor has anything been devised to take its place. This is only one of many instances of the disregard of this corporation for the comfort and the health of the people who maintain it. The inhabitants of other towns would not be as patient. Nor is it likely that in any other civilized city is there such a sight as the crowd of shivering men, women and children in front of the Granary Burying Ground, exposed to the rage of the elements, or rushing madly to secure even standing room at five cents a head. Many a death has undoubtedly been caused by such cruel and unnecessary exposure.

Even the names of the Yale men who are to lead in the cheering at Springfield are already enrolled in the catalogue of Fame. The list of betters is not published, possibly on account of family reasons.

They talk of putting a woman at the

head of the New York Street Cleaning Department. There are historical precedents: The old woman in the nursery rhyme, who proposed to sweep the cobwebs out of the sky; and Mrs. Partington, who tried to push back the Atlantic with her mop.

Oscar Wilde says of Bourget that he writes history as if it was fiction and fiction as if it was history—a charming art. But this is only a variation of the epigram on Georg Elbers: the Egyptologists say that he is a delightful novelist, and the novelists say that he is a profound Egyptologist.

The Pall Mall Gazette claims that the title of Craddock's "His Vanished Star" should be "A Disproof of Euclid." "This is one of the many books of which the whole is not equal to the parts."

Mr. Hall Caine believes that the new novel will be "compounded of the penny newspaper and the Sermon on the Mount—the plainest realism and the highest idealism." Now, just what is the meaning of this oracular saying?

It was on Nov. 23, 1830, that the Lord Mayor of London was solicited to interfere with a practice by which needless pain was inflicted on lobsters. To save trouble the dealers gave up the habit of tying the lobsters' claws with cords to prevent them from fighting, and, instead, they stuck plugs in the spots where the claws were divided. The Lord Mayor could not check the practice because it was cruel; "but as it was proved to injure the lobster as an article of food, he had magisterial power to interfere on this ground."

Here is a curious instance of Parisian superstition. There is a group of mothers who petition that their boys, just of age this year, shall not be called out on military service on the 13th—an unlucky date. The ill-luck is made more intense, they aver, by the date of the birth of sons who come of age in 1894. Why, you ask, should 1873 be an ominous date. It is not a multiple of 13. But in France 1873 is called eighteen-sixty-thirteen.

Friday was considered formerly a lucky day, especially for marriages. The Turks still hold to this belief, because, as they say, it was on a Friday that Adam married Eve, Solomon, Balkis; Joseph, Zuleika; and Mahomed, Chadidscha and Ayesha.

"However they may be served and eaten, mushrooms you must make yours at any cost. To say that you do not like them is confession of your own philistinism. Learn to like them; will to like them, or else your sojourn on this earth will be a wretched waste. You will have lived your life in vain if, at its close, you have missed one of its finest emotions."

Let the kicking be confined to the pig-skin.

In the Symphony Program Book of the week appears this information (page 234) for the benefit of readers of concert announcements: "Mr. Arthur Whiting at the Piano." Now, this being interpreted, means possibly that Mr. Whiting will be the pianist at the said concert, or that he will then play the piano. No doubt the phrase is preferable to "Mr. W. will preside at the instrument." Nevertheless, the announcement, while seemingly precise, is vague.

You may say, "He is not in the piano, or on the piano, or under the piano, or 'agin' the piano; he is at the piano." Yes; but the reader is not told what he is doing at the piano, whether he is repairing it, or tuning it, or admiring the wood-work. In the rural districts, they would say, "He's to the piano." Possibly the phrase, "He's in it," will now be changed to "He's at it," when there is talk of a pianist.

The annually recurring period of chrysanthemumery is upon us.—Chicago Tribune.

"How is it with thee, my brother? Do you feel tired all the time? Do you sleep with fits and starts and dreams? Do you feel the necessity of a brace now and then during the day?"

Does not this extract read as if it were cut from an almanac extolling the virtues of "Bangs' Borborygmal Bolpus?" It is not. It's merely a choice gem from Howard's column in the New York Recorder.

William II. plays the violin. His brother Henry also fiddles, and he has composed a military march. One sister, Charlotte, is a pianist, and another, Victoria, plays the organ. Their aunt, Louise, Grand Duchess of Baden, is said to be a good musician. Truly a talented family, reminding one of "Johnny Morgan" and his estimable and accomplished relatives.

Old Chimes says that there are no Swiss bell-ringers to be heard in large towns; the electric cars have driven them out of the business.

Ysaye, who will fiddle at the Symphony concert of next week, was once concertmaster of Blise's Orchestra, Berlin. So was his great countryman, Cesar Thomson, now in this country. So was Mr. Franz Kneisel.

Paul Verlaine has just presented himself to the French Academy as a candidate for the seat made vacant by the death of Leconte de Lisle. There is one fatal objection to him: He has written poetry of surpassing beauty.

A headline in the New York Sun runs as follows: "Go and see an author." Are authors so scarce in New York that the sight is a novelty? Here in Boston you cannot throw a stone near the Park Street Church without hitting three poets, four

essayists, two novelists, and several improvers or inventors of religions.

It is to be regretted that Mrs. Cleveland did not put her foot down against the docking of the tails of the White House horses.

The fact that Miss Emily Dickinson was fond of the works of Sir Thomas Browne accounts in a measure for the strange and whimsical manner in which she treated all mortuary matters. In life she dwelt among the tombs. To her the graveyard furnished endless copy.

Here is advice given by an Englishwoman, Mrs. Meade, to "young persons about to write." "Whatever you are to write. Put things down as they happened * * * don't mince matters to spare your friends' feelings. Character-drawing, like charity, begins at home, and your own family is likely to afford you the best opportunity for study. The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat, and you should 'write about what you know'—that is, your friends' foibles. Say what you like about your friends, but, whatever you do, don't leave any of them out of the book. That would indeed be the unpardonable sin, and make you as many enemies as you had friends before."

Poor George Augustus Sala! There was a time when he was voted to be the prince of gossip. Now his stories are said by an irreverent younger generation to be old, "and he babbles, and he babbles, and he babbles." One English journal, in a review of his "London Up to Date," goes so far as to say: "He is as chary of coming to the point as Mr. Henry James at his chariest might be, and the end is that, having read his book, you cease from wondering—if, indeed, you ever wondered—how it was that Sala's Journal could not live!"

So Lillian Russell will sing the chief part in Bemberg's new opera, "Cleopatra." Age may wither her, but custom will never stale her infinite variety. And who will play Anthony this time?

MUSIC.

Song Recitals by Mr. Tiferro and Mr. Beresford.

Mr. Emil Tiferro, a tenor singer, gave a concert last evening in Stelbert Hall. He was assisted by Mr. Charles Molé, flutist. Dr. Kelterborn and Mr. Johns were the accompanists. The program was interesting and of reasonable length. It included songs by Hollaender, Tosti, Grieg, Franz, Schumann, three songs by Clayton Johns (one of which, "At Parting," was sung for the first time), Gounod, Rubinstein, Wagner's "Am Stillen Herd" ("Meister Singer"), and the Liebeslied from "Die Walkure."

Mr. Tiferro was suffering from a cold, but he was not apparently handicapped by it until he reached the group of songs by Mr. Johns. I was unable to hear the three last selections, but it was possible to gain a fair idea of the singer's abilities early in the evening. He has a voice of agreeable quality, and this voice has been in many respects well trained. His manner of singing is manly, unaffected, and he wins sympathy at once. He knows the value of repose. Unlike many of his countrymen he does not confound passion with palsy, nor does he believe that a wild explosion is necessarily expression. His phrasing was perhaps occasionally too precisely cut, as though he were in military service and executing orders with regulated dispatch. In the group of songs by Johns his physical condition prevented him from appearing to advantage. On the whole, he made a pleasant impression, and he often deserved the liberal applause that was awarded him.

Mr. Molé played a "Fantasie" by Demersmann with his accustomed skill and taste, and he was recalled. He also played a concert etude by Terschak.

Mr. Arthur Beresford, bass singer, gave a recital in Union Hall last evening. Mr. Norman McLeod was the accompanist. I was unable to hear the selections from Scarlatti and Handel; but the program was long and varied, and there was ample opportunity to observe the decided improvement made by Mr. Beresford. He sang songs from Schumann's "Dichterliebe," Verdi's "O tu Palermo," and songs by MacKenzie, Colyn, Mrs. Beach, Shield, W. G. Smith, Perlet and Pinsuti.

Mr. Beresford has a noble voice, full, rich, and of extended compass. He used it last night with more freedom than on former occasions. He also sang with wider dramatic range. Of old his besetting fault was impure intonation. Occasionally, last evening, there were lapses from the true pitch, a striking just a little below the true tone; but in purity of intonation he has also gained a great deal. His delivery, last evening, was not always free from the reproach of dryness. In tender sentiment he seemed at times as though he were accomplishing a task. But there is so much reason to rejoice in the strides made by this earnest and hard-working singer, that it is ungracious to insist on the weak points in his performance. In Shield's fine song "Quaff With Me the Purple Wine," the singer introduced a sentimental strain that seemed to me, at least, incongruous.

The program-book followed Pinsuti's version of Bayard Taylor's "Bedouin Love Song." This version reads:

PHILIP HALE

The Sixth Concert of the Symphony
Orchestra in Music Hall.

[illegible]

And why the overture to "Sappho?" A composer has the right to name a composition at will. The title should, however, bear some relation to the character of the music.

Sappho had been married even in girlish days, and she had a daughter dearer to her than Lesbos itself, the island where the head of Orpheus was buried. And many women loved her and would fain be always near her. According to Greek ideas of beauty, she should have been tall and stately, and with light hair. But she was a little dark woman, with black hair, and Alcæus says that she had a beautiful smile. She was the light of her song that some called her the Tenth Muse. In Lesbian society she was known by a less glorious name.

And a cold sweat breaks out on me,
Trembling shakes my limbs, and I get
Pale as a sheet, and am like to die, and
For breath.

Remember these passionate verses; read of the consuming frenzy of her life; and then you will see why this music of Goldsmith is a just portrayal of "the little dark woman with black hair."

In this overture I do not find the sultry
 that he has so much of, that most fitly dis-
 tinguishes his overture to "Sakuntala," or
 to his opera "The Queen of
 Sheba." Nor has he here caught the classic
 as in his overtures to "Penthesilea" and
 "The Valkyrie," so deeply in the
 spirit of his "Oedipus at Colonus" and
 "The Walking Witches" song that burst
 from the parched lips of the raging
 a.

Other selections do not call for comment. Yet one must acknowledge that are given by the performance of a symphony, which is probably that is a delightful as though were a program of moods to be suggested in music itself is to the forest. Early is in "The Woodland." Now, his trees, his underbrush, strange music of this slumber. So, one night, he heard the lonely moor in England. The traveler still hears the music of the Gabriel hounds. And, in the peace given by this symphony, he can be conscious not to the romantic playing of the first violin, the touch of his performance, and all employed was all-

B. Kitten did many things
of the air by life del was
the old worn air from
to fresh and agree-
able skill in the air
as a portion of
the tree part, but
and the leaf, is
to note the
her art

prominently

PHILIP HALL

NOTE.

... of the Poetry Medal
... Mr C. L. Owen
... Director. The chorus
... of the year.

Notes and Comments Without
Sure Affidavits.

This famous violinist was born July 16, 1858, in Luettich, Belgium. He studied at the Luettich Conservatory and under Vieuxtemps in Brussels. He was afterward and until '81 concertmeister of the Bilse orchestra in Berlin. He then traveled extensively. In 1886 he was appointed first teacher of the violin at the Brussels Conservatory, where he is still engaged. Ysaye has written six violin concertos, variations on a theme of Paganini, and other pieces; few of them have been published.

It was only about a month ago that Ysaye played Saint Saens's 3d Concerto and Bruch's Scottish Fantasie at a Lipzig Gewandhaus concert with "colossal success."

Now Ysaye played at a public rehearsal in New York, the 16th. Let Mr. Huneker tell the rest:

"Thomson, who is a great admirer of Ysaye, and is in turn almost revered by the younger man, rushed to the dressing-room of his conquering friend and embraced him. Then in trooped the Arthurs and Johnstons and other people. In company the entire party started for the Circle on Fifty-eighth Street, there to celebrate the success of the star. Thomson, all oblivious that his presence was not favorably regarded by the party, walked with Ysaye deep in converse. They clung to each other and spoke of octaves, double stopping and the art of making harmonics flute-like and without shrillness. Johnston, who is an excitable genius, looked as if he would have liked to turn an east side whisker-puller and give Thomson's Semitic and patriarchal beard just one tug for luck and to pay up old scores. But he restrained himself nobly, and only casually mocked at Thomson's 'pants,' which are fearfully and wonderfully made. Enfin, the company reached the Circle. Thomson went in with the crowd and sat next to Ysaye, and was as proud and as happy over his success as if it had been his own. Wine flowed as water, and Cesar never missed a trick. From time to time Johnston glared at Thomson, and then would cry out in sarcastic accents to Ysaye: 'Say, Easy, ask your friend to take something. Ask him to take anything'—then, sotto voce, 'a walk.'

"Thomson, nothing phased, would bow his amiable head, smile and take a glass of wine and once more engage Ysaeye's attention. Mr. Arthur, whose acquaintance with musical people is very limited, simply stared with amazement at the scene. Then he sat the man who caused such a row and necessitated Johnston taking a trip to Europe. There he sat, and he was drinking his wine and seemed perfectly at home. 'What nerve!' said Mr. Arthur. 'I'll put him in my new play.' The situation was really one for a Charles Lloyd. M. Thomson had no more idea that he was intruding than Ysaeye. He simply was with an old colleague and he forgot all about business. Just after the manner of the great, impracticable, impeccable artist that he is. At 6 o'clock a motion was made for dinner and the company adjourned down town, to Martin's, probably. The two violinists about this time were having a heated discussion as to the relative merits of Tartini and Corelli. The rest sat by and listened to the French language being spoken with extreme vivacity. It was all very interesting, and Johnston would have gone asleep only that he hated to let Thomson get out of his sight for a moment. Secretly he imagined that Thomson was trying to get Ysaeye away from him and take him to the hated Wolfsohn. Sleep was therefore

"Peter Lombard," in the Church Times, tells a story which is called forth by a singular error made by a clergyman, who asked his congregation to stand up and sing the Dead March in honor of the late Tsar. Here is the story: "The old organ-blower of Pinkelbury lay dying; the curate was visiting him. 'Would you mind, sir, asking our organist to play the Dead March over me?' said the sick man. 'Certainly, I will, Jones,' said the curate. 'Thankee, sir; none o, that 'ere tweddledum Beethoven you know, sir; only Handel's.' 'I am sure he will do it,' responded the curate. The old man lay placidly for a while, then exclaimed with fervor, 'How thankful I be that I shan't have to blow for him when he plays the loud part at the end.'"

The Pall Mall Gazette does not approve of Prof. Bridge's "Cradle of Christ," produced at the 156th anniversary festival of the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain at Westminster Abbey. "Mr. Bridge did his best to conquer our Protestant prejudices by changing the cathedrally-innate tendencies of old Giacomoni's hymn into a fashion that would have made the Franciscan 'stare and gasp'; but we fear that it was beyond the Professor's skill to remove from his own music the pervasive dullness which broods over it. We have heard Prof. Bridge in a humorous glee, and thought that humor admirable; last night all was slow, insufferably slow, dull, academic, and unprofitable. There was very little to surprise, and that very little was a disappointment: Mme. Albani showed her own sense of this by singing a solo (which opens with a phrase horribly like the chorus of a song about a bicycle built for two), with scarcely any of the fire which had inspired her in the Mendelssohn and Handel. No, we do not like 'The Cradle of Christ.'"

Mr. W. J. Henderson thus treats with Democratic irreverence the contribution of the Kaiser Wilhelm II. to choral music. The piece was sung by the Arion Society of New York: "It must be assumed that His Majesty wrote the 'Sang an Aegir' in a much simpler form than that to which it has been elaborated for male chorus and orchestra. Indeed, it is so simple that the elaboration becomes somewhat ludicrous,

and the performance left the performers and the audience in rather disrespectful smiles. The words of the hymn to Aegir, the god of the sea tempest in Norse mythology, are full of vigor and directness, with the alliterations and assonances of the rough old German verse which Wagner has revived. The music is a potpourri of reminiscences, very likely unconscious, of a number of volkslieder familiar to all German children. One of the musicians coming out was accosted by a friend, who observed that the 'work' was 'not bad for an Emperor,' and answered: 'Well, President Cleveland could not have done it.' Which nobody can deny."

One of the books knocked down at the Livermore sale was: "The Sweet Psalmist of Israel. A Sermon preach'd at the Lecture held in Boston by the Society for promoting Regular and Good Singing. Boston, 1722;" by Thomas Walter. This little pamphlet, bound in half morocco, brought \$25. And why? Chiefly because it was printed by J. Franklin, and Benj. Franklin was apprenticed to his brother at the time.

Thomas Walter, if I am not mistaken, was the son, and colleague in the ministry at Roxbury, of Nehemiah Walter. He wrote other books, among them "Grounds and Rules of Musick explained," and "Choice Dialogue between John Faustus, a Conjuror, and Jack Tory, his Friend."

It was Walter who said of the congregational singing in New England, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, "It sounded like five hundred different tunes roared out at the same time." The slowness was such that he states, "I, myself, have twice in one note paused to take breath." There was so little regard for time that the singers were often "one or two words apart."

Lepzig did not take kindly to Dvorak's grand American symphony, which was to create a "new and national school of music" in this country.

The Signale in a review of its performance at the Gewandhaus, Nov. 1, says that this symphony is "corrupt, absurd, vulgar, and in passages (as in the largo) absolutely stupid." It speaks of the sins under "the mantle of nationality." It praises the instrumental color, and regrets that this color was wasted on wretched drawing.

PHILIP HALE

MUSICAL NOTES.

The next Kniesel Quartet concert will be Dec. 10.

Miss Clara Smart will give a song recital Dec. 11, in Association Hall.

Calvé and De Lucia are engaged for the next opera season at Madrid.

Rubinstein has just finished a suite for orchestra.

The Review of the Symphony Concert will be found in another column.

Federico Consolo has been engaged to compose a national anthem for the republic of Saint-Marin.

The total receipts of the Birmingham Festival were \$65,000. The expenses were \$45,000.

Sousa's farewell concert will take place at the Mechanics' Building Wednesday evening, Nov. 28.

Peter Benoit has almost finished an opera, the subject of which is taken from Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii."

"Graziella," an opera by Auteri-Manzocchi text taken from Lamartine's well-known story, was a dead failure in Milan.

Berthe Marx-Goldschmidt gave a series of eight piano recitals in Berlin in which she played 140 different pieces.

Mascagni has finished a new opera in three acts, entitled "Vetilla." There is a fluency that is fatal.

The original Fisk Jubilee Singers will give a concert at the First Free Baptist Church Saturday, Dec. 1.

There will be a special program for the Symphony rehearsal and concert Dec. 14, 15. It will be in memory of Rubinstein.

Busoni, who nearly starved in Boston, was most enthusiastically praised by the critics of Berlin, where he played early in this month.

Rheinberg's second concerto for organ, G minor, op. 177, has been published. It is for organ, strings, two horns, trumpets and drums.

Nordica was applauded loudly for her singing at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, Nov. 1. The only unfavorable criticism was concerning her trill.

One of the last works of Rubinstein that has been published is a set of six pieces for piano, "Souvenirs de Dresde" op. 118. He did not play them in public.

Materna will leave the Vienna Opera House Company at the end of December. The event will be celebrated by a festival performance. No wonder.

Miss Elizabeth Hamlin has been engaged by the Handel and Haydn to sing the chief soprano part in Mr. J. D. C. Parker's new oratorio, "The Life of Man," which will be produced Easter.

Mr. Charles H. Thayer is arranging a grand concert at the Boston Theatre on Sunday evening, Dec. 9. A brilliant program is already assured, and many popular singers and musicians will take part.

They still give performances of Verdi's old opera "I Masnadieri" in Breslau. In the last act realism was carried to such an extent that the baritone shot the tenor in the shoulder and thus prevented his finishing his part.

Telegraph operators often love music that is not made by the click of the machine. Witness the case of Mr. Barrington L. Brannan, who wrote the words and music of the waltz-song "Lovers in Days Gone By."

Joseph Grossmann, only 23 years old, has been appointed a conductor of the Opera at Pesth. "Fine performances are expected under the new leader." What does this mean? Is the sun of the passionate Nikisch already pale and wan?

A second series of three of the peculiar and interesting "Piano-Lecture-Concerts" by Jerome Hopkins, will begin Dec. 1, at matinees, at Wesleyan Hall. The subject of the first will be, "A Few Musical Conundrums."

This is the program of the second Adamowski Quartet concert, Wednesday evening, Dec. 26, in Chickering Hall: Quartets by Beethoven and Stanford, and a suite for violin and piano by Schuett (first time in America). Mr. Arthur Whiting will be the pianist.

The program of the Symphony rehearsal and concert Nov. 30, Dec. 1, will be as follows: Overture, "Spring," Goetz; concerto for violin No. 3, Saint-Saens; Symphony, No. 1, D minor, Volkmann; "Carnival in Paris," Svendsen. Mr. Eugene Ysaye will be the violinist.

The singer, Teresa Gabbl, guaranteed to a steamship company the expenses of the company of which she was the star, from Genoa to Rio Janeiro. She also pledged herself to meet other expenses. She is now about \$40,000 out of pocket, beside her salary of \$6000 a month, of which she has not received one cent.

The Cecilia's first concert of the season will be Wednesday evening. The Wage-Earners' Concert will be given Tuesday evening. Saint-Saens's opera, "Samson and Delilah," will be given in concert form, with orchestra. The chief solo parts will be sung by Mrs. Julie Wyman, and Messrs. Clarence B. Davis, Meyn, and W. H. Clark.

Johann Strauss is beset on every side with librettists, and he is offered great sums for new waltzes. He refuses every offer, except that of the Gartenlaube, which wishes a waltz for its New Year's number. His eyes are tired, and the physician says "Rest." This suave, amiable man lives ironically enough in the "Street of Hedgehogs."

"Lady Macbeth," a cantata by Martin Lunsens, which took the second prize of Rome, given by the Belgian Academy, was performed lately in Brussels. The work is said to be of "prodigious instrumentation," and full of dissonances that would have frightened even Wagner. "Vocally it is far inferior to the instrumentation. The singers are tortured, and lyric declamation is apparently despised. The work is not banal, however; it has character and color."

Murder lately is of low degree.

Collar bones were apparently made to be broken.

"Crippled on the field of honor" is a distinction of a lifetime.

A Stillman that makes a touchdown in 30 seconds has a right to be noisy.

Nunquam animus, Harvard. "Battles are lost in the same spirit they are won."

THE TALE OF A COAT.

It was the belief of Polonius, the ceremonious courtier, that the apparel oft proclaims the man. Swift and Carlyle sharpened this saw and made it the edge of satire. Aggressive individuality or sleek acquiescent conventionality is often revealed by attire. Proverbs and popular songs recognize this fact, from

"With a light heart,
And a thin pair of breeches
You can go through the world,"

To

"Where did you get that hat?"

The shirt is a heroic garment, whether it be the deadly shirt of Nessus, the hunting shirt of Fremont, in which he was to "lead in freedom's van," or the red shirt of Garibaldi.

A statesman may wear a "shocking bad" hat and yet escape reproach—witness the case of Mr. Evarts. Eccentricity in eravats sometimes excites suspicion, as when the late S. T. Fairchild was inclined to question the partisan soundness of our esteemed fellow-townsmen, ex-Mayor Prince, because at a convention the latter "wore a different neck-tie each day."

The coat is a more serious detail. By the coat the world is apt to judge the man. The glory or the shabbiness, the cut, the pattern—these are to many the revelation of character; they serve to tell the precise position of the wearer. The coat may be fatal. Envy is excited, or a prejudice takes root. The brethren of Joseph could not endure his coat of many colors, the badge of parental favoritism, and they conspired against him to slay him. The vanity of Oliver Goldsmith was most obnoxious when he strutted about at Boswell's lodgings, prating of his bloom-colored coat. It was an evil night for Mr. Fassett of the State of New York when he removed his coat that he might talk on more equal terms with German voters. There is no need of multiplying instances. The coat so identifies the man that the very word was once used commonly as synonymous with profession, class, order, party. Burke wrote, "I know no man of his coat who would fall in so well with you." Centuries before in Constantinople the two great warring factions were known as the Blues and the Greens, from the color of the coats. There are, too, the phrases "To turn one's coat," "To wear the King's coat."

While theoretically a man has a right to wear what seems good to him, provided he offend not police regulations, Sir Charles Grandison was undoubtedly correct in stating to Miss Byron that singularity in dress is usually the indication of something wrong in judgment. When this singularity is sudden or sporadic, as seen in an unexpected change of costume in an even-minded man, there is surely some mental perturbation. When the Chamberlain saw M. Roland enter the presence of Louis XVI. with ribbons in his shoes, he gave up the monarchy as lost.

Now, let us suppose that a Bostonian of excellent character and English education indulges himself in coats of enormous checks, of a pattern dear to Englishmen of high and low degree. Such a coat is no doubt comfortable, and it retains animal heat on a wintry day. When you see it you are reminded of an English squire, with mutton-chop whiskers; fond of his dogs, his horses and his children; keen at cricket; financially at the mercy of his steward; just a little proud of a line of squires before him; a member of good, sound clubs in town; whose only regret is that he is not actively in the Queen's service; who really believes that Mr. Gladstone is Antichrist. Nor does he object to the slight smell of the stable that is in the coat.

An excellent coat for a squire, or for a soldier off duty to knock about in. But when its wearer is proposed for an office demanding pronounced executive ability, large business experience, knowledge of men and of public wants—such an office, for instance, as that of Mayor of Boston—somehow or other the coat does not inspire confidence. The loudness of its checks suggests the real thought of its proposers, who should never have allowed the public exhibition of the coat. An energetic Mayor in such a garment would seem as incongruous as a plumber in evening dress engaged with solder and lead pipe, or soliloquizing Hamlet in a plug hat and rubber boots.

Slugging rhymes with thugging.

This extract from the "Life of Sir George J. Elvey" shows the ease with which Englishmen are amused: "I like Blow as well as any one, but I can't stand him at dinner time. Blowed if I can!"

And now there is a "Defence of Nerves." "They who have nerves are instruments, many-stringed, and answer with complex music to all the notes sung at them by life."

This is St. Catherine's Day. And as the old saw has it, "As at Catherine, foul or fair, so will be the next February." What, pray, is the origin of this saying?

The words of Tompkins were treasured as though they were pure gold. Ray Tompkins of Yale, by the way, not "Tommy Tompkins" at the Museum.

So Nicholas II. is an orator. Better for him to imitate the laconicism of Mr. Hinkey, in comparison with whom a clam is loquacious.

Butchered to make a Springfield holiday.

Foot ball has this attraction over the prize fight. In the prize-ring there are only two sluggers. In a foot ball game there are twenty-two.

Of course, Harvard played "the better game," but somehow or other Yale got there.

Mr. Deland calls the result a victory of Pyrrhus. Yale has been pyrrhicizing for some years.

Mr. Butterworth's eye will not permit him to study for some weeks. He hopes, however, to take part in the game with Princeton.

Now these are too often the principal parts of the verb "to author:" write, written, rot.

Why should not a woman passionately addicted to small onions be known and pointed out as "The Lady of Shalott?"

A woman said in a street car the other day, while there was a nervous block, "And you can't get a fresh egg in the city of Boston for love or money." Her neighbors agreed with her.

And what is the King of Corea doing all this time? According to English dispatches he has adopted a new policy: "Solitary and lonely, he looks to heaven and weeps."

The attention of the Dialect Society is called respectfully to the following statement that fell from the lips of a "help" in Huntington Avenue: "Up to my place in Vermont, although there were four men folks, they never had hot meat victuals."

An artist of international reputation now in this city said the other day that these painters, well known, esteemed, and prospering in New York, were driven away from Boston on account of lack of work: T. W. Dewing, H. O. Walker, W. L. Metcalf, Child Hassam, Appleton Brown, Robert Reid.

The father of Paderewski died in Poland a fortnight or so ago, at the age of 64 years. He, too, had a claim to distinction: a seven-years' imprisonment in Siberia broke completely his health and spirits.

Got will go away from the Theatre Francaise Jan. 1, after 50 years' service, with about \$135,000.

Let us not neglect the farmers. And what did the ancients recommend to them for light November work?

"The chimney all sooty, would now be made clean.
For fear of mischances, too oftentimes seen;
Old chimney and sooty, if fire once take,
By burning and breaking, some mischief may make."

It is not necessary to consult the stars for good luck, or to sleep in a pig-sty in hope of fortune-promising dream. Wisdom runs in the streets. Listen to her. "If I had a son and little money," said a college graduate when there was talk of Springfield, "I should not send him to Harvard and expect aid through scholarships. I should scrape together every cent, mortgage the farm, and enter Tommy at Yale, with instructions to back the nine, the eleven, and the crew. At the end of four years he would be able to retire from active business. That's what I call a practical education."

Dr. Hill, in his book on Harvard, proves himself the good old sturdy Englishman with the insular eye. "Base ball, so far as I could see, is but a poor one compared with cricket. It is the old base ball of my boyhood expanded and refined. It is almost as much below cricket as skittles is below billiards."

To "Reader"—You say you own "an old Bible printed by Roger Daniel, Cambridge, 1643, containing, in addition to the books of the Bible, all the psalms in metre," and you ask how this compares in age with other old Bibles owned in the United States. At the Livermore sale in Boston last week a copy of the Bible with psalms, "Thomas Buck and Roger Daniel, Cambridge, 1638," sold at auction for 50 cents. To be sure, the

"We congratulate the swains of Croatia. They have learnt the great lesson of modern civilization, which is combination. There is a place in Croatia called Daly, whence on one night no fewer than 26 girls were eloped with by their lovers. The fact that so many stern fathers had refused their consent to marriage seems to show that they, too, have organized in self-defence. Capital and labor must be more idle words to Daly; there he great conflicting organizations are the Parents' Association and the Lovers' Amalgamated Trade Council. It might be suggested that the latter body may be in collusion with the priest, who looks likely to make an unexampled haul in marriage fees before long. But we make no insinuation; we merely repeat that union is strength."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Let there be no International slap at this bothering Mosquito.

"The Bluefields police force is made up of members of a brass band from the interior." An excellent idea. People in the streets are never asked twice to move on. The tuba is more to be dreaded than the club, and the cornet is deadlier than the revolver.

"Mr. Langtry is now said to be seeking a divorce." Why, sure enough, now you speak of it, there is a Mr. Langtry.

"Mr. — has done nothing criminal, so far as known, to lead to his running away, but he has been trusted to a large extent by grocers, provision dealers and his landlord, and he has borrowed from all who would loan to him." Bless your heart, such a man is never called a criminal. He is generally known as "of genial disposition, and a great favorite in society." Sometimes he is described as "unstable," but this is regarded as a harsh term.

"The Emperor of China has sent to the American Bible Society at Peking for a copy of the Bible." Too late, too late!

The friends of Li Hung Chang say that he will be summoned to Peking to save the country by his statesmanship. Perhaps his pen is mightier than his sword.

The old "hand organ" opera "Lucia," given Wednesday at the Metropolitan Opera House, "proved a potent attraction." The facial expression of Mr. H. T. Fink, the celebrated German-American music critic of the Evening Post, during any demonstration of such enthusiasm, would be an interesting and valuable study to the lover of the morbid.

Gilbert's latest work, "His Excellency," will not be given in this country until next September, so there will be plenty of time for lovers of operetta to prepare themselves by rude exercise and a strengthening diet for the proper enjoyment of another installment of the humor of Gilbert's later days.

They are using freely the word "penalize" in connection with foot ball players. No doubt it's an aggressively imposing word, but what's the matter with "punish?"

This is the anniversary of the death of John Selden (1634), who spoke thus concerning marriage: "Marriage is a desperate thing. The frogs in Esop were extreme wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again."

That picture in Harper's Weekly, the picture of the shooting match on Thanksgiving, 1621, is pretty, yes very pretty. (1) Did the women of that year sit on a rock. Thanksgiving Day with arms bared to the eager air? (2) Did the Indians of 1621 carry bows of at least six feet, and did they in shooting draw the arrow to the ear? (3) Would people be apt to stand in direct range and then talk amicably about topics of the day? These inquiries are made in a spirit of love.

Some of the newspapers still publish indignant protests against the brutality of foot ball. The most passionate of these contributors could "scarcely control their indignation" as they left the field. It is to be noticed, however, that they did not leave the field until the game was over.

The more hysterical deplore the fact that "young maidens" are brutalized by the sight of such exhibitions. There is talk of the women palpitating at the bull fight. Some, who have enjoyed the advantages of a classical education, speak knowingly of the gladiators and the Vestal virgins. Now there's no doubt of occasional brutality in foot ball. It is necessarily a rough game. Of late years it has unfortunately seemed a dangerous one, in England and in this country. But the hearts of our girls are not turned into stone, nor do they thirst for blood, simply because they were present at a game.

It's wonderful how the turkeys hold out. Have they yet learned to connect November with destruction? Or are they proud to be a national sacrifice on a stated day, as was the beautiful Mexican youth offered up early on the altar of Tezcatlipoca, to the piping of the serpent-skin drum that could be heard eight miles away?

They are disputing in England over the precise meaning of the tavern sign "The Green Man and Still." Some say the sign signifies Bacchus entwined within the clustering grape vine and the vessel used by him in the distillation of liquors. Others that it is expressive of an herbalist blinding his herbs to a distillery, the sign doubtless of an herbalist turned innkeeper.

"December's frost and January's flood
Never boded the husbandman's good."

A book entitled "5000 Words Often Misspelled" is by a Mr. Phye.

Of course the new Mosquito Chief is "full-blooded."

Mr. Hinkey should be his own vindicator.

It appears that Mr. Paur said "Bravo!" and Mr. Ysaye said "Magnificent!" Nothing could have been fairer than that.

Heard in the gallery Friday morning:

Young Lady (standing with Charles Dana Gibson in front of his latest cartoon "Too Late")—"Mr. Gibson, I don't think that I quite understand this one."

Gibson (encouragingly)—"Why, of course you don't. It hasn't been published yet."

From all accounts there is a mighty race of painters here, male and female. Studios are so crowded with masterly sketches that in some cases the artist is obliged to work on the roof. The galleries are stuffed with pictures that combine the drawing of a Gérôme with the color of a Titian. There are likenesses that speak to the observer, and game pieces that are high; landscapes that bring tears to the eyes of real estate agents; stories that suggest a five-act play. At least so the passionate young writers on parochial art assure us. Every picture has an "honorable mention." It would be a pleasant surprise to occasionally run against the truth expressed in a dishonorable mention.

Farmer's "Dictionary of Americanisms" is no longer beyond the reach of the average book buyer. The book is mighty interesting reading, and yet it is imperfect, as are all such compilations. There is to be a new edition of the first volume of Farmer's "Dictionary of Slang." It is to be hoped that the term "corker" will receive exhaustive treatment, if the second volume is revised. Our own idea is that "corker" is not so flamboyantly eulogistic a term as "honeycooler."

By the way, how many noble words are now obsolete. There's the verb "to dag," to pierce or stab, with or as with a pointed weapon. "One Ross of Lancaster swore any man who uttered such sentiments ought to be dagged." This fine sentence was written only a century ago. To-day the elephant dags the elephant when he is sulky.

It can hardly be said that the name of the late Icazbalceta, the bibliographer, was in the mouths of all men.

A morning contemporary announced yesterday that "Maurel, the tenor," had arrived in New York. Until yesterday morning Mr. Maurel had been a baritone.

Superintendent Byrnes proposes to do some punting today if he thinks it necessary.

Boston should, indeed, be proud, if, as Mr. Ernst claims, it invented the words "rum" and "lumber." Did Boston also invent the words, "rumbumptious, rumbustious, rumbustical, rumgumption, and rumgumptious?" Then rum is not a native West Indian term for a spirit distilled from cane-juice? This particular liquor was called "kill-devil by sailors, and thence, in cant, it signified a parson." Dampier spoke of rum in his "Voyage to Campeachy, 1675."

Here is a sentence from an editorial article in the N. Y. Sun. It is recommended respectfully to the attention of the intelligent foreigner who is studying English: "His pitiable position as a political hobo, a gazaboo from No Man's Land, must move every feeling heart."

Mrs. Nordica says that the voice of Doeme, her betrothed, has developed into a very fine tenor, and she expects great things from him. It is to be feared that she hears him with the ears of affection. The critics last season did not take such a roseate view of the young man's prospects.

And here is a citizen complaining in print of the crowded condition of the electric cars that run between Cambridge and the Tremont House. He is only one of many, and the cause of complaint is not confined to the specified line. Meanwhile the officers of the West End take the comfortable position of the gods mentioned by Tennyson: "But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men."

MODERN ADVENTURERS.

They say that stories of adventure and daring, however improbable the plot, whether they are told by Haggard or Hope or Wynan, are read eagerly, because the knights are now glued to the carpet, and adventurers are known only as promoters and helms-hunters. Heroism is not dead. Scarcely a day passes without the knowledge of the bravery of some humble man, sailor, railway engineer, day-laborer. But the knight-at-arms is extinct; the soldier of fortune dear to Scott, Dumas and Lever is obsolete, preserved only in fiction or history. At least, so they say. Yet men love to read of such exploits as they read of Drake and John Smith, and rovers by sea or by land, ready to enter into the service of any ruler, as long as there was clashing of swords, or glory and booty were to be won. The contrast between such martial spirit and sluggish case whets the appetite in reading.

Yet was there record only last month of the deeds of two adventurers—we use the word in its real, not its obnoxious sense—which, for heroism, dare-devil spirit, and recklessness born of hot and restless blood, are worthy to be enrolled in the catalogue of actions of ancient worthies. The death of Gen. Thaddeus P. Mott recalled the career of a soldier-of-fortune. Born to wealth and position—for he was a son of Dr. Valentine Mott—he could not brook the idea of following in the footsteps of his illustrious father. In '48, when he was only 17 years old, he went to Italy and served in the Italian army. Returning to America, he shipped before the mast, and rounded the Horn. He followed the sea for four or five years until he was mate, then he went back to soldiering. He fought in Mexico in '56-'57. In our Civil War, beginning as Captain of a battery he resigned, in 1864, Colonel of a cavalry regiment. Later we find him Major General in the Egyptian army. In 1875 he went to Turkey. He served in the Russo-Turkish war. He was prominent in the Shipka Pass. It was only in 1879 that he retired from service on account of his health. In full uniform, he wore many decorations given him for gallantry in all parts of the world.

This month came to us all the report of Commander McGiffin, Commander of the Chen-Yuen in the battle of the Yalu. The fight was terrible; the destruction was sickening. The Commander stood on the bridge of his war ship taking kodak views until he was disabled. He tells the story modestly; but there is no doubt of the physical bravery and the adventurous spirit of the man.

We are not inquiring into comparative bravery; whether Root the engineer was not a greater hero than Mott, the roving soldier; whether the flagman that saved a child and lost his own life was not more worthy of tablet of brass or marble shaft than is McGiffin. We simply cite these instances to show that there are always men who fret at the inaction of every-day life, for to them even speculating in stocks is inaction.

These men must be in the open. They must smell powder. They must drink the delight of battle with their peers. In the absence of patriotic duty that impels to arms, such men, perhaps, are as those born out of due time. In the Elizabethan age they would have been enrolled among the discoverers. They might have sailed the Spanish Main, fought with Charles of Sweden, enlisted under Catherine of Russia, served in the Lowlands, followed the star of Napoleon till it set at Waterloo. Under no circumstances or conditions would they have drawn up briefs or been contented with a lancet, or sold the goods that came from foreign ports. It would have been equally impossible for Sir Richard Burton, a close observer, to have lived the tranquil life of that equally keen observer, Gilbert White of Selborne.

A QUESTION OF HEAT.

For some years Americans have been accused, and for the most part justly, of overheating their rooms in winter. In the earlier days of New England life the people suffered from cold. Going to church was an Arctic expedition. The wisdom of Franklin as expressed in a stove served admirably later, but then came the Yankee inventor and the reign of hot-air furnace and tight-drum stove. The varnish of furniture sizzled; the joints cracked; paintings were warped; and meanwhile the owner rubbed his hands gleefully and cried aloud: "Hot!"

conferable we are. Again, there was a change for the better, and in many houses the grate and the fireplace are no longer meaningless ornaments. There is no doubt but that men of wealth live today in a healthier atmosphere, with heat more sensibly adjusted, with better ventilation, than did their fathers. But the home of many a man of limited means is a flat, and a flat means steam heat, which is dependent on the caprice and the habits of the janitor, tempered by the generosity or the stinginess of the landlord.

Of old it was said by foreign detractors who sold their books by abusing us sensibly or unjustly, that the excessive heat ruined

the constitution of woman as well as that of furniture. Our women were delicate, an easy prey to consumption, hot-house plants. This censure was true when it was written; it is partly deserved today, although the health of the wealthier class is undoubtedly of a higher standard. There might as much fault have been found, however, with the absurd system of dressing the body in cold weather. There are still many estimable people who even before the coming of the snow put on heavy flannels and thick outer dress. The heat in the house rages like the dog-star. They are warmer than in summer. An exposure to a draught seems like neighborhood to an iceberg. When the man or woman is obliged to go into the keen air, the thickest overcoat seems flimsy. Then take the violent contrasts in temperature in shopping or in the pursuit of business. Take the sudden fall in temperature in a flat, when the janitor forgets his duty. There is no such chill in politics as that which follows suddenly the previous roasting. Is it, then, a wonder that our citizens in this severe climate are victims of bronchial and pulmonary complaints?

Foreigners who visit us protest against this violent heat, and Americans who at first shiver when living in foreign houses finally become accustomed and are the healthier. It is not necessary, perhaps, to follow the example of the Russian gentleman, who in the coldest weather, as a rule, wears linen next his skin and fortifies himself by furs when he is in the street; but surely there should be a keener sense of proportion in dress in our own country. Remember the days of boyhood in the country, how the breaking of ice in pitcher did not make one afraid, and how the youth, almost lightly clad, did not feel the sting of the air. There is such a thing as coddling, which is too often injudicious. Why should one be dressed as for winter in a summer heat, and then run the risk of exposure? Our climate has an evil name. The death rate of Boston reflects on the care taken of throat and lungs. Dress reform should not merely be an affair of stays and divided skirts.

A contemporary cries out wildly, "Will Harvard College authorities act?" No doubt there is latent histrionic talent in the Faculty, and Mr. Henry Irving has been a guest at Sanders Theatre; but whether the authorities will or will not appear in melodrama or comedy this season is another matter.

Will some one please explain this sentence taken from a fashion-column of a staid contemporary: "Hoops must surely be in the wake?" We have heard of their being in the swim.

That was an excellent title chosen by Miss Tryon for her lecture. "Our Common Schoolroom" is too often a toad-stool.

"Gassy Girl, Profligate, The Politician," were in singular juxtaposition in a ball-line of Saturday.

"Yale will not play Pennsylvania under any circumstances." Especially under the present circumstances.

Boston is humiliated. She has been told that she needs some "big guns." Ichabod, indeed!

For an old saying, "If it rains on this Sunday before Mass, it will rain for a week."

Our Victoria must consider Mr. Bayard a proper person.

MUSIC.

The Appearance of Ysaye at the Seventh Symphony Concert.

The program of the seventh Symphony concert, given last evening in Music Hall, Mr. Paur, conductor, was as follows: Symphony No. 1, D minor, op. 44.....Volkmann Concerto for violin, No. 3, in B minor, op. 81.....Sant-Saens Chaconne and Rigaudon from "Aline Reine de Golconde".....Monsigny Fantasia for violin on airs from Rossini's "Otello".....Ernst The Paris Carnival, op. 9.....Svendsen

Will the time ever come when a conductor is not ashamed to give only portions of a symphony, or afraid lest the people, fetiche worshippers, arise and stone him? Here is this symphony by Volkmann, with its strong and noble first movement, charming andante, delightful trio in the scherzo. And then comes the dull and labored finale. Why is it necessary in such cases to play the symphony as a whole?

Beautiful and strong as are so many passages of the symphony, it served last evening chiefly as a preparation to the performance of Ysaye. Again there was a triumph of individuality. Again there was the display of a temperament.

Now in these days it is taken for granted that a great violinist, a man whose reputation crossed the Atlantic long before he stood on the stage of Music Hall, has a remarkable technique. To speak at length of Ysaye's technique would then be almost impertinent, and it would be a reflection on the intelligence of the reader. Let it be sufficient to say that his technique is highly developed; that he conquers difficulties with apparent ease, yet without fatuous display. His pose is that of the man who knows that he is master of his instrument, who has faced many audiences; yet there is never a trace of the poseur. A stalwart figure; a massive, leonine head; a face that shows kindness, shrewdness, and general intelligence. That he does not play to the crowd goes without saying; for it is hard to imagine a pupil whom Vieuxtemps loved and respected so degrading his talent.

The charm of Ysaye, the fiddler—do not shrink at the sound of this word; does not fiddle give you the idea of the strings better than the word violin?—the charm of this fiddler is the peculiar and beautiful quality of the tone. For tone is what moves and thrills. Pyrotechnics simply startle, excite wonder. This tone is never exaggerated. There is no sawing on the G string as though the player must needs saw on the human heart. The body and the head are not used to accentuate the tone by playing to the eye. This tone is gained legitimately; it is the child of Nature and Art, and it is used legitimately. The superficial nature of many a violinist who has delighted by his bravura is detected the moment he sings a passionate melody, for he tears the passion to tatters in his endeavor to make an effect. In such a man as Ysaye, what he does not do is almost as remarkable as what he does. For self-control, when one realizes his power and his mastery over an audience, is the hardest of tasks.

Perhaps the most pleasant recollection of last evening is the fact that there was nothing in his performance that you wished otherwise. You said to yourself, "Now, if I played the violin, I should play that passage as Ysaye is playing it." This would not be said in any spirit of foolish conceit, but because the performance was so pure and noble that it would be hard for you to imagine it as perfect if the music had been played in another manner. To speak in detail of Ysaye's performance would be to indulge constantly in superlatives, and superlatives, even when they are so richly deserved, are wearisome, and the reader who did not hear begins to be suspicious. Did the execution of the most difficult passages excite unbounded enthusiasm? So did the beautiful tone, the caressing of the strings by the bow, the unaffected and truly artistic phrasing that was inspired by the heart and controlled by the musical reason.

Comparisons are inevitable, perhaps, but let us avoid them. I have spoken in another column of the Journal of the vice of comparison, which so often detracts from full enjoyment. We have heard many famous fiddlers in this city. It is doubtful if any one of them has given greater and purer pleasure than that given last night by Eugene Ysaye.

One word more about his tone. There are violinists whose song is so sensuous that it excites the thought of the Evil One, to whom the fiddle, as the superstitious of past centuries believed, was a favorite instrument of corruption. Such a song was that which came from the three-stringed violin with the belly covered with skin of bluish serpent played by Muzio in the wild tale by the great Russian; and Muzio heard the tune in Ceylon, and it was called "The Song of Triumphant Love." Now this love was lust. The song of Ysaye, whether in the singing passages of the fine concerto of Saint-Saens, or the melody of Desdemona, is human, intensely human, yet it is free from earthly dross. In the finale of the concerto his tones soared above the unearthly music of the accompanying violins like unto the song of a disembodied spirit.

Recalled again and again, Ysaye after the "Otello" fantasia gave an exquisite performance of the sarabande and gigue from Bach's third sonata, if I am not mistaken.

There were moments in the accompaniment to the "Otello" fantasia when there was a lack of precision, but the performance of the orchestra, as a whole, was one of great merit. The symphony was finely read and strongly played. The little dances were interesting chiefly as a specimen of the music to which famous men and women once danced when the ballet was one of the fine arts, and not an exhibition of unmeaning kicks and acrobatic, ungraceful feats.

The compiler of the Program Book makes the following statement in speaking of Monsigny (page 279):

"In 1761 his *le Cadi dupé* so delighted the poet Sedaine that he offered Monsigny to supply him with libretti in future. The success of this collaboration was such that the *Comédie-Italienne* succeeded in having the rival *Opéra-Comique de la Foire Saint-Laurent* closed, for fear that its rising reputation might injure their own theatre; and from that time Monsigny wrote only for the *Comédie-Italienne* (the forerunner of the present *Opéra-Comique* in Paris)."

This statement is incorrect. "Aline Reine de Golconde," the very "ballet héroïque," from which the dances that were played last night are taken, was written for the Paris Opéra, and produced on that famous stage April 15, 1766. The words were by Sedaine. Neither the score nor the libretto bears the name of Monsigny, who did not sign his early works, because he was then steward to the Duke of Orleans. Sophie Arnould was the original Aline. When the work was revived in 1772 and 1779 Guimard, the demure wanton, was the chief female dancer. The piece was sumptuously mounted, indeed the expense of putting it on the stage was 33,750 livres, an enormous sum in those days.

PHILIP HALE

ABOUT MUSIC.

Why Should Comparison Enter Into Enjoyment?

With a Digression Concerning the Word, Fiddle.

The Birth and Childhood of "Samson and Delilah."

You ask, Miss Eustachia, which of the two is the greater fiddler, Ysaye or Thomson? Why do you not wait until Thomson fiddles in Music Hall and then judge for yourself? If after you have had the means of comparing, you should again put the question and I should say "Thomson," you undoubtedly would reply, "Well, I prefer Ysaye;" and if I should admit that Ysaye was a man of warmer temperament, you would beyond all peradventure say in opposition, "But Thomson is the greater artist."

It's the old story. "Who is your favorite novelist, Dickens or Thackeray or Dicky or Thackens?" Someone may come along and say unto you, "Ah, you should hear Joachim!" I hope you will then have the presence of mind to ask this superior person, "Have you ever heard him?" Nine out of ten he is giving you a bluff, to use the language of the ancient Romans. By the way, the current number of the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeltung* tells us that Joachim played in Frankfurt the 9th ult. the concerto by Brahms; and he strayed so far from the pitch that it was painful to the ear. The last time I heard Joachim, Miss Eustachia, he was in Munich; his intonation was often impure, and he twice escaped narrowly breaking down on account of the treachery of his memory. And yet no one will dispute seriously the statement that Joachim has been, and in certain ways still is, a great fiddler. Have we not heard Sarasate play sharp for minutes right here in Music Hall? And yet do you know of any fiddler that surpasses him? Look in the books; what do they say of the graceful Spaniard: "His intonation is impeccable, his technique is incredible, the beauty of his tone is bewitching," etc., etc.

You wince at this word "fiddle." It's a good word and an old word. Shakespeare knew the word. So did Chaucer. So did the author of "Hey-diddle-diddle."

You say, "Possibly; but it is connected with so many vulgar expressions." Well, here are some of the phrases: fiddle-about, fiddle or fiddle-de-dee, fiddle-faddles, fiddle-stick, fiddle-sticks-end ("the phrase once dear to an old woman, who, in former electioneering times, used to head the processions of her party at the close of each day's poll, playing upon the poker and tongs, repeating 'Fiddle-Sticks-End, Shit-ty-Come-Poo!'" Baker's Glossary of Northamptonshire words). This phrase might be well adopted by the passionate "female suffragists of today."

Then there is the Scotch fiddle. The forefinger is the fiddle stick which plays between the thumb and the fingers of the other hand; it has an advantage over the English fiddle, said a Scot, "because you have but one stick, but they have two; so that they can almost instantly change the sticks, and produce by these alternate movements lively variations and fugues; which never fail to excite the most agreeable sensations. Modern refinement has given this instrument a more classical name, the Caledonian Cremona. * * * The common and vulgar name, still retained, is the fiddle." And you will find still more pleasant matter in the Rev. Mr. Carr's "Dialect of Craven."

Then there is "fiddlestick's end," synonymous with "nothing." "Fidler's money" means all sixpences, sixpence being the usual sum paid by each couple for music at country wakes and hops. "Fidler's fare" is meat, drink and money. "Fidler's pay" is thanks and wine.

A "fiddler" or "fadge" is also a farthing. A "fiddler" is, English slang, a sharper, a cheat. "Fiddling" is doing any odd jobs in the streets—holding horses, etc. "Among the middle classes 'fiddling' means idling away, and amongst sharpers it means gambling."

Then there is an old expression which I suffer for your ears. "He treats his entrails to fiddle strings," that is to say, he is in a state of constant ungrounded vexation or anxiety. Now, what do you suppose that singular writer, John Hellenden Ker, Esq., saw in the phrase? Nothing but a wrenching of the Dutch sentence "Hij veurt kuts toe veele storings," he forecasts too many vexations.

Do you think for a moment that violin has escaped such contamination? Turn over the dictionaries of French slang. The "violin" is a station-house. "To smell of the violin" is to be a frequenter of such temporary homes. The violin is also a slang name for the armadillo. The "donkey's violin" is the stick with which he is beaten. When jail-birds saw their irons they "play the violin." They call a thin woman "a violin." "To play the violins" is to spend money, time and trouble for another without gaining thereby.

But to return to your original question. Can you not enjoy the performance of a great fiddler or pianist or singer without at once settling about the institution of comparison? Must you know what the latest music-dictionary says of the two you mention? Riemann speaks thus of Ysaye: "His characteristics are verve, mastery of expression and eminent virtuosity." He speaks of Thomson as a famous fiddler, "whose command of mechanism, as in double stopping, is most wonderful." The old question again rises: "Do you prefer Thickens or Dackery?"

It is the fault of Plutarch. He began this setting one man against another. "Jones has the larger feet; but Smith has more striking ears. Jones is slow and sententious; but how charmingly Smith lies."

Enjoy Ysaye, Miss Eustachia; enjoy Thomson, Marteau, Brodsky, Kneisel. There is enjoyment to be found in the performance of each. Because Rubinstein is dead, is there no pleasure in the thought of Von Bülow at his best? Because Paderewski lives, must de Pachmann abandon the piano? Although Thomas Hardy still writes, there is room in the world even for Mr. Howells.

The name of the accomplished fiddler who played last week in Music Hall appears as "Isale" in Gregoir's "L'Art Musical en Belgique," published at Brussels, 1879. This criticism was then made: "Beautiful quality of tone, breadth of bowing, good style, warmth—these are the precious characteristics of this musician, whom Nature has endowed richly."

Now the name appears as "Isaye" in Gregoir's "Les Artistes-Musiciens Belges au XVIII. et au XIX. Siècle," published six years later. In the account that follows are a few items of interest. Ysaye played in Paris in 1877, in the weekly concerts of Vieuxtemps. He was heard in the Singakademie of Berlin, Oct. 26, 1881. In 1883, when he played in Russia at Wilna, an Amati violin was given to him by his enthusiastic admirers. It was in December, 1884, that he played the first concerto of Vieuxtemps at a concert of the Paris Conservatory.

Here are sensible words from the Pall Mall Gazette, and they may be applied to musicians, conditions and critics in this country as well as in England: "Art is not national, nor will ever be, in the particular sense of the word. A great nation may be the exponent of a great art; to isolate deliberately the artistic work of any nation is, on the contrary, to choose a quick and easy route to provincialism. And to devote concerts separately to the work of English musicians is in some sort to provincialize music. Let us try to do without self-deceit. If we cannot compete with the great German masters, do not, in heaven's name, let us set up for ourselves little sects for purposes of mutual admiration, and make believe that we are great by lowering our standard. Let English musicians go forth, if they can, to conquer. But English music, or, as it is otherwise called in this instance, British chamber music! The thing cannot tolerantly be thought of."

Certain loose statements have been made concerning the first performances of Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah," which was given in concert form by the Cecilia Wednesday evening.

When Saint-Saëns wrote this "Biblical opera" he had no standing in the theatres. His "La Princesse Jaune" had failed at the Opéra-Comique. Theatre directors fought shy of him because he had succeeded on the concert stage. "It is not surprising, then," says Jullien, "that he received gladly from the hands of his cousin (Lemaire), the libretto of a sort of oratorio-opera, which could be performed either on the operatic stage with costumes and scenery, or in concert form with concert surroundings." As Saint-Saëns was a welcome guest in all concert halls, there was no trouble in gaining a hearing.

The opera was finished about 1872, although in 1870 the second act was tried with Augusta Holmes, Regnault, the painter, and Brussine as the singers. The same act was sung in 1874 at Mrs. Viardot's country place. She was Delilah; the other singers were Nicot and Auguez. The first act was sung Good Friday, 1875, at the Châtelet, Paris, in concert form. The first operatic performance was in German, Dec. 2, 1877, at Weimar, under the direction of Lassen. The opera was sung at Hamburg in 1883, with Sucher as Delilah; it was afterward produced in Cologne, Prague and Dresden.

Its first performance as an opera in France was at Rouen, March, 1880. It was first sung in Paris at the Eden Theatre, Oct. 31, 1890, and Rosine Bloch was Delilah. Not until Nov. 23, 1892, was it sung at the Paris Opéra, and then Deschamps was Delilah.

Given in concert form in Brussels in 1878 it was not produced there as an opera until about a month ago, when Armand was Delilah.

The first performance in the United States was in concert form at New York, March 25, 1892, by the Oratorio Society, under Mr. Demrosch. Mrs. Ritter-Goetze and Montariol were the Delilah and the Samson.

The first performance in New England was in concert form at the Worcester Festival, Sept. 27, 1893, when Mrs. Carl Alves was the Delilah and Mr. J. H. McKinley the Samson.

There is no doubt but that the first act of "Samson and Delilah" bored many as it was sung in Music Hall. There was a monotony of color until the appearance of Delilah. The composer evidently strove after a certain effect, and on the stage with the illusion of scenery and costumes the comparative coldness of the music would not be so apparent. So, too, the second and the third acts must gain immeasurably by performance in the opera house.

Poor Samson! Like Huayna Capac, the Peruvian ruler, "he could never refuse a woman, of whatever age or degree she might be, any favor that she asked of him."

Sandow informs the world through the medium of an advertisement that the secret of his strength is in his digestion. Samson's strength was in his avoidance of barbers, professional or amateur; or as Dr. Watts put it,

"So Samson, when his hair was lost
Met the Philistines to his cost."

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Calvé has been singing in Paris in Bizet's "Pearlfishers."

Patti and Nevada will sing in opera at Nice this winter.

Alboni left \$100,000 to the city of Paris for charitable purposes.

The review of the Symphony Concert of last evening will be found on another page.

There will be no symphony rehearsal and concert this week.

Mr. Carl Faeltel will give two piano recitals this season, one on Tuesday, Jan. 8, and the other on Monday, Jan. 21.

William II. proposes to erect a monument in Berlin to the glory of his colleagues, Haydn, Beethoven and Mozart.

A tablet placed recently on a wall of the Palace Marini, Venice, says: "Here Cimarosa dwelt and died."

Bruckner's Mass in F Minor was given lately in Vienna under the direction of Mr. Gericke.

Bruno Oscar Klein of New York gave a concert lately in Leipzig. The program was made up of his own compositions.

Sarasate, Sembrich, Fanny Broomfield-Zeisler are all giving concerts in Germany.

The Prince de Valori has written a book, "Verdi et son Oeuvre." It is published by Calmann-Lévy, Paris.

A German by the name of Buschmann has invented a contrivance by which the double-bass can now reach contra C.

They have found at the Covent Garden costumes once worn by Mario, Grisi and Bosio. In the inventory are registered several thousand pairs of dancing slippers.

A Pirro is the author of an interesting book, "The Organ of Johann Sebastian Bach," published by Fischbacher, Paris. Widor contributed a preface to it.

Mr. F. W. Wodell, baritone, will give a song recital in Union Hall Tuesday, Dec. 18. He will have the assistance of Mr. Charles Molé and Miss Ada P. Emery.

The singers at Bayreuth last season who won the honors were Van Dyck, a Fleming, Mrs. Nordica, an American, Mrs. Bremé, an Englishwoman, Popovici, a Hungarian. Not one German among them.

Edith Walter, an American girl, sang the part of Fides in "The Prophet" at the Royal Opera, Berlin, with such success that she has been engaged as a member of the company.

Sir William Robinson, Governor of Western Australia, has given birth to a grand opera, called "Predatoros," which, produced recently at Melbourne, was received with enthusiasm.

At the opera in Pesth an opera, "The Fiddle-maker of Cremona" was brought out with great success. The composer, Hubay, played a solo for fiddle introduced in the opera, after which he was called before the curtain 14 times.

Mr. Henschel, who is conductor of the Scottish Orchestra, will resign his Scottish connection next spring, when the present season comes to an end, in order to assume the duty of organizing the London Symphony Orchestra.

It is a custom of the Maennergesang-Verein of Vienna to send a diploma and a duet to any composer whose new work is sung by it for the first time. So William II. is in about \$2 50. He is the only monarch who has been thus honored by the society.

Sonzogno will give a series of operatic performances at the Porte-Saint-Martin, Paris, from May 15 to June 15. The operas will be by Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Cipollini, Franchetti, Samara, Giordano, Von Westerhout and Giannetti.

This is the program of the Kneisel Quar-

ter concert, the 19th, in Ure's Hall. Quartet, D major, Mendelssohn, piano trio, B flat major, Beethoven, clarinet quintet B minor, Brahms. Mr. Biernmann will be the pianist. Mr. Pourtau will be the clarinetist.

Mr. Ebenezer Prout, B. A., who has been appointed to the Chair of Music at the University of Dublin, is in his 60th year. He graduated at the University of London in 1854, and is the author of works on the "Theory of Music," "Instrumentation," "Counterpoint," "Musical Form," and "Harmony."

The Symphony concert of the 15th will be in memory of Anton Rubinstein. The program will be as follows: Funeral march from "Eroica" Symphony, Beethoven; Concerto No. 4, D minor, for piano, Rubinstein; Symphony in C No. 2 ("Ocean"), Rubinstein. The pianist will be Mrs. Ernst Lent.

A new theatre will open soon in Paris at the corner of the Chaussée-d'Antin and Lafayette. Three days in the week will be devoted to the representation of unpublished lyric works of young composers. The other three days and Sunday will be devoted to orchestral concerts, or the hall will be let. The name of the theatre is the Mondain.

Arthur Sullivan has finished all the music for the new version of the "Contrabandista," which will be almost a new opera, as only five numbers of the original version are retained, while the second act, words and music, is entirely new. Arthur is now at work on the incidental music for Henry Irving's production of "King Arthur" at the Lyceum.

M. René de Récy, whose death is announced from Paris, was one of the most distinguished of French musical critics. He studied harmony with M. Saint-Saëns, of whom he was one of the closest friends. Of late years he acted as musical critic to the Revue Bleue. M. de Récy was also well known as a jurist, and he wrote several notable articles in the Revue des Deux-Mondes on legislative and administrative questions.

Paul Gilson, whose remarkable symphonic poem, "The Sea," was played here—in a sadly mutilated condition—under Mr. Nikisch, is at work on an opera "Galswinthe." The libretto is founded on a Merovingian tale by Thierry. The scenario was written over 12 years ago and shown to Vaucorbell, the manager. This statement is now made because the opera "Frédégonde et Brunehaut," left unfinished by Guiraud and completed by Saint-Saëns, seems to have about the same plot.

"Jeanie Deans," an opera founded on Scott's novel, "The Heart of Midlothian," text by Joseph Bennett and music by Hamish MacCunn, was produced at Edinburgh Nov. 15. The London Times says: "Apart from actual choruses, of which there are very few, this finale (last act) is the only number in which voices are used in combination. Mr. MacCunn apparently holds, on this point, the views which Wagner to a great extent abandoned after the completion of the trilogy."

Mrs. Julia Houston-West of Haverhill

by invitation sang in the First Church of Exeter, N. H.—the oldest church in that classical town, being founded in 1638, and a writer in the Exeter Gazette says: "I have heard Mrs. West when, as America's representative singer, she sang 'The Star-Spangled Banner' at the Peace Jubilee, in oratorio when she divided the soprano solos with the great Nilsson, and many times when she was a member of the quartet of Dr. Hale's Church in Boston, but I have never heard her sing with more infinite sweetness."

The impecuniosity prevailing in Peru is showing itself in a very acute form in theatrical and operatic circles in Lima. The condition of things, for instance, at the Opera House in the capital is peculiarly distressing, and cases of collapse of stage properties, with consequences fatal to the dignity of the performers, are now a matter of almost nightly occurrence. In this respect, according to a report in a native journal, a crisis has now been reached, more especially with regard to the condition of the wardrobe at the Peruvian Opera House. The artists, who are mostly of native manufacture, funds not admitting of foreign importations, are beginning to regard the clothes served out to them with feelings of well-grounded suspicion and alarm. This is not to be wondered at when we read of the incident which took place at the last performance of "Faust" in Lima. When Valentine was being raised after the duel to curse Margherita, his nether garments gave way completely under the strain. Introducing an element into the scene out of harmony with the spirit of Gounod's masterpiece. Under these circumstances the curtain was rung down, while Valentine hastily disappeared, leaving his small clothes on the stage behind him.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Now that the foot ball season is over, we can all give our undivided attention to the sports of the prize-ring.

Ysaye smiled the other day when he was asked the correct pronunciation of his name. "They called me everything in New York," he said, "everything except cochon."

A GAUITY GIRL

"A Gauity Girl," a musical comedy in two acts, words by Owen Hall, lyrics by Harry Greenbank, music by Sidney Jones, was produced last night for the first time in Boston, by Mr. George Edwards's Company at the Holis Street Theatre, which was crowded with an appreciative audience. The music director was Mr. Granville Bantock.

Up to almost the end of the first act of this piece the hearer might well say: "This is moderately amusing. There are some good lines, although the dialogue is too often coarse with that brutal coarseness which is peculiarly English. The music is for the most part a cheap jingle, without distinction and without judiciously welcome plagiarism. That which accompanies the words of 'Tommy Atkins' might have been written by Mr. Rudyard Kipling after a few lessons in the elements of harmony. The exotic flavor of the piece is interesting, and it is a pleasure to become intimately acquainted with the species of entertainment that has given joy to so many people of London town." But the moment that there was an appeal to the emotions by the stale trick of a piece of jewelry, a jealous and slighted sweetheart and an undying female victim, a false note was struck that ruined the pleasure and turned the running machine for the disheveled costumes, dancing, singing and

to an amorphous thing. The second act is below the level even of the first. There are dreary moments of time-novel sentiment; there is more music without distinction; there are old jokes; and there are more lines of dubious taste. The jealous maid, of course, repents, the victim falls into the arms of her own love, and the three are rewarded equally by good positions in the front line. This sentimental episode, and in fact this arraying actresses against women of so-called society injure the piece beyond remedy. Yet it is easy to understand why many people have liked and will like "A Gauity Girl." The cheap and often vulgar sarcasms appeal to some. To others the fun of the chief comedians will be irresistible, and it must be admitted frankly that portions of the piece are funny in a conventional way. But let us speak of that which gave genuine pleasure.

The honors of the evening were borne away easily by Miss Decima Moore, who made much of a slight part. In song and dance she displayed intelligence, and in action and speech she gave the audience credit for intelligence. She suggested faintly her points. She showed a marked individuality. Her performance throughout was distinguished; it had a small mark of its own.

Next to her is to be ranked Miss Maud Hobson, who gave a clever portrayal of the shady widow. Miss Palotta was a jealous maid with a rich and fruity German accent. The other women had little to do, and did it satisfactorily.

It may be said of the men in general that they read their lines and entered into the spirit of the piece in honest, conventional fashion. Mr. Ledham Bantock, as the judge of the Divorce Court, gave by all odds the most finished performance. Mr. Louis Bradfield laid considerable stress on grimaces, and his gagging was for the most part stupid. He appeared to best advantage in the café-chantant song in the second act. But in the dreary bathing house scene his play and gags would have wearied even the most hardened pursuer of farce-comedy. Ryley sang in an unpretentious manly fashion, and was a phlegmatic lover of the phlegmatic Miss Massey. Mr. Kaye as the Major was at times amusing.

Much was expected of the dancing, but here, too, was a feeling of disappointment. Miss Casey Fitzgerald, pretty as she is, did not drive out the memory of those who preceded her, or of dancers of today who never warmed the hearts of London ladies. "Mesdames" Crossland, Murray and Lucas danced with spirit, but kicking was evidently to them the thing of great importance.

To sum up. The first act moderately amusing until the absurdity of the false accusation. The second act for the most part tedious and long spun out. There is a remembrance of Miss Decima Moore, her fascinating deviltry, the pretty face of Miss Fitzgerald, and the dwelling for three hours in a foreign atmosphere, which is at times damp and foggy.

PHILIP HALE

Mr. Burns, who declares that the workmen of America are "little better than race of slaves," said on landing in New York: "You believe with us in England that frock coats and high hats have had their day, and that the time has come when fustian and corduroy should have their innings. If so, we have got to fight labor along the lines of the least resistance." And he began the fight that evening by attending the concert at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Something up like a Flower.

It appears, at least by report, that Li Chang is a man of some versatility. He's crazy, a traitor and 500 times a millionaire.

Victor Maurel is the most famous of singing baritones. Here is a sweeping statement for Cologni is still on the stage, and Maurel is living, although he seldom sings in public.

It would not be illogical, after all, if a general should have a secret edition of the Bible, for by abusing the book he swells his income.

Decorations as well as furniture will be sold down today by the auctioneer's hammer at the Tremont House.

Mr. W. R. Thayer has a good deal to say about "epidermism" in literature. Does he prefer thus to soap advertisements and circulars that boost skin remedies?

Mr. Gibson may well smile and rub his hands. He is a thrice-paid man. Life pays him for cartoon. The same picture in an album of his drawings pays him a royalty. Then the original, brought to Boston, for instance, is sold at a fat price.

To G. I. N.: We do not understand that Mr. Ernst ever claimed that rum was first made in Boston. We believe his statement is this: the word rum was applied to a particular West Indian drink in Boston before it was so applied in England. Now the real question is this: Did the early Bostonians first borrow the West Indian word, or did they first apply an old English word to this particular drink?

It is stated in the dictionaries of English slang, from Grose to Hotten, that rum was formerly a much used prefix. "Signifying, fine, good, gallant, or valuable, perhaps in some way connected with Rome," says Hotten. Look in Capt. Grose's "Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," and you will find two pages of words coined with this prefix, from "rum beck" (a justice of the peace) to "rumbumptious," meaning obstreperous.

The point raised by Mr. Ernst is one of value and interest, and in this connection let us consider the nature of "rum fustian," a drink once brewed at Oxford and one of the most popular courses in the curriculum: The yolks of 12 eggs, a quart of strong home-brewed beer, a bottle of white wine, half a pint of gin, a grated nutmeg, the juice from the peel of a lemon, a small quantity of cinnamon, and sugar sufficient to sweeten it. The instructor adds: "This beverage should be drank about bed-time, out of wine glasses, and while it is quite hot."

It seems that the hitherto unknown sin was revealed here last week in the sight of the people. At least the hysterical comments of an evening contemporary must bear this meaning. Mr. Ysaye was wicked enough to play the "Otello" fantasia, and Mr. Paur was equally wicked in letting him play it. That the performance was superb apparently only adds to the hideousness of the offence.

This is the time of year, girls, to find out the temper of future husbands. Go ye to a woodpile after dark and draw out a stick.

"Which if it streight and even be,
and have no knots at all,
A gentle husband then they thinke
shall surely to them fall.
But if it fowle and crooked be,
and knotte here and there;
A crabbed churlish husband then,
they earnestly do feare."

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MUSIC.

A Pleasing Concert Given by the Melba Concert Company.

This was the program of the concert given by the Melba Company in Music Hall last evening:

Overture, "Zampa".....Herold
Scherzo, Valse.....Moszkowski
"Salve Dimora".....Gounod
Mr. Mauguiere.
Air, "L'Allegro ed il Penseroso".....Handel
Mrs. Melba.
Air, "La Reine de Saba".....Gounod
Mr. Plancon.
"Voi che Sapete".....Mozart
Mrs. Scalchi.
Funeral of a Marionette.....Gounod
"Ah! Fors'e Lui".....Verdi
Mrs. Melba.
String orchestra: a. Traumerel.....Schumann
b. Bluette.....Gillet
"Elizabeth's Prayer".....Wagner
Mrs. Melba.
Air, "Don Carlos".....Verdi
Mr. Plancon.
Chant Hindou.....Bemberg
Mrs. Scalchi.

Trio from "Faust".....Gounod
Mrs. Melba, Plancon and Mauguiere.
March of the Toreadors.....Bizet

The above program was enlarged by the incessant labors of the encore-fiends combined with the great good nature of the singers. Surely people of all tastes must have found something that delighted them before the final number. Mrs. Melba added two charming songs by Bemberg ("Chant Venitien" and "Les Anges Pleurent") the accompaniments of which were played with much taste by the composer. Poor Bemberg! Did he ever hear in Paris or London his "Chant Hindou" so butchered as it was last evening by Mrs. Scalchi? Plancon added Faure's "Palmbranches," and after the air from "Don Carlos" he gave "The Lost Chord" in English, very likely in compliment to the audience. At any rate the audience acknowledged the compliment, admired the pronunciation, and did not cease applauding until he gave his famous performance of "The Two Grenadiers," gesture and all, to the piano accompaniment of Mr. Seldi. The trio from "Faust" was repeated, and there was imminent danger at one time of Melba singing "Home, Sweet Home," or "Old Folks at Home," with the traditional sob and choke in the last measure.

Mr. Mauguiere was in far better voice than he was at the first of these concerts, and he sang the familiar cavatina with much taste. Scalchi went through the air of Mozart as a heavily booted plowman through a freshly turned field, and she labored in the characteristic song by Bemberg like unto a ship in distress. Yet so good natured is this Lady Jane of grand opera that many vocal faults and unmeaning explosions are always forgiven her by the audience.

Melba was in fine voice and high spirits. She was most fair to look upon. Yet she had no occasion to rely on physical charms or graceful, winning carriage, for she sang delightfully in many styles. Perhaps if the name Handel were not signed to the bird-song, it would not be a favorite of concert singers. Her remarkable abilities in bravura are so thoroughly recognized that it would be impertinent to dilate upon them at this late day. It is now a pleasure to pay tribute to her exquisite sostenuto and legato as displayed fully in the trying air from "Tannhaeuser." Her delivery of the well-worn air from "La Traviata" showed that even a hack-horse of virtuosity can be turned into a Pegasus by surpassing vocal art.

The selections allotted by the program to Plancon were not well adapted to concert use, and it was the power, the skill, the imposing personality of the singer that made them welcome numbers. In "The Lost Chord" Plancon was heard to the least advantage, probably because in his endeavor to enunciate a foreign tongue distinctly and pronounce it correctly, he could not maintain as firm a grip on his art. But it was a pleasure to hear him even in Sullivan's sentimental song, for such singers are rare.

The orchestra was made up of members of the Boston Festival Orchestra, and Mr. Seldi was the conductor. The numbers chosen and the performance of them evidently gave the audience pleasure. The solo in the "Zampa" overture brought to mind the remark of Herold that it was generally blown at too slow a pace and with too much sentiment.

PHILIP HALE

Dean Hole talks about "Imposters and Bores." They are often the same thing. They chatter generally about science or the arts.

So Charles Frohman has an organ at last in the Empire Theatre. Augustin Daly has had one for some years, and the grinder's name is Willie Winter.

A "souvenir" of the opera season has a striking portrait of a handsome woman. The title runs as follows: "Lucille Hill, the self-playing piano attachment, which can be fitted to any piano, received the highest award at the Chicago World's Fair." And yet Miss Hill has been known chiefly as a singer.

Old Chimes said last night that Mr. Pinero had not struck his gait in "The Profligate." The old man has been doddering of late, so he was forgiven quickly.

Apropos of "the Profligate," an English journal made lately these sensible remarks concerning the modern drama: "Carlyle's reproach, not profitable, for doctrine, for proof, for building up, can no longer be applied to the drama of the day. The Case of Rebellious Susan is a problem play, with an exoteric as well as an esoteric meaning. The wise seek it out, and stripping it of all merely dramatic details, thresh it out; the foolish laugh and are amused. Was Lady Susan justified in going to evening church at Cairo? Was Nora Helmer justified in banging the front door, or Svava justified in throwing the gauntlet? Or, if man is not vile, then it is the heroine whose robe is 'frayed at the hem,' and in the third act propounds impossible moral problems to mature old gentlemen of the old school; or unhappy husbands of the new, like the gentle Aubrey Tanqueray. 'The great impartial artist,' as Taine called Shakespeare, would be puzzled, we fancy, were he suddenly inducted into the stalls of a modern theatre, at the wild tangle of mixed motions of conflicting emotions, of fin de siecle involvements which pass for action with a modern dramatist."

Rich contributions are now made daily to Burnsiana. The visiting workman is indeed a remarkable character. His study "overflows" with books, he is a "tremendous" reader, he has a "deep appreciation" of art, he knows that the cheering of a crowd is "common cry of curs," he is an impressive speaker, he has never known the taste of beer, wine or spirits, even in sickness or pudding, and he has never used tobacco in pipe, cigar, cigarette, snuff, or in the sterner form of plug or fine cut.

As an investigator, Mr. Burns's vision must be somewhat limited. "I have never seen anywhere better decorations nor finer workmanship than in your high class saloons," he said in New York, but the oracle is necessarily dumb on the more vital questions of cocktails and lunch.

Then it must not be forgotten that Mr. Burns has "the strength of a drayman." It is also of interest to know that his acquaintanceship is wide and catholic, including both George Meredith and Arthur Warren.

Mr. Burns says there is nothing so bad in Whitechapel as a New York slum. This is possibly true; for Jack the Ripper is over his temporary madness, and is probably now in Parliament or active in the crusade against the music halls.

A.—"How do you like the photograph of my wife?" B.—"It's excellent. Was it a snap shot?" A.—"What do you mean?" B.—"Why, her mouth is shut."—Filegende Blaetter.

On the 5th of December, 1815, there was a foot ball match at Caterhaugh, Ettrich Forest, between Ettrich men, headed by the Earl of Home, and the Yarrow, aided by Sir Walter Scott. The latter wrote two songs for the occasion. Here's a verse from one of them:

"Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather.
And if, by mischance, you should happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather.
And life is itself but a game of foot ball."

Another volume must be added to Paul Jones literature. It is a story entitled "The Rebel Commodore," by David L. Johnstone. Of course, the Commodore is Jones, but the romantic hero of the book is a Mr. Ascott Dalrymple, who thwarts the purposes of "the privateer." This reminds us that Paul Jones of Boston was in London a fortnight ago. He sang and told his story at the Concentric Club. The hat was passed, and Jones pocketed \$5 16s. And they now ask in London, who was "spoofed," Jones or the club?

According to the evidences of the latest observers, the "matinee kiss" is more prevalent off the stage than on, although its ratio depends on the amount of inspiration the play has given. This is the cynical observation of a man, and ten to one he is a bachelor, as the "matinee kiss" is now a term applied to the kissing among the girls in the lobby and not by the actors on the stage.

To D. G.:—Here is the latest definition of "decadent": "A member of a French school which affects to belong to an age of decadence in literature and art." This definition is not complete. There are English and American decadents, and indeed such writers are to be found in nearly all civilized countries. Apuleius was a decadent. Poe was a decadent. Baudelaire was a decadent, and you will find the best expression of the aim of the decadent in Gautier's preface to the works of Baudelaire, edition of 1868, pages 17-18. The Philistine idea of these ingenious writers who, in spite of so-called faults, leaven literature, is perhaps best known by this quotation from Figaro, 1885: "The decadent has no ideas. He does not wish to have them. He is in love with words. It is the duty of the reader to understand and put ideas into the words. Now the reader generally refuses this task. Hence the contempt of the decadent for the reader."

Lady Henry Somerset has friends in France, a country of unsuspected prudery. Witness the case of Mr. Boutet, who was at Cancale, and was asked to send a sketch to Paris for reproduction. He drew the sketch on a postal card and sent it registered to his publisher. Let the Pall Mall Gazette tell what followed: "But the artist had not counted upon the modesty of Cancale's Postmistress, who, horrified at the representation of a lady bathing, and not liking to detain a registered card, covered the offending portions with discreet snippets of white paper. The artifice is charmingly simple, and as nobody is hurt, the incident ends in a laugh. But what of the spirit which prompted the prudery of the buraliste? Is M. Berenger really about to govern France? And shall we find Paris equipped ere long with her own McDougalls and Mrs. Chants? It is possible, especially as Angliomania still rages."

In these days, when there are so many recipes for making a novel, Mr. Norris, who has written some good stories, quotes the Scottish cook who was asked the secret of her scones. "Aweel, mem," she said, "ye just tak' your girdle, ye see—and make a scone."

The facial expression of the end-of-the-century is remarkable for its flippancy. Mark the amusement caused by the French Socialists in the Chamber of Deputies, who remained away from the grief meeting over the death of the Czar. Yet this devotion to principle, this at-present-considered obstinacy, are attributes of the spirit which once made martyrs and heroes. Liberty and generosity toward which the world is tending have no use for radicals who have been the motive power of the past in the cause of reform, and such men today excite, as they did in the Chamber of Deputies, amusement rather than respect.

It was observed this week that the Republicans "swept" many cities, which, no doubt, needed it. Let there be a "sweeping" victory here.

To. H. O. A "Kaffee Klatsch" in Germany is an afternoon entertainment where women gossip and drink monstrous quantities of chicory.

"American literature, music and New England transcendentalism were all born in Brook Farm," said Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth. Fudge! as Mr. Burchell remarked on a famous occasion.

A book on "Brook Farm; Its Rise, Humor, and Fall," by Mr. Charles A. Dana, would make mighty interesting reading.

May the new Yale captain be no Thorne in Harvard's side.

Mr. McAllister is distressed at the thought of so many "new" people in New York society this winter. He should remember that he, too, once was new; nor should he envy them because he is an old, old, oh, such an old story.

This is the last day of St. Nicholas, who is often represented as bearing in token of his generous nature three golden balls. And wise men think that the Lombard merchants and the Medici family took this emblem from the saint. It is too much, then, to say that Nicholas is the uncle of us all.

In an editorial article on Rum the Boston Herald says: "Dr. Holmes, with this recollection in mind, celebrated its virtues in his lines to a punch bowl." Inaccurate, as usual. Dr. Holmes mentioned specifically ale and caudle, and wine and schnaps in the poem referred to; he made no allusion to rum. His Miles Standish "poured the fiery Hollands in," and the rule the sachem learned was, "Run from the white man when you find he smells of Hollands gin." Accuracy, accuracy, brother, as the good Mr. Pulitzer once observed.

A.: "I hear the new Public Library will be ready for use the first of January." To which B. answered, "1896?"

Victoria Vokes has joined her sisters, and the famous family is again reunited, for Fawdon was not a brother. Do you remember the group photograph taken when they were first over here? How strange today seem the costumes, the hair-arrangement, the jewelry worn by those sweet, good women!

They were indeed merry-makers, ballet-fanciers, pantomimists, comedians whom it was a pleasure to see, and an honor to know. Far from them was thought of lubricious leer, calculated suggestive posture, vulgar line, to lure fresh chappies and jaded rakes to the box office. Far from them, on the other hand, was prudery employed as an advertisement, the peculiar obnoxious species of prudery known as Kendallism.

An ultra-modern English poet addresses thus his sweetheart:

"I know thy shame, the slander, and the slight
Of lesser souls with sodden feet of clay."

This is merely a poetical way of telling the world that some one had stepped on the loidy.

What did the reporters do in the palmy days of Athens, when every man was forbidden by law to inquire of any stranger newly arrived in the city, from whence he came, what he was, or what he sought for? And the penalty of disobedience was to be whipped soundly with rods, and banished his country.

There is at last a really Independent Theatre, they say, and, of course, it's in Paris. It is called "Théâtre de l'Oeuvre," and the director is Lugné-Poe. The season began with an adaptation by Maeterlinck of John Ford's famous drama, entitled discreetly for modern prudery's sake, "Anna-bella." The adaptation and the performance are described as masterly, and the impression on the audience was profound. "There was not the slightest ambition of archaeology to disturb the spectator. A vague curtain, peopled with shadowy shapes, was the simple indication that the action was passing somewhere—in the street, maybe, or in my lady's chamber."

The Dickey bird still sings harshly in Mr. Garrison's ear.

Scandal at the Mint! Let it be stamped out.

Some people have just found out that "sacred concerts" are an instance of lucus a non lucendo.

Col. Ingersoll is receiving much gratuitous advertising, which helps his business. Incidentally, his assailants are advertising themselves extensively.

If the proposition of annexation is accepted by the neighboring towns, Jersey City will be almost as large a village as Philadelphia.

Here is an extract from a letter published in a morning contemporary: "So among other Boston publications, we have the —. Papa always insists on seeing the — first, although it is nearly a week old when it gets here." And so Papa does not get the news until it's about a fortnight old.

Lady Henry Somerset said, according to report, "Many of the workmen in yours and my country." Lady Somerset, did you thus word your sentence? Perish the thought!

"Lady Somerset said that 'home protection' was a better term than 'prohibition.'" Many a husband regards them as synonymous.

There is still dispute concerning the precise reason for the blackbailing of Mr. Theodore Sellman by the Union League. The unfortunate matter has been brought up by the invitation of the club to the Committee of Seventy. There are some who insist that race prejudice had nothing to do with the rejection; that the proposed candidate was not regarded by the Election Committee as a clubbable man. There are many estimable business and professional men who would make a club intolerable by their presence, simply because they are not able to answer Dr. Johnson's definition.

It will be observed that Mr. Thomas Dunn English is never weary of telling the world how weary he is of his poem "Ben Bolt." By-and-by people will begin to recollect that he wrote it.

It looks as though Mr. Burns's visit would be a failure. "He was much disappointed in not being able to see more of New York's darker side." The low concert hall is "slightly better than places of similar character in London," and the cheap lodging houses were not as bad as he expected to find them. It rests now with Chicago to redeem the reputation of the United States and give pleasure to the great leader of the working men.

"Numa Dudoussat." Does it not sound like the title of a novel by Daudet? Well, it's the name of a New Orleans Alderman convicted of bribery.

To L. M.: You object to the word "Parkhursting," which appeared in a headline of the Journal. Do you object to "gerry-mander" or "daguerreotype?" The reason that English authors shied at "Daltonism" as a name for color-blindness was that it associated a famous chemist with a physical weakness. You would not hesitate to use the verb "boycott" or "boycotting," and yet they are formed directly from Capt. Boycott, the Irish landlord, who was the original victim. There is, it is true, one objection to "Parkhursting;" apart from the context, the term leaves the reader in doubt as to whether an abuse is exposed, or an individual is securing testimony after the celebrated fashion of the doctor, or some person is degrading himself after the manner seen by the doctor in his expeditions.

The 7th of December, according to Mr. Howard's "Tables," is the natural commencement of the winter season.

Let us all consult the wisdom of the Yorubas. "Do not lay hold of a man who has a drawn knife."

Miss Minna Kellogg, Contralto, Sings in Steinert Hall.

Miss Minna Kellogg, assisted by Mr. Emil Tiferro, tenor, and Mr. Wulf Fries, cellist, gave a concert in Steinert Hall last evening. Mrs. S. B. Field was the accompanist.

Two pages of the little program were devoted to press notices of Miss Kellogg. Three of these notices were from such musical authorities as the Court Journal (London), the Queen (London), and Kensington Society (London). The excerpt from the Queen contained the following analytical and exhaustive criticism:

"Miss Kellogg, an American, introduced by Lady Jeune, sang charmingly. Among those present were Lady Spencer Clifford, Lady Wilson, Lady Laffan, Lady Baynes, Lady Elizabeth Cust, Canon Basil Wilberforce, Lady Monckton, Colonel and Mrs. Benson, Mr. Hardy, the novelist, and Mrs. Hardy, etc."

And yet this notice is vague. Did Canon Basil Wilberforce applaud? Does Lady Elizabeth Cust know anything about music? To be sure Mr. Hardy is partially identified. It was not Mr. Hardy, the haberdasher, or Mr. Hardy, the iron monger, or Mr. Hardy, the chemist; it was Mr. Hardy, the novelist, presumably Mr. Thomas Hardy, and it is a pleasure to know that he was gallant enough to take his wife with him.

Now Miss Kellogg seems like a modest, sensible girl, and it is not likely that she insisted on this arrangement of a program. Such advertising is apt to excite prejudice, for the one question to be asked of a singer is, "How do you sing?" and not "Before whom have you sung?"

Besides, Miss Kellogg does not need such society boosting. Her voice is rich, full of color, sympathetic, of generous range. She has been well taught, and although, as she herself undoubtedly knows, she is not a supreme mistress of expression, nevertheless she does many things well. There was many a detail last evening that showed the results of patient work and natural intelligence. She often showed a keen sense of proportion. She sang without exaggeration. She did not anticipate a climax. One might quarrel easily with the changes made in the second verse of the familiar air from "Der Freischuetz," just as one would gladly have exchanged an opera aria for a group of songs; but the selections gave her a generous opportunity for displaying her advancement and present position. Her friends were gratified, and legitimately. For this girl sings with a conviction, and with a passion, not as yet wholly developed, that argue well for her future. To use a homely phrase, Miss Kellogg seems to have the stuff for an operatic career.

Mr. Fries and Mr. Tiferro lent valuable assistance. The audience was loud in expressions of approval, and there were recalls.

Miss Kellogg sang the prayer from "Der Freischuetz," Massé's "Chanson Bohémienne," the grand air from "Gounod's 'Queen of Sheba,'" and the grand air from "The Prophet." Mr. Tiferro sang songs by Schubert, Schumann, Hoffaender, Tosti and Rubinstein. Mr. Fries played pieces by Saint-Saens and Popper.

PHILIP HALE.

This Charles River affair is, indeed, a lock and a dam.

The pianist Bernard Stavenhagen now in New York was the italicized favorite pupil of Liszt. The great trouble with Liszt, as Mr. Hunker once remarked, was that he invented the Liszt pupil.

Is it not rather late to again ask at length why Harvard was defeated at foot ball?

Must all raw oysters go, because certain misguided ones batten on bacilli?

Why does Zola keep knocking away at the door of the Academy? Balzac, Gautier and Flaubert never made such a pother. They said wisely: "If the Academy can get along without us, we can get along without it."

They say that Mr. John Burns, who is coming here, is fond of music, and is in search of dismal and unhealthy accommodations for humanity.

...but that is no reason why he should
and insult all witnesses who do not
exactly as he wishes. Such con-
is as inexcusable as is that of any
Attorney who proceeds according
the theory that every one accused is
guilty until he or she is proved innocent.

It is a pleasure to know that right here
Boston investigations of alleged abuses
and maltreatment of prisoners and unfor-
tunates are conducted in true up-to-date,
end-of-the-century fashion. The other day "the
hearing abounded with brilliant repartee,"
and "retorts occasioned continued laugh-
ter." When such an investigation is the
subject of joking, the investigation itself is
apt to become a joke.

It is now over two days since a woman
in a frequented portion of the Back Bay at
an early hour in the evening was attacked
by highwaymen, who, in their flight, shot
two men, one of them, perhaps, fatally.
Have you heard much comment about the
event? Do you realize the true meaning
of the incident? The streets of the Back Bay
are apparently unprotected. Are there
policemen enough in the district? Is it
not true that certain citizens of the district
pay money to policemen for watching their
houses, or engage special watchmen that
they may at least feel safe?

Miss Davenport is undoubtedly the great-
est actress now on the stage, for in "Gis-
monda" she will wear "all the jewels she
possesses, including her \$50,000 necklace."
In comparison with such dramatic passion
how paltry seems the histrionic outburst
of Mrs. Langtry in "a white Pekin silk,
flowered and striped, made with crossway
bands of the same material, edged with
pale velvet."

An artist in the Christmas Punch shows
how easy it is not to imitate successfully
Mr. Aubrey Bearsley.

Any body of men that passes such bump-
tious, splendidous, magnolious resolutions
as did the New York Chamber of Com-
merce, should change its name; a chamber
is too small for launchers of such thunder-
bolts.

Another man is "languishing" in jail. In
newspaper terminology do people ever
"languish" except in jail?

The esteemed and ever-literary Transcript
discourses as follows: "The story of the
play Miss Burroughs is starring in, 'The
Profligate,' seems to be a direct inspiration
from 'The Heavenly Twins.'" In view of
it is judgment, how thoughtless it was in
Mr. Pinero to allow "The Profligate" to be
produced in 1899!

"Pachmann owns to a great fondness for
America, and says he hopes to die there."
Come back to us Vladimir, to live, and not
to die. Indeed, it is hard to imagine you
in the repose of death. Come back and coax
the piano to tell us stories about Chopin
and what he saw and heard in the en-
chanted forest by moonlight. Come back
and find fault with halls that are like unto
a fiery furnace and with ventilation à la
Black Hole. Come back and struggle with
a refractory collar in the sight of the people.
Come back Vladimir, and do what you
please and as you please, provided you live
and amuse and touch all hearts by the
spell worked in the name of Chopin.

Yale and Princeton will not be likely to
give up the yearly foot ball game as long
as each nets over 12,000.

The following was displayed prominently
and in good faith in a Western exchange:
"H—O— a residence since 1857 been in
business and a tax payer ever since and a
friend of the working men which the rec-
ords will show him one of first Alderman
in the city elected 3 terms a number
of the volunteer fire Dept. and one of its
chief county com. the last 4 years and nom-
inated for a 2th term."

HO FOR THE POLE!

Thomas Hardy declares in the remark-
able opening chapter of "The Return of
the Native." "The time seems near, if it has
not actually arrived, when the mournful
sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain,
will be all of nature that is absolutely con-
sonant with the moods of the more think-
ing among mankind. And ultimately, to the
most honest tourist, spots like Iceland may
become what the vineyards and myrtle
gardens of South Europe are to him now."
It is nearly 20 years since these lines were
written and each year has added con-
firmation to Hardy's belief. The bleak, the
barren, the absolutely repulsive in
nature fascinates man more and more.
Journeys are undertaken, junketings are
made in deal of winter that depend
on the idea of possible physical dis-
comfort and rude or desolate scenery for
the pleasure.

Yet many who will plunge cheerfully into
the world in January or February, or
at any time a few hours from the
city, have been deterred from going
to the North Pole on account of the ex-
pected discomfort that sur-
rounds the expectation of a fair-minded
man. The voyages of the early

"Japan is now a sister nation." Yes, and
a big sister, too. China is already sorry he
made faces at her.

The Chinese at Port Arthur are indulging
in a subtle, Oriental, terrible revenge.
"They are giving dramatic performances for
the benefit of the victors."

The Chap-Book must be numbered among
"Crumbling Idols;" for it has allowed Mr.
Hamlin Garland to invade its little territory
with a continued story.

Mr. Goff has done New York city a great

Arctic explorers toward the unknown sea
do not encourage the faint-hearted. Dogs
and sledges; pemmican and candles and old
hoots for dinner; the ghastly attempts at
merriment on holidays—these do not of
themselves spur the mild adventurer north-
ward. And yet the bleakness, the awful
silence, the sight of frozen Nature—these
pull mightily on the curious.

To the relief of all such hesitators comes
Mr. Andersen, a Danish gentleman, with
his machine, which he proposes to hitch to
the Pole itself. It is a versatile machine;
it will sail the ocean, go over land at the
rate of 20 miles an hour; it is a store
house for food and aeroplanes. It must be
confessed however, that the description of
the machine is a little vague. "There are
nine big aluminum globes, each six feet
in diameter. There are 4 globes on either
side of the body of the machine, and one
in front. The lateral globes are connected
by axles." By turning pedals and cranks
the globes revolve. "To get over the ice, we
insert spikes in the big aluminum globes
and they grip the ice. Suppose we come to
open water. The globes give us the buoy-
ancy; in place of spikes we insert paddle
blades in the globes, and we go to work with
the cranks and pedals." It must be con-
fessed that this account resembles the well-
known description of the steam engine:
"You see the what-d'ye-call-it goes into the
crankum-crankum. etc." but perhaps Mr.

Andersen's imperfect knowledge of English
prevents perfect understanding.

Mr. Andersen added that these globes
would hold easily 300 pounds of provisions.
The journey would be most comfortable,
as the machine is decked and covered; and
the exercise of turning the cranks would
throw any one into a violent state of
perspiration. The conventional Arctic cos-
tume will not be required. Indeed, Mr.
Andersen proposes, after 6 P. M., to ar-
ray himself in evening dress. Each man—
only five can go—will have a compartment
to himself. The aeroplanes will be used
for scientific investigation, for reconnoitring.
Mr. Andersen hopes by the aid of this fly-
ing machine to ascertain the precise char-
acter of the top of the Pole.

It is to be regretted that, at present,
there is no working model of the machine.
Mr. Andersen is now in London, and we
learn from a contemporary that at present
he is willing to show only the keel. Of
course, Cuvier could reconstruct an animal
of the most absurd size from a bone; but a
piece of wood hardly suggests the shape
and the structure of such a revolutionizing
machine. Mr. Andersen regrets that he
cannot celebrate New Year's near the open
Polar Sea, and he hopes, if he gets his
aluminum in time, to start about the first
of May.

"This country," said Mr. D. C. Murray,
"is the field of the future Shakespeare and
Balzac." And in the same breath he an-
nounced his intention to stay here and write
the "homogeneous novel" as yet unwritten.

Few men of genius have such widely dif-
fering monuments as the Suez and the
Panama Canals.

Mr. Teall is not the first swell who wished
to sweep the streets. There was the young
man immortalized by Thackeray.

Francis H. Jenks of the Transcript is
dead. He will be missed sorely by many,
as writer and as man. For many years his
face has been familiar to concert goers.
He was interested deeply in music. Catholic
in taste, of wide reading, one that had
heard much, he had the faculty of judging
sensibly, and his judgments were expressed
in language that appealed to musicians and
laymen. He was a discriminating encour-
ager of youth. Abhorrent to him was every
form of musical snobbery, which unfortu-
nately flourishes here in Boston. A fluent
writer, he was never careless, and in what
he wrote there was always something that
revealed a strong, honest, kindly character.

To J. B. M.: No. Gen. Peabody is not the
author of the celebrated saying, "We are
dancing on a volcano."

ABOUT MUSIC.

Mr. Willard Spenser, Maker
of "Princess Bonnie."

He Tells the Story of His Work
and Operatic Beliefs.

Why Clever Men Are Unwilling
to Appear as Librettists.

Mr. Willard Spenser, the composer of
"The Little Tycoon" and "The Princess
Bonnie," is in town, and he told me the
following story of his life work and operatic
aspirations:

"I was born in Cooperstown, N. Y., in
1854, and I was brought up chiefly in New
York. As a youth I was fond of music,
and I studied under Prof. Ernst Perabo of
New London—I think he was the father of
Mr. Perabo, the pianist—and John Zundel of



WILLARD SPENSER.

New York. Zundel always said to me, 'Do
not cover up your undoubted gift of melody
by attempts at harmonic novelty or rich-
ness.' I played the piano, and I played it
well enough to appear in concerts with such
singers as Campanini and Gerster when
they were in their prime; but as a concert
pianist I suffered so from nervousness that
I did not pursue that path. I wrote pieces
for the piano, pieces of a light order, as well
as a sonata so difficult that nobody could
play it.

"I was also interested extremely in base
ball. Do you remember the old Pequot nine
of New London, that used to play with such
clubs as the Charter Oak? Well, I organ-
ized that club and gave it its name. And
then I studied to be a physician. But it
was of no use struggling against one's dear-
est wish, and I made up my mind to follow
my natural bent and be a musician.

"In earlier years I held light opera in ab-
horrence. 'La Favorita' even seemed trivial.
By accident I saw 'Pinafore,' and I said to
myself, 'Here's what the people want; it's
a good and refined musical entertainment;
why should I not write such a work for my
countrymen.' My friends all said, 'Willard,
you have a great gift of melody; why don't
you write a comic opera?'

"But I could not find a libretto to suit me.
Several were offered, but they were not
what I sought. I was talking one day with
Ballard Smith about the matter, and he
said: 'You have just told me a pleasing
story; why don't you work it out? Write
your own libretto.' I have followed his ad-
vice. Not because of any deep belief in the
necessity of a composer being his own li-
brettist, but simply because I could not
get a good libretto from any one. It's an-
other thing in England or France. Clever
men are glad to furnish operetta-books.
That reminds me, I tried to get Gilbert to
send me a libretto, but he was at the time
bound up with Sullivan. This writing a li-
bretto is a severe task. It takes me a year
to put one in the shape I wish. I can set it
to music in six months.

"When Frederic Archer came over here
he looked at the score of 'The Little Ty-
coon.' He said, 'Mr. Spenser, you must
have studied abroad; there is a greater
breadth and sweep than I find in the Amer-
ican music.' He was much surprised to hear
that with the help mentioned I had worked
out my own salvation.

"Now, in composing my music I find that
literature is of the greatest suggestion to
me. That is the chief way I gain color.
There's the Japanese music in 'The Little
Tycoon' that Mr. Finck of the Evening
Post praised so highly, as having more local
color than that of 'The Mikado.' Now, I
never heard any Japanese music, but a
friend of mine who was on a steamer touch-
ing regularly in a Japanese port gave me
animated descriptions of the character of
Japanese serenades, and I read everything

I could not but be perturbed to Japanese manners and customs. So in preparing 'The Princess Bonnie' I stayed at Bar Harbor to become imbued with the spirit, to know the atmosphere of the place. In the second act, the scene is in Spain, and I read for weeks about Spain, its history, its romance and its people.

"Mrs. Spenser is my chief critic. I take her to represent the audience, and when she says 'That is beautiful but too line, too beautiful for the average hearer,' out it goes. Yet I cannot resist the temptation of always inserting something that is just a little above the ordinary comprehension. I know there will be some hearers who will understand and applaud.

"I write with great facility. It is not uncommon for me to compose five or six airs a day. Sometimes these tunes come to me in a singular manner. You know the waltz song in the first act of 'The Princess Bonnie'?"

Here I was obliged to interrupt Mr. Spenser and tell him I had not yet had the pleasure of hearing his operetta.

"Well, it goes 'Love, love, love, dreaming of love so true.' Now I had a difficult task. I had to write a better waltz than the one in 'The Little Tycoon.' I had to beat myself. The tune I wished would not come. Weeks went by. One night at the Metropole, New York, I started out of a sound sleep at 3 o'clock in the morning, slinging the tune. The only paper in the room was brown paper around a pair of shoes. I ruled it, worked without a hitch, and by 5 o'clock the waltz was ready for performance.

"My chief object in operetta is refinement. I believe the people are tired of horse-play and leg shows and vulgar jokes. I have reason to believe this because my two operettas, which are entirely free from these so-called popular elements, have paid handsomely. Look at the run of 'The Little Tycoon.' Look at the success of 'The Princess Bonnie' in Philadelphia and the other towns where it has been played. Of course it is hard work to find a comedian who is willing to abstain from cheap gagging and endeavors to gain points which I do not wish and are incongruous. There was a comedian whom you know; he went out on the road with 'The Little Tycoon,' and, not satisfied with the text, he took all manner of liberties with it. As a result, he nearly killed the business. Now Mr. Daniels enters into my ideas on this subject.

"I generally conduct the first performance. Once in Pittsburg I conducted several nights owing to a mistake in the announcement, and the orchestra was so inspired by the presence of the composer that when I gave over the baton to the regular conductor it refused to play.

"But don't think I am satisfied with operettas. I am anxious to write a grand opera in two acts. It may not be understood during my lifetime, but possibly the same fate

will happen to me as to Bizet, a monument may come after I am gone. Musicians at any rate will be able to know what was in me and give me my just rating. It seems to me the coming opera will be after the fashion of 'The Bohemian Girl,' 'Carmen' and 'Cavalleria Rusticana.' I do not mean to place them on the same level. I speak of 'The Bohemian Girl' because it has the elements of popularity; the people of all countries have enjoyed it, and you must pay some regard to the wishes of the people. To please them, to elevate their taste in a measure, not at once, but gradually, step by step, is my endeavor; and the success of my operettas shows me clearly that audiences do not necessarily hanker after clowning and amazon marches and stupid gagging."

In connection with Mr. Spenser's remarks it is of interest to note the able editorial article in the last number of the Musical Courier on opera libretti.

"The lack of good operetta libretti is not due to the non-existence of Americans who can write them." Men are mentioned, among them Sydney Rosenfeld and B. E. Woolf. "They do not try? Why not? Simply because they could not get their libretti performed if they did produce them." This is not the fault of the managers alone. "Where are the singing actors with the refined, delicate, suggestive art necessary to the successful presentation of a libretto of genuine literary cleverness?"

"What new role has Mr. Hopper created since he has been a star? Not one. He has changed his make-up and his costume whenever he has changed the name of his part; but he has done the same old things in the same old way in each one, and has given one continuous impersonation of De Wolf Hopper. What has Mr. Wilson done, outside of Cadeaux, in 'Erminie,' to entitle him to consideration? Simply played 'The Oolah' in other costumes and with other wigs. Henry Clay Barnabee is still playing the 'Sheriff of Nottingham,' and he will play it as long as he lives. Now what happens when an operetta librettist goes to one of these great men with a book? He is asked to cut, twist, turn, alter, remodel; and all for what? Simply to bring the parts within the limits of the abilities of the people who are to play them. The famous lights of the operetta stage are incapable of 'composing' a new character. So what's the use of inventing them?"

We venture to say that it is an artistic impossibility to write a really good operetta for Lillian Russell. Why? Because she must be made the central figure. She must have all the interesting situations, and she must be on the stage most of the time. Now Miss Russell has no more comedy talent than a pump handle, hence the interest which surrounds her must be sentimental—and that settles the operetta.

"We shall never produce a school of competent librettists in this country till we have a good operetta theatre. Of course a prime requisite for that establishment is a manager who can tell a good operetta when he sees one. It is impossible at present to tell where this light of nature is to come from. Consequently we must try to make the best of such operettas as we get, and must be as happy as possible with libretti designed to give full play to Mr. Hopper's burlesque tragedy and base ball jokes, Mr. Wilson's knotty legs and parrot squeak, and Miss Russell's placid countenance and explosive high notes."

To M. W.: Mr. Bemberg, who appeared at the last Melba concert in Music Hall as composer and pianist, is not a Frenchman. His parents were South Americans, and when his father was appointed counsel of the Argentine Republic at Paris, the family made its home in that city. His mother had a fine voice and was a close friend of Rossini. At the age of 14 Bemberg studied with Bizet, and it was from Bemberg's mother that Bizet first heard the "Habenera," which he used so effectively in "Carmen." Bemberg describes Bizet as the most honest and delightful of men, but "sauvage," socially undisciplined. He thinks the bad notices written after the first performance of "Carmen" killed the composer. He apparently forgets that Bizet had long suffered from heart disease. After Bizet's death Bemberg studied under Massé and Massenet. He won the Rossini prize, but as he is not of French birth, he was unable to compete for the Prix de Rome. A one-act opera of his, "Le Balser de Suzon," was produced at the Opéra-Comique June 4, 1888. It was received favorably, although some said the music was too pretentious for a light subject. He is now writing with Cain "an extraordinarily modern story" in two acts for Calvé, who, he says, "has invented an absolutely original stage death." Lillian Russell asked him for an opera founded on the story of Cleopatra, but he is not yet decided in the matter.

Mr. Bemberg is now in this country for the purpose of putting on the stage and conducting at the first performance his grand opera "Elaine," written for Melba, as he thought the "cold purity of her style" would fit the character. "Elaine" was first produced at Covent Garden, London, July 5, 1892. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| Lancelot..... | Jean de Reszke |
| The Hermit..... | Ed. de Reszke |
| Astolat..... | Plancon |
| The King..... | Ceste |
| Lavaine..... | Montariol |
| Gawain..... | Duffich |
| Elaine..... | Mrs. Melba |
| Guinevere..... | Mrs. Deschamps-Jehn |
| Torre..... | Miss Faure |

It is my impression that Mr. Bemberg was born in 1868.

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

This is the program of the Kneisel Quartet concert to be given in Union Hall Monday evening: Quartet, D major, Mendelssohn; piano trio, B flat major, Beethoven; clarinet quintet, B minor, Brahms. Mr. Baerman will be the pianist. Mr. Pourtau will be the clarinetist.

Miss Clara Smart will give a song recital in Association Hall Tuesday evening.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give a concert in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Thursday evening.

Miss Augusta Klous will give a song recital in Chickering Hall Friday evening.

Thursday evening, the 20th, Miss Minnie E. Little will give a piano recital in Union Hall, Boylston Street. Miss Little will be assisted by Miss Elizabeth Hamlin, soprano.

The program of the Symphony Rehearsal and Concert Friday and Saturday will be as follows: Funeral march, "Eroica" Symphony, Beethoven; Concerto No. 4, D minor for piano and orchestra, Rubinstein; Symphony in G, No. 2, ("Ocean"), Rubinstein. The program has been arranged in memory of Rubinstein, and three additional movements of the symphony will be played. Mrs. Ernst Lent will be the pianist.

The Union Club of Marlboro, Mass., is arranging and rehearsing for its annual minstrel entertainment to be given at the Opera House, Jan. 15 and 16.

Mr. C. L. Staats, clarinetist, will play at the Faculty Concert of the Daudellin Music School, Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. He will play, with piano, German's andante and tarantella (first time in America), and with piano and viola, Mozart's B flat major trio.

The Leader, published by Jean White of this city, with the December number entered on its twenty-first year. To celebrate the event the Leader appears in a new and becoming dress. This magazine is to be congratulated on its vigorous age. Each number now shows the incisive style, the polished sarcasm, the generous learning and the common sense of the editor, Dr. Philip Woolf.

Mr. Arthur Foote's concerto for cello and orchestra was first produced at a Thomas concert in Chicago, Nov. 30. The solo part was played by Mr. Steindel.

Eugen d'Albert will give in Berlin in January and February three piano concerts in which he will play only sonatas from Ph. Em. Bach to Brahms.

Paderewski has begun a concert tour which will take him through Holland to Germany (Dresden and Leipzig), Vienna, Pesth, and then to Spain.

Fritz Schounhoe wrote the music to a pantomime, "Tournol d'Armour." It was performed lately in Paris, and Lamoureux speaks in the highest terms of it. "The delicacy and originality of the instrumentation are most surprising. Schounhoe has discovered new effects by an absolutely novel use of violins and flutes."

De Pachmann has been playing in Vienna. The tenorator Martinez Navarro of Madrid has gone on the operatic stage. He made his debut as Don Jose in "Carmen."

The piano sonata and polonaise which Wagner wrote at the age of 18 have been arranged for the orchestra by Mueller Burghaus, and they were played lately in Berlin. They are said to have "great historic interest," that means probably that they are dull and jejune.

Cyril Tyler, the boy soprano, has concluded his Sydney season, and after visiting Melbourne and Adelaide for short seasons will sing in New Zealand. He's "getting a big boy now."

The following gossip about Calvé, who will be sorely missed here this season, is taken from the current number of the Mirror:

"The report that Calvé is ill has no foundation. After her arduous work in this country last season she had only one week of rest before she appeared in London,

where she originated the leading role in 'La Navarraise,' which Massenet wrote for her. Calvé will make her first appearance in Paris in this opera at the Grand Opera House next October. Her engagement at the Opera will extend over a period of ten months, and she will originate the prima donna role in Bolto's 'Mefistofele,' a new opera that Saint-Saens has promised the management, and 'Tristan and Isolde,' which has been delayed so that she may appear in it. She will also be heard in 'Faust,' 'L'Africaine,' 'Aida' and 'Hamlet.' This season Calvé sings in Madrid, Monaco, St. Petersburg, Vienna, and a month, beginning in April, at the Paris Opera Comique, when she will appear in the 'Herodiad' of Massenet. After that she will go to London for eight weeks with her repertoire, giving 'Mefistofele' for the first time there. Calvé told me recently she had nearly decided to visit this country with her own company during the season of 1896-97. The stories of Calvé's ill-health are baseless. She had a complete rest of six weeks in Switzerland, and when she returned to Paris it was found that her voice was

fuller and richer, especially in the middle register, than it ever had been. The critics dwelt upon this when she sang 'Carmen' recently at the Opera Comique."

In view of the great beating of drums that was heard even here across the Atlantic when Mrs. Nordica appeared as Elsa on the Bayreuth stage, the remarks of Mr. H. E. Krehbiel in the New York Tribune of the 6th are of peculiar interest. Mrs. Nordica sang in "Lohengrin" in New York the 5th:

"There are many reasons which have come to the consciousness of the music-lovers of New York who keep themselves informed about European doings why foreign criticism should be looked upon with suspicion. To cite a single instance, the principal soprano of the Berlin opera at the present time is a woman who was a member of the German company here some years ago, and failed utterly to distinguish herself. Lest it be thought that these remarks are but preliminary to a disparagement of Mme. Nordica, however, let us hasten to say that while that lady's rec-

experiences, with which the new have been made to resound, cannot be said that they have not been with beneficial influence upon her from the audience last night benefited. Bayreuth has not supplied the temperamental which has so often been deplored, when she has essayed the part of Elsa, but it has taught her much touching the meaning of the character and supplied her with many excellent technical notions. The impersonation which she presented last night was a great improvement upon her previous impersonations of the role, but the improvements seemed to be intellectual, not emotional acquisitions, and it can scarcely be said by her most ardent admirers that they were strikingly evident in the first act of the opera. Afterward she warmed perceptibly to her task, her voice became truer in pitch and more charged with feeling, and it became obvious enough to any one familiar with the singing of the German theatres why her Elsa created a sensation last summer in the Wagnerian Capital.

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Squire Astor of London town now hurls a fierce defiance in the teeth of his ex-

countrymen. One of his young men on the Pall Mall Gazette remarks, "There is no dental system, either practical or theoretical, peculiar to, or emanating from, America. The words are the shibboleth of a certain class, and practically have no other meaning than 'Advertising dentist.' What is known as 'bar and bridge work,' and, with great effrontery, is claimed to have had its origin in America, has been practised in Europe, more or less, for centuries. The objections to this class of work, however, are so serious that practitioners with English diplomas rarely resort to it. * * * That the education of dentists in America is not so thorough as in England is proved by the fact that the dental degrees (D.M.D.) of the Universities of Harvard and Michigan which, upon the institution of the Dentists' Register, were accepted as equal to our own L.D.S., and therefore qualified a dentist for registration, have by a resolution of the General Medical Council, passed on May 29, 1893, since been excluded from registration on the grounds of the insufficiency of professional education in America." Or perhaps this is humor. If so, it is funnier than anything that has appeared in Punch for years.

The plate is Arizona 800 acres in extent, covered with a most beautiful mosaic of melan, agate, jasper, onyx and amethyst, all produced by the decay of tree trunks petrifying under the action of time. It is now in the coarse commercial hands of a company which grinds the gems into powder and sells it as a substitute for emery.

MUSIC.

The Third Concert of the Kneisel Quartet in Union Hall.

The Kneisel Quartet gave a concert last evening in Union Hall. The members were assisted by Mr. Carl Baermann, pianist, and Mr. Leon Pourtau, clarinetist. The program was as follows:

Quartet in D major, op. 44, No. 1.....Mendelssohn
and trio in B flat major, op. 87.....Beethoven
Quintet for clarinet, two violins, viola and violoncello, in B minor, op. 115.....Brahms
Mr. Pourtau displayed a beautiful tone, technical skill and abundant proofs of a truly artistic spirit. Mr. Baermann played the piano part of the trio with much understanding. In the scherzo he was particularly happy, for his performance was crisp and elegant throughout.

The quartet by Mendelssohn is pretty poor stuff. There is the habitual feigned passion of the man in the first movement; and there is his habitual sentimentalism in the finale. The menuetto is not distinguished, and the finale is perfunctory. So, too, the finale of the great—and long trio by Beethoven does not appeal strongly to the imagination; but how crowded with beauties and Beethovenisms are the other movements. As for the Brahms quintet, it served to cement friendship with Mr. Pourtau, and thus it had a useful mission. Much of the work seems tedious, and the dullness is not that which rests and soothes and makes the hearer forget that there is anybody on the stage; it is of the aggressive, exasperating species.

On many occasions the Journal has praised without stint the superb performance of the Kneisel Quartet, and to speak in detail of the performance of last night would be to repeat what has so often been said. It is to be regretted, however, that the programs are so long. The generosity is mistaken. A chamber concert should never exceed one hour and a half. "But what would you have?" Three quartets, eat time. Would you play for a second number a fragment of a chamber composition? Yes, by all means; or play only two complete works. The Adamowski Quartet concerts are almost always of reasonable length, and no one has complained seriously because they are too short. Quality in music is of greater importance than quantity. He is an unwise man who sets before his guests too many courses, however delicious they may be. Neither the stomach nor the ear brooks overloading.

PHILIP HALE.

All the city candidates today have been born with a "call," and I find no luck in it.

World for a long time believed that Lowell's letters were delightful reading. Keray loved the collection as a book. But here comes Mr. Gardner, Jr., and calls Howell "a prig." Read him again, Mr. Gardner. Read his "Instructions to Travellers" then recant.

Keray, it is true, called Howell "a little clerk," but he loved the good and the delightful egotism of the prig. You remember that quaint letter to women, addressed to Edward Spenser? Do you remember the account how he observed Lent?

Does this noble passage read as though it were written by a "detestable" prig? "For there is no Object in the World delights me more than to cast up my Eyes that way, specially in a Star-light-Night; and if my Mind be overcast with any odd Clouds of Melancholy when I look up and behold that glorious Fabrick which I hope shall be my Country hereafter, there are few spirits begot in me presently; which makes me mourn the world and the Pleasures thereof, considering the Vanity of the one and the Inanity of the other." This will be excellent reading for disappointed politicians this evening.

A lecture entitled "A Better Boston" was given here, and it was followed by an entertainment entitled "Pygmalion and Galatea." Was there symbolism in this conjunction?

Mrs. Tryon neglected in her talk on "The Birds of New England" to mention the widest of birds found in Cambridge, the Turkey.

According to the reports from New Haven, the Carthaginian oath against Harvard. "Forever and ever," however, does not include "never."

"gentleman who did not wish his name mentioned" has been interviewed. No attention paid to anonymous letters is always a good rule, even if the talk is about the unprotected day. The women of that district, by the way, have now another argument against their husbands frequenting clubs at night.

"We lost an umbrella the other night," said one of those complaining. Similar incidents have been known to happen in the most strongly guarded places.

perfect style, because he made the same remark of the

Farmer and Henley's "Dictionary of Slang" says that "ding-bat" is an American synonym of money. Did any reader of the Journal ever notice this alleged use? Is not "ding-bat" used today in Maine as a verb, "to spank?" "I'll ding-bat you," as a tender mother might say to a refractory child.

The oyster endures with dumb patience the foul attacks made upon it by Boards of Health. Nor has the indignant clam broken traditional silence.

There was a time when "to dance" meant "to be hanged."

The 14 halcyon days began the 11th of this month; but it is doubtful if Boston and its neighborhood are within range.

Mr. C. W. Ernst, who loves "Tudor Boston" and believes that "the glories of that age are reflected in the language of the founders and fathers," says, "Perhaps the first coinage of Boston was coasting, which meant idling, and later on simmered down to the American pleasure of sliding down hill. The earliest amusements of Boston consisted in fowling, loafing and feasting along the coast; whence the term coasting for idle amusement." It is a singular fact that the verb to coast, "to slide down hill," is not in the first edition of Webster's Dictionary, 1828.

There is a new comic opera—as yet unproduced—entitled "The Cannibal Queen." The librettist, Mr. J. A. McKnight, introduces Liliuokalani, the Hawaiian revolution, and King Grover I. The attempt to found a comic work on this historical basis is painting the lily, and throwing a perfume on the violet. The actual story was a fine example of opera bouffe.

The Song Recital Given by Mrs. Clara Smart in Association Hall.

Mrs. Clara Smart, assisted by Mrs. Maud A. Brewer, contralto, gave a song recital in Association Hall last evening. Miss Harriet S. Dutcher was the accompanist. The program included songs by Schubert, Schumann, Liszt, Delibes, Strong, MacDowell, Mackenzie, Lehmann and Henschel, and duets by Mendelssohn and Henschel.

Mrs. Smart's singing of Delibes's "Regrets" was thoroughly sympathetic and, indeed, eloquent, and in the "Eclogue" of the same composer she was heard to advantage. Liszt's "Loreley" is too broad and dramatic for the singer, although in certain matters of detail she showed skill.

To speak at length concerning Mrs. Smart's singing of the other songs would be to use terms of condemnation only. The voice seemed thin, pinched, without color. The intonation was often impure. There were few evidences of vocal skill. The phrasing was without special distinction, and there was a deadly monotony in the use of dynamics. Yet "dynamics" is too strong and too suggestive a word. For phrases by Schubert or Schumann, MacDowell or Lehmann, were pale and sickly as they left the singer's lips.

The duets, as sung by her and Mrs. Brewer, gave little pleasure, and at times they stabbed the ear.

The task of the accompanist is generally a thankless one. Miss Dutcher showed many excellent qualities as an accompanying pianist—a beautiful and liquid touch, a clean, fluent technique, a spirit of willing subordination. On the other hand, she at times effaced herself to the injury of the song, as in MacDowell's "Midsummer Lullaby," and in "Am Strom" by Schubert. And she should beware of physical mannerisms, such as a flippant way of raising the hands from the keys, pumping with the arms, and other unnecessary motions. I have spoken thus freely of Miss Dutcher because very few good accompanists are heard here in concerts, and she seems to have more than ordinary ability and taste in this capacity.

PHILIP HALE.

"Many a heart is aching,
If you could read them all;
Many the hopes that have vanished
After the ball."
—Old Song.

The old-fashioned photograph album is preserved by some who have not the courage to put away the strange specimens of early photographic art, and whose sentiment is more highly developed than is their sense of humor. Yet they wiggle with inward uneasiness when a comparative stranger turns the leaves and discovers Grandma and poor Uncle George. Mr. H. T. Whittaker in "Pipelight" offers a solution that will put the guest at ease and keep alive remembrance of friends and relatives: "Use the photographs as playing-cards—the ugliest to take the trick."

The newspaper man who wrote a good-natured article on the "Sunday Concert Investigation," and questioned the methods of the estimable investigators, is now asked publicly whether he would be willing for his children to go to such exhibitions. This interrogative reply is just about as pertinent and logical as the famous question put to disbelievers in slavery by excited Southerners 40 years ago: "Would you be willing to have your sister marry a negro?"

Much would depend on the age of the child and the nature of the entertainment. The atmosphere of the theatre is not necessarily of advantage to children even when Shakespeare is the author of the piece. But neither would a meeting of reformers and

investigators, where social purity was the topic, be a fit place for a young miss. Neither Nature nor the world can be regulated solely for the young person.

There is now "a perfect and culminating" edition of Browning in nine volumes. Pray, what do you mean by "culminating," dear contemporary? Do you mean the action of reaching the highest point, as the culminating of a star, or do you mean that which attains the greatest elevation, as "the most culminating pyco of Ararat?" Or did you mean to say "final?"

"Nearly 150 pages" of this edition of Browning is made up of biographical and explanatory notes. "Full as they are, they are not too full." This statement is undoubtedly accurate. If Browning's poetry is in nine volumes, there should be at least 18 volumes of explanatory notes, after the fashion of the famous commentaries of Philip Beroaldus on "The Golden Ass" of Apuleius.

"The Century and Scribner's have their pick of 10,000 manuscripts a year." The editors must often pick blind-folded.

Conan Doyle is right; the American waiter expects an absurdly generous tip; the English waiter is thankful for the customary slight gratuity. It is not so much the fault of the American waiter, however, as of the foolish and extravagant guests who have spoiled him beyond redemption.

Mr. Doyle, by the way, did not escape London chaff even when he was taking notes among us. Here is a sample from a London journal:

"We are quite sure that there is plenty of romance in America. Have we not battened on redskins and desperadoes ourselves? And are not trains 'held up' every week, do not Coxey and Debs still live, and are not gigantic fires and floods and accidents contrived with perennial charm? But Dr. Conan Doyle's idea of romance does not seem to be ours. He has been telling the Lotos Club in New York that the air it breathes is thick with romance, but his instances do not convince us. The elevator seems to have struck him as being one of the most romantic things in the New World. It appeared to him like a dynamite gun. Cable cars, too, and telephone bells rang in his ears like sounds from fairyland, and that you can get a shave in your hotel was the height of glowing romance. This is not quite our own notion, but the exigencies of a complimentary dinner make certain demands upon one's generosity, and the heart is full after the feast."

The death is announced in Vienna of Adolph Schlesinger, whose heart was on the right side, and whose internal organs, spleen, liver and intestines were nearly all found to be opposite their usual place. Now could a heart on the right, that is to say the wrong side, be true to Polli?

It is to be regretted that the Boston edition of the Social Register is so imperfect. The reader is unable to ascertain at a glance the credit of the men whose names appear, whether it is A1 or —. Then, too, there is no gradation in the social scale; there is no distinction made between Mr. and Mrs. Topper, and Mr. and Mrs. Tip-Topper. Furthermore, there is not one of the subscribers who will not wonder in well bred amazement why many of the other names are allowed in the catalogue.

There are all sorts of pigeons in Horticultural Hall today, except stool pigeons, which are to be found in other parts of the town.

The fact that "The Two Orphans" still holds the stage, and has the steady advertisement of fire, recalls the different way foreigners regard a theatre tragedy. The piece at the Ring Theatre, Vienna, the night of the ever-memorable fire, was Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Hoffmann." Popular as the opera was, it has never been given in Vienna since, on account of public sentiment.

So taking mine ease in mine inn here in Boston does not include poker.

Theatres in Mexico are having a hard time of it. When they do not suffer from "frosts" they suffer from earthquakes.

It was most appropriate that the discovery of anaesthesia should be celebrated in Philadelphia.

No sooner are the Duke of Westminster and Gladstone reconciled than the latter courts another breach by sending Lady Grosvenor some of his books as a wedding gift.

Mr. McAllister declares that "a tradesman can be a veritable gentleman." His tailor must have given him an extension.

The nervous are now soothed by the knowledge that the starting of an electric car with a jerk is not the fault of the motor-man, "but the condition of the rheostat." Perhaps the nervous do not know what a rheostat is.

The investigation of the Sunday Concerts at the theatres continues to furnish rich information to the sociologist. One limited that at an entertainment every evening he heard a

Maria," and in the never heard of such a thing. A theological student of uncertain age thought, and very properly, the following joke was profane, at least not sacred: "Why are the Boston police to be paid off in pennies? Because they need some sense," but he, too, had never heard of an "Ave Maria."

One of the songs particularly to be deplored described a scene where a white man kissed a negress by mistake in a railway tunnel; truly a grievous error, but the song is not necessarily an argument for miscegenation.

We confess we sympathize with the witness who said he should interrupt the song "Sleep, Baby, Sleep" if anybody began to sing it in his house of a Sunday night. We go still further: we would object if it were sung of a Tuesday, or in fact any night.

It is to be regretted that this investigation—if it is thought necessary by some—is not conducted in a more dignified manner. The spectacle of men of alleged piety addressing ill-tempered remarks to those who happen to disagree with them, or leaping into the air and shaking their fists and crying out "You can't hurt my reputation as a Christian," is not likely to impress the judicious with a sense of their overmastering fitness for the proper performance of a delicate task. Certainly witnesses should be drilled until they can tell the difference between an "Ave Maria" and "Since Lafferty Lost His Hold."

The pianist for the Rubinstein memorial concert Saturday night in Music Hall will be Lent to us by Washington, D. C.

Will the Transcript kindly quote any passage of Walter Pater, chapter and verse, where he uses "culminating" as it was used by the Transcript in speaking of a new edition of Browning? Quotations from "Ruskin, Lamb, Emerson," or Artemus Ward will also be received thankfully.

Sir George Grove has resigned the directorship of the Royal College of Music at Kensington on account of his age. His career has been a triumph of smug, plodding mediocrity.

Thomas Hardy needs no such apologist as the editor of Harper's Magazine. It will be time for him to demand an apology when the editor begins to blue pencil his copy through fear of conventionality or some whimsical reason.

This is the festival of St. Lucy, who, when her lover complained that her eyes were of such beauty they haunted him day and night so that he could neither work nor sleep, plucked them from her head and sent them to him with the entreaty that he might now leave her unmolested in holy meditation as he had that which so inflamed his fancy. They say that heaven restored her sight, with eyes still more beautiful. And to St. Lucy do those suffering from ophthalmia look for aid and comfort.

The Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco in her book, "The Liberation of Italy," makes the extraordinary statement (p. 343) that President Lincoln invited Garibaldi "to take the supreme command of the Federal army in the war for the Union."

To B. S.: Yes, there is a distinction made between step-children and door-step-children, although in some cases the treatment of them is the same, i. e., there is a lack of kindly treatment.

So slates and slate pencils must go. And yet to some children there was a joy in munching the pencils, although it was an acquired taste, like that for olives, tomatoes, and much of modern literature.

It seems that in the North End the knife may be the cause of tragedy, even when it is not the weapon. There are too many knives in the North End. The spoon might be substituted for a time with beneficial results, and there should be a training school for instruction in the proper use of the more dangerous tool.

Butterworth, Sr., and Butterworth, Jr., as to the premises. The son has this advantage: He was at the game.

The American Dialect Society has just the discovery that "jag" in New England means "a small load of hay." But it had a similar meaning for years in the main counties of England. In Cheshire, "jag" is "a small load of hay." A small load of corn suggests "jag" of familiar speech. If the society were in the trouble to consult the first edition of Webster, it would have found "a small load. New England."

There is too much wild driving in the North End, and it is a wonder there are not more accidents like that in Court Street. The drivers take a keen delight in charging furiously from Park Street Church to Boylston Street, on the side of the Common. There are many joys in the mad ride. As men and women stand eager to take the cars, it is a pleasure to scatter them, graze a leg or a back, frighten the timid, excite the godless to profanity, prevent the desired

connection. The object of the collection is the risk of meeting a collector who is not object to such jehulism. If he were out of sorts or mentally disgruntled, probably the most favorable spot for these tests of speed is at the intersection of Tremont and Boylston.

A widower, "H. S.," about to take to himself another wife, writes to an English journal asking if it will be suitable to use at a second wedding ceremony the same ring with which he married his first wife. Such thrift or grotesque sentiment argues ill for the happiness of the second wife. Such a husband would use an "Imperishable" tooth-brush, or oblige wife No. 2 to fast on the death day of wife No. 1.

"With Its Thackeray colorings, its dash of Henri Murger's 'Vie en Boheme,' and its impossible art talk, 'Trilby,' appeals to that great class of readers which views askance the names of George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Robert Louis Stevenson and George Moore. Its success is ominous. It foretells early decay, as in the case of those two awful literary productions, 'Robert Elsmere' and 'Ben Hur.' True for you, Mr. Hunker.

There's a great deal in a name in spite of Juliet's question, and it is a pity that Mr. Barnett must give up the title "Uplidee," which is more characteristic and to the point than "Excelsior, Jr." The title alone had undoubtedly much to do with the success of "1492."

Mrs. W. J. Baird recommends chess to women, on the ground that it is "a useful corrective to the tendency to jump to conclusions." Years and years ago Robert Burton agreed with her, calling chess "a sport fit for idle gentlewomen, soldiers in garrison, and courtiers that have nought but love matters to busy themselves about." Here, however, Mrs. Baird would take issue, for she declares chess to be a home amusement, and "it produces no flirting and general frivolity."

Is chess to be recommended heartily for domestic use? The same old Burton holds it "a testy, choleric game, and very offensive to him that loseth the mate." Would the most patient Griselda brook the husband's leer of triumph when he exclaimed "checkmate?" Would she not, like William the Conqueror, when he played with the Prince of France, knock the board about his pate?

The Song Recital of Miss Augusta Klous in Chickering Hall.

Miss Augusta Klous, assisted by Mrs. Laura Webster, cellist, gave a song recital in Chickering Hall Friday evening. Mrs. S. B. Field was the accompanist. Miss Klous sang the familiar air from Saint-Saens's "Samson and Delilah," and songs by Tschalkowsky, Cobb, Harris, Caracciolo and some local composers. Miss Webster played pieces by Bach, Saint-Saens, Popper and Bargiel.

Miss Klous has naturally a fine, rich contralto voice. As she sings today, her lower tones are of marked beauty, but her middle and upper tones are for the most part either cloudy or pinched, and when she sustains the extreme upper tones there is a suspicion of infidelity to the pitch, although in other respects her intonation is excellent. It would seem then that her voice had been forced unwisely upward. This noble, natural organ is not yet fully under control, and the temperament of the singer, which is strongly marked (indeed, it is passionate), at times runs away with her. The singer should guard against excessive accentuation that turns each measure into a sea-saw. Miss Klous has every reason to persevere. I understand that she proposes to devote her talent to the concert stage. Now nature intended and equipped her for the operatic stage. She has already appeared in operetta; let her not disdain the experience to be learned in this humbler form of dramatic art. If, however, she insists on singing in concert, she should cultivate physical repose, and, above all, learn the proper management of mouth and lips. She is too comely a girl to disfigure herself so unnecessarily.

Miss Webster gave much pleasure by the display of an agreeable, sympathetic tone and musical taste.

PHILIP HALE.

SUICIDE CLUBS.

Unfortunately there is reason to believe that there are clubs devoted to the cultivation and performance of suicide, as described in the grim tale by Stevenson. There may be a difference in the detail of the working; at present the meetings may be opened with a reading of extracts from Col. Ingersoll's article; a copy of the "Anti-Hegestas" may be burned solemnly once a year; but there are undoubtedly, here and there, small bands of desperate men who vow themselves to self-destruction. In Stevenson's story, cowardice compelled the assassination of one member by another; in another club it seems that the drawer of the fatal lot must work out his own destruction. Such organizations are few and abhorred by the world at large.

There are other clubs, of a professedly gentler nature, in which a man may kill his better self. Let us not be misunderstood. There are many of these societies that are of undoubted benefit to members, city and State. Even if only social intercourse of elevating and improving character is the result, the world is better for such clubs. Even if a friendlier spirit is thus cultivated between business men without

special thought of science, art, or specific charity, the world is in a measure brighter. But in the best of clubs a man runs a risk of destroying himself.

We do not refer especially to alcoholic excess or to the fostering of a love of gambling, although a weak man is exposed to strong temptation in many estimable clubs, where a social glass, countenanced by the majority, may lead him into vicious habits, and a mild game of poker may induce the desire to hunt the tiger by day as by night. We refer here rather to the self-killing of individuality. It is a singular characteristic of humanity that the moment a man enters a club he is apt to think of some elective office. He wishes to be on the Election Committee, or the Executive Committee, or—poor, foolish man—the House Committee. To gain his end he must be politic. To be politic he must be of miscellaneous opinions and uncertain vote. Is the club literary? 'Tis well to be conservative and proclaim undying allegiance to Shakespeare, Scott, Addison, et al. All pictures are admirable, unless the majority of the group of discussors finds them daubs. There are 50 ways in which a man may thus practise inglorious self-abnegation, and kill his individuality of thought and courage of expression.

Or if the conversation is of lighter turn, of flippant nature, the new member, chameleon like, throws off the color of dignity, and assumes the gaudy hue of the surroundings. Judgments are passed quickly, without preparatory thought. The epigram must be ready. A book is dismissed with a pun or a jeer, by one who has not read it. An hour thus passed is called agreeable diversion, a change from the rush of the day, a delightful way of killing time. Now killing time is generally synonymous with killing one's intellectual self.

There is a light conversation that is a rest to the mind. There is innocent happiness in the feeling of companionship, even when there is no open interchange of thought. But such amusements are not for all. Friendships fostered exclusively in clubs are apt to be ropes of sand. A genteel selfishness based on unwarranted self-esteem is often the fruit of this polite intercourse. A member dies. His name, decorously surrounded with a black border, is posted. There are conventional expressions of regret for a day; in extreme cases for a week. Let the current number of the *Vie Parisienne* tell the rest. Two old fogies are together in a club. "And Cascatel?" "We don't see him any more." "Any row or trouble?" "No, he's dead." And indifference, such as here described cynically, graduates from art into habit. It is a narrow life, when it is viewed exclusively from club windows. The looker-on with lack lustre eye is as much a suicide as though a stake at cross roads were to be his monument.

"If you marry a widow, I think, it should be one whom you have known in the lifetime of her husband, because, then—ab acta posse—from the sufferings of the defunct, you may form some notion of what your own will be." This is one of the maxims of the late Dr. William Maginn, which, according to the still later Dr. Mackenzie, contain "good sense, close observation and sharp truth."

When a man tells you he prefers a particular brand of cigarettes, because they do not irritate the throat as much as other cigarettes, look at him with a hard-boiled eye, and say in low, hissing tones: "Yes, you do not have to 'cough up' so much for them." Thus will you gain a reputation for ready repartee. Other forms of reply, perhaps less commendable, will be found in the forthcoming edition of Gunning's "Golden Guide to Popularity."

By the way, a Brooklyn dentist has discovered that cigarette smoking kills the nerves of the teeth. It certainly does not kill the main, distinguishing, electrifying nerve of the confirmed cigarette smoker who poisons the circumambient air.

"Mr. Garrett of Winchester will make a sketch of the new State seal." Let him remember the fate of St. Gaudens, and clothe the Indian in full outfit, with overcoat, hat and gloves.

Secretary Lamont insists that the bridge over the lower Hudson shall resemble life as depicted in the New England Primer: "But a span."

The theatre investigators should consider the case of the Sabbatarian Elephant, one of the wonders of Sumatra. He refuses to leave his stall from Saturday night to Monday morning. Neither does he dance, nor does he sing during that time; and although he is employed on a tobacco plantation, he does not use the weed on a Sunday. Nor is he to be swerved from the path of duty, even though the elephanteer may dag him wildly.

Some of our readers have been playing in "The other way."

The first edition of "Leaves of Grass" is one of the rarest of American books of poetry. The statement is exaggerated. There were about 1000 copies put into the market in 1855. They were sold in less than a year. The book, a quarto of 95 pages, is often quoted in second-hand catalogues, and at a comparatively reasonable price.

A contemporary thus analyzes the merits and characteristics of Stavenhagen, the pianist. "He looks like a swell Fifth Avenue promenade, and plays with perfect outward calm." And now all musicians know his exact position in the musical world.

They have parish meetings of "lady mothers" in England. It is in England also that they call, and apparently without irony, sterilized milk humanized.

It seems that Supt. Doogue and his men intended no slight to a most respectable family. The names of Mrs. Quercus Alba, Mrs. Quercus Coccinea and Miss Quercus Rubra will appear surely in the next edition of the Boston Arboreal Social Register.

Ah, Japan is the place to live in. An artistic people in everything—fighting and making love. Read this Japanese matrimonial advertisement: "A young lady wishes to be married. She is very pretty, has a rosy face framed in dark, curly hair, eyebrows of the shape of half-moons, and a small and beautiful mouth." What other inducement does she offer? "She is rich enough to admire, by the side of a life companion, the flowers by day and the stars by night." All that she requires in turn is that the youth must be a youth, handsome and accomplished; and he must be willing to share the grave of his bride—that is, when it is eminently proper that he should; she shows no indecent haste in the matter. Ho, for Japan, ye young blades! That is to say, "Westward, Ho!"

To W. B.: (1.) We did not, we do not "despise" the book you mention; we invited attention to the corybantic enthusiasm of its reviewer. (2.) You write, "I cannot refrain from objecting to your derivation of 'coasting.'" Your quarrel then is with Mr. C. W. Ernst. In the Journal of the 11th we quoted his definition. We expressed no opinion in the matter.

Mr. W. B. says, "The word 'coast' came from the French, and meant either the sea-side or the hillside, as the word 'côte' in modern French does to this day. I don't believe 'coasting' ever meant 'idling,' if it did it was a secondary meaning, but it meant 'sliding down hill' from the very first." We await with pleasure a reply from Mr. Ernst, who, of course, knows as well as Mr. B. that the word "coast" came from Middle English "coste," which in turn came from Old French "coste." The spelling "coast" is rare before 1600.

Mr. Ernst's claim is this: that the word "coasting" in the sense of a certain amusement, "originated in Boston, and is apparently the first word recoined here." "The earliest record I have," writes Mr. Ernst, "is in the Mass. Colony Records, Ed. Shurtliff, October 1, 1633." He does not dispute the original derivation of coast from the French.

Another might quote a line from Shakspeare's "Troilus and Cressida," iv., 5, "that give a coasting welcome," i. e., according to Nares an amorous approach, a courtship. And there was a verb "to coast," meaning "to make one's way to or toward a place or person." But, alas, the modern commentators read "that give accosting welcome."

Dec 16. 1894

ABOUT MUSIC.

What Is the Use of Symphony Program Books?

Do They Help Musicians or Music Lovers?

Thoughts Suggested by the Work of Francis H. Jenks.

Would it not be a good thing to do away with Symphony-Program-Books?

If such books are stuffed with pedantry, the simple music lovers in the audience do not understand even the terminology, and the musicians do not care to hear about "free fantasia," "subsidiary theme" and that new and remarkable discovery, "the conclusion theme."

Let us suppose that the beautiful, romantic first movement of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony is played. You remember the simple, mysterious, complaining opening measures. You pick up the pro-

gram-book that is supposed to fit the occasion, and you read as follows: "The first movement, allegro moderato in B minor (3-4 time), opens pianissimo with a phrase given out in low octaves by the 'celli and double basses; on the ninth measure the first and second violins come in with a tremulous, nervous theme in 3rds and 6ths, against which the oboe and clarinet soon play a melodious, mournful counter theme. One is a little in doubt how to fit the usual symphonic nomenclature to these three themes; the tremulous violin passage might well be called the first subsidiary, etc., etc."

Now of what use is such language? Does it enable any one to enjoy the music to a greater degree? Is it of any assistance to a student? There is not a theme printed, "Chief," or "subsidiary." The reader is in the same fix as though he were reading the key to a diagram, but without the diagram.

Or suppose the reader wishes to add to his stock of general information. A piece by Saint-Saens is played. The compiler of the program-book gives a list of the composer's operas. The reader finishes the article with a feeling of smug satisfaction. He now can at least make a front when there is talk at the club, or in the parlor, about Saint-Saens or opera. Unfortunately the compiler neglected to say anything about Saint-Saens' "Phryné" (1893.) Perhaps he never heard of it, for he stops Saint-Saens' operatic career in 1890 with "Ascanio." And yet an American girl, Miss Sanderson, created the part. And the opera still is given in Paris. And nevertheless the opera will possibly be given here this season. But the Boston Symphony Program Book of Dec. 1, 1894, does not recognize the fact that Saint-Saens ever wrote such an opera, although the names of his other works for the stage are recorded with a flourish of minuteness of date and a tendency to burst into the French language.

..

But leave all personalities and particular cases out of the question. Is not the program-book under the best of circumstances an impertinence in a concert-room?

There is some sense in the madness of Pudur, who insists that the hearer should sit with back turned toward the performer, and that the light in the hall should be dim. There should be nothing between the music and the hearer.

The program-book even when modestly and carefully written is apt to annoy or perplex the hearer. Why should a third person intervene? Why should there be talk before the performance or during the performance? After the concert there is time for comparison, criticism, investigation. Let every hearer, however developed his musical sense may be, hear with his own ears, be affected directly.

Mr. Frederic Harrison once complained of the greater willingness of people to read about a book than to read the book itself. The same complaint may be made justly concerning the way in which music is not heard frankly, face to face with the composer.

..

It is true that certain frequenters of the Symphony concerts would miss these program-books sorely. These books serve as a refuge in times of musical distress. There is to the morbid a melancholy pleasure in reading the cards of professionals and wondering whether they gain many pupils by this public display of their names. There is also a feeling of consolation when the music bores. The reader says to himself, "I can at least occupy my mind until this dreadful thing is over. Let's see if the compiler gives any reasonable excuse for the composer's action. Or, perhaps, he tells us why we should like this particular movement."

But there are many books, that, slipped into the pocket, would give far greater relief in an emergency. A volume of the Tauchnitz edition would serve the purpose admirably. Then there is the new and charming edition of Shakspeare. There are pocket chessboards and chessmen. Or the quicksilver bowling alley is not to be despised, and it is absolutely noiseless.

..

We all take this habit of hearing music too seriously, and there is much cant and much hypocritical rolling of the eyes at our "blessed privileges." Music is not the only art, indeed; many philosophers claim that it is the lowest of the arts. However this may be, it should never be forgotten that in modern days music is to be regarded chiefly as a pleasure. We are not active Pythagoreans, and we do not believe firmly that Saturn moves in the Dorian Mode, and Jupiter in the Phrygian; nor do we seriously consider the problem, Whether 3 is the power and composer of music; nor do we object to listen to Mr. Molé because "the flute has something impudent and meretricious in its tone;" nor do we take doses of rapid chromatic melodies to counteract depression, or melodies of mixed enharmonic and diatonic to curb desire. There is entirely too much chatter about the educational side of music. The great masters did not make music for the purpose of educating the world. They wrote because they could not help themselves, because the music must out, and also to make money, just as Shakspeare wrote his plays, just as Mr. Dave Graham writes his ingenious tunes. Music may soothe, inspire, strike terror, bore. The Muse wears many

masks. Let us not imagine her as a "schoolmarm" with spectacles, nervous cough, and ruler.

The composer says something. If your temperament is in sympathy with his and on the particular occasion is in tune, the composer works on you. "All music is what awakes from you when you are reminded by the instruments," says Walt Whitman. Preparatory analytical lectures, even when they are delivered by a real Professor, will not aid you one whit in catching the spirit of a composition. Program-books, however admirably written, by a Hanslick or a Pougin, will be of no avail to you, if you are naturally without imagination, or slow to receive a musical impression.

In the priggish attempt to master the letter or the gross substance, the spirit escapes. For you who pin your faith to what somebody has written or said about a composition, the composer never wrote; that is, if he was a genuine composer and not a music-maker who wrote earnestly

to fulfil all the dry requirements of compilers of program-books.

The expression of sorrow at the news of the death of Francis H. Jenks was genuine and universal. He himself, a foe to cant and gush, an honest and modest man, would be the last to wish now high-sounding words and conventional eulogy. And yet how can anyone who knew him abstain from saying something about him, even though the expression of affection and respect be inadequate.

How many there are who now remember the cheering words of advice, the brave counsel, the frank criticism which corrected without wounding. How many there are who, recalling his sweetness and courage when handicapped by painful disease, blush at their own ill-temper and petulance when annoyed by trifles.

Cool in his judgment, he was a man of enthusiastic admiration. His regard for Bizet was a passion. He was one of the first in Boston to espouse the cause of Berlioz and fight for him gallantly. There are passages in the last act of Verdi's "Otello" that put him in fine frenzy. Yet when he wrote, he knew the great value of moderation.

The Journal said last Monday that he abhorred all forms of musical snobbery. He was the first to encourage a young, local composer, if he saw any traces of merit in the work; but he would not coddle the composer, simply on account of youth or social position. He was too honest; he had too much respect for his calling and himself to thus cheapen the influence of the newspaper with which he was connected, and lower himself in his own esteem.

It is impossible to think of Mr. Jenks consorting with singers and players to the destruction of his own standard of musical right and wrong. In daily behavior to men and women, whose performances are to be criticised on occasion, each critic must regulate his own conduct and be a law unto himself. There is no police ordinance in the matter. Friendship, however, did not warp his judgment. His ear was not blunted to a singer's faults because he knew her. A composition was not excellent because the composer was a welcome guest at his house.

The critic's life, if he is an honest man, is not an enviable one. He is often grossly, deliberately misunderstood; he is often charged most unjustly with malice and self-seeking. The composer or the performer says, "He does not like my work. I know that it is good. Therefore he is ignorant and dishonest." A man can bear such statements with equanimity. He knows that he is human, that he is liable to errors of judgment. But that which wounds him is when a colleague is unfaithful to his trust; when through snobbery, or desire of personal advantage, or fear of loss of friendship, he is false to his own conviction.

Now the life of Mr. Jenks is a stimulus to every critic, who deserves the name, and it is also an example.

"It may not be our chance, brother scribe, to be indorsed with such merit, or rewarded with such fame. But the rewards of these men are rewards paid to our service. We may not win the baton or epaulettes; but God give us strength to guard the honor of the flag!"

PHILIP HALE

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Verdi's "Falstaff" triumphed gloriously in Dresden.

De Pachmann will give three piano recitals in Berlin.

They are preparing to revive Schumann's opera, "Genoveva," in Leipzig.

Emma Nevada has been engaged to sing in Rome during the carnival season.

An Australian flutist, Frederic Griffith, has met with great success in London.

Faure, now nearly 65 years old, sang at the funeral of Magnard, the editor of Figaro.

The Requiem of Berlioz, performed by the Cecilia, made a sensation in Frankfurt.

Massenet had a beautiful time in Milan. His "Manon" is riding through Italy on a triumphal chariot.

Here are new operettas produced in Italy: "Festa di servitori" by Lanzini, and "Tutti matti" by Pasquelli.

The Academy of Fine Arts in Brussels has awarded a prize of \$200 to Mr. Jongen for his string quartet.

Rheinberger has resigned his position as conductor of the Royal "Vokal Kapelle." His successor is Prof. Heber.

Brunoni and Brodsky were the soloists in

the second concert of the Lisztverein in Leipzig. Brodsky played a suite by Novacek.

Sauret's new violin pieces "Elegy and Rondo," as played by him, are praised warmly. He will be heard in Berlin after Christmas.

Dec. 1 saw the one hundredth performance of "The Meistersinger" in Berlin. Only 100 performances, and the opera was first produced in 1868.

Amalie Joachim has been giving song recitals in Berlin. But this time the praise is scanty and perfunctory, and the rapture is very moderate.

Smareglia's opera, "Cornelius Schut," did not meet with much success in Vienna. On the contrary, Smetana's "The Kiss" was applauded to the skies.

The Hochschule in Berlin is now in possession of the library of the late Prof. Spitta, who left it thus by will. Dr. Carl Krebs is his successor at the school.

doing over there today in the musical line. The lightning would not strike Music Hall if you should let us forget Beethoven and the rest of the ancient worthies for a month.

Leoncavallo has finished a ballet for the Vienna opera. It is founded on Goethe's "Reynard the Fox." In some of the scenes there will be choruses sung in the coulisses.

The Ménestrel does not credit the denial of the statement that William II. is writing a one-act opera. It says, "Who has composed, will compose." True, alas, too often, too true!

A new piano quintet, by Johann Suk, the second violinist of the "Bohemian Quartet," was played lately in Berlin and excited considerable attention. It contains much that is original, as well as Slavie echoes. The workmanship is masterly.

Boesendorfer, the pianomaker of Vienna, has an album in which the artists who play in his hall write their names. Rubinstein's last writing reads as follows: "Anton Rubinstein, April 11, 1894. For the last, last time!" The last sentence was underscored by him three times.

The first partial performance of a three-act opera, "Tamara," was given the 9th in concert form at the Lexington Avenue Opera House, N. Y. The text and music are by Heinrich Bauer, the conductor of the Heinebund, a German singing society. The operetta in light vein must not be confounded with Bourgault-Ducoudray's "Tamara," produced at the Paris Opéra during the season of '91-92, which is serious, so serious that it was not long on the boards.

Glazounov's "Spring" was produced for the first time in Berlin at a Philharmonic concert. The instrumentation of it aroused wonder. It is described as marvelous, not only on account of the effects of first and second violins divided five-fold with violas in four parts, but also for the incredible results obtained by the combination of woodwind, harp and glockenspiel. The composer is bold enough to work melodically with piccolo and glockenspiel. Another novelty produced at this concert was Ritter's "Olaf's Hoch eitsreigen," program music, to illustrate the well-known story of Olaf, who loved secretly a King's daughter. The King discovered the secret; the marriage festival was celebrated with pomp, but at midnight Olaf was handed over to the executioner, not to the bride. Mr. Paur, give us the opportunity to know what they are

The music written by Mr. Charles Wood for the performance of Euripides' "Iphigenia" at the Theatre Royal, Cambridge, is reviewed at length in the Pall Mall Gazette of the 1st. "His setting is not to be described by the ordinary epithets wherewith one usually decorates this kind of compositions in verbal analysis. They are customarily, and truly, called scholastic, academic, appropriate and the like." (It is to be regretted that this acute reviewer never heard Prof. Paine's music to "Oedipus.") "But Mr. Wood swerves a little aside from these traditions; he has been tempted to show a little personal fire of his own in the matter; he has dared even to feel before he wrote, and not to write up to a conventional feeling already made for him. The result is that although the work that he has produced is somewhat irregular, sometimes a little rickety, it is a work containing real vitality and some genuine personal charm. That is to say much for a beginning. . . . The chief fault to find with this music involves something of a paradox, when we say that Mr. Wood composes in too many different styles, and that the general effect tends to be monotonous. The fact is, however, that he is not yet out of the spells which great musicians have cast about his mind. . . . The treatment (of certain portions) reminds one strongly in parts of plain-song; and when one remembers that certain of the plain-song hymns have a traditional, if not very real, descent from Greek sources, the sympathetic inspiration becomes almost sentimentally exaggerated."

In view of the fact that Mottl was mentioned here as the one leader to be desired after Mr. Nikisch made his dramatic, or rather, serio-comic exit, the following words from an English music critic of brave standing are of interest: "Never before, perhaps, has the great Bayreuth conductor been seen in London to better advantage. There is only one epithet which accurately describes him; he is magisterial. There are two points of view from which one always judges Herr Mottl: One the purely human, objective point of view, the other the subtle, musical, directive standpoint. From the first, even to the merely lay mind, nothing could be more attractive than Mottl's massive gracefulness, the sweep and sureness of his gesture, his calm yet vital physique, and his comprehensive manner, void of nearly all mannerism, and without any littleness or deficiency. This, of course, is

interesting enough; but, from the musical point of view, he is far greater than this. Not only does he impress upon his subjects the coherent interpretation of any composition as it appeals to his mind, but he has exquisite thought for detail. If to the mind of the composer, the instrumental continuity were a thing of assured and true art, you may be quite sure that Herr Mottl will show that continuity in its most perfect development. He leads instrument into instrument, not with a separate feeling for different orchestral effects, but with a sense of development of sound into sound. Of course, if the composer himself had no instinct for such continuity, whether it be from string to brass or from brass to wind, it would be exacting to require Herr Mottl to invent it for him; such, for example, was the case with Liszt's "Symphonic Poem," "Mazeppa," played last night at the Queen's Hall. It was astonishing to note how much complacent energy Mottl put into the work, which is really inferior in quality and rather foolish in effect, under whatever circumstances of performance."

The Symphony Concert in Memory of Anton Rubinstein.

The eighth Symphony concert, given last evening in Music Hall under Mr. Paur, was in memory of Anton Rubinstein. The program was as follows:

Funeral March, from Symphony No. 3, in E flat Major, "Eroica".....Beethoven
Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 4, in D minor.....Rubinstein
Symphony No. 2, in C major, "Ocean".....Rubinstein

I. Moderato assai.
II. Lento assai.—Con moto moderato.
III. Andante.
IV. Allegro.
V. Andante.
VI. Scherzo: Allegro. Trio: Moderato assai.
VII. Andante. Allegro con fuoco.

There was a peculiar fitness in giving the D minor concerto at a concert in memory of the great Russian, for the concerto is the most sustained, the noblest of his compositions of long breath. Here is no decrescendo of interest, as there is in so many of his other works. Indeed, this concerto for beauty of themes and ingeniousness of treatment stands among the great pieces for piano and orchestra. It is a heroic concerto and it demands a heroic performance. Mrs. Ernest Lent, the pianist of last evening, has a clean, well developed technique, an agreeable touch, and much taste. Her playing was marked also by sincerity. The first movement was attacked in heroic vein, and in this movement she was at her best. In the slow movement, although her clearness and her phrasing were generally admirable, there was a lack of sensuous beauty, as well as of romantic spirit. In the finale there was little of the demonic fire that should blaze from the pianist's exhausted, and where there should have been triumphant strength there was comparative weakness. The performance as a whole excited genuine admiration. It did not move. It did not thrill.

The first movement of the "Ocean" symphony is majestic and glorious, an honor to any composer who thought in symphonic form. The other movements will not send the name of Rubinstein ringing down the ages. As a whole, it is not as characteristic a work as the "Dramatic" symphony which was played last season. There are fine descriptive effects in the "Storm," the allegro in G major is not without interest, but there is much that is merely sentimental or operatic, or just plain, simple padding in the last six movements. To give the symphony in all its tedious length seemed like doubtful reverence to the mighty dead. It is said that Mr. Paur decided to give the seven movements because Rubinstein never heard them all in consecutive order during his life time. Probably Mr. Paur thought that if Rubinstein could hear them now, he would be particularly pleased to hear the strain in Boston.

And yet a group of Rubinstein's songs—"The Asra," "Gold rolls here beneath me," "When thy gentle voice I hear"—would have more fully displayed the genius of the Russian than did this symphonic mixture of the blatant and the trivial. Nor is it too much to say that the ballet music from "Famors" or "The Demon" is a more finished, exquisite piece of art than is the "Ocean" symphony as a whole.

The orchestra played with care and with a wealth of tone. Each movement of the symphony after the first was a signal for the departure of a portion of the audience. The bust of Rubinstein reminded many of the leonine pianist who in his great moments knew no equal. Truly, a remarkable musician of unusual versatility. The memorial occasion was not one of sorrow as when a composer of great promise dies. For Rubinstein had lived a full and honored life. He had said his say to the world.

His apotheosis was not posthumous. Before he died he knew that his was a shining name in the roll of musicians of the 19th century. And this honor was worn modestly, for the composer and pianist was a simple, generous, lovable, heroic man.

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES.

The music feuilleton, as well as other music notes, will be found on page 18 of the Journal.

Mr. Ysaie, the eminent violinist, will give a recital in Music Hall Saturday afternoon, Jan. 12.

The first concert in Boston by Bernhard Stavenhagen, pianist, and Jean Gerardy, cellist, will be given in Music Hall Thursday, the 27th.

Mr. Faeltten will give piano recitals in Bumstead Hall the afternoons of Jan. 8 and 21. In February Mr. Faeltten will give concerts in Southern States.

The choral service at the Shawmut Church this evening will be a special feature. Mr. Gerrish will sing the solo in the Sanctus from Gounod's "St. Cecilia" mass. The seats are free.

The program of the Symphony rehearsal and concert, the 21st-22d, will be as follows: Symphony D major, E. E. Bach; Hirtensmusik, J. S. Bach; symph. Y. G. major, Haydn; overture, "Fidelio," Beethoven. Miss Gertrude Franklin will sing Handel's "Sweet Bird" and an air from Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew."

Mr. Heinrich Meyn, formerly of Boston, will take the part of Djul in Ferdinand Hummel's opera, "Mara," which will be produced in New York the 22d by the Freundschaft Society, under Mr. Seidl.

Prof. H. W. Parker of Yale College is the conductor of a symphony orchestra just organized in New Haven.

The sale of tickets for the first performance of "The Messiah" this season, Sunday, the 23d, will begin at Music Hall Monday. The solo singers the 25th will be Mrs. Eaton, Miss Chary, Messrs. Knorr and Watkin Mills. The sale of seats for the second performance, Christmas night, will begin Tuesday at Music Hall. The soloists of the second performance will be Mrs. Bradbury, Mrs. Benzing, Mr. Mandeville and Mr. Mills.

A GIFT ENTERPRISE.

A gift presented to a friend as the expression of genuine regard surely should give genuine pleasure to the recipient unless the gift be of such extravagant nature that there is a feeling of awkwardness in receiving a thing of great value without the possibility of return. Yet the proverb concerning the mouth of a gift horse is nearly as old as the idea of a gift. To adjust the present to the friend is indeed an art; it is also to run the risk of breaking the friendship. Grown people lack the terrible honesty of children, who say in holiday season, "Give me a steam engine, or a box of soldiers, or a sled," and are often particular in arranging beforehand as to the detail. Surprises are best calculated to disappoint. Just as the unexpected and inopportune visit of a friend is often an unmitigated annoyance, so is the gift he sends. "Why did not Jones send me a box of cigars instead of a pipe? He ought to know I never smoke a pipe." Or a woman regrets that the jewel is not to her taste, that the vase does not fit the mantel piece or the wall paper.

When gifts are out of holiday season they are at least without the disadvantage of the suggestion of return. Alas, about Christmas spontaneity in such kindness takes wings to itself and quits the earth. It is not too much to say that this very day many excellent women are nervous, tired and fretful on account of the knowledge of alleged holiday duties and responsibilities. On the one hand they fear to be considered mean; on the other hand they dread extravagance. There is the nuisance of joining a shopping crowd, of elbowing the way in

hot and foul air to a counter where there is the possibility of finding the desired combination of elegance and cheapness.

And yet the meaning, the beauty of the gift is the spirit in which it is given. What wife on the anniversary of her birth or marriage would exchange a simple bunch of flowers with the assurance of the constancy of the love that quickens the floral perfume for a perfunctory gift of costliness after the husband's recollection had been jogged? Unsatisfactory, mocking, indeed, is the present that is supposed to salve a quarrel.

The giver of today is too much inclined to believe in a quid pro quo. If he receives unexpectedly a book or a picture, sent in all sincerity, he cannot rest until the debt is paid; for he considers himself in debt. Others look at Christmas as the payday of social obligations. Suppose that the Smiths had taken pleasure during the year in seeing their friends informally at their house and extending unpretentious hospitality. Christmas they receive a handsome rug from the Browns. They thank the Browns, and hear in reply, "But we have been so much at your house, we surely owe you some return."

What joy is there in the possession of the rug? The rug is as moth-eaten. The simple hospitality has been repaid, but not in kind. And the Smiths, unless they are unusually sensible people, square the account the next Christmas, even if they can ill-afford the return gift.

The sender is led to expect a return from the receiver. He may at first have no such thought. He may give without a thought of anything but the pleasure of giving. If several hasten to return the kindness, and one is not heard from except by letter of thanks, he unconsciously begins to wonder why the one did not respond materially. He would deny at once the imputation. Nevertheless, so widespread is now the feeling of exchange, that he, too, is affected.

And, lastly, is there not in large measure a forgetfulness of the peculiar signification of Christmas? In olden days of English good cheer and merriment there was ever the thought of adoration mingled with substantial kindness to the poor and the unfortunate. Special fodder was given even to the animals in stable and cowhouse. There was a practical recognition of the great claim of charity. All nature, they said, rejoiced, and in that season no mortal

Is it not unfortunately true that the spirit of this old carol is forgotten by many who should be the first to be kindled by it?

New to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood,
Each other now embrace:
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface."

Talk about foot ball! Just think of the courage of the passive participants in the shaving contest between two men of Dorchester.

Secretary Langley's flying machine is described as "nervless." It's the rider that has the nerve.

Debs no longer believes in strikes. It is to be feared that he will take a gloomy view of jails.

It is the fashionable thing just now in New York to deny.

According to Prof. Elmer Gates, "bad and unpleasant feelings create harmful chemical products in the body." Might it not be a good idea to describe such feelings by the corresponding chemical formulas, and thus give up the disagreeable words "jealousy," "revenge," etc.?

What's this? A game warden gets "full of whisky" and tries to ride a broncho into a saloon in Bangor, Me.? The intelligent foreigner is always told that Maine is a prohibition State.

Miss Winslow says: "It is the women's clubs that are answering the question of who will make the best wives and mothers." Yes, but are they not thus committing suicide? Will prudent husbands of the future allow their wives to frequent clubs?

Mr. J. A. E. Malone has given the most unkindest cut of all. "Your American college game of foot ball is awfully slow compared with our Rugby game." And all the broken collar bones and slugging go for naught!

CONTRACT ART.

Here is a true story, and it has a moral. Some years ago the Société des Gens de Lettres determined to set up a statue in honor of Balzac. Chapu was chosen as the sculptor. He received 5000 francs on account the day he was chosen. He was taken sick, and when he died (1891), the statue was unfinished. When the commission was given to Rodin, with 10,000 francs in advance. Rodin promised to deliver the statue Jan. 1, 1893. Here it is the end of 1894, and the statue is still incomplete. Rodin's first sketch was unsatisfactory to the committee, as it made the novelist too "stout and squat." The second sketch did not please the sculptor, who refused to show it. And then the committee said to Rodin, "You have not given us the statue; please hand over the 10,000 francs, for the subscribers demand it."

No one questions the genius or the honesty of Rodin, and yet is not the demand for the money a slur on his good faith? The committee does not take into consideration the fact that the money was spent possibly two years ago in the atelier. It does not make any allowance for the self-criticism of the sculptor, who is unwilling that a work of national importance should be unworthy of the subject and himself. "Money was advanced to you. You did not deliver the goods at the appointed time, although we were ready to pay the balance due you;" this is the position taken by the members of the committee. Mr. Gradgrind says, "Perfectly right. Rodin acted in an outrageous manner."

It is true that Rodin made a mistake; he should not have fixed a date for the delivery. They say that Zola expostulated with him and asked: "Why do you not resolve to deal as three hours a day to the monument?" It is true that I compose my masterpiece, and I never keep the public waiting an hour." Rodin's reply is not recorded.

Now in these days when so many are artists, when they who are made outnumber those who are born, when the adjective "artist" is used so loosely that there is no distinguishing term for him who is truly great, it is not surprising that artistic professions and a manufacturing contract are so easily taken as synonymous phrases.

And the final work is to be produced at a

festival. The managers say: "Who will have it ready by such a date?" Is this the way an imperishable work comes into the world? Let it be remembered always to Verdi's credit, that when the committee of the Birmingham Festival invited him to compose a work of long breath, and named the price and the day, he declined the flattering offer, saying, "I cannot write in this manner, nor would I agree to have any work ready for performance at a certain time." How many pieces composed for a special occasion have survived the occasion or gained glory for the composer?

Of course men vary in their methods of work. Trollope, like Zola, gave so many hours a day, rain or shine, to a novel. He could tell in advance when the copy would be ready for the printer. Thackeray was almost always behindhand, and Balzac was a terror to printers and publishers on account of his endless revisions, the result of torturing criticism. The man who meditates works of light and color and strength must often live by turning out pot-boilers at stated times; but does anyone remember the pot-boilers except with pity for the man who thus supported himself by turning hurriedly brain-spinnings into food and shelter?

Because Rodin has not delivered the statue, the subscribers should not infer that he has been idle these few years. When the statue leaves the sculptor's brain, it will come with a rush, as did Minerva from the head of Jupiter. When he begins to model in earnest, it will be a matter of mechanical detail. Years go to the preparation of a simple and great thought, which, to the vulgar, seems a happy expression provoked by circumstance. The task with such a man as Rodin is not to realize his dream, it is to dream the surpassing dream. Technique is the means of revealing the dream, of giving it a palpable form to the outside world. Rodin is to be paid for his dream of Balzac, and dreams do not always come at will. The subscribers should be patient. At the same time Rodin was foolish when he fixed a date.

The Bourget standard of measurement will not be accepted even in Boston, although the inventor flatters the town in grotesque fashion.

And this is the impression that Mr. Bourget, the eminent psychologist, makes on the editor of the Carbondale Anthracite, whose opinion has indeed the crushing weight of a ton of coal: "If the poorest paid, most inefficient reporter on a New York newspaper handed in copy containing so many misstatements and so much compressed slush, he would be gently but firmly taken to the elevator and dropped

from the dizzy attic of fame into the cold and cheerless cellar of oblivion."

Della Fox in "The Little Trooper" at the Hollis.

"The Little Trooper," a comic opera in three acts, or "a French vaudeville-opera," as the playbill had it, was produced for the first time in Boston last evening at the Hollis Street Theatre by the Della Fox Comic Opera Company.

It was May 3, 1892, that saw the first performance in Paris at the Folies Dramatiques of a "vaudeville-opera" in four acts, entitled "Les vingt-huit jours de Clairette." The libretto was by Raymond and Mars; the music was by Victor Roger. The piece met with great success.

Now this same French vaudeville has been adapted, pruned, revised, changed, condensed, and partially disinfected for American use by Mr. Clay M. Greene. Mr. William Furst, a minor Kerker, has written original music for it, and some of the numbers by Rogers have been retained.

The story is familiar to all students of French farces and vaudevilles. Jealous wife, deceitful husband, who is a Captain, "prophetess of the Bon Marché," who is in love with the latter and does not know of his marriage; amorous old Lieutenant with a game leg; odd soldiers, officers and shop girls at discretion. Of course the wrong woman is introduced into the camp as the Captain's wife, and the true wife arrives and is soon put into military tights. Complications follow; there is indiscriminate love-making; there is much trouble about satisfactory barrack arrangements at night. The wife as Lieutenant is ordered to be shot for striking her superior officer and husband in jealous rage. Another change of costume that she may escape. To bring the piece to a satisfactory close there is another change of costume that Miss Fox may wear all her diamonds at once.

It is not worth while to consider the story or the music with grave face or at length. The story serves its purpose, and the music is for the most part a jingle without any distinction. The "Trot, Trot" in the second act and a duet and a trio in the third are not without a certain pleasing quality. But the piece goes chiefly on account of the mirth-provoking antics of Mr. Jefferson D'Angelis, who plays the part of Gildart, the amorous old Lieutenant.

For this eccentric comedian is very droll as the rake, in the first two acts the character is drawn sharply, and consistency is preserved. The fastidious may regret that the spell is broken as soon as he sings a topical song, but let us take a cheerful view of life and its real or alleged pleasures, and remember that Aristophanes did not disdain the topical song. It is true that the fun of Mr. D'Angelis was at times downright clowning, but it was clowning of a superior nature. And it is a pleasure to add that he did not depend upon slang and gagging—allusions to poker and base ball—to excite the audience to laughter. In the third act he might well have omitted his extraneous remarks to Miss Fox, but take his performance as a whole it was often quaint, often original in conception and treatment, and almost always mirth-provoking. It is worth a trip to the Hollis simply to see Mr. D'Angelis in this part.

Mr. Paul Arthur, who is well-known here as a comedian, was an excellent Duval. When he first went on the stage he thought of grand opera; for a dozen years ago he had a baritone voice of pleasing quality, and he was much interested in music. I remember seeing him once in "Carmen," when Marie Rose was the gypsy. Laura Schlimer was in the cast. Arthur took a subordinate part. Last evening it was a pleasure to hear his voice again, and in music of a light order.

The male members of the company acted with spirit and intelligence. Mr. Wheelan, for once, was cast in a part where his tendency toward buffoonery was not wholly obnoxious. Miss Celeste was charming as Octavie, and Miss Villa Knox was a satisfactory Mathilde until she took madly to ambitious song.

Miss Della Fox is a favorite with many. It would be idle perhaps to inquire into the causes of her popularity. Sing she cannot. Neither can she dance. Her voice in dialogue is unpleasant, and her vocal mannerisms and imitations are neither clever nor amusing. She does not know the meaning of the word suggestion; and her histrionic fury does not carry conviction. Yet she is described by press agents and hailed by enthusiastic hearers as a "stellar attraction." So there is really nothing more to be said.

The audience crowded the theatre. Laughter was incessant. There were repetitions of many numbers and there were certain calls. "The Little Trooper" will undoubtedly have a most successful run. Indeed, Mr. D'Angelis is funny and you should see him as the conqueror of hearts.

The cast was as follows:

| | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| Emile Duval | Paul Arthur |
| Gildart | Jefferson D'Angelis |
| Michonnet | Charles J. Campbell |
| Benoit | Alf. C. Wheelan |
| Pepin | Edward Knight |
| Jules La Tour | Charles Dungan |
| Mathilde Louvib | Villa Knox |
| Octavie | Marie Celeste |
| Clairette Duval | Della Fox |

PHILIP HALE.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The career of Mr. Stevenson was full of contrasts and contradictions. He wrote of perilous adventure and wild incident; his own fight was a prolonged struggle for life. Some of the creatures of his fancy sallied far from home in search of treasure; he went restlessly over land and water in pursuit of health. The element of man's love for woman never dominates in his books; he knew a great passion. Of Scottish race, the son of an engineer, his imagination was poetic and fantastic. Of Northern prejudice and Northern natural outfit, he could appreciate almost lovingly the despicable character of Villon, "the sorriest figure on the rolls of fame." The shrewd and canny man was at times a mystic. He found delight in peering into the brain of a scoundrel as well as in talking with a little child. An absorbed dealer in the morbid, he was one of the healthiest of writers. Fluent, he was fastidious in style. To the world at large he is best known by his story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which is not the greatest or most characteristic of his books.

As a novelist, Mr. Stevenson believed firmly in the necessity of incident. As a boy he "liked a story to begin with an old way-side inn where, 'toward the close of the year 17—,' several gentlemen in three-cocked hats were playing bowls." As a man, in the full flush of his fame, he wrote stories of adventure. As an essayist, he was never weary of paying tribute to Scott and Dumas and Defoe. He did not stand apart from his characters and explain them to his audience; the gallant men, the scoundrels of high and low degree, played their parts without the voice of the prompter. As a novelist, Mr. Stevenson was first of all an inventor of enthralling incident. He was particularly happy in the delineation of a rascal. Indeed, his romances are a gallery of rogues. Although he had read Poe to much purpose, he was more restrained in his treatment of the mysterious and the horrible. Remember, for instance, the description of Mr. Hyde's housekeeper. 'Tis but a thumb-nail sketch; but the curiosity is riveted by the suggestion of awful secrets that might be disclosed. To some, "Kidnapped" is the finest of his romances. Others at the mention of his name will think of "Treasure Island." But certain of his short stories are undoubtedly the choicest, the most perfect fruits of his imagination.

We are too near Mr. Stevenson to judge calmly of his work. Yet it may not be presumptuous to declare that another generation will know him as the essayist who wrote novels. Surely are his essays among the most delightful of all books of the last 50 years. It is not so much the critical judgment displayed in them that fascinates, although the acumen of the critic is indisputable. The charm of digression, the half humorous, half ironical fancy, the generous appreciation of all that is pure and noble, the trumpet praise of all that which is of good report, the fiery indignation kindled by the thought of meanness, the broad humanity that knows the power of temptation, and has compassion for the weak and the unfortunate, draw all hearts toward this essayist.

And above all is his style a delight to the ear and to the mind. George Moore in his younger days described Mr. Stevenson as "a consumptive youth, weaving garlands of sad flowers, with pale, weak hands, or leaning to a large plate-glass window, and scratching thereon exquisite profiles with a diamond pencil. * * * His periods are fresh and bright, rhythmical in sound, and perfect realizations of their sense; in reading you often think that never before was such definiteness united to such poetry of expression; every page and every sentence rings of its individuality." Mr. Stevenson has told us how in his youth he sought out style. His is perhaps a compounding of many simples. There are echoes of the stately and quaint sentences of Sir Thomas Browne; there is the gorgeousness as well as the homely bluntness of the Elizabethans; there is the shrewd and delightful discursiveness of Montaigne; there is the Olympian carelessness of the elder Dumas; Defoe and Poe talk together; but it is Stevenson that edits all this copy and sends it forth stamped with the stamp of his individuality. No young man can read these essays without finding bracing encouragement for a clean and active life. To those who are nearly through with the cares, the vexations, the joys and the sorrows of the world, these essays are a summing up of the whole matter, as well as an inspiration and a comfort in awaiting patiently and hopefully the inevitable end. And as his books are generous and pure and brave, so was the man himself, who at last found perfect health on the far off isle in the South Sea.

"The silent power of woman" would, indeed, be an incalculable boon.

"Russell Sage is a gatherer of household pets." There was a time when he went in for human screens.

Thomas Lloyd, the engineer who saved the lives of forty men at the risk of his own, is a name to be added to the list of heroes greater than the conquerors in battle or the takers of cities.

It was the floor that rose up and killed Andy Bowen. Of course the blow on the jaw had nothing to do with it. Bowen should not have fallen.

It was Justice Lippincott who used from the bench the following extraordinary language in addressing Wayne, convicted of attempt at bribery: "If Justice Hudspeth had been a passionate man and had killed you on the spot he would have been justified." Here is a new phase of Jersey justice.

The Pall Mall Gazette speaks of Cecil in Mrs. Deland's "Philip and His Wife" as "a creation." It also says "Miss Deland is too ladylike for the strong situation she has incurred, and when Cecil, outraged in her vanity, proceeds to flirt with her own sister's lover, she goes quite out of Miss Deland's depth. Only a Frenchman or our own Thomas Hardy could deal with such a situation." The reviewer in closing his remarks on "Miss" Deland remarks: "It is only when she tries to be 'French' that she is unconvincing."

Mr. Josiah Oldfield, M. A., B. C. L., must

be a cheerful dinner guest. He claims that the bacillus tuberculosis can stand a temperature of 107 degrees for several weeks, and even one of 212 for some little time, before it is destroyed. "Certainly the ordinary method of cooking is insufficient to destroy either the bacilli or their spores." To which the reasonable reply is, "The question is not one of abstract health, but rather whether the advantage of eating meat is not worth the risk. Health was made for man, not man for health."

We spoke of the meaning of "dingbat" the other day. A correspondent in Lynn writes as follows: "In the portion of the State of Maine with which I am familiar, and where I was born, 'dingbat' was used a good deal. 'I expect to have a regular dingbat with the old man when I see him,' or, 'I have had a dingbat with so-and-so.' It was also used to express what the boys now call 'going on a bat.' * * * Any kind of a squabble of words or pushing was called a 'dingbat' when it did not reach the dignity of a fight."

Let us again ask these questions. Has any reader of the Journal heard "dingbat" used as a synonym of money? Has he heard it as a synonym of the verb "to spank?"

Dec 19, '94

The Post remarked, in speaking of the Rev. Dr. Smith, "That he is the author of the beautiful hymn, 'Rock of Ages,' is known to but few." This is, indeed, true. The authorship of the said hymn has been ascribed generally to Toplady; the editor of the Post knew better all the time. Nothing but his present wild devotion to Dr. Smith dragged the secret from his breast.

There are other things in Boston that need cleansing besides the streets. There are the statues in front of the State House.

It was Stevenson who said, "Marriage is one long conversation, chequered by disputes. The disputes are valueless; they but ingrain the difference; the heroic heart of woman prompting her at once to nail her colors to the mast."

A morning contemporary speaks of Maurel, "the new tenor." Say, rather, the old baritone.

Alderman Hallstram should remember that the dance has for centuries been associated with religious ceremonies. The ancient Hebrews praised the name of Jehovah in the dance, and David was the master of the pas seul. The choir of a cathedral gets its name from the fact that in early days it was the place for religious dancing and singing. There were dances in French cathedrals, particularly on Easter, and there is dancing today in certain churches in Spain. The Council of Trent in 1562 was opened with a ball. Sporadic dancing in a theatre Sunday is very likely a strange revival of old religious ceremonies.

If Alderman Hallstram is really interested in this subject he should read "Des Ballets Anciens et Modernes," by Pêre Menestrier, a worthy and learned Jesuit of the 17th century. "La Danse et les Ballets," by Castil-Blaze, is entertaining, but the Alderman would find it a trifle flippant. If he wishes to reform the dance and make it more in accordance with the aesthetic feeling of ultra-Boston, he should ponder "Lettres sur la Danse," by Noverre. It argues well for the town when city officials take such genuine interest in matters of art.

Accounts of prize fights and foot ball games have thrown reports of executions into an unmerited shade. It is a pleasure, therefore, to find a report of a hanging written in the good old style. We are told by a contemporary what the unhappy man ate for dinner and for supper, how he thanked the jailer and the priests. There is also favorable comment on "his splendid exhibition of nerve," and there is a lucid description of "the stillness pervading the lethal chamber." In comparison with this sunburst of rhetoric, the meagre story of the victory of "The Harlem Coffee Cooler" is a miserable rushlight.

The question "Who smashed Wrightington?" bids fair to rival that of "Who struck Billy Patterson?" Harvard men of veracity and good eyesight who were at Springfield, declare that Hinkley was the man. Other Harvardmen of equal veracity and clearness of vision say that Hinkley was not near Wrightington and did not touch him in any manner at the time of the accident. After all there is nothing so imperfect and untrustworthy as human testimony.

An electric car drew through newspaper row Monday morning an enormous "trailer" laden heavily with property of the West End Company. The traffic of the street was impeded thereby. And many saw the triumph of a private corporation over a city and its citizens.

That was a weak and impertinent apology

of the class of '98, Harvard, in answer to Dr. Vincent Y. Bowditch's justly severe letter concerning the indecent conduct of a number of '98 men at the Boston Museum the 1st. It was an apology of Freshmen.

A contemporary assures us that no better definition "has been or ever will be given than this: A gentleman is a gentleman." This definition must have been framed by Jack Bunsby. It is as happy as the definition by Bardolph of accommodated: "That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is—being—whereby—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing."

The 19th of December, 1735, Bronham in Wiltshire saw a very practical experiment in flying. A stranger appeared there. His aeroplane was of the simplest nature. A rope was stretched to the weather cock of the church. The stranger flew by its aid. Part of the steeple followed

this wild fowl, who landed in a tree. And yet such crude attempts should be held in tender memory by the aeronautic enthusiasts of today.

Old Chimes was growling the other day at the Porphyry Club about the inferiority of man to the lower animals. "Take the snake, for instance; if he has eczema he changes his skin in due season, and is clean and wholesome. The cow is not dependent on one stomach. Why was not man equipped at the start with two sets of mucous membrane? Just think what an advantage such a doubling would be in this climate. One membranous coat could rest or be sent out for repairs, while the other performed all necessary functions."

That musicians abhor the color of yellow as a hoodoo is an old, established fact, and yet it does not prevent them from giving often "yellow" performances.

Operetta girls too often meet the fate of Queens of tragic opera. Witness the case of Della Fox and Villa Knox. They wax fat—and kick.

Dec 20, '94

Will the case of Dr. McGlynn be one of cant and re-cant?

Gen. Walker's pen is indeed a rapier, and Mr. Burr McIntosh now knows its point. Will Mr. McIntosh reply? We doubt it. He would prefer to show the General some of his tricks with cards.

Yes, indeed; the condition of the tenement houses owned by Trinity Church, New York, is disgraceful, although Mr. Cruger poked at the masonry with his clouded cane and expressed himself as highly pleased at the state of the property. By the way, who owns the fever nests of Boston?

After they had buried Elaine, the gay New Yorkers danced in the rooms of Mr. Perry Belmont, bachelor, who "played admirably the part of hostess," and welcomed them in a most ladylike manner.

Those who remember the peculiar rawness of a poem written by Eugene Field for a Papyrus dinner—it was never read, by the way—now chortle and snigger at the primness of his "Boccaccio" published in the last Chap-Book.

"More Cicero and Virgil is now required for admission to Yale." Why is this? Virgil, it is true, reported athletic sports in a manner that would warm the cockles of a hustling managing editor; but where does Cicero come in? He never showed enthusiasm for throwing the hammer or for skillful slugging with the cestus.

Miss Lataille may well eulogize Joan of Arc, and yet the career of the famous warrior maiden is another instance of the good fortune in being born in due time. If Joan had seen her visions within the last 30 years she would have been a patient of Dr. Charcot, and pamphlets would have been written about her by specialists. Dr. Icard has cited her case as an instance of religious delirium in his famous book published by Alcan, Paris, in 1890.

Dr. Mitchell of New York says that the \$50,000 breach of promise suit brought against him is merely an attempt at lynching.

John Burns declares that within the next 25 years Americans will be emigrating to England. Why does he not go home immediately to assist in the preparations of welcome? Nothing in this country suits him. Arthur Warren was right when he proclaimed in trumpet blasts that Burns was a remarkable man.

Today is the festival of St. Ammon. And what did he do or say? Nobody knows. It is recorded that he was a martyr at Alexandria; and when a man dies for his convictions that is enough; there is no need of pompous, windy eulogy.

Lovers of freaks in London leaped with joy Dec 20, 1735.

"A dwarf from France arrived in town, Measuring but inches twenty-one, At court a wonder great was shown, Where he, though aged forty-six, Performed twenty childish tricks."

To E. W. V.—(1) "Shawmut" was the Indian name of this peninsula. Some think it to be a mangled abbreviation of "Mushanwomuk, probably meaning unclaimed land." (2) You will find a full description of Boston Stone in Drake's "Old Landmarks of Boston," pp. 143-144. When you are in the neighborhood of the historic spot, be sure to ask for "Jimmy," and he will show you other delectable and soothing sights.

To L. M.—John Burroughs, who was very intimate with Walt Whitman, says in his "Notes on Walt Whitman," pp. 18-19, in speaking of the first edition of "Leaves of Grass," "About a thousand copies were printed, which were sold in less than a year. As it was not stereotyped, this ended the quarto, or first issue." You say in your interesting communication, "I have endeavored to keep run of such sales, and the second-hand book stores of this and other

times in the past few years have known of only two copies, one of which sold for \$500. The writer of this paragraph bought a clean copy of the first edition in a second-hand book store in Connecticut for \$4. To be sure it was not catalogued, and the seller may not have known its alleged value. Are you sure that Whittier "burned his copy?"

How old is modern slang? There is a sentence from a 17th century Englishing of Plutarch's Morals: "After this a match of Dancing was proposed, and a Cake was the prize." And just as in the modern cakewalk so in the ancient dance: "Now a great many danced with more Heat than Art."

The annual article on the rummy State of Maine has just appeared; very late for 1894, a little early for 1895.

A local contemporary assures us all that Mr. — is "the proprietor of an emporium" in a village. Emporium here does not mean "the common sensory of the brain." Nor must the reader infer that Mr. — keeps a town or a country as the principal centre of commerce. Our contemporary undoubtedly intends to convey the idea, though in a hifalutin manner, that Mr. — is a shopkeeper, and we hope he thrives thereby.

Are there not Anglo-maniacs enough in town to keep the white-bodied hansom constantly in use? It's a pity that there are not more hansomers in Boston. The herdic is a sorry substitute.

Apropos of herdies, it was a Boston lawyer who said that Regulus was tortured to death by a ride down hill in a barrel filled with sharp spikes because the Carthaginians had no herdies in those days.

If the telephone becomes as common as the cooking stove, and the counsel for the Drawbaugh Company says that it will, farewell to privacy of every kind. "Work at the office" will no longer be accepted as an excuse by loving and anxious wives.

Today is the festival of St. Thomas. "Look at the weathercock on St. Thomas's Day at 12 o'clock, and see which way the wind is, for there it will stick for the next lunar quarter." Remember also that Thomas was a doubter.

Chicago's real objection to the remark of John Burns that the Windy City is "a pocket edition of hell," is chiefly concerning the stated sizes. If he had said "an elephantine folio," the citizens would have presented him with the freedom of the town on a golden salver.

There are "hermits" in Pennsylvania, but they are not necessarily devout persons, nor do they live in caves, nor do they eat only roots and herbs. They suffer, however, for wicked men visit them at night and bore holes in them with hot poker until the hermits give up their store.

You get no bread with one fish-bail. Neither in Boston does beer follow a sandwich after 11 o'clock P. M. And yet if there is any food that calls imperiously for beer it is the plain, ordinary sandwich of commerce.

This is the anniversary of the death of Boccaccio, one of the greatest glories of Italy. Five centuries after his death he disturbs society certain estimable men of today, who regard him most unjustly and grotesquely as a shameless person, a son of Béalal, a disgrace to his sex.

The annual meeting of the American Dialect Society will be held at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Dec. 29.

There is a wealth of miscellaneous information about Miss Mary Clary, who will in the performance of "The Messiah" day night. "During her first 3 years' vocal study she gained 4 inches in expansion. Her weight has increased 131 lbs. to 176 lbs. in 3 years. She is 5 feet 7 inches in her stockings." may, therefore, be classed among the very-weights of song, although a contemporary alludes to her as "of the ludolent type of physique."

Miss Clary is a woman of noble disposition for "the windows are kept shut during practice, as she fears disturbing the neighbors with her 'big voice.'" Such is her devotion to art that she has given up "late suppers and dances, of which she is passionately fond." Her favorite colors are blue and yellow, and she just dotes on cats.

The London audiences are fastidious. Here is "critical Boston" an inane song, with endless repetitions of "daisy," and with a swagger, provokes epileptiform enthusiasm and delicious delight. But when Mr. Charles Coburn sang this simple lyric:

"Come where the breeze is cheaper,
Come where the sun hold more,
Come where the life is a bit of a jove,
Come to the pub next door."

the Palace Theatre (London) audience did not accept the invitation; it was rude enough to him the singer and the song, for English audiences still labor under the delusion that they have a right to show displeasure as well as approval. And yet the refrain is a charming one, "So beautiful and haunting in its lilting melody," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "that we go humming it all day long."

It was supposed that the Tichborne claim was buried for all time under the weight of the first claimant.

First Assistant Postmaster General Frank H. Jones, who visited Boston this week, was graduated from Yale in '75. In college he was known as "a good looking fellow, with a sweet tenor voice." He was not conspicuous for scholarship or athletic prowess, but he was "popular," and in his senior year he was a "Bones man." Postmaster General Bissell belonged to the same society; hence the milk in this particular coconut. The game of politics begun at Yale is played until Death takes all the tricks, together with the bones.

They say that certain young women in Boston who should be rosebuds on old and tenderly nurtured family bushes are thorns.

They say that rudeness is regarded by some of these maidens as synonymous with cleverness. At a dinner party given here in honor of a well-known Englishman, Miss Pert said to the guest, "What did you come over here for, anyway? To pick up American dollars and take them back to England?" To which the unruffled guest replied, "Oh, no. I came here to start a school for teaching manners to young ladies. Shall I not have the pleasure of adding your name to the list of pupils?"

A local contemporary heard of "The Green Carnation" only a day or two ago, and Thursday it published an analytical and exhaustive review. The reviewer, like Clara in the story, is "simply delighted." He regrets, however, that the author is unknown. He suggests sagaciously Mr. Besant; he winks at the name of Miss Tennant; he flatters national pride by murmuring "Mark Twain." And yet the world at large knew the author's name two months ago, and his picture was in the English weekly journals, and we were all told about his diet, maternal ancestry, favorite color, choice of undergarments, skill in the use of the trombone, religious predilections, and other articles of his mental and physical equipment.

It was on the 22d of December, 1753, that the Rev. Mr. Brathwaite of Carlisle died at the age of 110. He began to sing as a boy in the Cathedral in 1652, and he sang until Death objected to his tone-production. Unfortunately we know little of this man's career. When he reached 80 did the local critics complain that his voice was worn? How many could say when he was 100, "Yes, he's a fine artist, but you should have heard him 75 years ago?" Brathwaite, at any rate, was fortunate in this: Nobody before 1749 could quote at him "Supernuous lags the veteran on the stage," for "The Vanity of Human Wishes" was not published before January of that year.

Suppose that Stevenson is not dead after all. Will the pleasure taken by him in reading the obituary notices be unmixed? Will he say: "The Bugle might have left that unsaid, and the Minerva might have laid it on a little thicker?" Or will he be oppressed by the responsibility in future of living up to the premature and flattering judgment?

How differently are fists, for instance, viewed by the sporting editor of the Herald and Dr. Isaac Watts. The other night Mr. James Foley and Mr. Pat Buckley, esteemed citizens of Boston, "made a fine exhibition of sparring." Our acute colleague then remarked: "Foley is a tall stripling and has a beautiful idea of what his hands were made for, but can't hit." But Dr. Watts in his immortal song "Against Quarreling and Fighting" declares expressly, "Your little hands were never made 'To tear each other's eyes.'"

Why is it that, although much attention is paid boxing matches, little or nothing is said about unboxing matches, and yet human curiosity would never allow that which is boxed to remain boxed for all time.

Apropos of boxing, is the term Christmas-box used in this country by any of our misplaced chappies, squires or fox-hunters? When that restless and chattering bore, Martin Farquhar Tupper, was in this country the second time, he had the audacity to claim that "box," in Christmas use, was derived from the Persian "baksheesh." It is true that there is this resemblance in fact: each is often extorted from the unwilling and grumbling.

Doctors and bicycle makers are now sworn friends. Even the "scorchers" have spleen of singular beauty and strength. In fact, you are liable to have all manner of dreadful diseases if you do not at once take to bicycling. For the New York Academy of Medicine has said it.

The Attorney General of Louisiana has made a remarkable discovery. He has found out that the "athletic contests" at the Olympic Club are really prize fights, and that the object of the contest is "to disable a pugilist." If he pursues his investigations, he may discover that there is betting on the result.

The microscopic examination of the eyes of a woman murdered in Jamestown, N. Y., revealed a man's body from the breast to the feet. It is stated as a significant fact that "the wrinkles in the trousers could be plainly seen." How many men will at once become objects of suspicion?

This species of examination, by the way, recalls the story, "Claire Lenoir," by Villiers de L'Isle-Adam. Read it if you wish to shudder and have goose-flesh, or fear to look in a mirror lest you see there only a face that does not belong to you.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Two Singers New to the Handel and Haydn.

A Word About the Players Gerardy and Stavenhagen.

How Rubinstein Enjoyed a Scot's Conversation.

Miss Mary Louise Clary and Mr. Watkin Mills will make their first appearance at a Handel and Haydn concert this evening in "The Messiah."

Miss Clary was born in Louisville, Ky. She was interested in music as a child. Her teacher of singing was Emilio Belari of New York. Before she found out that her voice was worthy of serious attention she had studied the piano. She is also said to play the cello with ability. She made her debut in New York April 8, 1893, in "Samson and Delilah," which was given by the Oratorio Society under Mr. Damrosch. The Samson of the evening was Mr. Montegriffo. The natural volume and beauty of her voice then made a profound impression.

Her personality also excited much attention, and an inflammable young man on the staff of the World kindled and threw off glowing sparks of rhetoric: "A queen among her queenly Southern sisters, tall and as beautifully molded as a Grecian statue, she has brilliantly dark hair and eyes, with a skin absolutely dazzling in its fairness. When looking upward her face is a superb St. Cecilia, and when her eyes are downcast she makes the perfect Delilah." A female Jekyll and Hyde!

Other newspapers of New York spoke of her "imposing, large, heavy-bodied" contralto voice. The range of her voice is said to be from A flat below the staff to B flat above.

Almost immediately after her debut she was chosen solo contralto of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Miss Clary has sung in Louisville, Chicago (World's Fair), St. Louis, New Haven, Oberlin, Detroit, Columbus, Troy, Newark and other towns. She has appeared in "St. Paul," "Judas Maccabeus," Handel's "Utrecht Jubilate," Bach's "Stronghold Sure" and excerpts from "Lohengrin."

Her first appearance in this city was at the concert of the Apollo in November.

Mr. Watkin Mills was born in Painswick, Gloucestershire, England. His family was musical, and as a boy, he soon won distinction as a soprano in the church. When he was 18 his voice had developed into a baritone, and he was a favorite singer in the west of England. Persuaded to abandon his business and adopt singing as a profession, he studied in London for 13 months with Edwin Holland, and in Milan for a year with Blasco.

Mr. Mills made his debut at a Crystal Palace concert May 17, 1884. The next week he appeared in opera at Birmingham as Baldassare in "La Favorita." Carl Rosa offered him an engagement, but Mr. Mills decided to confine himself to the oratorio and the concert stage. Within the last 10 years he has sung many times at Albert Hall (50 times, at least, in oratorio), Crystal Palace, the Richter concerts, and the leading festivals of England. His repertoire includes nearly all of the classic works now given, as well as all oratorios and cantatas that have been introduced into England or sung there since his debut.

Sir Joseph Barnby has taken a great interest in Mr. Mills's career and has coached him. Mr. Mills has also had the advantage of study with Messrs. Randegger and Blume. His voice extends from lower E flat to upper F. He has at times sung both the bass and the baritone parts in the same work, as in Benoit's "Lucifer," when Blauwert of Brussels, who had been engaged as baritone, could not be present. Mr. Mills has sung in "The Messiah" over 100 times in the last nine and a half years.

He arrived in this country a fortnight ago and has already fulfilled engagements in Canada and the Northwest.

Two musicians of high European reputation will appear for the first time in Boston Thursday, the 27th, in Music Hall. The younger is Jean Gérardy, the violoncellist. The son of Professor Gérardy of the Conservatory of Liege, Belgium, he was born in that town Dec. 6, 1878. His first studies were directed by his father; afterward he studied with Bellmann, the cellist of the Heckmann Quartett. "When he was eight years and six months old, he won the second cello prize, and when he was eleven and a half the first prize medal was voted to him by acclamation."

His first appearance in public was at Liege in 1888. Then he played at Spa, Lille, Aix-la-Chapelle, and at Antwerp, in which last-named place with Ysaye and Paderewski he played in a trio by Rubinstein for a charitable purpose.



WATKINS MILLS.

He made his debut in London Nov. 20, 1890, with extraordinary success. Admirers presented him with a fine cello. The Queen invited him to Windsor to play before her. Social honors were showered upon him. Since then he has traveled through England, Ireland and Scotland with Patti, and it was only last month that he was applauded to the skies in Albert Hall.

German cities saw him in '91-'92. In Dresden he was named "the Sarasate of the violoncello."

He was first heard in this country in New York the 12th of December in a concert with Bernhard Stavenhagen. Gérardy has a sister Therese, a pianiste.

Bernhard Stavenhagen, who will play here with Gérardy, is a pianist of renown. Born in Grelz, Nov. 24, 1862, he was trained musically in his early years. When he was 11 his father moved to Berlin. Bernhard studied the piano with Theodore Kullak, and afterward with Rudorff. Kiel was his teacher in composition. In 1880 Stavenhagen won the Mendelssohn prize for musical proficiency. In 1882 he made his first appearance, and with success, as a pianist in Berlin. In 1885 he went to Weimar to study with Liszt. There was a warm friendship between pupil and master. The latter took him on his last tour to Rome, Pesth and London. In 1890 Stavenhagen was named court pianist at Weimar, and it was in that town that he married a singer, Miss Denis. He has played with overwhelming success in Germany, England, Russia, never in France. He has been specially praised for

his skill in exposition and interpretation. Lessmann wrote of him: "He is Liszt's last grand legacy to his art." Yet he is not a Liszt-player in the evil sense of the word. As a player of Beethoven he has received the warmest commendation.

They are telling stories about Rubinstein. Some are characteristic. Some are undoubtedly manufactured for the occasion.

Here is one from Le Ménestrel of the 2nd. Rubinstein was often as silent as Von Moltke, and he would pass hours at a brilliant reception without opening his mouth. One night at Glasgow he met, after the concert, an amateur of whom he was very fond. Midnight sounded. Rubinstein sat in an easy chair drinking tea and smoking strong cigarettes. Finally the Scot ventured a question. "Are you fond of Beethoven, dear master?" Rubinstein took a swallow of tea and said gently, "Beethoven? Good." There was silence for half an hour. The amateur said, "Are you fond of Wagner?" Rubinstein threw down a cigarette: "Wagner? Not good." There was again silence for half an hour. The amateur rose, at the end of his questions. "Stay my friend," said the pianist. "I enjoy your conversation so much." And they

staid together until 3 in the morning without further talk, except the conventional "Good night" at parting.

They say that Rubinstein began to write his memoirs, but he burned them shortly before his death, telling his wife that he did not wish to publish his opinions about men who had injured him. He left in writing advice to his children.

During his career the question of a future life interested him exceedingly, and in his later years he not infrequently asked mu-



BERNHARD STAVENHAGEN.

sicians what they thought about the next world. One of his pupils said in reply to such a question: "The other world does not bother me, because I know that there is no such pianist there as you." Rubinstein replied: "Perhaps I was a fool to ask you the question, but know, my child, that is the most important problem of our existence."

PHILIP HALE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Portions of "Christus" will be given in Leipzig in memory of Rubinstein.

Ignaz Bruell has written a modern "realistic" opera with tragic ending. Its name is "Gloria."

The "Chicago prize opera, 'Arnelda,'" by Trotzler, has been performed for the first time in Totlis.

Smetana's "Dalibor," in German, met with extraordinary success in Munich the 28th of November.

Massenet's "Le Portrait de Manon" was not enjoyed in Brussels. His "La Navarraise," on the contrary, made a sensation.

Tinel's "Franciskus," cut here beyond recognition by the Cecilia, has been produced with great success in Hanover and Munich.

Sembrich will sing later in the season at St. Petersburg, then Paris, and in June she will be at the Covent Garden, London.

"L'élève du Conservatoire" is the title of a new opérette vaudeville, music by de Wenzel, produced at the Menus-Plaisirs, Paris.

Cornélls Llégeols, well known to students in Berlin, '82-'84, as the solo 'cellist of Bilse's Orchestra, and now living in Paris, is winning glory in a tour through Germany.

Since the production of William II's male chorus in Berlin 17 boys born of Lutheran parents have been named Aegir. They say that there are many such instances of acute Aegirmania in Prussia.

Johannes Brahms has been visiting the Duke of Meiningen. He met at the palace the clarinetist Mueschfeld, and they played his latest pieces for clarinet and piano, sonatas still in manuscript.

An Italian named Floridia has written the text and music of a realistic three-act opera produced with success in Venice. It is entitled "Maruzza." The subject is a village story. In the last act the heroine fastens the door of her cottage, sets fire to the house and she and her lover are burned to death. The last words of the man are: "Malia! Delitto! Morte! Eternità!"

The Ninth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The program of the ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Paur was as follows:

Symphony in D major.....P. E. Bach
Scena: "Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly," from "L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato".....Handel

Flute obligato, Mr. Mole.
Sinfonia (Shepherds' Music) from the "Christmas Oratorio".....J. S. Bach

Symphony in G major (Breitkopf & Hartel, No. 13; Peters, No. 8).....Haydn
Scena: "My strength is spent," from "The Taming of the Shrew".....Goetz

Overture to "Fidelio," in E major.....Beethoven

There were brave symphony makers before Haydn. It is easy to say that the fully developed sonata form is not found in their works; but take the symphony of Emanuel Bach played last evening, and how fresh it is, how alive its simple figures. The largo is a movement that might well serve as a prelude to reading Milton, such music as Charles Lamb spoke of, full of solemn, almost unearthly beauty. And then these old symphonies have the great merit of brevity. There is more than an historical interest awakened by hearing these works. It might be well to play once a year a symphony by Sammartini, or Gossec, or Stamitz. The work might show us how easily the audiences before Haydn were amused. Or the hearing might be like unto a walk in an old-fashioned flower garden, with paths trimmed with box, with a quaint, old summer house, with a sundial bearing a verse that serves as a reminder of death.

In his arrangement of the "Shepherds' Music" Franz tells us how he thinks Bach should have written the instrumental introduction. It is the fashion to set this piece against Handel's pastoral symphony in "The Messiah," to the disadvantage of the latter. Yet are not the strains of Handel more naive, more realistic, more in keeping with "the silly shepherd" who heard the angelic song as they kept their flocks? These shepherds of Bach knew too much about counterpoint.

A symphony by Haydn almost always gives genuine pleasure. The one chosen last evening is familiar, but its jollity, its good nature, its artful simplicity are not stale. It would be an interesting experiment to play it with the orchestra of Haydn's time. The great body of strings in the modern or-

chestra is surely out of proportion with the number of the other instruments, no matter how discreet the conductor may be. Some have proposed to double the wind instruments, both wood and brass, but would it not be easier to reduce the strings? The symphony, as is true of the other numbers, was well read and finely played.

But this last sentence needs qualifying. In the overture to "Fidelio," there was a lack of precision, and the horn-theme in the main allegro was woebly. Then, too, the overture—for Beethoven—is pretty poor stuff. In comparison with the great Lenore overtures it sinks into insignificance.

Miss Franklin sang with her usual taste and skill. There is more than this to be said in praise of her. In the air by Handel her display of technique was admirable. Many were the fine points in the detail; witness, for instance, the upward run at the close; the purity of the tones held in friendly rivalry with the flute; the treatment of the cadences, a stumbling block to many excellent singers and players who are at their ease in works of the romantic school. Mr. Mole played the obbligato with his customary skill, and sympathetically.

In the scena from "The Taming of the Shrew," Miss Franklin sang with genuine and unexaggerated feeling. The beauty of the music does not rest in the singer's part. Her voice is but one instrument of the orchestra. Goetz, a musician of undoubted talent and more than ordinary promise, took life seriously, even in writing a comic opera. In this scene he is at his best; the opera as a whole suffers from his seriousness, his apparent desire to be intense even when the text calls for light and humorous music. Nor as I remember the opera did he show unmistakably the true dramatic instinct. This scena, fine as it is, might fit a woman of more dreamy, romantic character than Katharine, the repentant shrew. Her regret might well take a lighter tone. Even prophetic mockery might be heard in the orchestra. For who was ever convinced that Petruchio after the curtain falls is sure of a peaceful married life? Nor is he the man to be content with uneventful, sluggish domesticity.

PHILIP HALE.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Was there a more generous spirit, was there a simpler but more vital faith in the old English days when Christmas-tide was a season of feasting and singing of carols? The antiquarian may tell us that all nations kept a festival at this time of the year in which they mingled feasting, drinking and dancing with religious rites; the festival was in honor of Thor, or it celebrated the longer appearance of the Sun, or it was in praise of a local deity that personified a force of nature. He may tell of curious rites and trace the origin of Christmas carols. He may prove to us that Christmas gifts were from a superior to an inferior, while New Year's gifts were mutually exchanged. But he cannot tell us definitely whether the feeling of Christian rejoicing and good will or the mere delight in table and jollification was uppermost in the minds of high and low. Certainly in the course of years the animal side of the Festival became obnoxious to many devout persons, and their objections to the "pagan" or the "Romish" character of Christmas were echoed in New England within the memory of many now living.

Washington Irving loved the generous cheer of the English Christmas, but he also looked on with the eyes of the antiquarian as well as the man of religious sentiment. With Dickens Christmas is one gargantuan feast. He would not let a plum pudding cool by asking first as to its peculiar significance. "Give everybody a good dinner, for Christmas comes but once a year." The Christmas of Dickens is ventripotent. It is, however, in lineal descent from the early feast days when "plum pudding, goose, capon, mince pies, and roast beef" was the refrain of the most characteristic song. Sincere was the regret of the growler of the seventeenth century who, in his comparison of the young and old courtier, praised the memory of the Queen's old courtier: "With a good old fashion, when Christmas was come,

To call in all his old neighbors with bagpipe and drum,

With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,

And old liquor, able to make a cat speak, and man dumb."

Truly a pagan feast, derived without doubt from the Roman Saturnalia.

As there was rude, rolistering conviction expressed in boisterous carols, so was there childlike faith as well as the sweet savor of the essence of Christianity in the carols sung in churches, in the streets, from house to house, ushering in the Morning of Mornings. These old carols, English and French, reflect the spirit of men and women who believed that bees sang, oxen kneeled, each year, in memory of the scene about the manger. Their theology now seems to some old fashioned, the homeliness of expression wounds ultra-fastidious ears, the quaintness of simile provokes a smile, and yet how spiritual these carols are even in their grossness. The occasional anthropomorphism is better than the stretching of arms vaguely to an impulse or gaseous Motor.

Even the children of today would not believe that animals speak on Christmas

Dr. McKee, who was not a David club. Instead of Browning club. There is at least one excellent answer: David, or whoever wrote many of the Psalms, used intelligible as well as beautiful or sublime language, and the old translators were nobly simple. Whereas Browning's meaning must often be clubbed into the reader.

"I bought it for a song." This phrase implies that song and singer were so wretched, the owner parted with "it" gladly to gain peace.

There is a New Yorker who has the audacity to present himself as a Street-cleaner in opposition to Mr. Oliver S. Teall. He is unknown in social circles and his name is Byers—just plain Moses Byers.

Father Ducey's sermon on "Civic Duty" may be read with profit by Protestants and Roman Catholics alike.

EUSAPIA, THE PUZZLER.

There is a singular story that must excite the critical curiosity of all who are interested in the study of occultism. Eusapia Palladino, a poor girl, was discovered to be endowed with unusual psycho-physical powers. She married, became a maker of underclothes, enlarged her income by exhibitions of her black art in private houses. She was examined by such men as Lombroso, Schiaparelli, and Richet, and they could not detect the alleged fraud. Prof. Richet took Eusapia to a very small island in the Hyeres group, that her opportunities for deception might be lessened, and he invited the co-operation of these men: Dr. Lodge, Professor of Physics at the University College of Liverpool; Mr. F. W. H.

Myers, and Prof. and Mrs. Sidgwick, who have detected many a spiritualistic impostor.

Eusapia then gave her exhibitions under these conditions: She sat at a small table, and an observer on each side held a hand and arm. Her feet, unslippered, were held down by a person under the table, or by an electrical device so contrived that if she lifted either foot a bell would ring. She put her head on the shoulder of a neighbor, and she did not object to a gag. The experiments were made at night, by moonlight or a dim light (occasionally by lamp-light) in a room with locked doors and little furniture, and with a person on the balcony outside to take down whatever was shouted to him.

Now what happened? A table, weighing 48 pounds, expressly made for the purpose and without flanges, rose 12 inches from the floor when Eusapia gently touched it with one hand. When she did not touch it and was held firmly the table was overturned and made sundry evolutions. The unseen spirit "John" then offered to write. A cross was found under the table. Eusapia asked that her forefinger might be chalked. Richet held this finger and hand while she made two crosses in air above the table. The crosses were found on the other side of the table, and the chalk was no longer on the finger. There were many such experiments. There were also instances of levitation. A music box on a table at a distance from the group began to play, and it moved visibly through the air, still playing; when the thing ran down, Dr. Lodge suspended the box at the end of a string from the ceiling and asked "John" to wind it up; the sound of winding was heard, the music began again, the string broke, and then the box performed most incredible antics. "John" patted the investigators on the head, and they saw his hands, which seemed at times as though they grew out of Eusapia's shoulders; just visible, they faded away at the wrist.

At a meeting in London of the Psychic Research Society, Mrs. Sidgwick admitted that she was for once nonplussed, and her husband, like a gallant spouse, was equally baffled. For the only *modus vivendi* ways to account for the phenomena are thus summed up by the Pall Mall Gazette from Dr. Lodge's report. (1). Conjuring. Hard to believe on account of the undoubted stupidity of Eusapia and the nature of some of the phenomena. (2). Collusion of the sitters. The names of the experimenters preclude this. And then the sitters, all of them, were absent at one time or another without affecting the seance. (3). Accomplices. But the population of this little island consisted of a lighthouse keeper, his wife and three servants of the house. They spoke only French. Eusapia is an Italian. (4). Hallucination. Of course here is the sticking point, "because a man obviously can't

swear that he was not hallucinated." But it would be remarkable if a whole company were hallucinated, some of them people on whom mesmerism is ordinarily powerless, whose memory and observation were absolutely continuous, who made a point at every manifestation of discussing the way in which the medium was being held, and of shouting informations to the notetaker outside. Besides, the furniture was left disarranged after the performances, and the noises could be heard by others than those in the room."

Now what is the conclusion of the whole matter? The phenomena took place within a six-foot radius of the woman, though many of them were beyond her reach. Were the laws of nature violated? Dr. Lodge says "No." A knowledge of some law must be extended; and that, he says, is a law of biology, not of physics. Mrs. Sidgwick, on the other hand, "would never be surprised to hear of Eusapia cheating." But then, how untrustworthy is human testimony. Will not Mr. Richard Hodgson, that indefatigable ferret in such matters, suggest an explanation?

Dec 26-194

Are your means slender, and was your fare simple yesterday? Rejoice in that you are not unfit for work today.

Is your name Dives, and did you sit at a pompous feast? Read from "The Wares of Autolycus," and compare your swollen bill of fare with her ideal menu for Christmas. (1) Oyster soup, the foundation for the oysters being milk and cream, with bouillon made of fish; and oysters already cooked in virginal butter, with mushrooms minced. (2) Turbot à l'italienne—the sauce, a mingling of strong bouillon, white wine, oil, lemon juice, anchovies, shallots, onions, parsley, olives. Drink golden sauterne. (3) Tomatoes stuffed with mushrooms, shallots, paprika, bread crumbs, surround tender little fillets of beef. Drink Chambertin. (4) Turkey with truffles, "and gives thanks for the wonders wrought by Christianity." Potatoes à la Parisienne. Champagne. (5) "Coquet with paté de foie gras unassuming in its dove-like robes of state, thrillingly cool in its throne of aspic. Linger as long as loyalty allows, for many such enchanting intervals do not fall to the lot of aspiring man in this miserable vale of tears. O for a return of the fearless old fashion! What but bursts of trumpets, what but loud hymns of praise should usher in the imperial plum pudding, undisputed and stately in its bed of fire! The blue flames leap and dance, and all do heartfelt homage at brave risk of consequences. In such a cause, what would not the brave venture?"

Now are you indeed humiliated, but listen to Autolycus. (7, for plum pudding is 6) Canapé au Parmesan. (8) Hothouse grapes, Tangerines, Floridas, plums from Carlsbad, figs from Syria, dates from Smyrna. Or sweets. Then Tokay.

"It is over. The feast is at an end—a moment for sad-eyed Melancholy, for regrets and farewells to hope. Arm yourself against the insidious enemy with coffee and tobacco: Turkish coffee, thick and strong; Turkish tobacco, sweet and soothing. Thus fortified, happiness will still be yours and none can take it from you. Yet another invincible ally you may summon in fine champagne, old in years and beyond reproach."

Dives, take comfort; no dinner tastes as good as a description of gormandizing by Thackeray, or Mortimer Collins, or Autolycus.

Remember, too, that in all holiday feasts "the problem is to respect tradition, and yet lighten somewhat that portentous groaning; to continue constant to sentiment, and yet evade the fell clutch of dyspepsia and its attendant horrors. Success lies in a compromise: A dinner distinctly serious in character, with no light frivolous interludes, but dispensing with the ornate redundancy of the terrible old Christmas banquet: A dinner that gives loving, grateful prominence to the least harmful of the dear familiar features, but makes what cheer it can without those deadlier dainties which sat with merry unconcern upon the stomachs of our hardy forefathers."

"Burns defends Debs." His mission is now accomplished. Why does he not go home? He, too, has been in jail.

Mr. Croker's diagnosis of Mr. Cockran's case is not far out of the way. The latter is a pretty, a very pretty talker on any side, but can anyone tell at a jump what he has really done?

Dr. Parkhurst coined the word "andromania" at least six months ago. The coin is slow in circulation.

St. Stephen's Day windy, bad for next year's grapes.

If it rain much during the 12 days after Christmas, it will be a wet year.

Naogeorgus declares that it is good to gallop horses till they are all over in a sweat, and then bleed them, on St. Stephen's Day, to prevent their having any disorders for the ensuing year. Or follow the example of the Finns today, and throw a silver piece into the trough out of which the horses drink, so that you may prosper. In olden times this was the day for imploring blessings on pastures.

Senator Lodge has discovered that "in the soup" is "singularly like the language of Pompey in 'Measure for Measure' when he says, 'she is herself in the tub.'" The honored Senator should confine himself to work of a historical nature when he would fain wander from politics. His comparison will extort Homeric laughter from physicians and students of the Elizabethan drama.

So sentiment touched the heart of a Judge, and Debs was able to spend Christmas at home, not in jail. It was mistaken sentimentalism, not true sentiment. Debs himself was not so easily touched as to the heart when he defied the law and encouraged ruin and bloodshed.

The book stores are indeed crowded with books and customers. Authors spring up like mushrooms. It is almost indecent in these days not to have written a book. But when you look at title, pleasing page and sumptuous binding, remember the old saying, "When a new book comes out, read an old one."

The Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod, editor of Good Words, is indeed modest. He stated the other day in the Glasgow Presbytery that his only claim to immortality was the invention of "the clerical dog collar."

Dec 27-194

The Second Concert of the Adamowski Quartet in Chickering Hall.

Two novelties were on the program of the concert given by the Adamowski Quartet last evening: a suite for violin and piano, D minor, by Edward Schuett, and a quartet in A minor, op. 45, by Villiers Stanford. Schuett is known here chiefly as a maker of piano music. He was born in St. Petersburg in 1856, and studied in the conservatory of that city under Petersen and Stein. He studied in Leipzig at the conservatory, 1876-1878. He now lives in Vienna, and is director of the Wagnerverein. Attention was first drawn to him in 1882, when he played his piano concerto in St. Petersburg with great success. The suite, played for "the first time in America," by Mr. Timothee Adamowski and Mr. Arthur Whiting in a spirited fashion, is a work that possesses certain elements of popularity. When Schuett wrote the first movement, the opening phrase of the Tchaikovsky's song in "Carmen," sung by one of Brahms's gypsies, buzzed in his ear and he could not shake it away or kill it with sweet oil. "It is a fiery little movement and sets an audience in good humor. The presto is more desperately original, and the finale is a 'rondo à la Russe' with vodka galore and peasants jumping up and down in heavy boots and all the other symptoms implied in the title. The most thoroughly pleasing movement is the third, a 'canzonetta con variazioni.' The melancholy theme smacks of Tchaikowski in folk-song mood, the variations are not without interest, and above all the composer is merciful; he does not insist on showing how many variations he could write. As a whole the suite is a good example of brilliant, showy, well-made salon music, without marked originality or conviction.

Stanford's Quartet, written in 1891, was also played for "the first time in America," North or South. It is an eminently academic work, that is to say, it is the composition of a man who was once described as "clever and painstaking, with occasional inspirations," a man "whose poverty of thought is disguised by rich contrapuntal effect." It would be hard for you to find fault with the building of this quartet. The thematic material is honest, according to contract, and the bricks and stones and timber are all put together conscientiously. But you would not say that the house was the home of a dreamer or any romantic person. You would expect to find conventional furniture, the books that give offence to no one, heavy carpets instead of rugs, and a portrait of the owner probably in the act of signing a check. Everything solid, substantial, down to the legs of the butler.

The scherzo shows more fancy than is found in the other movements. The trio, with its bagpipe bass and constant figure in the second violin, is piquant, and the chief theme of the scherzo is aggressively to the point. So, too, in the andante the reiterated C sharp muttered by the viola is mysterious and effective at first, but the device is overdone, as though the composer were enamored unduly of it. In the final, Stanford tortures the rhythm and shows his scholarship, but the passages of the whole work that cling to the memory are those specified above.

The members of the quartet played with vigor rather than with extreme finish in tone and phrasing. Still it should be remembered that in a hall of such proportions, there is little or no musical perspective.

PHILIP HALE.

The music-lovers of Boston should take notice that the mass by Mr. Augusto Rottoli, produced for the first time at St. James's, Harrison Avenue, Christmas Day, will be repeated next Sunday. Although this fine work was composed especially for church service, it deserves a wider hearing, and it would produce a marked effect even in an unsympathetic concert hall. This mass is an excellent example of melodious dramatic, and at the same time scholarly and spiritual church music.

The First Appearance of Mr. Stavenhagen and Master Gerardy.

Mr. Bernhard Stavenhagen, pianist, and Master Jean Gerardy, cellist, made their first appearance in Boston last evening in Music Hall before an appreciative audience which included many of the prominent musicians of the town. The program was as follows:

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| 32 variations, C minor..... | Beethoven |
| Fantasia on Schubert's "La Desirée" waltz..... | Mr. Stavenhagen |
| Les Papillons..... | Servais |
| Nocturne, C sharp minor..... | Schumann |
| Etude, F flat..... | Chopin |
| Scherzo, E minor..... | Mendelssohn |
| Romance, Spinnelied..... | Mr. Stavenhagen |
| Valse, impromptu..... | Popper |
| Isolde's Liebestod (Wagner)..... | Liszt |
| Erl-King (Schubert)..... | Liszt |
| Nocturne, E flat..... | Chopin |
| Tarantelle..... | Popper |

Mr. Stavenhagen showed his artistic nature and his freedom from affectation or desire to startle by playing as his introduction to the audience the celebrated variations by Beethoven, which have been described as "delightfully dry." In these variations the pianist did not make any decided impression. He seemed to be of not unusual technique, not a master of the pedals, and not a man of individuality. Indeed, his playing was at times sloppy, at times confused. But the rest of the evening his performance was a crescendo of interest and worth.

Let us confine ourselves at present to recording a few impressions made by his performance as a whole. His technique is highly developed, fully ample for the display of his intentions. He has strength which is under control. He does not pound. They say that Liszt, in his stormiest moments, was never brutal; and Stavenhagen follows his master. Not once did he yield to the temptation to amaze by sheer force. He is singularly fortunate in the treatment of delicate, coquettish, or ethereal passages, in arabesques, in the weaving of lace-like figures. In this treatment he is never sentimental, nor does he abuse the rubato. He has a good sense of rhythm, and his phrasing is intelligent and at times eloquent. It would not be fair, perhaps, to judge him as a player of Beethoven from his performance of the variations. The pieces by Chopin were finely played, as regards sense of proportion and finger work; but they did not reveal the pianist as a poet. To my mind he was more successful in "Les Papillons," by Schumann, for his daintiness was charming, and he did not give the music a swollen and incongruous importance. As a player of Liszt he ranks among the first. He does not emphasize the vulgarity that is found in Liszt; he does not call attention deliberately to the tinsel and the gew-gaws. To be sure the pieces chosen—and the first encore number was the Rhapsodie Hongroise dedicated to Joachim, if I am not mistaken—were comparatively free from the true Lisztian bombast and bathos. And how delightfully he played the second encore number, a Paganini arrangement by Liszt(?) Mr. Stavenhagen appears to me to be a pianist of fine natural gifts and rare artistic flavor. The sincerity and the intelligence of the man are unmistakable. It is a pleasure to hear one who is so absolutely free from pretence of any kind. He is well worth hearing and worth hearing more than once. His passion is not a devouring flame. His performance last evening was free from sensuousness. There was little display of temperament. On the other hand he was not pedagogic, and he was almost always interesting. He is above all an artist that is devoted seriously to the composer whom he interprets.

As for Master Gerardy, he is no ordinary child-wonder with cunning curls, artificial winning ways, and a parrot's memory. He is a great cellist. There is neither youthfulness nor immaturity in his performance. His tone is rich, beautiful and haunting. His left hand is marvelously developed and his bowing is free. He plays with the ease of the accomplished virtuoso and the thoughtfulness of the artist. He, too, does not indulge in sentimentalism, nor in trickery of technique. But there is no doubt that he has temperament. Pieces not conspicuous for musical worth were not only endurable, they were absolutely enjoyable as played by him. In cantabile as in bravura, he is already, at the age of 16, a master of his instrument.

He added to his selections last evening Popper's "Papillon." He was accompanied admirably by Miss Therese Gerardy, his sister.

Here are two musicians who should be heard by all who are truly interested in music. There are many concerts in this town, and they are of unequal worth. Our musical public has been taught by experience to look with wary eyes on the claims made by advance agents, for this is an age of musical puffery. But it is not often that two such sincere and most excellent artists visit together this city.

Mr. Stavenhagen and Master Gerardy will give a recital in Music Hall Jan. 8.

PHILIP HALE

Cordage is slack.

Yvette Guilbert says that English women are all doll-like, as to their features. "They look as though they were all the daughters of one mother."

To L. T. S.—They cook greens in a jack-pot.

That there is ghost dancing at Rosebud and Pine Ridge excites alarm in the West. It is when the ghost does not walk that there is genuine commotion in the East.

Gerardy is big enough to wear trousers.

"O cruel Herod, hard of heart,
Accursed mayest thou be,
That slewest so many innocents
That never harmed thee."

This is Childermas or Holy Innocents' Day, probably the most unlucky day in the year. Do not pare your nails, put on a new suit, marry, or begin anything until tomorrow. On account of this superstition the coronation of Edward IV. of England was put off till the Monday because the preceding Sunday was Childermas Day.

Do you think that the slaughter of the Innocents was only on one day long ago and afar off in Palestine? Hardly a day goes by without the murder, unintentional, no doubt, of some Innocent. For negligence, ignorance, the rapacity of a landlord who will not provide his tenement decently, these are as cruel and fatal weapons as the swords of Herod's soldiery.

If you received a Christmas present from an unexpected source, do not fret, do not run into the possible extravagance of a quid pro quo to the giver. In the first place such uneasiness is a species of snobbery. Think kindly of the giver. Believe that he wished to please you without thought of return. There should be no idea of "value received" in the making or taking of a gift.

A Frenchman travelling lately in Japan met an intelligent native and asked his opinion of Port Arthur. The Japanese, a Government official, replied lazily: "Ah, you come from Paris. What is the last news of Sarah Bernhardt?" This is a cosmopolitanism unknown in the United States.

A correspondent in Maine informs us that 40 years ago "dingbats" meant money in Saco. "One verse of an old song ran like this:

"We'll go down to old Bob Finigan's,
And get our tod three times a day,
Put the dingbats on the table,
Four and six for a bumper's spree."

"Not a song to be sung in the parlor to-day, but in those days a few would take something once in awhile, say every time they could find somebody who had the dingbats to pay for 'hooker.' So 'dingbats' as synonymous with money does not appear to be peculiar to Pennsylvania.

Another correspondent writes—in a pathetically worded letter—it is his impression that "dingbats" in Georgia was used affectionately by mothers as they hugged and kissed their children; as, for instance, in the phrase, "Mamma just can't help it, she has got to put the 'dingbats' right on."

"If it be lowering and wet on Childermas Day, there will be scarcity; while if the day be fair, it promises plenty."

One word more about "dingbats." A subscriber informs the Journal that he once saw two trig, briskly moving young girls at a summer hotel. Like Charles Lamb's Hester, they had a springy motion in their gait. And as in their youthful freshness and beauty they walked along the piazza, an admiring youth exclaimed, "They are regular dingbats!" Now just what did he mean? Had he a vague idea that the dingbat flew with a graceful, girlish swoop?

As the street car was blocked, a woman was heard confiding her household cares to a neighbor: "Yes, I keep a girl a while, so as to rest my body; then I go without her a while, so as to rest my mind."

Stavenhagen is not, like Samson, Absalom, Paderewski, or the gentleman from Borneo. His strength is in his fingers, not his hair.

Samuel Matthews of Dulwich, England, commonly called the Wild Man of the Woods, was murdered Dec. 28, 1892. Truly a singular man. When he first appeared in Dulwich he was "a person of genteel address and remarkable for wearing two watches," but he afterward took to the woods, as other men to drink. He was not a miser, he was not an enthusiast, he was not morose; he simply preferred to live by himself in the woods.

The lack of dignity in the investigation by the Lexow Committee excites unfavorable comment in certain quarters. Such a lack is not uncommon in judicial proceedings in New York. The writer of this paragraph once saw in Albany the late Mr. Justice Westbrook keep his feet on the desk while an attorney addressed him in open court with reference to a most important case.

"BUY ME THAT."

The giving and the receiving of presents is in order until after Twelfth Day. As the Journal has said before, gifts between equals belonged in former days to New Year's rather than to Christmas. The gift on Christmas was from a superior to the inferior; thus in the tavern the landlord reckoned for the wine drunk by the guest and said to him, "You are welcome to your slice of ham, or your bread." Knowing that there are days of grace which follow Christmas, many defer the present, and some are thus influenced because they cannot decide the choice. The purse is full; the impulse is generous; there is ample opportunity for spending money; but what would please Arahella or Adolphus? There's

those often days hallowed wine
on the Festival of St. John the
upon this solemn day, do take
holy wine
them strong, so do the maydes to
ke them faire and fine."

alter, who is now playing in "Hu-
at the Bowdoin Square, is not a
ard absolute villain, the wretch
greatest pleasure would be to mur-
blind grand-olther with an axe as
gaged in prayer. For he does not
a cigarette during the performance.

si was heard to object to Mr. Herne,
mirable play-actor, on the ground
lame sounded as though it were an
anathema form of "his'n."

oundland's suspended banks are still
mel in fog.

course there is "a mysterious lady"
Dreyfus treason case. They invented
phrase "Cherchez la femme" in France.

in old Chimes feels the benign influence
ristinastide. He proposes, after other
table bequests, to leave the bulk of his
ous fortune, inherited, for he never
el, for the foundation of a college. It
be a breach of confidence to describe
purpose in full, but with his permis-
we are enabled to speak of two pro-
orships, which will be endowed heavily.

erstis the Chair of Forgetting Things.
s course will draw students even from
ign lands. All the desirable branches
le taught most zealously: the art of
getting promises and obligations; useless
oration acquired in youth such as
and Greek, obsolete geography; what
sant or written on so-called important
asions: party-platforms and marriage
es in fact, everything that now in pop-
estimation should be remembered.
re will be a special and spacious hall
politicians, as well as a well-lighted
et apart for those who are likely to
overlooked.

other chair will be the Chair of Bad
ers. As old Chimes well says, "We
ffer from good manners, regulated by
ulous, arbitrary standard. If a man
s into the club and bores me to death,
demands that I listen patiently, or
ists that I wear a tin smile, as though
re tacked on. Now, a graduate from
s college will be able to say to such
son, 'Sir, you bore me beyond measure.
you are a thrice-sodden ass. Why
you get out?' There will be perfect
ness. The graduate will be relieved of
isance, and the bore will find some
n who may not object to him. A
ed years from now, there will be no
er glad rising of men in street cars
commodate women. There will be an
ality of bad manners, in other words,
e will be no manners. There will be
hypercrisy, and better general feeling."
e went so far as to name one or two
ashed persons as candidates for the
rofessorship, but as his plans are
hully perfected, it would not be ad-
to publish the names.

On man Christmas cards, ball room
essed New Year bouquets every-
and hellebore, for Germany pro-
bore in great quantity, and the
Christmas rose" this year was a month
ore its time. We should not allow
reigners to thus outstrip us, for hellebore,
ate or black, is a most useful simple,
ring epilepsy, the toothache, clephan-
mania, and ear troubles; it induces
neezing, and drives away melancholy.

In fact hellebore should be grown here as
rely as in Germany or Anticyra. Mixed
n food it kills rats and mice and water
egg. Rabelais tells us that Master Theo-
phorus, called in to advise concerning Gar-
antua, who had been badly taught by
oolmasters and sophisters, purged the

at's brain by administering hellebore,
so heaned him of all misinformation.
bore will undoubtedly be served to all
shman at Chimes college.

ter an undergraduates flushed with
her, insolence and wine are no worse
their English brethren. The following
ignant protest" published in the Pall
all Gazette, might have appeared in any
r of Boston or New York:

I cannot refrain from calling your atten-
to the d gracefui behavior on Wednes-
night of that typical but objectionable
al, the average undergraduate, at the
pre. It appears that on that day

ed the Cambridge had been playing
Vall who were the peace of all ordinary
gots was to be disturbed by the
k and meaningless cries of a pious-
er (or she) we now say a corridor)

and meaningless
The only conclusion is, to
y, that in France "Le Sport" is a
ad, but that in modern England,
ent Rome, it has reached the pro-
of a national degradation."

The br of the late Edmund Yates will
at Messrs. Setheby's, London, to-
are the end of January. There are pre-
an of some of the novels of
was a graceful inscription; the
which belonged to Dr. Kenz; and
to Yates (1854-1892). Among
these are pieces of Irving and

the old Christmas pipe was a thing of no account. It was a Christmas pipe, and she added that women shoppers seeking presents for males "think of man as a Being who Shaves, or as a Being who Smokes." Now if Adolphus is a human jack-pot or chimney, there is a wealth of material to choose from. You may defy superstition and send him a razor case with a razor and appropriate text for each day in the week; there are endless combinations of mug and brush. If you do not dislike tobacco, Miss Eustacia, or look forward to happy domesticity clouded only by the smoke of pipe or cigar, do not hesitate, but take some accomplished amateur with you as buyer. Worked tobacco pouches, even when your fancy leads you to the decorative effigy of the cat who was killed by three drops of nicotine, are no longer esteemed. They are in limbo with old-fashioned dog's-head-slippers and hair jewelry. You must buy, and buy intelligently. Why is it that the Christmas pipe is soon put out? It does not draw, it clogs, it burns, there is the trouble of breaking it in. Adolphus will take a few puffs; then he will lay it down with the thought, "Sweet girl!" and charge the old briar he had when he was in college. Buy him cigars, or a unique tobacco-jar; or if he has a sense of humor, give the binder full authority to clothe gorgeously King James' "Counterblast to Tobacco."

Wretched indeed is your lot, if Adolphus has no habits, regular or irregular. He may have deceived you as to his tastes. A set of Browning would punish him righteously for admiration feigned that he might stand well in your eyes. Toilet articles, outside of the shaver's equipment, reflect on the cleanliness of the wooer. A house jacket encourageth sloth. You must become intimate with his sister. She will tell you, possibly not without malignity, of his real wishes when he is not on dress parade.

To choose for Arabella is a lighter task. There are certain staple commodities, and in dealing in them is safety. But how the matter would be simplified for all, if it were the habit during the month before Christmas for the would-be recipient to insert his wants in the newspapers. For instance: "Adolphus Fortescue wishes his friends a Merry Christmas. He would like any standard work on etiquette, a copy of 'Tribby,' and a bottle of Florida water." This card is modest and to the point. Adolphus would not in this case run the risk of receiving a novel by Meredith or a student lamp.

Then there should be a Christmas Exchange for the benefit of those who would shun the publicity of print. There are now places, it is said, where wedding presents, duplicates or unappreciated, are bought and afterward sold to those willing to purchase at a low figure that which has been rejected. A Christmas Exchange would fill a long-felt want. The proprietor should be a man of tact and secrecy. Only one seller at a time should be admitted to the inner sanctuary. The pain of shopping would be recompensed amply by the joy of swapping. Still, advertising is the thing, and people must be educated up to it.

So our new and esteemed friend, Watkin Mills, Esq., "granted kindly" an interview. It appears that Mr. Mills was much impressed by the chorus singing of the Handel and the Haydn. He has heard none finer, "even in Canada." Music Hall is "magnificent." Mr. Zerrahn is "a very able man." "I couldn't wish to sing to a better accompaniment." Come again, Mr. Mills; you sang very respectably in "The Messiah," and your pretty compliments will not fall on dull ears.

After the cakes of scented soap were presented, Mr. Mills dropped confidentially into personal reminiscences. "I sang before I could walk." And so do most babies, oh, fluent basso cantante! He is an enthusiastic player at golf. "The exercise has added another note to my voice." Mr. Mills also indulges frequently in pedestrian roudades of from 15 to 20 miles a day. "If one can't eat a dinner after that I will give up." He means probably give up the matter—not the dinner.

Mr. Mills sets an excellent example. Too many of our musicians do not take sufficient exercise. Why, Nero, the accomplished virtuoso, would lie upon his back with a sheet of lead upon his breast, so as to improve his tone production. This is just the weather for a singer to run rapidly from the State House to the Reservoir and back, an hour or two before the recital. Or, if our German friends are not acclimated, let them work in a gymnasium. Fifteen minutes of daily practice on the rings or parallel bars would expand the chest, give a cheerful expression to the face, and lead gradually to abstinence from Brahms.

Might not Mr. Golf have extracted more information from Inspector Williams if he had adopted the suaviter in modo and lured the witness on to beer and skittles? Rousing at a man, even in a righteous cause, is not the distinctive mark of an able cross-examiner, especially when the witness has a stiff backbone. The method of the late Judge Fullerton, Mr. George M. Stearns, ex-Gov. Robinson, is more to be commended.

Mr. David Holmes believes that if women are properly managed they make better unionists than men. The way to manage them properly is to let them manage, else they are disunionists to the core.

It may be remembered that Mr. W. F. Apthorp in his criticism of Bemberg's "Elaine," which seems to be flabby music by the way, claimed that Mechanics' Hall was better acoustically than the Metropolitan Opera House. The Musical Courier of New York replies as follows: "We are utterly flabbergasted by this blast from Boston. We always fancied in our bucolic innocence that the Metropolitan Opera House was a very fair specimen of its kind. But a cruel man from Boston has undecieved us. We have not Mechanics' Hall. New York is not Boston, and we lack brilliancy. This is indeed an awful awakening."

To A. P.: "The ghost walks" is a comparatively old phrase. You will find it in Household Words, 1853: "When no salaries are forthcoming, the ghost doesn't walk."

They say that in Yale slang a thing is said to be "fruit" when it is easy or easily done. The word in the same sense is also prison slang.

Do you smile at the complaint of the prisoner in the House of Correction at the monotony of daily beef-stew? Did you ever try to eat quail on 30 consecutive days? Did you ever eat lamb, tender and well cocked, every day for a fortnight? Make one of these interesting experiments and then imagine how you would like beef-stew day in and day out for a year.

And so Prof. Hadley of Yale is of the Malthusians. He commends the prudent man who works hard, invests wisely, and does not marry till he knows he can support a family. But if prudence ruled the world what a dismal burying-ground it would be. There is a pleasure in giving hostages to Fortune.

A fortune teller in New York offered as evidence against a boarder whom she charged with larceny, the fact that when her watch was missed she read the Lord's Prayer backward 24 times; then she burned three hairs from the tail of a yellow dog which was found howling on the bank of a river at night, and in the smoke she saw the face of the jeering boarder. Will it be believed? In the very teeth of such evidence the Judge refused to hold the prisoner.

Madame Bide of Paris is a collector, and like many collectors she steals. She had thus accumulated 2369 merschaums before she was dragged into court and sent to prison. She had only got to No. 69 in her coloring, and she pleaded hard to take an important case with her to St. Lazare, but the Judge was inexorable.

Ah, these collectors! Do they remember a passage in Fielding's "Journey From This World to the Next?" "The next spirit that came up declared he had done neither good nor evil in the world, for that since his arrival at man's estate he had spent his whole time in search of curiosities, and particularly in the study of butterflies, of which he had collected an immense number. Minos made him no answer, but with great scorn pushed him back."

Mr. Huss, who will play tonight at the Symphony the piano part of his concerto, was a comrade at the Munich Conservatory of Messrs. H. W. Parker, Arthur Whiting and Arthur Gordon Cyril Weld.

The Raconteur tells us that Stavenhagen, the pianist of "a blonde style," is the son of a very rich father. His pupils at Welmar call him "Meister;" and they pay no bills.

Gloucester may well say with Sir Toby Belch: "A plague o' these herring!"

Col. Rend, who spoke a piece about John Burns, is appropriately named.

Mr. Comstock had a right to be angry.

"Diphtheria, the most cruel and pitiless of diseases, conquered!" Have we not heard similar statements about cancer, cholera and consumption?

The real explanation has come at last. The wife of Japan's Minister of War was educated at Vassar.

Was there a Bourget a century ago in the days of Captain Grose? For the Captain in one of his dictionaries thus defines gouging: "To squeeze out a man's eye with the thumb; a cruel practice used by the Bostonians in America."

THE SYMPHONY.

Tschaikowsky's Remarkable Sixth Symphony.

A Rhapsodic Work of Mighty Imagination.

The Piano Concerto of Mr. Henry H. Huss Played.

The program of the tenth Symphony concert, given last evening in Music Hall, Mr. Paur conductor, was as follows:

Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathétique," Op. 74 (first time).....Tchaikowsky
Concerto for piano forte, in B major (first time).....Henry H. Huss
Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini".....Berlioz

The compiler of the program book saw fit to insert in the current number several platitudinous paragraphs masked as epligrams.

For the same number he Englished an account of sundry dances of the time of Henry III. from "Les Origines de l'Opéra," by Ludovic Celler, whose real name was Louis Leclercq. It is to be regretted that his courage failed him when he translated the description of the volte. He started out in fine feather, and the staid readers of program books were no doubt delighted to learn that "ladies who had well-turned legs could not afford to despise it (the volte), for they showed them freely. But why did he not pursue the interesting subject? Why did he not complete the paragraph ending "in keeping her skirts from flying in the air?" Why did he not follow the original (page 64), and quote from the good and free-spoken Tabouret? Why did he not tell the entertaining story of how Henry III., then Duke of Anjou, fell in love with Mary of Clèves at a famous ball in 1572, when she danced the volte with prodigious vigor? 'Tis a tale of a shirt, and the curious can find it on page 66 of Celler's book.

The reader will find in this same program-book no information concerning the early history of Tchaikowsky's sixth symphony. And yet the question about its first performance is no more beyond conjecture than the "song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women."

The reader asks about this symphony. He finds in the program-book miscellaneous information and a pedagogic and imperfect view of the symphonic structure.

The Musical Times (London), Jan. 1, of this year, gave the following account of Peter Tchaikowsky's last appearance in public, Oct. 16, 1893. The account was Englished from the Signale.

"The occasion was the first symphony concert of the St. Petersburg Imperial Musical Society, which the deceased master conducted. The program consisted of the overture to an unfinished opera, 'Carmosine,' by Laroche, a largetto and gavotte from Mozart's 'Idomeneo,' Tchaikowsky's first pianoforte concerto, and his anxiously awaited new symphony (No. 6, in B minor, op. 74). * * * Although the composer was recalled many times at the finish, he was not satisfied with the effect which his new work had produced, and he expressed a hope that it might soon be performed again to enable its being better understood. To this end he also gave it, after the performance, the title of 'Symphonie Pathétique,' little thinking how soon his wish would be gratified, and the new title become, indeed, strangely appropriate."

After the death of Tchaikowsky—and some say that he deliberately poisoned himself—the symphony was repeated at the second concert of the Musical Society.

"In the middle of the orchestra," says the correspondent of the Signale, "stood a bust of the composer, surrounded by laurels and palms and crowned with a laurel wreath. Napravnik occupied the place where, only a short time before, Tchaikowsky had stood in perfect health conducting his last work. The crowded audience seemed at first depressed, but the beauty and power of the music soon drew forth enthusiastic applause. The performers were deeply moved, and surpassed themselves in their superb renderings of the various works. Besides the Symphony, the program included the master's Overture to 'Romeo and Juliet,' his Violin Concerto, played by Leopold Aeur; pianoforte solos by Miss aus der Ohe, and an air from the opera 'Eugeny Onegin,' splendidly sung by the artist who created the part of the hero in this work when it was given in London—viz., Mr. Eugene Oudin. Altogether this 'In Memoriam' concert was worthy of the greatest Russian composer and of the foremost musical society in the Russian capital."

This noble work of Tchaikowsky made a profound impression last evening. It is not worth while to inquire into the motives of the composer in putting the slow movement last. Purists may object to the scheme, but in this instance the effect is marvelous. Nor in the presence of such an exhibition of genius would it be decent to say at random, "But this is not a symphony; the middle movements are too free; the music is dramatic, not symphonic."

The first movement, an allegro with adagio introduction, is skillfully constructed. The coda is remarkable, sufficient alone to prove Tchaikowsky's mastery of technical means. Who can ever forget that moaning descending scale? But greater than any technical display is the imagination of the artist. Call the second theme sensuous, if you please; it is nobly sensuous.

Sensuousness is here brought into sharp contrast with the melancholy, the gloom aroused by the thought of death. For in the embrace of lovers enters that thought and chills the kisses of the lips. No analysis can give any idea of the wealth of beauty, in the harmonic progressions, in the spontaneous melody, in the

...mov. and a Scherzo, is a ... treatment of an eccentric ... has often shown ... for solving such rhythmical ... notably in the Scherzo of one of ... quartets. In this Scherzo of the ... the question is answered with ... and elegance that the problem ... of thought of the hearer. The trio ... for its pedal point, and it is ... piece of work.

The third movement is below the high level of the rest. It is not free from vulgarity, and the march suggests too strongly the famous march in Raff's "Lenore" symphony.

But the finale is one of the noblest, most sublime compositions of the last sixty years. It is a mighty lamentation. Not egotistical, personal mourning; not the bitter reflections of a jaded voluptuary, a Solomon, who finds "Vanity" the answer to the question of Life, the Sphinx; but such a lamentation as might be evoked by the fall of an empire, by the thought of the complaining millions of men. The first movement tells of the grave, and its solemnity is shudder-inducing. The last movement has nothing earthly in its nature. The sensuous theme heard earlier in the symphony has suffered a strange change. Like a novel by Dostoevsky, the movement is without hope, and its last words are words of despair. The dying measures answer no questions. They say, "It is finished."

Here then are rhapsodical impressions of a long instrumental rhapsody. Never have I realized the impossibility of describing adequately in words the effect made by a great composition to those who did not hear it as after this revelation of Tschakowsky's genius. If one should speak of the singular orchestral effects, if he should, for instance, mention the treatment of the bassoons or the brass in the first movement, would his words convey any impression to those who only know the bassoon as a word used by Coleridge, and regard brasses as the plural of brass?

Mr. Huss, a pupil of Rheinberger, is known to be a sincere, industrious musician. He appeared here last evening as a composer and a pianist. Now as a composer he did not apparently in writing this concerto consult his own technique, for it must be said frankly that although he has improved as a pianist his technique is not yet developed sufficiently to do justice to his work. Take the theme of the finale, for instance; it was not heard definitely until it was declaimed by the orchestra. As I had no opportunity of seeing the score and can only judge of the work as played by Mr. Huss, his very endeavor may have prejudiced his concerto. For last evening the concerto as a whole seemed labored and dull.

The first movement starts off bravely. The opening measures attract attention, but, you who were there, what do you remember of the measures that follow? There were pleasing passages, but there was also much that seemed dangerously near padding. I care not for a man's scholarship if he has nothing new to say, or if he has not a new way of saying something that has been accepted by the world. This first movement seems strung together; it is far too long; and the balance between orchestra and piano is not well observed. At times the piano was wholly be-

with the orchestral billows. The second movement is like unto a dry and sandy waste. The finale appears to be the most spontaneous and firmly knit of the three movements; but it suffered from the incapacity of the pianist to bring out its points effectively. The fundamental faults of the concerto are a desire to show contrapuntal tricks without a gain thereby, themes too short and of too undecided a character, and a lack of convincing logic in the theme's development.

It may be added here that Mr. Paur gave loose reins to the orchestra. Certainly he might have shown more discretion, as soon as he realized the pianist's moderate strength.

The performance of the orchestra throughout the evening was not flawless. Mr. Paur is getting to be too fond of violent contrasts, and forgetful of the fact that there must be measures in every work which demand moderation in treatment. And was not the sublime theme of the last movement of the symphony taken at too fast a pace?

PHILIP HALE

ABOUT MUSIC.

From a Local Mass to a Local Operetta.

Something About MacDowell, Sullivan and Hans Richter.

Musical News Here and Abroad Up to Date.

If you are fond of church music go to St. Jerome this morning and hear Mr. Augusto Rotoli give a new mass. It is a seriously conceived, thoughtfully worked-out composition, full of spiritual beauty, full of pure melody, and with an exhibition of contrapuntal knowledge that is a delight and not a vexation. The work is one that does credit to Mr. Rotoli, who was brought up on the traditions of the golden period of Italian church music. The performance Christmas Day was a credit to his choir, and especially to the well-drilled chorus.

Are you startled by the dramatic treatment of the "Miserere" in the "Gloria," and the "Crucifixus" in the "Credo"? Are not these dramatic touches effective? Are they legitimate? Are they not grateful to the ears of this generation? Remember

that the same composer wrote the "Quoniam," a double canon. And also remember that dullness is not necessarily the most complete expression of religious feeling.

There is nothing more profane, more sacrilegious than a dull fugue.

I should like to see Mr. Rotoli at the head of a society of picked singers, singers picked, that is, at the proper time. It would be a pleasure to hear "The Messiah," or the great "Stabat Mater" of Palestrina, or any of the larger compositions in the repertoire of the Cecilia under the direction of this excellent musician.

Mr. Rotoli is known here as a teacher and a composer of songs. It is the same Augusto Rotoli who in 1874 became the leader of the Royal Philharmonic Society of Rome and for 12 years made it to be respected and admired by all musicians, Italians or visitors. Liszt took the greatest interest in it, and under Mr. Rotoli's direction Liszt's "Elizabeth" was there produced.

Mr. Rotoli was the founder in Rome of the Sacred Choir for Lent which still flourishes.

When a new opera is produced in London or Paris, the musician is apt to shy at any account cabled by a passionate press-agent or written by an equally passionate gatherer of snobbish paragraphs. The musician discounts the flub-dub about the overwhelming success of a singer whom he knows to be of mediocre ability, and he is not dazzled by the parade of names belonging to jukes and the untitled aristocracy who assisted at the ceremony.

It is better, therefore, in considering for a moment Sullivan's new operetta at the Savoy to take the word of such a man as the reviewer who contributes to the Pall Mall Gazette.

"The Chieftan," produced at the Savoy Dec. 12, is an enlargement of "Contrabandista," two acts, text by Burnand, 1867. "Contrabandista" was written, composed and produced in 16 days. To me, at least, it always seemed poor stuff.

This, in substance, is what the reviewer says of "The Chieftan." Mr. Burnand has not imitated Mr. Gilbert. His plot is quiet and satisfactorily deficient in absurdity. There are few puns, and they are of superior quality. "The dialogue does not exactly sparkle with wit, nor was last night's audience particularly ready to shake with cheerfulness upon the smallest occasion. * * * When the barriers gave way and the success of the inspiration—if we may use the phrase—seemed assured, there was no hesitation or delay."

In the opening measures of the overture are the strains of the Lobgesang "Sinfonia," "All things with life and breath." The phrase is used as a leit-motiv. This must have vexed the faithful worshippers of Mendelssohn. The phrase, it appears, is used with "irresistible humor" when Grigg appears in the costume of the brigand chief, "and the humorous jest is thereby made complete." I confess that I cannot see the joke. Do you? And yet the Pall Mall Gazette man says: "Its audacity cannot fall to be triumphant with an Intelligent majority." Well, then, brethren, let us stand by each other, and be in the minority.

Rita's song is praised in this singular fashion: "Take the song in its single line, and you must pronounce against it; as it is fully written, it has a very engaging character." So the finale of the first act is effective, "so far as the working-up is concerned; artistically considered, it perhaps does not amount to very much."

The reviewer, however, gives unqualified praise to Grigg's opening song with "delightful drum accompaniment"; a burlesque bolero; Rita's song, "Two Happy Gods"; two quintets; a sextet; a Spanish lilt, "La Criada"; Mrs. Grigg's song, and the triumph of the piece, which is a French duet, "sung by an English girl whose education was not completed at 'Les Oiseaux,' and a Spanish officer not in full command of the French language."

"Sir Arthur Sullivan has perhaps in this work ventured a little boldly to indulge in the pious, the ecclesiastical, and generally religious spirit with which his more serious style is admirably familiar."

Is the taste of the Boston public wholly spoiled for light, clean and sparkling operetta by long acquaintance with musical farces built for gaggers, acrobatic comedians, and brazen-voiced women who plunge madly into tights when they fear the attention of the audience would otherwise flag? The managers say, "We give what the people want." Others reply, "The people take what is given."

It would be impertinent to speak in advance of the merits of "Westward, Ho!" the operetta by Messrs. Woolf and Ware, which will be produced at the Museum tomorrow night, and yet the hearer may be sure of several things in advance. Mr. Woolf is a musician of more than ordinary stage experience; in fact, he was in a way brought up in the theatre. However inexperienced the librettist may be, with the assistance of the composer the libretto has undoubtedly a well-regulated, well-behaved plot, which will not disappear for an act to admit variety business. It may also be taken for granted that there will be no silly gagging and no vulgar horse-play. It may also be assumed safely that everything pertaining to the stage has been most carefully attended to.

This production is one of more than ordinary interest. It is a home product. On this account it does not demand coddling; but it should excite the respectful attention of every lover of music, of every theatre-goer who deplores the present condition of operetta and almost despairs of a change for the better. May the weather be propitious; may all attending circumstances favor!

Mr. W. J. Henderson spoke lately as follows in the New York Times of Mr. E. A. MacDowell, who honors Boston by living here. This eulogy was provoked by the performance, at a Philharmonic concert in New York, the 15th of December, of MacDowell's D minor concerto for piano and orchestra:

"Mr. MacDowell is not a famous piano virtuoso, and his appearance last night as the performer of the solo part of his second concerto must not be regarded as the appearance of a pianist, but as that of a composer. It is difficult to speak of his composition in terms of judicial calmness, for it is made of the stuff that calls for enthusi-

asm. There need be no hesitation in saying that Mr. MacDowell in this work fairly claims the position of an American master. We may have no distinctive school of music, but here is one young man who has placed himself on a level with the men owned by the world. This D minor piano concerto is a strong, wholesome, beautiful work of art, vital with imagination, and made with masterly skill. Its first movement, we have no hesitation in saying, is one of the finest pieces of writing in the repertoire of the pianoforte. Its two themes are original, absorbing in their clear strength and melody, and full of sentiment. The distribution of effects between piano and orchestra is admirable in every detail, and the movement throbs with splendid virility from its first measure to its last. The second movement is a most delicious scherzo. It has two leading themes, of which the second takes the place of the conventional trio. The piano part sparkles with pliancy and affords the player opportunities for a fascinating display of crispness and delicacy of execution, without for one instant ceasing to be musically lovely. The last movement opens with a solid largo, which is followed by a moto allegro brimming with ingenious devices founded on fine ideas. The tone of the entire composition is romantic in the best sense of the term. Mr. MacDowell played the solo part with fine vigor and with strong feeling."

Amen, a loud amen to all this, Mr. Henderson.

Let us again refresh ourselves by observing the cheerful courage of the Pall Mall Gazette man. Was he overawed by the announcement of a "national work by a lamented composer"? Not a bit of it. He heard the work and did not like it; and he spoke his piece like a man. We may not agree with him in his opinion, but the opinion is none the less delightful. The review is of a Monday Popular Concert, Dec. 10.

"The program was uninteresting last week, we ventured to observe, because the pièce de résistance, so to say, was a quartet by Smetana of very irregular merits, of considerable commonplace, and of vague originality. And last night they could find nothing better to do than to repeat the same quartet and give to it the same primary place of honor. It was all very well for the compiler of the analytical program to say solemnly, for the second time, that 'this is not a German quartet, but one written by a Bohemian of the Bohemians'; but we do not care to hear repetitions of early English reminiscences—let him who would smile compare portions of the last movement with the old country song, 'Eighteen, Twenty'—and a gallimaufry of all the styles under the sun, however quintessentially Bohemian the general result may be."

Here is a remarkable instance of narrowness, if the statements are true. Hans Richter loved Wagner so that he therefore felt obliged to hate Rubinstein. "He has prohibited the members of the Philharmonic Orchestra, of which he is the leader, from playing at the Rubinstein Festival to be held at the Singakademie, and Rubinstein's works are not allowed on the programs of the Philharmonic concerts. This deplorable attitude is the cause for much comment in musical circles in Vienna."

It is in many ways an excellent thing for Boston that Hans Richter did not succeed Mr. Nikisch as leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In the first place, he is in his 52d year, and good judges say that he is careless in drill and slovenly at times in his public conducting. He is an ultra-Wagnerite, "sot" in his notions, and narrow in his ideas concerning modern music. He is a fine example of the old saying, "No bigot like a radical."

When in the natural course of events Mr. Paur decides to return to his fatherland—for it is not likely that he looks forward to a family vault in Jamaica Plain—why should we not have a Frenchman, an Italian, a Russian, a Swede, or better yet, an American, for a leader? Why do otherwise sensible and reasoning creatures believe that music was a special revelation to the Germans, and that German conductors are born with batons in their hands? There is no more ridiculous fetish in the world than this slavish and unreasonable adoration of the German Muse.

PHILIP HALE

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau propose to revive "Martha."

The mother of Philipp and Xaver Scharwenka died in Berlin, Dec. 17. She was 72. They say that Emma Eames is squeezing her upper tones.

Max Heinrich sang in "The Messiah" Dec. 18 at New Haven.

Widor is a cousin of Paul Bourget. Perhaps "he's something of a liar himself."

Mr. Foote's piano quartet was played in Paris at a private musicale.

Antoinette Sterling is still singing away at the "Three Fishers."

They say that Tamagno will sing at Covent Garden next season.

Pollini will produce "The Gaiety Girl" and "The Shop Girl" in Hamburg.

Adam's "Si j'étais roi" was given for the first time in Montreal, Dec. 13.

Josef Hollman, the cellist, will play here this season.

The "Academy of Song," Vienna, will institute a Rubinstein prize.

They propose to name a street in Paris after Paderewski.

Nicolas II. practises daily on the piano and the violin.

They say that Melba has been engaged for a tour of 40 concerts in Australia, beginning in May.

Mr. Frederick Fairbanks is the name of an American pianist now cutting a figure in Dresden.

They gave Spohr's "Last Judgment" in London this month. The English are indeed faithful and conservative.

The Australian pianist, Hutcheson, a pupil of Stavenhagen, made a pronounced hit in Berlin.

Falk Bey della Sudda is the name of a Turkish pianist who appeared in London a fortnight ago.

An unpublished symphony by Michael Haydn was played lately at the Leipzig Conservatory. It was written in 1784.

An Englishwoman, Fanny Moody, has offered a prize of \$500 for the best one-act opera written by an Englishman.

Nikita is singing in Russia. In April, 1895, she will sing in "Lakmé" at the Opéra Comique, Paris.

"Helle," an opera by Alphonse Duvernoy, will be brought out at the Paris Opéra during the season of '95-'96.

Stoumon and Calabresi have renewed for three years their contract to manage the Monnaie Opera House, Brussels.

Miss Aus der Ohe is in the United States. She will appear in a series of concerts with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Sybil Sanderson will make her debut in New York in "Manon," the second week in January.

The Academy of Saint-Cecilia, Rome, will give Feb. 1, a concert devoted to music by Palestrina. Terziani will be the conductor.

A chair of Music-Aesthetics is to be founded at the University of Turin. Luigi Alberto Villanis will be the professor.

Van Dyck and Rose Caron will sing the two leading parts in "Tannhauser" at the Paris Opéra soon after Easter.

Calvé will sing the part of Ophelia in Thomas's "Hamlet" at the Paris Opéra in April.

The review of the Symphony concert of last evening and concert announcements will be found on another page of the Journal.

They say that Stavenhagen is the son of a rich father. The pianist lives in Weimar; his pupils call him "Master" and pay no bills.

Two new operas failed lately in Italy: "Il Voto," two acts, music by Vallini, Rome; "Medora," four acts, music by Cusinati, Verona.

Arnold Rosé, the celebrated violinist, teacher and concert master at the Vienna opera, has been made "Kammervirtuos" by the Emperor of Austria.

Walther Wossidlo is the author of a new book, "Karl Loewe als Balladen-Komponist," published by Schlesinger, Berlin.

O. Novacek, formerly solo viola player in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, now lives in Berlin as a composer. Brodsky played there lately a movement from a manuscript suite in D minor by Novacek.

Might it not be pleasant to hear Vincent D'Indy's trio in B flat, op. 29, for piano, clarinet, and cello in a chamber concert? It was played the last week in November in London.

Let us hear this prelude to Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel." Mr. Paur.

One of Humperdinck's compositions was played here under Mr. Nikisch, and it fell flat. This prelude seems to make its way.

David Popper played his new suite for cello and orchestra, "Im Walde," in London with success. Popper played at a Crystal Palace concert the cello concerto in D ascribed to Haydn.

Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler played Chopin's F minor concerto the last of November in Copenhagen, at the first of the symphony concerts conducted by Svendsen. Pianist and conductor were applauded loudly.

Miss Jeanne Douste, who appeared in this country as an eight-year-old pianist, is now a singer. She made her debut in London as Gretel in Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel."

This was the program of the Paris Conservatory concert, the 9th of December. Symphony C minor, Beethoven; Ave Verum, Mozart; Melusina Overture, Mendelssohn; Gloria Patri, double chorus, Palestrina; Haydn's 52d Symphony.

Mr. William Pelow, age 102, sang at Wellington, England, several songs at a concert given by his great-granddaughter, and also accompanied on the piano and directed several choruses. This extract from a French exchange reads like a lie.

In the Dutch opera "Leiden ontzet," music by van der Linden, produced lately at Amsterdam, old Dutch folk songs are the foundation of several choruses. The subject of the opera is the defence of Leiden against the Spanish in 1574.

De Pachmann played in Berlin the 8th for the first time since the season of '86-'87, and he did not please Otto Lessmann at all, who complained most bitterly of the pianist's "coquettish" treatment of Beethoven's 32 variations.

At the fifth Ph-harmonic concert in Berlin the prelude to D. Albert's opera, "Der Rubin," was loudly praised for nobility of invention, effective construction and highly original instrumentation. Are we going to

in Boston, Mr. Paur?

Three songs composed by Sebastian R. Schlesinger, and published by Bote and Bock, were reviewed in No. 65 of the Signale of this year. Two of the songs were described as declamations, rather than songs. Mr. Schlesinger appears to the reviewer as "a respectable musician, with praiseworthy tendencies."

Mathis Lussy says that when Villolo, the teacher of Rubinstein, introduced his pupil to the musical society of Paris in 1841, all the musicians told him to put the boy under Chopin, declaring that he would be a second Chopin. To which Villolo replied, "I prefer him to be a first Rubinstein."

Hérold's charming opera "Marie," first produced in 1826, was revived this month at the Théâtre-Lyrique de la Galerie-Vivienne. At the same theatre the curtain raiser was a new little operetta in one act, "La Jarretière," words by Mallard, music by de Ménil.

Here are three new Italian operas: "Nell'harem," three acts, words and music by Giulio Concina, Ancona, Dec. 1; "Savitar," three acts, text by Villanis, music by Canti, Dec. 1, Bologna; "Yoric," in which Shakespeare figures as a character, text and music by Ettore Martini, three acts, Leghorn, Dec. 1.

The subject of Paderewski's Polish opera is modern. Sir Augustus Harris has the right to produce the opera—as yet unnamed—at Covent-Garden in French. A German version is preparing for Dresden, and one in Hungarian for Pesth. They say that Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau have the exclusive right for North America.

Irene Pevny, who sang Santuzza here at the Globe Theatre, Oct. 31, 1893, in the Tavery Company, made her debut Dec. 11 at the Royal Opera House, Berlin. She appeared as Christine in "The Golden Cross."

Engaged at present at the Stettin Opera House, she may be called to Berlin. Her sister, Olga, is studying in Paris under Bouhy.

Much interest is taken in the concerts of the New York Symphony Society Jan. 4 and 5, at which Walter Damrosch's new opera, "The Scarlet Letter," will be sung by the following eminent soloists: Lillian Nordica as Hester, Mr. Campanari as Chillingworth, William H. Rieger as Arthur Dimmesdale, Ericson F. Bushnell as Wilson, and Conrad Behrens as Gov. Bingham.

The Oratorio Society chorus of 400 will assist, singing the "Chorus of the Puritans."

"Critics, beware!" seems to be the mot d'ordre in the Vaterland, writes one of our German contributors. After being told that the authorities in Hamburg had arrested some folk who did not like the Kaiser's "Ode to Aegir," and did not scruple to say so, we now learn, on the authority of the Berliner Neueste Nachrichten, that the editor of the song as an amateur performance, has been promptly challenged to a duel by a fiery son of Mars. We wonder what would have been the result if the scribe had ventured to hint that it was evidently the work of a professional man.

Suppose that Pepys had contented himself with noting merely the different conditions of his mind; suppose that he had scorned all trifles mentioned by Johnson. He would not have been Pepys, and we should not today be on intimate terms with him and his wife, "poor wretch," and his friends and acquaintances.

Look at the rich information in H. C. Robinson's diary. See how eagerly men and women of today read the memoirs of anyone, even in humble capacity, who associated with the distinguished in art, politics, literature, warfare. There are diaries worth writing and reading; provided always that the diarist has not his better eye fixed anxiously on posterity. Indeed, it may be said that any one who is thrown in with people of distinction should keep a record of his impressions, of the conversation, of the appearance of his associates. If Jones in 1854 observed that the thermometer was on Feb. 23 50 degrees above zero at 12 M. It is of little importance, nor does the world shudder when it learns that Jones had a

sore throat the day before; but if he tried some strange old woman's remedy on the 22d, or if on the 23d he talked freely with a great man, Jones and his recollections are of worth. Of course the worth is qualified by the character of Jones, who must not be malicious or unduly morbid. For Jones should be the transparent medium.

Or take another instance. Read the journal of Walt Whitman, in which he jotted down memoranda, dated, during his hospital service in the Civil War. The future historian of the great struggle cannot afford to ignore these thumb-nail sketches. He will gain a keener insight into the intense spirit animating the contestants than from a complete set of the Rebellion Record. Nor did the fact that Whitman was of mighty poetic feeling distort his treatment of the facts. And, again, there are men like Amiel, whose record of mental and spiritual impressions is of comfort to many distressed souls.

The diarist is gradually becoming extinct. Yet there are men and women who for the benefit of the historian and the moralist should be compelled to keep journals. They should first be purged of self-consciousness, if they suffer from the faint.

acc 31

A contemporary states that the librettist of the new operetta at the Museum is a "barrister." This is delightfully English, but it is not explicit enough. Is Mr. Ware an "outer barrister" or an "inner barrister"? Has he the same privileges as a Queen's counsel?

So the fact that a man was killed in a prize fight will "encourage the sport" in New Orleans.

The Police Justice Divver brought up a half-hearted acquittal, but he dived in dirty water.

Will there be tenderloin in the chemical beefsteak?

an 1-25

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Production of Ware & Woolf's New Comic Opera.

"Westward, Ho!" a new comic opera in three acts, text by Mr. R. D. Ware, music by Mr. B. E. Woolf, was produced for the first time last evening at the Boston Museum in the presence of a large and sympathetic audience. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|----------------------------|--------------------|
| Sir Lionel Ravenswood..... | J. H. Ryley |
| Reginald..... | Clinton Elder |
| Hair-Trigger Hal..... | Harry Davenport |
| Colorado Sam..... | George F. Marion |
| Barkeeper..... | Thomas Riley |
| Plain Smith..... | E. Aiken |
| Violet..... | Fanny Johnston |
| Maude..... | Annie Lewis |
| Prosecuting Attorney..... | Anne V. Sutherland |
| Ethel..... | Rosalind Rissi |
| Edith..... | Mary Biffen |
| Alice..... | Agnes E. Daly |
| Clair..... | Jennie Carrigan |
| Grace..... | Annie Black |

"Westward Ho!" is founded neither on the old play by Dekker and Webster, nor on the novel by Charles Kingsley. Our townsman, Mr. Ware, tells of the life in Maverick, Wyoming, as it will be in the early years of the next century. The girls and women rule the town. They are elected to offices, State, national and local. The barroom is abolished, or rather converted into a shop where tea is sold by a repentant barkeeper. Profanity and gambling, and even the mention of desire to drink, are offences against the law. Hair-Trigger Hal, the father of the Sheriff, Violet, is a disguised nobleman, who, once

Mr. Krehbiel of the New York Tribune was over here to listen to the Symphony concert, Mr. Rotoff's mass, and "Westward, Ho!" His amiable notices were published in the Tribune of Sunday and Tuesday. Of Mr. Woolf's music, he writes: "As a whole he has written graceful and fluent melodies, and has orchestrated them most discreetly, avoiding the vulgarity of the ordinary theatrical style and the empty pomp and noise of so many ambitious operetta writers."

A contemporary published Tuesday an illustration of the final scene of act II. of "Westward, Ho!" From this picture it would appear that the members of the orchestra insisted on wearing their hats during the performance of the operetta. We assure those of our readers who were not present that the orchestra, on the contrary, was clad becomingly, in fact, faultlessly, and it behaved with the utmost decorum. The appearance of the hats in the picture was not so much a matter of filling in as a neglect to take out.

The intermezzo by Mr. Woolf that is played between the first and second acts is one of the most beautiful numbers of the

work and is indeed worth hearing. Such was the verbal animation of the first nighters during its performance that the music was hardly audible, and its many fine points were not fully appreciated.

The death of the original Mrs. Charles Fechter provokes the question, What has become of her daughter, Marie, a singer of reputation in her day, who made her debut in Paris in 1877? The story ran that she could not afford to buy the costumes demanded by her operatic parts, and so, a good and modest girl, she was obliged to leave the stage. Is she dead—or married?

Some objected to the enormous wig worn by Mrs. Marlowe-Taber as Lady Teazle and complained that it dwarfed her figure. But she wore the wig of the time, as many prints bear testimony.

To W. M.: It is our impression that "rushing (or working) the growler" is distinctively American slang which first came into prominence about 1888. It is true that there is in London a slang word, "growler," but the word there means a four-wheeled cab.

We have received additional contributions to our collection of Dingbatiana. C. B. writes, "In central Western Illinois shortly after the war, I frequently heard it (dingbats) used as a synonym of money." L. C. McK. sends the following: "As to dingbats—that is what they called Father Carroll's biscuit at Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, back in 1886, and so along. They were so called because considered of the heavy ordnance order."

Another correspondent tells us that during his three years in Connecticut Literary Institute (Suffield county) in the early '50s, the name dingbat was the only one ever used to designate the breakfast biscuit.

"Some boys saved the under crusts as curiosities, and one young wag swore he carried his to his shoemaker, and had them worked in as 'lifts' in a pair of new boot-heels. The word seems to be free plunder for everybody, and capable of almost any meaning. Wonder if it was so with 'Mugwump'?" In the early '40s down in Eastern Connecticut, old folks used to say 'the whole mugwump on 'em,' meaning the whole lot—whether the subject was persons or things."

How the English Tories delight in swatting Mr. Gladstone. Even in his present philanthropic enthusiasm he is obnoxious to them, and only a short time ago in a review of Strachan-Davidson's book on Cicero the Pall Mall Gazette published this remarkable paragraph:

"Trained to the habit of the advocate

Cicero could hold a brief for any cause, and argue with the most convincing eloquence against himself, and thus he served as a puppet for other men's schemes. Apart from his oratory, he was destitute of invention; he could not lead others nor see where others would lead him. He was an able man with a shallow brain, with talents quick and versatile but widely dissipated. In a life devoted to advocacy and politics he displayed more literary activity than any one of his age; he wrote in Greek and Latin, in prose and verse; he discoursed on history, science, rhetoric, philosophy, and theology. And in his versatility and literary interests Mr. Gladstone, the translator of Horace, the student of Homer, and the theologian, suggests a modern parallel, and when his friends tell us that he has every qualification for an Archbishop, we may remember that Cicero doubtless proved an excellent augur."

Dr. Orville W. Owen is still at it. The fourth volume of the story of Sir Francis Bacon is out, and there is more proof that Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth and the author of nearly all the Elizabethan literature. Volume 5 will tell of Bacon's love for Queen Margaret, as outlined in "Romeo and Juliet," which names, the ingenious author tells us, are masks for "Bacon" and "Margaret." And there are said to be people who take all this stuff seriously and even read it.

"In January should sun appear,
March and April pay full dear."

It will be the same weather for nine weeks as it is on the 9th day after Christmas.

Old Chimes is not thoroughly conversant with the terminology of music. Thus he replied the other day to a fiddler, who remarked that a comic opera was well scored, "Very likely; but it is far more important that it should score." Then he added, "And by the way, that is the only active voice in comic opera, I am told."

"They may talk of the circulation of the Petit Journal as enormous, and say, 'There's blood for you,'" said Mr. Augur at the club; "but look at the circulation of the Brewers' Journal; that is healthy and yet it is always lager."

The Chap Book speaks of an advertisement which appeared, sans hyphen, recently in a London daily, to wit: "Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Levi, having cast off clothing of every description, invite an early inspection."

The editor of Tidd Bits has just received one from Queen Victoria in the shape of a baronetcy.

I seems to be an even thing in Greater New York between cable and trolley. Human bodies are crushed by either method.

They lynched a white man in Kentucky New Year's Day; possibly to change their luck.

Be not alarmed: the remodeled Hoffman House preserves the picture gallery.

It seems unfair that a blind organ grinder should not be allowed to give recitals in Boston when so many concerts are not only allowed but encouraged.

Even if Miss Lillian Russell and Mr. Perugini should determine to make up for a time, it's their own business. Each has had sufficient warning. Meanwhile the conflicting reports may increase the audiences. It looks as though the press agents were the chief negotiators.

A woman in Connecticut left by will \$5000 to her lawyer. Probably in gratitude that he had left her so much to leave him.

If milk and vinegar are inspected, why not whisky? Surely no one will claim that it is not consumed in Boston.

There are many things that should be inspected: eggs, beer, musicians proposing to give concerts, aspirants for social honors, people about to marry—the list is long.

Pfeffer may put pepper into the Princeton nine.

A local catalogue of horses to be sold describes a pair as "great actors." In comedy or tragedy?

Punch likes "The Chieftain," the comic opera for which Mr. Burnand wrote the libretto "Nothing brighter in color, fuller of life, more musical, more mirthful, has been seen at the Savoy since its palmiest days." Let's see; has not Mr. Burnand something to do with Punch? By the way, who is the editor of that eminently serious journal?

This is the birth date of Cicero, who at times anticipated the phrase "talking through his hat."

The French claim that the first postage stamp was used in Paris in 1653. This will fire the rage of collectors and may lead to the suicide of some.

What's this Imperial demand in Philadelphia for a "moral Mayor?" It has always been supposed that everybody in Philadelphia was moral.

The time was when prudent parents objected to the guinea-pig as a pet, and told rebellious offspring that the beast was of no use; he was not agreeable, nor did they care to eat him after his ways had palled. Now the guinea-pig is the intimate friend of science, the medium of anti-toxine.

What possibilities are now disclosed by the introduction of anti-toxine. Take, for instance, the confirmed Brownings; is there apparently a more hopeless case? Apply the Ibsen or the Maeterlinck anti-toxine and the most obdurate Browning microbe will be killed. The subject may not show his deliverance from bondage by startling overt act. He may not burn the complete, the "culminating" edition of the once venerated poet; but he will at least sell the volumes at auction or give them to his enemies. And then what pleasure he will find in Tupper and in Dr. Griswold's once famous anthology, "the mausoleum of mediocrity."

And in like manner any fad or any caprice that pains friends of an otherwise estimable man can be firmly, surely and pleasantly eradicated. The patient may be entirely unconscious of the intent of the treatment. So is the guinea-pig.

The first thing a woman is to look at constantly attractive, as her physical circumstances will allow, be she old or young, fair or hard-featured, stately or insignificant. You may entertain a cook who is, as it were, one grand, sweet song; setting half your life to music; but the dressmaker, the milliner, the fire-woman, into whose hands you may blindly commit your body, are yet to be."

Mr. Burns apologizes by making his epigram on Chicago still more epigrammatic. The revised version, "hell is only a pocket edition of Chicago," will undoubtedly meet with more favor in the latter town.

A blind clairvoyant died the other day. There is something doubly weird in blind eyes that are said to peer into two worlds.

Lady Henry Somerset says it does her good to see the American people all standing on an equality. She is easily pleased by an alleged and glittering generality.

Even headlines differ. One said yesterday, "D'Arville can sing;" another said, "D'Arville may sing." At any rate she is singing, whatever critics and headlines may say.

"Some bankers and insurance men choose clerks by means of solar biology." A clerk chosen solely because a star was propitious at his birth is apt to skip by the light of the moon.

To W. F. G.: You ask in what sense and in what place the word "juster" can be used. Such words as "honest," "just," "true," may be compared at pleasure. You will find "juster" in Pope's "Essay on Criticism," and Pope also wrote—
"More wise, more learn'd, more just, more everything."

So you will find "most just" in Job, and "the do's of justest men" in Shakspeare (Antony and Cleopatra, act II., scene 1).

So, too, there is authority for "unjuster" and "unjustest," although some protest. In the Latin language we come across similar comparisons, as when Cicero says "Iniquissimam pacem justissimo bello antefeo."

A writer in Music commends Poe's poems to the attention of composers. He thinks that "Lenore" would particularly excite the imagination of the musician. There is at least one blemish in "Lenore," and that is the name "Guy de Vere," given to the lover. It is true such names were in high favor when Poe wrote, and they were used in novels with great effect. Percy Montresor and Harold Fortescue and Sir Reginald—what has become of the lordly race of polished scoundrels or heroes still dear to serving maids? Some even today cannot forgive Charles Reade for calling a heroine Lucy Dodd; and there was an outcry against Vernon Lee when she published the title "Miss Brown." But to this younger generation Guy de Vere is indeed a guy.

The Electrician published recently an article in which Prof. Silvanus Thompson reviews destructively a life of Edison by W. K. L. and Antonia Dickson. The professor's aim, it appears, is "to eliminate from the comprehensive claims set forth the net results of Edison's own work and undisputed genius;" which, being interpreted, is to swat discriminatingly the claimants. For instance, Thompson alleges that it was Swan's success with the incandescent light that led Edison to abandon his platinum and iridium lamps for the carbon, "which he had previously spurned." But in the book by the Dicksons Mr. Swan is named as the proprietor, not the inventor, of the incandescent light.

The straight line extension of Columbus Avenue will cost nearly a million. Are there millions in it?

It looks as though the exiled American boddlers have corrupted Canadian honesty and incited to rivalry.

"Breakers Ahead" is the inauspicious title of a new comic opera.

Lady Henry Somerset's bilious remarks about Mr. W. W. Astor are delivered at a time when he should have the sympathy of all women. By the way, has not the Pall Mall Gazette, on sundry occasions, poked fun good-naturedly at Lady Somerset as a crusader?

Judith Gautier, the author of "The Queen of Smiles," which will be produced in New York the 14th, is a daughter of the immortal novelist and poet. It is a sad reflection on the quality of some of his work that the modest pen sometimes hesitates between "immortal" and "immoral."

And so there is to be more analyzing of symphonies here in Boston so that hearers may dilate with the proper emotion, or at least look outwardly intelligent. There is too much analyzing of enjoyment, and even of emotions that should be sacred. To analyze music is to find out why you should like it or why you should say you like it.

Mayor Strong gives daily some proof of his discrimination. It did not take him long to describe Mr. Teal as a character in an opera-bouffe administration, but not in his as he proposes to run it.

Jan 6, 1915

Son of New York. I care that Jean
Richardson is "so perfect in
spheres that they are like sun and
and the air and other blessings
we almost fall to be thankful for, be-
cause they are so abundantly given and
necessary." Circus press-agents and
museum rhetoricians may well burst
violently with envy.

But what's the matter with Emma Eames,
Emma of Maine? A well-informed journal-
ist in New York writes "It is Melba, Melba,
Melba everywhere. Now it is Eames who is
heard of much, while Nordica, Melba,
Laurel and the De Reszkes are well in the
reground. What curious law of flux and
lux governs the popularity of operatic
artists?"

Never mind, Emma, you will be revenged
in Boston. No matter how coldly you may
yet, no matter whether you sing well or
display a tired voice, the fashionable clique
will applaud you to the skies. Do you re-
member the "ovation" given you last sea-
son when you made your last appearance?
Well, the enthusiasm was uncorked violent-
ly, but it had been bottled carefully for
some days before by anxious friends. We
do not question the sincerity of the ap-
plause. The preparatory drill had been
long and earnest. The applauders knew the
affair was a serious one.

Although Ike Wier has left the ring, they
say he will continue to administer knock-
outs. He is going a-drumming for a whisky
house.

This is Twelfth Night Eve, when in
Herefordshire and some other English
counties fires were lighted, 12 small and one
large; and there was mighty drinking of
older and strong ale; and there were jollity
and revelry throughout the night. The fires
represented the Saviour and his apostles,
and it was customary as to one of them,
told as representing Judas Iscariot, to
allow it to burn awhile, and then put it out
and kick about the materials."

Pride deals the deck
While chance doth choose the card.
This is not a modern instance of what is
known as an Americanism. The couplet by
Sarnfield bears English date of 1594, and is
one year younger than the line in Shaks-
peare quoted the other day by Senator
 Lodge.

"I would rather handle 20 men than one
woman," said a street car conductor in
New York, and yet in assisting women to
enter, the average conductor paws their
backs as though he liked the duty. Perhaps
he counts it among the legitimate perqui-

Why is it that Wadsworth's couplet—
"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command,"
strikes so many men with a feeling akin
to terror? They think involuntarily of sub-
stituting "threaten" in the place of "com-
mand." And then this quelling woman is
described further as "not too bright or
good, for human nature's daily food,"
which, of course, means that she is not
above eating human nature's daily food;
in other words, she takes kindly to her
actuals. Fortunately for the race, "per-
fect women" are extremely rare, or there
would be no marrying, no giving in mar-
riage.

The temperance women of Bogotá, Colom-
bia, support Miss Edith Walker, who is a
candidate for the policeman's club. She
wishes to wear, if elected, "a modified
form of kepi, blue tunic, and knicker-
bockers." Her supporters say the cause
of temperance will be furthered when the
buckard finds himself captured by a cop-
y of "faultlessly classical features and
sympathetic but searching deep blue eyes."
But would not the prospect of such an
event lead susceptible men to intoxication?

The Medizinische Wochenschrift of Mün-
chen says that Pliny must have had some
knowledge of the new inoculation treat-
ment for zymotic diseases, known on the
continent as serotherapie. The passage re-
ferred to comes in Book XXV. of the "Nat-
ural History," and refers to the anti-toxic training
of Mithridates, who in order to render
himself immune against poisons drugged
himself, amongst other things, with the
juice of the Pontic duck, which was sup-
posed to possess a natural immunity. The
final words of the passage—quoniam
viverent—look as though these
were believed to feed upon poisons."

Jan 10, 1915

It is just as well that Mr. Burns is going
to the States. "I have criticized you Americans
and I love you," he said. Unfortunately
Mr. Burns does not discriminate be-
tween criticism and abuse. He can love us
and abuse us in England.

The highway seems to be a nightly
scene in the neighborhood. That the
robbers are at work after each robbery is
evident.

It is that Mr. D. C. Murray ap-
pears to have lost the taste of his remarks; it
is a memorial meeting by speak-
ing length."

The Eleventh Concert of the Sym- phony Orchestra in Music Hall.

This is the program of the eleventh con-
cert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in
Music Hall last evening:

Symphony, D major (K. 504).....Mozart
Divertimento, A minor, for violin and or-
chestra (MS. first time).....C. M. Loeffler
Suite, "Aus Holberg's Zeit".....Grieg
Overture, "Carnival" (first time).....Dvorak

It was a pleasant concert last evening.
The program was interesting, the perfor-
mance was for the most part admirable, and
the audience was dismissed at a reasonable
hour. The qualification as to the perfor-
mance is this: the attack was slightly irreg-
ular, especially in the symphony.

Mr. Loeffler was applauded enthusiasti-
cally for his performance and his composi-
tion. I can imagine easily an excellent and
estimable person, fond of music and learned
in the primer of form, saying: "Oh, yes,
this divertimento is all very well as a show
piece, and Mr. Loeffler played finely, but
there is not much in it. No development of
thematic material, and the variations in the
finale are bizarre." And he would say this
in good faith. Now Mr. Loeffler, as it
seems to me, has a large sympathy for the
modern French and Belgian decadents. He
believes in tonal impressions, in effects of
color, rather than in conscientious plodding
in the sonata ruts. The macabre is not dis-
tasteful to him. He likes sharp contrasts.
He delights in instrumental experiments.
If he sought expression in verbal phrase
he would cotton to Verlaine and Moréas
and Rimbaud and Rétif.

This divertimento shows clearly that Mr.
Loeffler has a right to make experiments.
There are strange or delightful effects
throughout the work: as in the unison of
harp and violas in the preambule, the
singularly effective use of muted trumpets
in the eclogue, the alternate pizzicati in
the finale. The romantic interrupts con-
stantly the severe in the opening movement,
as though it protested against the revival
of old-fashioned preluding. Beautiful in
thought and treatment is the eclogue, where
no violins are used. The absence of the
biting strings gives one some idea of how
Méhul's "Uthal," a one-act opera without
fiddles, would finally exasperate the ear.
Mr. Loeffler stopped his eclogue in time, or
the audience might have uttered the famous
cry of Grétry, as he sighed for a chant-
erelle. "Never mind the color of the move-
ment," says an objector. "How about the
thought?" Well, it was not spectacular, it
was not dull; it was fresh and soothing and
delightful.

Of course, if you see the word eclogue,
and then feel a 6-8 rhythm and hear in-
strumental associated with warm land-
scapes, flocks and herds, and high, indolent
clouds, you are pastorally inspired. But
without the name, the music might be "The
Bride," or "Viola," or "As You Like It."
In fact, you cannot in such music separate
thought and color. And the color was a
rare delight. In his "Carnaval des Morts,"
where the plain song "Dies Irae" serves as
a theme, Mr. Loeffler made a slight in-
cursion into Shudderland; but the absolute
security of the violinist allayed any possi-
ble fear and smoothed quickly the slightly
developed goose-flesh. It is clever, this
music; and it is more than clever; it shows
imagination. Sometimes you wish that Mr.
Loeffler had a little streak of coarseness in
his nature; in this finale it would not be
amiss. But let us be thankful for the re-
finement, the curiosity that would find
new colors, the skill in finding them, and
the genuine imagination. To say that it is
a creditable work is to talk like a peda-
gogue. It is, indeed, a fascinating composi-
tion, one that pricks suggestion and pro-
vokes moods.

And the composer played his difficult part
with the accuracy, the brilliancy, the deli-
cacy, and the purity that are so character-
istic of him.

Interesting, too, was Dvorak's "Carnival"
overture, full of blood and leaping in the
air and delirious delight. The contrasting
andantino is charmingly orchestrated; but
has the overture the strength, the swing of
the Dvorak of old, before he wrote to Eng-
lish order and made a pilgrimage to Spill-
ville, Iowa? Portions of the suite by Grieg
always give pleasure, especially the sara-
hance and the air. As for the Mozart
symphony it is full of beauties. Such music
when genius makes the dry bones of for-
malism live does not suffer if placed next
the tonal impressions of the moderns. Such
juxtaposition shows in clearest light the
school, the strength, the beauty of each

PHILIP HALE

MISS ROSSETTI.

For a time, no doubt, the poetry of Chris-
tina Rossetti was caviare to the general.
Her fantastic pieces, as "Goblin Market,"
seemed as extravagant as the illustration
by her brother of the bargaining of foolish,
sweet-tooth Laura, which was found in the
first American edition. Many shook their
heads at such comparisons as

"Like a royal virgin town
Topped with gilded dome and spire
Close beleaguered by a fleet
Mad to tug her standard down."

The simplicity, the Greek directness of
expression, the curiously felicitous word;
these qualities displayed in quiet, cool light,
especially in her devotional pieces, seemed
either affectation or poverty of thought;
for when Miss Rossetti first was known as a
singer, we had not yet escaped from the
dominion of the poetess, described by
Thackeray as Miss Bunlon, author of
"Heartstrings," "The Deadly Nightshade,"
"Passion Flowers," etc.; the poetess who
poems "breathe a withering passion
smoldering despair, an agony of spirit
would melt the soul of a drayman were
read them" and yet "she eats a h

ton chop for breakfast every morning of
her blighted existence." Even in Mrs.
Browning there are many traces of that
poetic hysteria which women in literature
and art mistake for strength, just as in
orchestral music they are the noisiest of
composers. And Miss Bunlon lives today,
or rather she has had a resurrection, and
her works are found in the magazines of
decadent tendencies; she no longer indulges
in hot chops; she affects absinthe and
cigarettes, but her poetry is still Bunlonian.

It would be impossible in these narrow
limits to do justice to Miss Rossetti, whose
name is very high in the catalogue of illus-
trious women. In her are found elements
that seem unsympathetic to each other, and
yet they do not jostle. There is the Italian
warmth, the Italian love of beauty, the
Italian sensuousness of her brother Dante
Gabriel, as well as occasional traces of his
mysticism. There is also the sympathy
found in her brother's poem "My Sister's
Sleep," a sympathy that is almost barren,
and yet it impresses powerfully. Sappho
knew this species of sympathy, as when
she sang, "I have a little daughter and she
is like golden flowers, and I would not give
her for all the wealth of Lydia, or even for
my own dear Lesbos."

There is the strange elemental simplicity
that is found in Blake, in Emily Dickinson,
that is a stumbling block to the foolish
and to the admirers of swollen verse.

"Did any bird come flying
After Adam and Eve,
When the door was shut against them
And they sat down to grieve?"

The verses "Bird or Beast?" might have
come from Amherst or dropped from the
Songs of Innocence. Yet they are followed
immediately by "Eve," a poem that D. G.
Rossetti might have written:

"The Tree of Life was ours,
Tree twelve fold-fruited,
Most lofty tree that flowers,
Most deeply rooted;
I chose the tree of death."

But neither Blake nor Miss Dickinson
nor the poet-painter of her name ever ut-
tered so direct and thrilling a cry as did
Miss Rossetti in her "Long Barren," "A
Better Resurrection," and other entreaties
for Divine help. Curiously enough, in cer-
tain of her religious poems there is the
chilling air of the conventicle; and the
austerity is almost bigotry. Little is said
of her life, save that she suffered much.
During the last 12 years she wrote com-
paratively little, and her fame must rest on
the volume published nearly 30 years ago.
It has been said that her place in English
literature is slight but sure. We cannot
agree in this discrimination of praise. The
melancholy, the realization of the vanity
of earthly things, the overmastering faith
in Divine justice and mercy—these alone
with her felicity of phrase put her among
the very first. To find such a passionate
analysis of love as in her "Triad," to find
such intense and womanly expression, we
must go back to Sappho.

A NEEDED ANTIDOTE.

In novels the hypnotist has revelled in
crime. Before hypnotism and the experi-
ments in Paris were familiar, fictitious
characters from the East or European dis-
ciples of Asiatic wizards compelled by mes-
meric influence shrinking women to poison
wells or human beings, rob the family jewel
box, or profess love instead of abhorrence
for the mesmerizer. When the experiments
in Paris excited popular discussion, some
protested against the publicity, saying that
wicked men might thus find themselves
armed with an additional weapon, a weapon
that otherwise would have hung unnoticed
in the armory of crime.

Within the last month or six weeks two
strange cases of hypnotism have been in
court. In Kansas, Thomas McDonald under
the hypnotic influence of Anderson
Gray murdered Thomas Patton. Gray, a
rich farmer, hated Patton; he hypnotized
McDonald, a farm hand, instructed him
when and how to shoot. The jury ac-
quitted the farm hand and found the hyp-
notizer guilty. Sentence of death has been
passed, and now there is an appeal to the
Supreme Court. Although the case is still
in court, it may not be impertinent to
say that the argument of "most members
of the legal fraternity that a hypnotist
has no power to influence a man to com-
mit a crime which is repulsive to the one
controlled" is contradicted by instance af-
ter instance in the hypnotic experiments in
Paris.

The other case is less or more tragic
according to the disposition of the reader.

A Gallician in Munich, a man with a most unpronounceable name, was tried for hypnotizing a woman of deep-rooted and many-branched family tree into marriage. He put her in the necessary state, and then suggested to her that she wanted to marry him. It is said that she leaped with joy at the suggestion. However this may be, she went to the church and became his wife.

It has been proved most clearly by experiment after experiment that a susceptible person may be hypnotized so that after a month or a year he will act unconsciously as he was charged by the hypnotizer at the time of exerting the influence, and even when the hypnotizer himself may have forgotten his instruction on account of the press of similar hypnotic engagements. It would be idle as well as unjust to dismiss the defence of hypnotism as rubbish. But what a singular, complex chapter must now be added to medical jurisprudence. And, above all, what a strange twist to social relations may thus be given. If a creditor could hypnotize a confirmed debtor into payment; if, for instance, A lends B \$10, and at the time charges him so full of fluid that at the end of three months B unconsciously pays the debt; or if a housewife could influence regularly the mind of a serving maid or cook, hypnotism should be taught in the public schools. But, after all, the dangers outweigh the possible benefits. Perhaps latent hypnotism is at the root of many mysteries. The incredible, absurd success of Paderewski, a pianist of talent, was undoubtedly due to his ability to hypnotize the audience. For this reason critics of music and the drama should be shut up in box stalls, open at the top and with peep holes, that the judgment be not unduly swayed. As Mithridates was fed on poison from his youth up, so the young should take daily an anti-hypno in some pleasing form. Then marriages will no longer be sometimes unaccountable. Then hero-worship will lose its acute hysteria. There will not be so many sudden political conversions at caucuses and meetings. There will not be occasional wonder at the verdict of a jury or the decision of a Judge. There may be less romance and excitement in daily life, but there will be a pleasing certainty of normal mental condition.

ABOUT MUSIC.

How Fate Shaped the Life of Simple Mathieu.

Apocalyptic Boots Lead the Wearer to Glory.

A Translation From the French of Tancrede Martel.

Let us not talk about music today. You will find a review of the Symphony concert in another column. Let us now read about Mathieu, who owed fame and fortune to a pair of boots bought of a peddler for \$2. It was Tancrede Martel who first told the story in his racy French, and I do not believe it has been translated. Now it is Englished freely.

And remember that Mathieu is not a solitary. You will find in Symphony concerts or in crowded theatres more than one who enjoys a fictitious reputation as a connoisseur.

THE GENERAL OF THE BATIGNOLLES.
"The future is to the impassive."
Hugues Capet, umbrella-seller at Nimes.

A Z
Victor Hugo.

Were you ever at Albaron?

It is a little village of the Midi, where official life is represented by a postman who goes to and from Arles. Every day the honest fellow, heavy stick in hand, trudges to the Post Office; then, after sundown, after the last distribution, he returns to the village, calm, impassive, smoking a big pipe with quick puffs, with his legs stuffed in yellow, shining leather leggings.

There are seven or eight little cottages, a "mas" surrounded by fig trees, and that is Albaron. But afar off, by the side of the Rhone, is a fine castle, where the Count lived.

Forty years ago, not far from Albaron, a man named Mathieu watched wild horses, and half poacher, half laborer, ran about in this strange country of golden sun and precious silks. No one knew better than he the art of branding a bull or taming

With this brilliant exception, he was indeed a blockhead. A good fellow at bottom, unpretentious, at home in the saddle, but helpless and confused when he was called as a witness before the magistrate. Sun and wine turned his head. The sight of the clerk, the great ivory crucifix, and old Father Ganthemaume in the handsome robe of a Judge drove Mathieu crazy. He was sent away nine times out of ten as an idiot—"illiterate," the clerk wrote, so as not to offend anybody.

One day the life of this keeper of horses was revolutionized. He suddenly was Somebody.

As he was sauntering along the road, exhausted, and eager for his pipe in the sun, Mathieu saw a strapping fellow coming toward him, who was dressed in a blue blouse, with shoulders bent under a heavy burden.

Mathieu looked at him curiously. At first he was afraid. Then he grew calm—remembering that he had his iron trident with him, the distinctive badge of the herdsmen of Camargue. The stranger advanced slowly. He was soon near Mathieu.

Then he threw down brusquely his bundle, cursed and swore, raved against the heat, and tossing his black cap to the ground, he burst out with the old Languedocian expression, "Chavals!"

The stranger was a hawker, one of the cunning and persistent peddlers who thrive near the Garonne and in the rough regions of the Montagne-Noire and Carcassez. In place of foulards, traditional handkerchiefs, linen shirts, blue stockings for the farm help, he carried that day a load of thick marsh-boots, which he hoped to sell to duck hunters and rich proprietors in the district.

Mathieu leaked a smile at the skill of the hawker, who opened his bundle and boasted of the contents with savage hyperbole. As Victor Hugo would say, they set themselves a-talking. A few minutes after the peddler was on his way, and Mathieu returned to Albaron. He was shod in a superb pair of boots—prolix, gigantic, haughty boots—the boots of a cavalry officer—boots that inspire esteem, respect, devotion to the wearer: truly the boots of a rich man.

Finding these enormous boots to his taste, Mathieu adjusted the iron darts which served him as spurs. And when he entered the village there was a scene of delirium, of frenzy. The waiter at the tavern raised his hands to heaven. Mid, the drummer, howled to the ground. Big Madon smiled on him coquettishly. All the lads of the region ran up to him and pointed at the lucky keeper, who, for the mere trifle of 10 francs, had bought these apocalyptic boots.

And they raved in speech.

"Did you ever see such boots?"

"And on Mathieu—who would have thought it."

"Mathieu has boots just like a General's."

Boots just like a General's!

Pate decided then and there. The precise word was found. The situation was described to a T. Mathieu had boots like a General's. This simple sentence murmured by old Blaise, Blaise des Prunes, labeled forever the destiny of the young fellow of Camargue. Everybody proclaimed it from the housetops; farmers, the marsh people, the help, the stable-boys, mistresses and maids, boys and girls did nothing but sing the praises of happy Mathieu. Till sunset, in the little hole of an Albaron, around the great table as on the doorstep, 150 throats of Provence repeated frantically, with the intonations of fakirs and whirling dervishes:

"Boots just like a General's!"

He grew lean; his boots ran down at the heels; they were worn out.

But the surname "General" remained. Nothing could prevent the village from giving him this honor gained so rapidly and at so little cost. Mathieu kept on branding bulls and taming colts. In the morning he cut great hunks of bread which he ate on the plain; at evening he returned to his cottage, melancholy, dreamful, without his

beautiful marsh-boots, always hearing dinned in his ears this obstinate refrain:

"Look at the General."

Glory could not cheer him. It was when the lord of the manor took him into his service that he consented to show again the face of a happy man.

The malicious attributed this new favor to the vanished boots, that rest, legendary, in the memory of the Albaronais. Respect for the truth obliges me to declare that the Count was guided only by the solid worth of Mathieu.

As time went on the Count nearly restored the brain of this timorous villager to an equilibrium. He made him a kind of steward, a "Monsieur" with a vest of red serge, whose duty it was to oversee the day laborers, gardeners, shepherds, ploughmen. Then when Death stroked his eyes, the childless Count bequeathed an income of 20,000 francs to Mathieu, "wishing," he said, "to reward worthily 30 years of devotion to his interests and person."

You can guess what the old friends at Albaron said, I shall not tell you. Jean des Nîffies and Blaise des Prunes nearly lost their breath, and the marvelous incident astonished Arles for a long time.

What would Mathieu do with so much money? Twenty years before he would have been seriously embarrassed by such a windfall. Now he knew pretty well the role that money plays in life of today. The Count had initiated him by degrees into financial matters. Mathieu knew the use

The best thing for him was to abandon his Camargue, to say good-bye to the red flamingo, the purple heron, the ibis, the snipe of the marsh; to quit forever the Saracen-blooded bulls, the fiery horses, the walks of the lordly park, and the groves of fig trees, where on a Sunday the girls and drum-players took their places for the farandole. He chose two or three lads whom he raised to the dignity of valets; and one fine morning, with wallet crammed with deeds and bank notes, M. Mathieu got into a railway car at the Arles station, to the amazement of the good people who remembered his history. The train sped toward Paris. In the middle of the night they stopped in an immense shed, full of noise, smoke, cries; there were employes with laced caps, gangs of husky men.

Paris! This was Paris! The General at first was astonished. Quelling his emotion, he, with his servants, took a carriage.

Eight days after, he had hired a house in the Batignolles district, a charming, discreet little mansion, one of those privileged dwellings that Paris hides so often in an eccentric quarter; nests for young couples; sometimes places of retirement for old officers; but generally the proper retreat for a melancholy fund-holder, one little disposed to see life on the asphalt.

To befit his age, M. Mathieu underwent a transformation. His corporation increased; his gray beard ran to a point; he affected a kind of stiffness in his gait; he took care to button methodically his furred and sumptuous overcoat. He never went abroad without a cane. The woman of whom he bought meat, and she was a daughter of Paris, believed he was a rich Chinaman, but the fruit seller on the corner thought him a Russian. A coffee house keeper in the boulevard Pereire, where Mathieu took a grog every Saturday, was the only one who pretended to have discovered the true nationality of this mysterious and unsociable customer who never spoke.

They did not even know his name in the quarter. But names signify nothing in Paris. Some indiscreet persons pumped the postman and the servants.

The postman said, "He's an old General."

The servants squeaked in wild French and with metallic accent some incoherent words which did not appease public curiosity, but confirmed the foreign origin of the mysterious dwellers in the little house.

The coffee-house keeper had his own idea. One morning he saw M. Mathieu pass by wearing another cap and with a hussar's jacket with Brandenburgs of black silk, and he declared solemnly that the unknown was a Polish General, compromised in the last insurrection and exiled by the Tsar for important political reasons.

Parisians are easily convinced. They at once sympathized with M. Mathieu, who in turn was grateful; for that same winter he distributed, they say, 3000 bread-tickets among the poor.

Now it happened that the secretary of a Consul called, thanked him in the name of his Government, and finally decorated him with an order. M. Mathieu could find nothing to say during the interview. Pure emotion, no doubt. By inclinations of the head, by courteous salutes, the secretary understood that the order was accepted. The ribbon was partly jonquil, partly red; a pretty harmony. M. Mathieu put it in his buttonhole, pulled and greased his moustache, carried a stick instead of a cane. He had always been an excellent horseman. He resumed his riding. And now sure enough he was "the old Polish General who has lived for some time in the Batignolles."

The war broke out. Besieged Paris was full of cannon, mitrailleuses, battalions. Trochu was the last hope.

M. Mathieu was a hero. He was invaluable to the Mayoralty of the ward. He subscribed to ambulances, lint, pea jackets for the militia, etc. The Batignolles worshipped him. Melancholy, thoughtful, gentle, he bowed to the praise and kept on in his good work. The parish councilor called on him. There were letters from members of the Government. Prominent traders mentioned him to the Mayor of Paris.

Jules Ferry had a happy idea.

"You say that he is a General?"

"A Polish General."

"Good. We'll give him the same rank in the French army."

They asked the Governor of Paris: "Have you any vacancies on the staff of Ducrot?"

"Only one, a brigade of infantry without anyone at the head."

The next morning M. Mathieu, to his astonishment, was summoned before Trochu, who showed him a parchment nomination.

The brave General did not open his mouth.

Trochu then spoke: "The Government thinks, my dear General, that it cannot better show its appreciation of your services. France needs the help of all that love her. The moment is come for you to thank her for her hospitality. You accept, of course. Ducrot will be delighted to have you."

M. Mathieu, still more astonished, moved slightly his head.

"And now your name, dear General?"

M. Mathieu was affected. He broke si-

The Second Concert Given by Mr. Stavenhagen and Master Gerardy.

The second concert given by Mr. Stavenhagen and Master Gerardy in Music Hall last evening was in certain respects more interesting even than was the first. The eminent players were heard together in chamber music, and there was a greater opportunity to weigh the claims of the 'cellist, for his selections called for a fuller display of versatility. Popper, Popper, and again Popper, is a burden, and after a few minutes nearly everything by the industrious man sounds alike.

Mr. Stavenhagen began by playing Schumann's Fantasia, op. 17, and here he appeared to least advantage. Not because he missed the fine pedal effect of the sustained notes just before the adagio of a few measures is the first movement, not because he occasionally failed to bring out the melodic lines of inner voices; not because he made an awkward and disturbing pedal effect in the cadenza that leads into the movement entitled "Im Legendenton;" but because he seemed to miss throughout the work the peculiar strength and fantasy of Schumann. His performance of the second movement was almost monochromatic, and the climax was long anticipated. Throughout this movement there was little attention paid to nuances. But in the pieces by Liszt—an arrangement of a Polish song by Chopin, and arrangements of Paganini's "La Chasse" and "La Campanella," as well as in the Rhapsodie Hongroise and his own charming Pastorale played in response to imperious recalls, he revealed himself as a pianist of the first rank.

He showed strength without brutality; delicacy that was never effeminate; brilliancy that was never deliberately sensational. In the charm of his interpretation, one forgot the occasional flimsiness of the composer's thought. Admirable, wholly admirable was the playing of the pieces by Liszt; a delight that was genuine, that is to be remembered without doubt or without repentance. Such a performance is, indeed, an eventful date in the annals of our local music.

The sonata for 'cello and piano by Beethoven was op. 69, the one dedicated to Reichenselt, the one written "Inter lacrimas et luctum." It is true that Music Hall is not favorable to chamber music, and as the piano lid was raised to its full height, there was not always the due proportion that should have been maintained; and yet there was much pleasure in the hearing. Master Gerardy played with a seriousness, an appreciation of dynamics, and a mature musical understanding that many a full-grown master of technique might well envy. Men and brethren, this is no infant phenomenon. This is a well equipped 'cellist who is a born musician. Shut your eyes and listen to him. Is there any lack of virility? Is there any suspicion of absence of pulse? Is there any thought of immaturity in tone, expression or technique? The solo pieces played by Master Gerardy were an andante from a concerto by Sitt, Popper's second Tarantelle and Gavotte (D major), and the familiar air by Bach. Relieved by a storm of applause at the very end of the concert, he played Saint-Saens's "Cygne."

Who be sure the weather was unfavorable, the musicians of such ability deserved a larger audience. Those that had the good fortune to be present were loud in their appreciation. But where were the many amateurs who boast of the musical culture of this town? Perhaps they were talking, or in a journey, or peradventure they slept.

A recital will be given Thursday afternoon (tomorrow) in Music Hall, at 2.30 o'clock. Mr. Stavenhagen will play variations on a theme by Bach, and 2 Legends by Liszt; 2 studies by Henselt and 3 pieces of his own. Master Gerardy will play pieces by Mendelssohn, Herbert, Bach-Gounod and Davidoff. The pianist and 'cellist will be heard together in Grieg's sonata.

PHILIP HALE.

Sybil Sanderson has been away from this country for some years. Nevertheless the American public has seen a great deal of her—in photographs.

The English version of "La Belle Poule," now playing at the Castle Square, is not the first. Soldene produced one, entitled "Poulet and Poulette," at the Gaiety Theatre, London, March 25, 1879.

"Pupils who use tobacco in the public schools of France are promptly dismissed." N. B. The tobacco in France is very bad.

Is not sterilizing certain school books like dumping sand on barren soil?

"Experiments show that a book can be heated through and all germs be destroyed." These trials have been made probably on collections of calm geographical statements and staid rules of arithmetic. What would the result be if the perfervid "Laus Veneris" were exposed to a still more blistering heat? Would Swinburnian germs lose their force, or would they appear glorified, as the three men in Nebuchadnezzar's burning, fiery furnace?

The personal estate of the late Jay Gould, historian and railroad wrecker, is more than \$73,000,000. He could afford to look after Mr. Byrnes.

Mr. Frederic Harrison defines patriotism as "a narrow, supercilious, and effete superstition." But did not the New York Evening Post anticipate him in the definition?

Sybil Sanderson and Antonio Terry are dressed appropriately on La Champagne.

That portrait of Mary Lyon at Mt. Holy-Seminary must look unutterable things.

Every device, legal or otherwise, will be resorted to to secure a new trial for ext. Stevenson." The police force has begged \$25,000 for the purpose. How t the deep-seated repentance and the feeling of conscience in the police circuit New York.

It appears that after Miss Cissy Loftis was photographed in costume for her imitations of several women well known to the stage, "She was photographed with her bridegroom husband, Justin Huntley McCarthy, in an affectionate attitude." But this is exasperatingly vague. Did she sit on his knee? Did they hold hands? Or were they reading with heads in loving juxtaposition one of Mr. McCarthy's glowing Pall Mall Gazette panegyrics upon her performance, written before he won her as his bride?

In view of the reception of his last play Henry James, Esq., may well ask does voluntary expatriation pay?

Why this slant of the New York Tribune against Yvette Guilbert, who does not propose to visit our land? Or is it a part of an elaborate advertising scheme, for a picture of her with exceeding low necked gown illuminates the denunciation and whets curiosity? Perhaps she's coming after all.

There is no cable to spirit-land and so the late Cyrus W. Field will not be pained by hearing of the prospective disappearance of his estate.

It appears that "heartly good will" in the cooking is more precious than the materials and that the cook must love the possible eater as well as the appointed task. There is a landlady in a Western hotel who walks through the kitchen "saying softly to some mixer or stirrer as she passes, 'Put in plenty of love today.'" Will love of itself lighten biscuit and pie crust and relax the sinews of a steak? In such a hotel is there no heaviness that endures for a night?

There is a wail in Harper's Bazar over the gradual disappearance of the evening call. The writer claims that the young man who is in business is now under the new law obliged to spend his evenings at his club or at the theatre. Is woman then no longer a lodestone? Is it true that, as the Bazar says, the girls of today "never have a quiet evening at home with their friends"? It seems to us that this writer takes a parochial view.

And yet how different is the modern call from that which formerly led to a quarrel or marriage. The time was when, at the sound of the door bell, parents and embarrassing sister or brother scurried up the staircase like frightened rabbits, while Maria was left alone to be surprised in the act of reading or bending over fancy work, so that the soft light fell on her creamy nape. Then there was regulating of the chandelier, there were low murmurs, there were inexplicable silences and unnecessarily loud and frank conversation on trivial subjects as Algernon stood for a moment in the hall before presenting an affidavit that he had spent a pleasant evening.

Jan 10. 1895

It is a pleasure to see the Hon. E. S. Roe standing up for his sex. In his address to the Woman Suffrage Association he remarked: "If a man says anything that goes contrary to your belief, don't object, don't hiss, and don't groan." Such words should be written in letters of gold over every family mantelpiece.

There should be stated hours in every day when to work would be illegal.

It was ^{old} times who remarked the other day, "I see that theatres are constantly advertising their attractions. Why are they not honest; why do they never speak of their repulsions?"

The messenger boy should be lucky. He is born with a caul.

How many belated rounders must bless the laws of Chronos. Between 12 and 2 the clock strikes thrice a single blow.

There are many formal dinners where enforced sobriety would welcome alcoholic capsules.

New York was born under a malignant planet. Although it has shaken off Tammany, it still suffers from the grip.

"Mr. Theodore Nast, a New York caricaturist, who acquired great fame in the 'Boss Tweed' days, will shortly give an illustrated lecture at the Lyceum." Thus speaks a London journal. And now Tom Nast knows the vaporousness of reputation.

This is the feast-day of St. William, who always wore a hair shirt, "and never added nor diminished anything in his clothes either winter or summer." There is a well educated, well bred man in this town, a man of sound mind, engaging conversation, family devotion and public spirit, who never wears an hair shirt of any description in summer or winter. Let us hasten to add that in hot weather he dons a fatigue shirt. But in winter when he is in evening dress, nothing is between his manly breast and the world but faultless linen. There are Russian gentlemen who, in the severest cold, never wear flannels, red jaeger, medicated, unmedicated, or the plain ordinary underwear of commerce; because, as they say, they will not be effeminate and make themselves unduly sensitive.

There is no doubt but that many dress absurdly in winter. They swelter in overheated rooms on account of the weight of their dress. When they are exposed to the cold, they shiver, and Pneumonia, who stands by them as they wait for a street car, sniggers and forces his card upon them.

This is also the festival of Paul, the first of the hermits. For 89 years he clothed and fed himself by the sole aid of a palm tree. The advantages or disadvantages of such an inexpensive tailor and cook in one are shown by the fact that he died in his 113th year. Lions scratched with their claws his grave, and roared in sorrow as good Anthony put in the ground the body of the saint. That man is little to be envied who can see in these old legends only absurdity. The faith of those early days was sincere. Men and women gave up their lives for a principle. There was little or no juggling with the words, no attempt to be popular with the world, and at the same time save the soul.

To M. B.: You ask the meaning of "sgraffito." It is a method of painting on stucco, in which a ground of dark stucco is covered with a coat of white, and the design is formed by scraping this away for the shadows.

The Gradgrinds of today claim that the old saying is wrong, that a green Yule does not make a full kirkyard, but a hard winter brings a heavier death rate than an open one. It is said in England just now that the hearse is in strong request, and a greener Christmas was never known. The reason of the old saying is patent: If there is no snow, the rains are apt to be extraordinary, and thousands of people live in what is no better than a marsh.

So young Mrs. Cassius M. Clay is to be educated. She is to receive lessons in "deportment, music and the ordinary branches of learning." The experiment may be dangerous. The General fell in love with her when she had only "the rudiments of an education." Her simple devotion moved him. When she is polished and sandpapered, she may discover her mistake and be a stormy May to his January.

Let us not forget the farmer. Does time hang heavy on his hands? What did Thomas Tusser advise over three centuries ago?

"From Christmas, till May be well entered in, Some cattle wax faint, and look poorly and thin; And chiefly when prime grass at first doth appear,

Then most is the danger of all the whole year.

Take verjuice and heat it, a pint for a cow, Bay salt, a handful, to rub tongue ye wot how; That done with the salt, let her drink off the rest; This many times raiseth the feeble up beast."

Jan 11. 1895

The Third Concert of Mr. Stavenhagen and Master Gerardy.

The program of the Stavenhagen-Gerardy concert given in Music Hall yesterday was as follows:

Sonata for piano and violoncello.....Grieg
Mr. Stavenhagen.
Master Gerardy.
Variations on a theme by J. S. Bach.....Liszt
Three piano pieces (Op. 5).....Stavenhagen
(Capriccio-Intermezzo-Menuetto-Scherzando.)
Mr. Stavenhagen.
Lied ohne worte.....Mendelssohn
Serenade.....Herbert
Tarantella.....Herbert
Master Gerardy.
Two Studies.....Henselt
Two Legends.....Liszt
Mr. Stavenhagen.
Ave Maria.....Bach-Gounod
Mazourka du Concert.....Davidoff
Master Gerardy.

Perhaps this concert was not up to the level of the two preceding. Master Gerardy was not always wholly in the vein, and yet how admirably he played the mazourka. The sonata by Grieg needs a much smaller hall for the complete revelation of its beauties. It is too intimate a thing; it seemed a shame to expose it in such a bleak and barren place. The performance of the slow movement gave much pleasure, and both the pianist and the 'cellist had fine moments in the opening allegro and the finale, but there was at times a suspicion that the task must be accomplished.

Mr. Stavenhagen is a Liszt player first, last and always; but it takes much fasting and prayer to have body and mind in a sympathetic state for receiving the gospel as preached by Liszt in his two Legends and the Variations on a theme by Bach. Repeated hearings of the twittering, chirping birds and the baritone saint, the raging billows and the heavy-footed saint who went splosh-splosh, singing the while a hymn, only confirm the opinion expressed in the Journal months ago; the pieces show Liszt as the concocter of bombastic phrases that really say but little. It is the juggler in the cassock of the abbé. As for the variations, they are of finer workmanship; but why in the world did Liszt put such importance on the commonplace, and use it so freely for padding? He may fume, fret, raise hands to heaven, bow down to it and swing incense before it so that the bystander is for a moment almost converted. The cloud of incense rolls away, and there is the same old commonplace. Mr. Stavenhagen played all these pieces superbly. The first of his own compositions is a pretty thing; the second seemed without marked distinction; and I confess I have forgotten the third. In these pieces there is a mild trace of Brahms.

There was hearty applause and there were recalls. Mr. Stavenhagen played "La Chasse," Paganini-Liszt, for the third time in Boston, and Liszt's arrangement of the Erl King.

The last recital by these eminent artists will be in Music Hall Saturday afternoon, Dec. 23, at 2 o'clock.

...at the thought of the
...seeker on the coast, encouraged
...yants armed with a new species
...g-rol, contending in the very pres-
...gold with ghostly shapes that
...and cave. Mr. Horgan, the brave
...under the spell of Kidd, and the
...mighty one. Mr. Horgan is not
...there are Poe and Stevenson and
...on Irving and George William
...Mr. Hoyt, and every restless boy
...lover of adventure, though he
...only in library corner. And yet
...that they are seeking and ab-
...in, and possibly admiring, is not
...Mam Kidd of history; it is the man
...wild ballad with its haunting refrain,
...I sailed, when I sailed." The for-
...was a veteran mariner who sailed
...New York in 1697 with 150 men in
...Adventure Galley." And sailing
...the Indian Ocean he and his merry
...blundered Mussulmans, Armenians and
...Suguese. Even in history the details
...conflicting. There is no doubt but that
...buried treasure on the eastern end of
...Island. So, too, the coast of New
...and the banks of the Hudson still
...his hoard. His ghost must be
...easy; it is, no doubt, multifarious.
...everything is clear and distinct about
...of "Kidd's Lament." His name
...rt. It is to be supposed that he
...g, for he cursed his father and
...er; he confesses it: "and so wick-
...d swear, when I sailed, when I
...He sunk the Bible in the sand.
...dered William Moore, he killed his
...and much precious blood did spill;
...e the refrain changes curiously to
...ed, as I sailed." He says nothing
...e spice-perfumed seas, but he
...ships from France and Spain, and
...egate he gave the invitation that
...ings in the ears of many: "Come,
...young and old, you're welcome to
...old." Alas, the treasure seekers do
...member the first verse of the ballad
...solemn warning:

...ptains brave and bold, though you seem
...uncontrolled,
...for the sake of gold, lose your souls, lose
...our souls.

...ne. For sake of gold, lose your souls."
...en. My staid, smug men there are to-
...once played at pirate, and envied
...dd. Kidd to those boys was a
...s being. In the general destruc-
...is playmates by enforced walking
...lank, suspension from the yard
...out of outlass, there was always
...girl who escaped and became the
...e under the black flag. The
...as not confined to rival school
...of the first victims in imagina-
...one sexton who had thumped him
...inopportunately at a Sunday
...ay rt. Coupled with the sexton
...hi. with severe ideas on disci-
...mat-
...mer that drove him out of the
...ever lark that told his father and
...thy to punishment—they, too,
...in procession. Reserved for his
...terrible vengeance was the
...ed his face in the snow even
...nce of the adored one. Nor
...taste for plundering die always
...of boy days. The amateur some-
...omes a professional. He is a
...or a publisher. Let it here be
...el that piracy was regarded by
...nt Greeks as an honorable pro-

...treasure-seeker it is immaterial
...id was Robert or William. With
...st some might well envy, the
...blooms, ingots, jewels, plate,
...supernatural. He toils as
...for assured wages. He fears
...se that must rest on such a
...is the spirit that discovered
...nied cities, and created States,
...ary figure near Nahant is of
...ortion.

...the question of a 6 cent
...r 5-cent fare, it might
...t. Why should not a seat
...for each 5-cent fare?

...L. Sullivan, the eminent
...the ominous name
...On the contrary, it
...in a 1904, firm
...in any business I
...proceeded.

...bodies out of the
...the tragedy in-
...here in Boston to
...or provide means of

Gerardy is getting a big boy now. By the way, who is not the name of his pretty sister on the program as the accompanist? She is his sister, is she not, and her name is Therese. Then there are curious harpers who wonder whether the gentleman who turns the leaves is Prof. Gerardy, the proud father. He at least turns with accuracy and dignity.

At any rate the boy seems well guarded. Does he enjoy his own performance? Or is he at times bored by the applause, and the consequent walking across the stage, bowing and scraping? Will he suffer from woman's flattery, as did Maurice Dengre-mont? Or will the sweetest and most beguiling voice be that of his violoncello?

The members of Sorosis are human, no better than their fathers or their husbands. The club is now a prey to hysteria. The disturbing cause is not some vital social question; it has nothing to do with the oppression of woman by the brute man, or any proposed reform in dress. The luncheons do not give satisfaction. Mrs. Jennie Lozier declared to a reporter that she could only speak well of the ice cream. Mrs. Jacob Hess referred in bitter tones to the "mysterious" and "terrible" tamales which composed the second course.

The death of Archibald Gordon reveals at last a secret. He was the author of that famous article on the ugliness of Chicago which appeared in the New York Sun at the beginning of the Columbian Exposition.

The State Agricultural Society of Connecticut has taken measures to do away with the "objectionable features" at the next annual fair. But what is a State fair without fakirs? Half the enjoyment of attending is the well-known possibility of being swindled in some new and experimental or old and approved fashion.

The moral movement in Philadelphia may decree that "Tribby" must go. Meanwhile the publishers smile and say, "Go ahead, gentlemen; persecution helps the business."

The Transcript says: "It seems to be a fad to rail against the libretto of a comic opera." Let us see. Was it not the Transcript that indulged itself in this fad this very week?

Young Mrs. Sydney Harris, Jr., who proposes to go on the stage and leave New York society, is an agreeable variation on an old theme: "I do not do so because I am devoted to art or anything of that sort, but simply to make money." No talk of elevating the stage or of an irresistible conviction of dramatic duty owed the world. Just plain business. Here's to her honesty!

That wife-beaters should be whipped by law is not an idea original with Mr. Gerry. It has often been proposed, and such a punishment might prove to be deterrent. That the whipping or application of the dingbats should be administered by machinery is not original with Dr. Grannis. Puck long ago illustrated the idea in a cartoon.

This is the anniversary of the death of Sir Hans Sloane, physician and naturalist, who, although famous for hospitality, never gave his guests salmon, champagne or burgundy.

Cissy Fitzgerald took a malicious pleasure in asserting and hearing asserted in open court that her dancing was neither "unique, peculiar nor extraordinary." If she had not broken her contract with Mr. Edwardes, would she have submitted tamely to such a charge? At the same time Miss Fitzgerald told the truth; her dance is not original. Nor did she in "The Galley Girl" efface the memory of Little Lind, or Silvia Gray.

Jan 12 - 95

Mr. Carl Raeten gave the first of two piano recitals in Bumstead Hall yesterday afternoon. He played the Chromatic fantasia, D major andantino, from Short Preludes, Gavotte, D minor, from English Suites, Prelude and fugue, A minor, by Bach; Beethoven's sonata Pathétique, and rondo, op. 51, No. 2; and these pieces by Brahms: Scherzo, op. 4, Intermezzo op. 119, No. 2, and variations and fugue on a theme by Handel. Mr. Raeten's performance was characterized chiefly by sturdiness. In certain ways, such as the use of the pedal, the pianist was at times singularly old-fashioned. The tone was at times hard and dry, and too often there was professorial austerity where there should have been beauty and grace. The next recital will be on Monday, the 21st at 2 P. M.

A servant-girl was heard to say the other day, "This is desperate weather." Neither Walter Pater nor Apuleius, each fastidious as to the proper word, could have surpassed this description.

If on January 12 the sun shine, it fore-shows much wind.

The Adamowski Quartet, Mr. Timothee Adamowski leader, presents constantly musical novelties at its concerts. This led a conservative to remark, "Timeo Adamowski, et dona ferentes."

A contemporary remarks, "Colombe's Birthday," played in Boston by Julia Marlowe Taher and her company, is a pretty compliment to the Browning Society. Truly a parochial view. Perhaps our contemporary will claim that Browning wrote the play for the express edification of the society.

They say that in the absence of Lady Henry Somerset Queen Victoria has fallen victim to the living-picture craze, and proposes to have an exhibition at Osborne House. But where are Mrs. Laura Chant and the rest of the noble army of British matrons? "Several of the royal household are to appear in the cast." The Prince of Wales will probably figure prominently in "The Rake's Progress."

The Gould property will soon be dissipated. One of the sons purposes to lease a London theatre and produce burlesque plays.

An infant phenomenon will visit Boston this season. Her name is Frieda Simonson, she is a pianist, and she was born in 1884. Her press agent, a master of the art, declares in low, passionate tones that she is healthy, kind, and sound, fond of her dolls, "and perfectly free from any artificiality indicative of forced talent." It appears that Frieda delights in playing in public, "and it is said that the first question she asks on entering a concert hall is 'Are the critics all here?'"

Frieda will be heard in company with Juanito Manen, the Spanish boy violinist. However, as Germany persists in sending over her aged and infirm singers, our musical public will be able to strike an average.

The appearance of Mr. W. H. H. Murray at a hotel landlord's dinner in New York recalls the fact that he is still alive.

Why should not some of the old color names be revived? Here in Boston a century ago the fashionable colors in lute strings were plumb, pink, fystale, cinnamon and laylock.

The year 1894 in England will be famous for its lack of sunshine and its low price of cereals. "It saw prices so low that one has to go back to the reign of Queen Elizabeth to get similar figures." Wheat in October fell to 17s. 6d.; barley in August to 16s. 5d., and oats in October to 13s. per quarter. In many cases the prices were so miserable that the corn had to be fed to stock.

We hear a good deal about the simplicity of life in America in the 18th century, but there was probably greater attention paid by men to the matter of dress than is paid today. George Washington, who to the great and careless world is either in uniform or solemn black, was fussy enough at the age of 15 to make this note for the benefit of his tailor: Memorandum—To have my coat made by the following Directions, to be made a Frock with a Lapel Breast. The Lapel to contain on each side six Button Holes and to be about 5 or 6 inches wide all the way equal, and to turn as the Breast on the Coat does, to have it made very long Waisted and in Length to come down to or below the bent of the knee, the Waist from the Armpit to the Fold to be exactly as long or Longer than from thence to the Bottom, not to have more than one fold in the Skirt and the top to be made just to turn in and three Button Holes, the Lapel at the top to turn as the Cape of the Coat and Button to come parallel with the Button Holes and the last Button Hole on the Breast to be right opposite the Button on the Hip.

Even night-gowns of such swells as Gov. Belcher were of "the best Genoa-damask that is made for men's wear," and they were lined with deep crimson.

It is a noticeable fact that the Latin School as well as the English High School in Boston has an orchestra. Yet in spite of such training and in spite of the music schools of the country, how many American born and American educated musicians are in any leading orchestra in this country?

Pictures in the shop-windows show Napoleon crossing the Alps on a foaming steed. Battle pictures set him on a red-eyed, glaring charger with a freak mane. Now Dazot assures us that Napoleon was a bad horseman, and his fiery, untamed, Ukranian steeds had to be broken in before he could keep them quiet. In other words his choice was "a family horse, sound and kind." According to Dazot, Napoleon told the painter that the likeness was immaterial, so long as he was shown calming a restive horse. As a matter of fact the Corsican crossed the Alps on a mule, and Delaroche so painted him.

Jan 13 - 95

Brother Dana agrees with Brother Pulitzer, at least in theory. The first duty of a reporter is accuracy, accuracy, accuracy.

Senator Hill is going out a good deal this season. He will soon have the reputation of a genial.

Vitriol throwing has always been considered a French pastime, enjoyed by jealous women. The news from Connecticut shows that there is a new and imported discouragement for newspaper men.

Godard, the French composer, who died the 11th, is a name not unknown to Boston concert-goers. Whatever may be the verdict of Time on his works, Godard suffered during his life from the thought of non-

MUSIC.

The First Concert Given by Ysaye in Music Hall.

Mr. Eugene Ysaye, violinist, assisted by Miss Theodora Pfafflin, soprano, and Mr. Aimé Lachaume, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Music Hall. There was a very large and enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows:

Sonata for violin and piano.....Cesar Franck (First Time.)
Messrs. Ysaye and Lachaume.
Air, "Samson et Dalila".....Saint-Saens
Miss Pfafflin.
Fantasia Appassionata.....Vieuxtemps
Mr. Ysaye.
Ballade, in A flat major.....Chopin
Mr. Lachaume.
Sonata, in D minor, Sarabande, Gigue, Chaconne, for violin alone.....Bach
Mr. Ysaye.
a Pastorale.....Bizet
b "Les Niles de Cadix".....Debussy
Miss Pfafflin.
Soll for violin, Scene au Berceau; Mazurka, No. 3 ("Dans le lointain"); Saltarelle Carnavalesque.....Ysaye
Mr. Ysaye.

Glorious and entrancing as was the playing of Ysaye, the virtuoso, the feature of the concert was the sonata of César Auguste Franck as played by Ysaye and Lachaume. For here, at last, was an opportunity of hearing in its perfection a masterpiece by one of the greatest composers of this century. These are big words. Time will nod his head to the truth of the statement.

How quiet and how useful was the life of this modest musician, who is almost unknown in this country, although a few organists appreciate the worth of the pieces written for their instrument by him. He was born in Liège, as was Ysaye. The year of his birth was 1822, and when he was 15 he entered the Paris Conservatory. In Paris he spent the rest of his life, and there

he died in 1890. In Paris he was not appreciated by the public while he was alive, and yet his beautiful oratorio "Ruth" was produced as long ago as 1846. In 1872 he was nominated professor of the organ at the Conservatory, and thus he influenced modern French music; for to many young composers who wished to devote themselves to orchestral composition he was the beloved and revered "Père Franck."

This is not the place to give a list of his orchestral and choral works, his songs and chamber music. Each year they are heard more frequently, and in Germany he has obtained his just rating. It is enough to say here that the sonata for violin and piano is one of his later works.

The most serious-minded of French musicians admit his pre-eminence in absolute music in France. Conservatives and radicals agree in this. It was Chabrier who spoke in the name of the Société Nationale at his grave. Among the illustrious pupils are Fauré, Bruneau, Messager, Vincent d'Indy, Coquard, Camille Benoit, Hue, Péro, Tiersot, Augusta Holmès; it is a long list.

The chief characteristic of this sonata so superbly played by pianist as well as violinist is its intense purity. Here is music free from earthly dross. In an age when all Frenchmen as Matthew Arnold said are given up apparently to the worship of the goddess Lubricity, here is music without suggestion of woman, without a trace of human passion. To some perhaps the themes may seem cold; say, rather, mystical. But how noble, how spiritual are the themes and developments. Here is nothing carelessly contrived for the display of virtuosity. On the contrary, there is absolute finish without thought of personal display for the interpreters. How lovely, how musical the canon in the finale; but would a careless hearer have ever suspected that the flowing measures were a triumph of scholastic skill?

There is nothing new to be said of Ysaye's performance. He was tested yesterday in every way, and in every way he acquitted

himself manfully and artistically. His greatest popular success was undoubtedly in the piece by Vieuxtemps, although he was recalled again and again after the Bach chaconne. It is easy to prophesy that some will never be satisfied with his playing of Bach. They will complain of elegance, of sentiment, of a lack of scratching vitality, and heaven knows what beside. The trouble with these good people is that they have evolved a Bach out of their inner consciousness, and then they fit the player to their idea of the composer. But was Bach as dry as they pretend? Had he not feeling, passions, soul, aspirations, doubts? Why should he be hammered out, or dried and salted? And yet some would say seriously, "When you play Bach, shut your eyes, saw away, keep time with your foot, and breathe hard. Remember that Bach must not be played as though he were a modern." To which a polite though not forcible enough answer is "Fudge."

Mr. Ysaye's pieces were chiefly interesting on account of the fact that they were played by the composer. They are pretty enough and catchy—and that is all.

Admirable in all respects was the piano playing of Mr. Lachaume. When he was at the Boston Museum as the pianist of the "Enfant Prodiges" Company he delighted by his skill and sympathetic treatment. Yesterday he showed a finely-developed technique, artistic intelligence and indisputable musical feeling. He is, indeed, a welcome visitor.

As for Miss Pfafflin she sang the passionate aria from "Samson et Dalila" with the coquetry of a canary bird. In the other selections she was heard to greater advantage.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Concerning the Genesis of "The Dragoon's Daughter."

What Happened to Ysaye and His Newfoundland Dog.

Thoughts Suggested by the Appearance of Stavenhagen.

How operettas wander about, change their name, outgrow their clothes, try their luck in different ways!

Our vivacious and comely friend, Miss Beaudet, is now to be seen and heard in an operetta entitled, "The Dragoon's Daughter," and the program announces that the libretto is the handiwork of Mr. I. W. Norcross, Jr. You would naturally suppose, especially if you are addicted to the operetta habit, that the dragoon's daughter would enter in the second act in dragoon's costume, with a feminine martial step, to the blare of trumpets, beating of drums and noisy appreciation of an audience half out of the seats. But there's nothing of the kind. There is a dragoon song, but 'tis the peasant girl, in peasant dress, that sings it. However, this is not to be a rehash of Tuesday's opinions, but a little chapter in the history of operetta.

I wish, for instance, that Mr. Norcross had worded it this way, "Partially adapted from the French," or "Suggested by the French," or "an English version rewritten."

For here is an account of the genesis, growth and transformations of an operetta.

The newly-born was named "La Belle Poule," and the birthplace was the Folies Dramatiques, Paris. The night was Dec. 30, the year 1875. The parents were Crémieux and Saint-Albin, and the music for the occasion was furnished by Hervé. Some complained of the music, spoke of it as a collection of the "familiar incoherencies," and thus planted daggers in the breast of poor Florimond Roger, otherwise known as Hervé, comedian, singer, librettist, conductor, manager, composer and lunatic. But the operetta ran 54 nights.

Let us digress a moment. It is the custom to abuse Hervé like a pickpocket, and yet he was a man of parts. Do you know anything about the life of this strange being, who claimed, not without reason, to be the father of French operetta? He was born in 1825, at Houdain, near Arras. He studied music in Paris, and was first a church organist. So was Vasseur, so was Lecocq. It was in 1848 that he first appeared before theatre-goers as the composer of an "intermède," "Don Quichotte," and he sang in it. Then he turned orchestra leader, and he ran a sort of a café-concert, which he named the Folies-concertantes. For this little theatre he was, in turn, stage carpenter, scene painter, librettist, composer, singer and leader. He would play the chief part in his own piece, and, when he had nothing to do on the stage, he would put himself at the head of the orchestra. These pieces, produced in 1855 and 1856, paved the way for Offenbach and his successors. The busy man went to Marseilles, he sang second tenor parts at Montpellier, he journeyed to Cairo, but in 1862 he was again in Paris and writing one-act operettas. In 1865 he was comedian in the famous spectacular piece, "La Biche au bois" ("The White Fawn").

And then he wrote the words and music of that madly funny "L'Oeil Crève" (1867). All Paris ran to see it, on account of its unheard-of extravagance and the rush and whirl of its music. Then followed "Chilpéric" (1868). It was less successful. Hervé immediately wrote a parody of his own historical parody and named it "Chilméric." Then came "Le Petit Faust," which was the rage. Other pieces were received coldly and even with hostile demonstrations. In 1870 and 1871 Hervé played and sang in London in English, and in 1874 he directed concerts at the Covent-Garden. "Lili" bears the date of '82, and "Mamzelle Nitouche" of '83. He died in 1892, in a fit of passion, they say, provoked by unfavorable reviews of his latest work. But such statements are always open to suspicion. John Keats was not killed by an article, in spite of Byron's sneering claim.

Comettant told the following story after Hervé's death: "We were all poor at the Conservatory, and it was Florimond's dream to find a place as professor at a boarding school, as tenor in a company—he had a very good voice—or as organist in a church."

One day he entered the class joyfully radiant.

"I've found it; a most enviable position; board, lodging and washing, and 75 francs a month."

"Capital," said de Rillé; "and where?"

"At Bicêtre."

"Stop!" said Réty; "there is a madhouse there."

Exactly, that's the place.

"Go on; why do you go to a madhouse?" "To teach the poor creatures to sing in chorus. The chief doctor is persuaded that nothing is more likely to calm their excited nerves and to interest all the lunatics than music; I shall be their maestro di cappella. I shall be enormously interested in making these people, who have lost their power of putting together reasonably four consecutive words, sing truly and harmoniously. I set aside the violent ones at once, because they are dangerous. One of these mornings I shall invite you all to come to my Conservatoire to hear unc messe du Saint-Esprit chantée par ces esprits mal sains." (Florimond, like Thalberg, loved to play upon words.)

I remember that he asked us all for choruses for his sad pupils, not too difficult, and of a sweet and quiet expression. He told us some of the fantasies of his singers. One of them would only sing with his head in the air as if he were gargling his throat; another would only consent to utter a sound with his back turned to the conductor. Unfortunate Florimond! All these caprices amused him much, and I am convinced that he would not have become the 'cracked composer,' as he called himself, if he had not been music-master to these sick-in-soul."

Now "La Belle Poule" was given in this city at the Boston Theatre by the Aimée Company, June 14, 1877. The Journal of the 15th praised both the music and the performance. The cast was as follows:

PouletRaoult
The BaronReine
The ChevalierDuplan
PouletteAimée
FoedoraGueymard

But before this the Soldene Company appeared in an English version of "La Belle Poule," entitled "Poulet and Poulette." It was given at the Globe Theatre, April 9, 10, 12, 1877. Much of Hervé's music was cut out, although the reviewer stated in the Journal of June 15, when he heard the operetta given in French and in a complete form, that it was not without marked merit. The cast was as follows:

PouletKnight Ashton
The BaronEdward Marshall
The ChevalierC. J. Campbell
PouletteEmily Soldene
FoedoraRose Stella
The MarchionessCissy Durant

And in the third act, in the "Grand Quadrille Carnavalesque" (sic) Sara appeared, Sara the Kicker, assisted by three young ladies. Do you remember Sara? You do, if you ever saw her. There are certain things never to be forgotten, such as the first sight of the ocean or Niagara; the days of wooing; the first appearance of one's name in print; and Sara. Where is she now? Has Death stiffened those agile, flexible, entrancing limbs, for Sara danced

with arms and body as well as with legs? Or did some rapt spectator court and win her, and does she now confine her kicking to irritable episodes within domestic walls?

Under these circumstances Mr. Norcross might at least have allowed that the libretto of "The Dragoon's Daughter" was "suggested" by "La Belle Poule," or adapted from an English version.

They tell this story about Ysaye and his Newfoundland dog. This dog was cherished by the great fiddler as the apple of his eye. So in the summer Ysaye could not brook the idea of muzzling the noble animal, although police regulations were strict; he gave him free run of his country place near Brussels. But the village was a favorite resort on Sundays and other festivals for the townsfolk of Brussels. They could not appreciate the animal; they did not find him sympathetic; nor did the dog approve of them; he showed his displeasure on sundry occasions by inserting his teeth in the calves of their legs. Not without reason did they make complaint to the sky and to the police. Four times was the fiddler summoned to appear before the magistrate, and each time he made a generous promise; but he did not appear. The fifth time the judge, vexed sorely by the apparent contempt, sentenced him to a fine of 500 francs and imprisonment for one month. Ysaye was informed of the sentence. He laughed, said that he had never received the summons; and that he understood fiddling, not legal proceedings. The judge danced to such fiddling, not with joy but with rage, and Ysaye was told that he would surely be imprisoned. As a contract was signed, and the fiddler must be in the United States at an appointed time, a lawyer was engaged to defend the owner of the dog. The judge relented, read a moral lecture to Ysaye, who finally appeared before him, released him from his prison engagement and diminished the fine. Yet with costs was Ysaye obliged to pay about 1000 francs. "Is the story true?" Madame, I do not know. I found it in a Signale for December. The narrator adds "1000 francs for a dog-muzzle is rather dear; but American dollars will soon straighten matters."

There is no doubt about the abilities of the pianist, Stavenhagen. As a Liszt-player he is of the first rank; and in compositions of other men he is almost always interesting and often admirable. Although he has been appreciated by those who have heard him in Boston, he has not proved himself a lode-stone.

It is stated, with a flourish of trumpets, that Mr. William Harriman belonged to the Calumet, Riding, Tuxedo, Lawyers', Madowbrook, Country, Fencers', New York Yacht and Larchmont Yacht Clubs. Possibly that's the reason why Miss Gould decided not to marry him.

What a ridiculous parade it is about the private affairs of Miss Gould. Why should this modest girl have a calcium light thrown upon her heart? Just because

Mr. W. D. Howells is undoubtedly one of the most adventuresome and daring discoverers of the age. In his researches he does not mind the verdict of antiquity, the mightiest of all fetiches. He cares as little for the opinion of contemporaries. This independence is admirable. There was a shock when Mr. Howells discovered that Scott and Thackeray and Fielding and Balzac were authors of mediocrity, but the conviction of the discoverer was such that the readers of magazines finally said, "Why, this man must be right; and we have been deceived for years." So when Mr. Howells proclaimed as the result of a long and laborious investigation that Mr. Edward Harrigan was the equal if not the superior of Mr. William Shakespeare, theatre-goers said with bated breath, "We know Harrigan and his merry company, with Mrs. Yeamans and Mr. Johnny Wild. We have laughed heartily and enjoyed the tunes of the ingenious Mr. Braham. And

now we glory in our premature appreciation. Our enjoyment was prior to Mr. Howells' dramatic explorations. Now we know why we did enjoy the plays of Mr. Harrigan."

Of late Mr. Howells has pursued a path of adventure that leads through dank and haunted grave-yards, where lie the brain-children of men forgotten even in life. The pseudo-realist seeks with lantern and pick-axe traces and even the bones of pre-historic realism. If an author of 30 or 40 years endeavored to tell of life in his town or village, Mr. Howells is very keen on his tracks. The daring man digs as though for a pot of Kidd's doubloons; he brings up a sketch of characters in a New England town; another turn of the shovel and there are the brass buttons of army life at Willard's during the Civil War. The world at large has forgotten all about these realistic sketches, devoid of sufficient realism to live beyond the season they appeared. To the world they are dead, forgotten, completely put away.

So Mr. Howells is more properly an exhumator. He loves the scent of the mummies of a once fleeting reputation. He would fain put life into the dry bones that moved for a day. It is so easy to find merit in the dead. They at least cannot be ungrateful. They cannot disappoint prophecy. They cannot point the finger and say: "Why did you arouse expectation? Why did you oblige us to try to answer your flattering description? We were getting along quietly and well. Our income was sufficient, and we were without ambition. Your clarion blast of puffery demanded a return. But the world said our instrument was a penny whistle."

Now the reading public shows scanty interest in these elaborate details of exhumation. It will not even view the remains; for it never had any interest in the dead men. Why should it look at wasted faces and shrunken bodies dressed in the wrappings of a former age? Mr. Howells may dig by day and night; he may add figure after figure to the collection in his literary Mausoleum; the collection will not draw men or women from thankful worship in the Temple of the Muses.

January 14th, St. Hilary,
The coldest day of the year.

Such was the old saw, but we have changed all that.

The meeting between Mr. Arthur Warren and Mr. John Burns deserves the attention of an historical painter. But no cunning of brush could do justice to Mr. Burns's greeting, as reported by Mr. Warren: "Well done, old friend! This is good of you to run up from London in such cruel weather to meet a returning pilgrim. What news?"

Mr. Warren, we all know that Mr. Burns never addressed you in such pretty and descriptive language. Come now, on the dead level, between friends, what did he say? Was it: "How goes it, old chappie?" or was it simply: "Ah, there!" laconic, but full of intense and pathetic meaning to such a friend as Warren.

It appears that Miss Fuller of Washington, D. C., who will soon make her appearance as a concert pianist, has unusual qualifications for the task. She has "heard Paderewski and listened to Walter Damrosch." She prefers classical music. "Such popular airs as 'After the Ball' and 'Sweet Marie' are things that I do not care for." Her taste "runs to that of the masters in the science of harmony."

And now the privacy of Mr. Harry Woodruff is again turned into publicity. The world is told that he is most comfortably situated at Harvard. He has a parlor, study, bed room, bath room, Japanese curiosities, photographs of actors and actresses—everything.

use with Busoni, who almost
that now is playing with great
man cities; as was the case
m, who at times rises to a
Stavenshagen does not pro-
in street cars, nor has he
r of a fall. Perhaps this is
ant and public. Neither de-
nor Paderewski enjoys in Ger-
the reputation of Stavenshagen.
played lately in Vienna and
the notices were not only cool,
unkindly. As for the latter, he
ys accused in France and Germany
g to the ladies.

say that Stavenshagen should have
his first appearance at a Symphony
This, however, is a matter be-
his manager and Mr. Ellis. Nor does
w that success in recitals follows in-
success at a Symphony concert.
ger is more thoroughly enjoyed at a
ny concert than Mr. Max Heinrich;
if prolonged and loud applause is a
manifestation of private and grega-
enjoyment. But, alas, when Mr. Hein-
has given recitals with carefully chosen
interesting programs, he has had just
to complain of a lack of public at-

say that Stavenshagen is not the
that no social fugleman or fuggle-
n has made the sign or passed the
There may be something in this,
useful as the admission is. But
hagen is a man without affectation
kind. He appears to be healthy and
He prefers beefsteak to lemons
neral waters. No doubt he would
an evening of beer and conversa-
and he probably practises at a rea-
hour. There is nothing tender, or
s, or romantic about his hair. It is
hair, and it answers all demands of
r; but it is not trick hair, and it
ot of itself lure listeners to Bach
iszt. Stavenshagen does not talk to
audience. He does not tell them that
ece is hard, that his collar does not
m, or that he is in a violent state
piration. He does not snort vio-
when he trills. There is no wild
of horrible poverty, enforced living
ars on roots and herbs, hopeless pas-
for a Countess, proud rejection of
ladies because he loved Art alone.
has not told the public through the
papers that Boston has the finest or-
ra in the world, as well as the most
ed musical public; nor has he ex-
a distinct desire to live here the
s life. Nor has he included in his
any of the piano pieces of the
r composers. No wonder that
s and patronesses" of music
"taken him up." For it is their
to soothe, comfort and encourage

Stavenshagen is not an "emo-
player; that is to say, his emotions
he on the surface; his heart is not
e. He has played here but few
y Chopin, Schumann or Beethoven,
them he has appeared to direct ad-
He has refined and ennobled cer-
es by Liszt, he has played them
markable bravura, but in his per-
e he does not reveal a temperament
t or e matters and controls the
of temperament. He does not hyp-

it would be absurd to deny the
f such a pianist as Paderewski over
e sudden; it would be equally
am that his great success in
purely a caprice of Society. The
that applauded him frenetically
up f the most part of honest
e, who did not make loud pre-
of musical knowledge; they simply
what they liked." And they liked
er skl, who pleased them by the
of his touch and the peculiar en-
t of his personality.

er, no doubt more skillful pipers
world than Hunold Singuf, and yet
en and children and rats and mice
rn when they heard him would fain
ollowed him to the uttermost parts
arth

Stavenshagen is an excellent pianist.
of kin to Hunold Singuf.

ers of operetta will be pleased to
at Mr. Benjamin E. Woolf is now
k in a two-act operetta. He will
h the libretto and the music. The
l be entirely original, satirical,
an. Mr. Woolf has already
marked abilities as a composer
a in "Pompeii & Co." and "West-
and the new work will be eager-

PHILIP HALE

g to Mr. Dana, the newspaper
as a miracle worker. He
the a e a g and have ripped
and socked with Socrates.
vered in biology, chemistry,
r, Paderewski, Aegina, and Mrs.
one of good manner. Above
be was concerning ceramics
h w e a e t f d d e t.

Mr. William Hoey, known to the public
as "Old Hoss, Bill Hoey," was greeted
heartily last night by an audience that
crowded the Tremont Theatre. There is no
doubt of the sincere regard in which this
eccentric comedian is held by lovers of
amusement. It matters little in what kind
of entertainment he appears or by whom he
is supported.

"The Flams," a new musical comedy by
Harry and Edward Paulton, is a variation
of the old story of Robert Macaire and
Jacques Strop. It is, indeed, another "Em-
minie." So it is not necessary to tell the
slight and absurd plot. Our old friend, the
Man in Armor, is introduced in the third
act, and this opportunity is given to Mr.
Hoey to appear in a chivalrous character.
There is a certain humanity in the per-
formance of Mr. Hoey that is delightful.
His unfailing good nature, his appreciation
of the humor in the seamy side of life, his
thorough sympathy with the hunger ar-
thrist and laziness and the Olympian in-
difference of the tramp to all the conven-
tionalities—these are irresistible as expres-
ed by voice, face and costume. His co-
tumes, by the way, were as extravagant
ever, and his eagerness to display his mu-
cal training is unabated. He should, how-
ever, treat his immortal ditty, "The Man
Who Broke the Bank of Monte Carlo," with
more respect. Perhaps he is tired of it; b
he should not "soj" in the performance.
The "Dandy Colored Coon" is but a pe-
rickety apparition in comparison with
the superb virility of the older song.

Mr. John C. Rice was very amusing in the
first act, but he should find a better song
than "Love in All Dialects." Strive as
may, the verses are stupid, and the air
not ear-tickling. Miss Simpson played
plano piece with considerable skill and a
sang. The dancing of the Sisters Merile
is well worth seeing. They are gracef-
comely women of singular ability, and the
dances are something more than a dispi-
of high kicking. They introduced cer-
terpsichorean features new to Boston, a
they made a most favorable impressi-
Very good, too, was the dancing of Mas
Willie Hersey. A quintet was repeated, a
Mr. Renwick was applauded for his se
"Days of Long Ago." The chief support
parts were acceptably filled by M
Lillie Alliston, Jessie Merrilees, Matt
Woodward and G. W. Howard.

There were some good jokes and so
that were neither particularly fresh
ood. Perhaps the high tide was the
ack in Marmaduke Flam's aversion
water. "He has an iron constitution;
he's afraid water might rust it." But
audience laughed good naturedly thro-
out the evening, and at times up-
iously. Mr. Hoey was presented with fi-
ers, which he turned pleasantly to co-
use. There is no doubt but that the p
will have a successful run.

There is no shop-girl pretty enough
carry gracefully a wooden toothpick in
mouth as she walks in the street at
lunch.

To G. F.: Conspirators no longer mee
night in a lonely graveyard or in the
story of a decayed and tottering tene-
house by the side of a black and s
stream. They do not carry dark lante-
nor are they masked. In these days
come together in the directors' room
company, or in a private room of a hote
in some State or city building. It is
there is a password, and it is "Plunder."

Why should Americans bestir themse
mightily "to complete the purchase of
house which Carlyle occupied in Chelse
Not without cause did the German Emp
make a liberal contribution to the f
for was not Carlyle the noisiest scream
admiration of Frederic the Great, a
player and robber? But just as Cai
crooked sychophantic knees to despotism
he hated bitterly our Republic. Never
he lose an opportunity to deride our
ciples and our people. The anxieties,
struggles, the tears, the bloodshed of
Civil War—these were to him merely a
little fire in a sooty chimney.

"Mr. Bangs conversed intelligently
everything except himself." Mr. Bang
not unique, set apart, to be stared at or
interviewed solely on these grounds.

We regret to see that a contemporary
ludes to "the demi-monde." The term
almost obsolete in Paris. For "demi-n
daines" now read "diamanteuses," a cle
coinage by the poet Jean Lorrain.

The New York Presbyterian can afford

Indorse Dr. Parkhurst, even although i
a little late in the day.

Here is another discoverer. He speaks
brave and hearty word for our good
English dramatists." But where's
bravery? It is true that he "finds th
masters in every sense of the word."
It is possible that "their power and bur-
emotion reach his very soul." But why
belated enthusiasm? Has no one e
spoken freely his delight in Elizabeth
tragedy and comedy before the season
1894-1895? Even George Moore in his n
billous mood, when, fresh from Paris,
hated all things English, passed thro-
Pater and De Quincey "to the study
the Elizabethan dramatists, the real lite-
ture" of his race, and washed himself cle

The inexorable Miss Willard has mome
of compunction. For did she not say h
in Boston that "men were not all so bad
they were sometimes painted?"

Let us wait a while before we throw c
in air and envy Londoners. Let us w
until the reviews of the leading Lond
journals arrive with their discussions
fr. Irving's latest "dramatic pra-
the cable is but
advance ar-

superb interpreters of chamber music; "these gentle and refining entertainments." "The performance of the movement last night hallowed the evening. It was a gracious ministration." Truly, a rare courtier, to quote Sir Andrew Aguecheek, but the praise is not undeserved. And yet it appears that such concerts in New York are a caviare to the general.

Once on a time Dante Gabriel Rossetti asked Whistler how he liked a sketch he had made for a picture. "It has good points," was the answer, "go ahead with it." A few weeks later he was asked about the picture. "Doing famously," said Rossetti. "I've ordered a stunning frame for it." Some time later Mr. Whistler saw the canvas, framed, but still virgin of paint brush or paint. "You've done nothing to it," said Mr. Whistler. "No," replied Rossetti, "but I've written a sonnet on the subject, if you would care to hear it." When the recitation was over Mr. Whistler said, "Rossetti, take out the canvas and put the sonnet in the frame."

The Pall Mall Gazette, which tells the above story, also says that although Christina Rossetti held her brother in the deepest affection, she could never bring herself to read certain of his poems.

But Rossetti's idea of buying a young elephant would do credit to a grosser and more worldly man. "What on earth will you do with him, Gabriel," said Browning. "I mean to teach him to clean the windows. Then when some one passes by the house, he will see the elephant cleaning the windows, and will say 'who lives in that house,' and people will tell him, 'Oh, that's a painter called Rossetti,' and he will say, 'I think I should like to buy one of that man's pictures.' So he will ring to come in, and I shall sell him a picture."

January 16-1895

The First of Mr. Whiting's Chamber Concerts—Miss Doane's Piano Recital.

Mr. Arthur Whiting, assisted by Miss Lena Little and Mr. Timothee Adamowski, gave the first of two chamber concerts yesterday afternoon in Bumstead Hall. The program was as follows: Brahms's Variations and fugue on a theme by Handel; Whiting's Bagatelles (Humoreske, Bagatelle, Scherzino, Idylle, Etude); H. W. Parker's suite, E minor, op. 41, for violin and piano (MSS first time). Miss Little sang these songs by Franz: "Im Herbst," "Mädchen mit dem rothen Mündchen," "Es hat die Rose sich beklagt," "Gute Nacht" and "Gensung," and 4 "Norman songs" by Miss Lang; "My Turtle Dove," "In the Greenwood," "The Grief of Love," and "Before My Lady's Window."

I believe there are only two dozen of the Brahms variations on a theme by Handel, but even under the most favorable circumstances they seem to rival the Arabian Nights in number, not in fancy. The variations were played with great care and marked intelligence by Mr. Whiting; perhaps in the stormier moods of the composer more demonical energy and physical strength would have been welcome, for the pianist was more successful in the passages of tender thoughtfulness and sombre mysticism. In such works Mr. Whiting is apt to be Eusebius rather than Florestan. His own compositions were played delightfully, with fluency and crispness, except for a slip in the etude, and they gave genuine pleasure. They are unconventional, capricious, pure and thoroughly musical. If the "Humoreske" were signed Dvorak, some of the illuminati of New York might lay fingers wisely to noses and murmur "Negro; lo, here is American music." Mr. Parker's suite seems after one hearing to be a work of uneven interest and merit. The prelude is effective with its figure ostinato; and the intermezzo has much to say in characteristic fashion, indeed, it seemed the strongest of the movement. The canzone when played sympathetically by such a violinist as Mr. Adamowski will undoubtedly be popular, but it does not seem to be of marked distinction. The finale did not make a lasting impression, and somehow or other the hearer at once thought of the finale of the Mendelssohn violin concerto.

Miss Little, who is, I believe, an American by birth, sang the songs by Franz in German; 'tis a fashionable affectation, this habit of Americans singing to their countrymen and countrywomen in foreign language. Would that she were careful in certain technical points. Yesterday there was more than once the "windy suspiration of forced breath." Miss Lang's songs seemed all of a familiar piece, with the exception of "The Grief of Love," which has stuff in it. She is too fertile. She is young and art is long. Why be in such a hurry, even though singers and publishers knock at the door. Study and write, Miss Lang, for you have talent, but practice the Hellenic maxim. You will find it in "The Art of Poetry."

The second of these concerts will be given in Bumstead Hall Tuesday evening, Feb. 12. Messrs. Kneisel, Sverenski and Schroeder will assist. The program will include Schütt's piano quartet; Fauré's piano quartet op. 15 (new); Intermezzo by Brahms and six concert studies by Mr. Whiting.

Miss Suza Doane, pianist, assisted by Mr. Alwin Schroeder, cellist, gave a concert last evening in Stelbert Hall. The program was as follows: Sonata for cello and piano op. 18, Rubinstein; Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith"; Scarlatti's Pastorale; Reinecke's cadenza op. 87, No. 9; these pieces by Chopin; no. 49, D flat major, op. 27, etude G flat major, prelude for piano, ballade G flat major, Mason's Liebestraum No. 3, and

Miss Doane is a well-developed, elegant, in her finer work is excellent, and sure. She undoubtedly has temperament; this was apparent throughout the evening. It was her first appearance in Boston, and there was naturally nervousness, not shown so much by any passing inability to master and control technical difficulties as by a feverish disposition in rhythm, and consequently in phrasing. This lack of poise was noticeable both in the sonata, in which she received the valuable assistance of Mr. Schroeder, and in the majority of the solo pieces. Perhaps this trepidation may account for the monochromatic treatment of the Handel variations, which technically were well played. The Chopin Nocturne was taken at too fast a pace, and the performance of it was angular. The Prelude by Chopin suffered from a rubato that was not a genuine rubato at all, but a series of spasms. More acceptable were the Ballade and the Liebestraum as played by her. Her strength seemed well nigh exhausted by the time she reached the Polonaise, which was declaimed for the most part feebly.

And yet there was much last evening that gave assurance as well as promise of success in her career. She should, now that she is no longer under the influence of Leipzig pedagogues, listen to her own playing and think for herself. She should remember that even in brilliant passages, the virile and fiery episodes there should be the thought of repose. And above all she should recognize the fact that song must be sung by instrument as well as voice. She has the fingers and she has musical passion. It rests with herself whether she will be an artist or an amateur of more than ordinary technical proficiency.

PHILIP HALE.

It is rumored that the Woman's Journal will make an earnest appeal to manufacturers of games, urging them to abandon their narrow and prejudiced course and in future to turn out only chesswomen and checkerwomen.

At last we are to have a salon in Boston; a real salon, not a fashionable Sunday saloon. The guests are to be chosen with exceeding care. Each one must have done something. The poet must have written a fine, large, purple or scarlet poem. The musician must have composed at least a symphony. The artist must have painted a picture that has excited a storm of indignation by his daring color and rule-defying drawing. The conversation will be exclusively in epigrams. The paradox will be cherished like a potted plant. The supper will fit the character of the evening—pork chops, Brussels sprouts and porter if the playwright reads a soliloquy from his Dakota Tragedy (as yet unpublished), and ginger snaps and weak tea when an act of original comedy is first revealed. For further information, see forthcoming "Society News."

There need not necessarily be a conflict between this salon and a well-known literary club. The guests of the Queen of the Salon will inevitably be few in number and persons of distinction. At the meetings of the said club many men engrossed in sordid business listen to original essays and poems read by the literary members. If there is applause, or even if there are no outward signs of hostility, the articles are then sent to the magazines.

Why is it that so many servant girls alude to the clock as "she?"

Lady Henry Somerset is still anxious about the liberty of America, which must be guarded and preserved and protected. In a republican country she should drop the "Lady" and be known as Mrs. Somerset. Perhaps in such case her sayings would not sink so deep in the hearts of her democratic sisters.

It is to be regretted that the Directors of the Watch and Ward Society rush into French and use the word "Mesdames." The English equivalent is understood by all and is sanctioned by long usage.

"Mr. Hope is writing a sequel to 'The Prisoner of Zenda.'" This is bad news. The story is fascinating as it stands.

Does Mr. Dana maintain seriously that if a man can read Virgil, Tacitus, Aristotle and Plato in the original, he "may be trusted to edit a newspaper?" It was Bronson Alcott who once said, in effect, that sorrow, poverty, crime and sin would vanish from the earth if everybody owned and read a translation of Plato.

Miss Hawes and other lovers of chimes in or out of tune should reverence the memory of Joannes Barbricus, who in his book "De Coelo et Coelesti Statu," proves in 425 pages that the chief employment of the redeemed in heaven will be the ringing of bells.

It appears that certain sleeping cars are now provided with toothbrushes. It is to be hoped that these brushes are not of the species known as indestructible.

A defaulter argues the question of imprisonment or suicide before his children and then pronounces his own verdict. If there were such a scene in a melodrama, would not the critics protest against the improbability?

Mr. Dinkins, Mr. Thomas Dinkins, manager of the Bon Ton Theatre in Jersey City, is not, perhaps, so well-known to fame as is Mr. Abbey, and yet no longer will his reputation be parochial. For when, in his theatre, a comedian asked the leader of the orchestra "Why does a chimney smoke?" and the answer, "Because it is a chimney," was given, he flushed behind the

and be dispensed with for the remainder of the week. The country needs such censors. Nor should Mr. Dinkins be deterred from sitting in judgment because the comedian led with his left and hit him violently on the nose.

So Mr. Herne may yet be the Antoine of Boston with a Théâtre Libre.

It is announced that Joséphin Peladan of Paris has undertaken "to eke out his income from literature by setting up a shop for the sale of bicycles." This Peladan, a decadent of decadents, is, indeed, a terrible fellow. He is known to the elect as Sar Mérodack J. Peladan. He borrowed the title Sar from the Assyrian Kings, and found Mérodack in Jeremiah. Mérodack was of close kin to the god Bel, if not the god himself.

Peladan delights in wearing blue or black satin doublets; he arranges his hair after the manner of his favorites, the Assyrians; his entrance is proclaimed on solemn occasions—such as the gathering of the Rosiercians—by blasts of trumpets; music is written expressly for his daily life by a private composer. Is he simply a poseur, or is he a mad genius? Nobody can deny the power and the brilliancy of certain chapters of what he is pleased to call his "Ethopée," "La Décadence Latine," a series of extraordinary, incredible, preposterous, bedlam-like romances in 14 volumes, 11 of which have appeared. Then he has written tragedies and mysteries, and art-reviews and books on magic. Perhaps active exercise on a bicycle may humanize him and bring him back to earth.

By the way, Peladan does not approve of operetta. "And you, chaffers and worldlings," he once wrote, each time that you go to an operetta or a café-concert you assassinate the Bihns, the geniuses of music."

A Frenchman says perfumes and character have an intimate relation; vervain and ambergris applied to the nostrils encourage artistic feeling. But there's nothing to be done with a young man addicted to musk.

They think over in England that Bret Harte's latest book is his best, free from "the maudlin sentimentality which came near to ruining" his early stories. But if Harte is read today in his own country, it is the Harte of "The Luck of Roaring Camp."

A cold January, a feverish February, a dusty March, a weeping April, and a windy May presage a good year and gay.

Mr. Frederick Villers was so horrified by "the atrocities of the Japanese" at Port Arthur that he took a large number of kodak photographs of the most outrageous instances. These pictures will form "a feature of his lecture," to which tickets no doubt will be bought eagerly at a high price. But how about the atrocity of lecturing for hire on atrocities?

Such an appeal to the morbid is almost always peculiarly successful. Illustrated books on punishments and tortures of all nations command a good price. The fascination exercised on many by Fox's "Book of Martyrs" was due to the pictures and the descriptions of the torments of the faithful rather than deep religious interest. If Mr. Kennan had lectured on "The Agricultural and Mineral Resources of Siberia," how many would have listened to him? The public at large enjoys creeping flesh.

"Paul Jones is coming." Is there no way of stopping him at a remote international boundary line?

Mrs. Whitten may well ask "What law in any State except Connecticut would permit rearresting a man on the charge of murder after he had been once tried and acquitted?" Meanwhile the news comes from New Haven that the State Attorney is determined to convict the man who was once acquitted.

And there are some who would introduce such a law in Massachusetts and compel a man to be tried a second time for murder. This is of a piece with the immediate conclusion that every accused person must be guilty. It goes with jeering at the acquitted and at the juries that exercised the judgment and privilege. Some American point fingers of scorn at the methods of the Judges in French criminal trials. But never in Paris would any newspaper guilty of such contemptible conduct constantly sneering at and hounding—stounding is too honorable a word, say rather yellow-dogging—a woman who had been acquitted of a terrible charge after a long and carefully conducted trial.

The New England Cremation Society is well pleased with the results of last year's missionary work and practical experiment. For sanitary reasons, cremation is undoubtedly a necessity in large towns.

As regards sentiment, the majority of us for years to come prefer "earth to earth." Sir Thomas Browne may say in his state manner, "To be gnawed out of our graves, to have our skulls made drink bowls, and our bones turned into pipes of delight and sport our enemies, are the abominations escaped in burial." But the listener admires the speaker and shudders at the possible application.

inner trail, and perpetual
superintendent of Streets,
including Col. Waring.
New Yorkers may not be scien-
tists, but they understand good breeding.
One way, came from Syracuse,
short time at Yale College,
and he studied law for a
year in Albany. After some months
in the plains, he appeared in
a cowboy, and indulged himself
in the peaceful inhabitants by
the costume and equipment of knives

ements of Casimir-Périer bring
the farewell address of old Parson
to his congregation in Northern
York. "My brethren, I have preached
many sermons. Very few of them
satisfied the Lord, and none have
satisfied me."

President Casimir-Périer does not
seem to be of heroic stuff.

There is much talk at present about "the
effect of music at school, in the
city, in the national life." The enthusi-
asm is Pythagorean. Some one will
argue that the Mayor must play
bassoon, or that the Superintendent
of Streets must be able to read a cantata
at sight. Moderation, gentlemen;

There should be a sense of proportion.
It may not be as helpful as you think.
Many wise ancients and moderns
protested against it as a corruptor
of the citizen and the State. Remember
the words of Confucius: "When
the qualities are in excess of the ac-
complishments, we have boorishness; and
when the accomplishments are in excess
of the solid qualities, we have the man-
ner of a counter-jumper."

There is strange news from the Middle and
Far States. There is a report that
the new Governor can neither read
nor write, and in Savannah at a clergy-
men's conference Bishop Duncan warned
delegates against squirting tobacco
on the nice new carpet.

William Boyd, a reader for Murray's
English Dictionary, has given us
interesting facts concerning the Dic-
tionary and words contributed through him
to the Dictionary at present
condition: A, B, C and E are
complete, and portions of D and F are in
the market. Mr. Boyd, however, has con-
tributed words and quotations taken by him
for the remaining letters
of the alphabet. There are already 44
words from "barbecue" to "fake."
The more noticeable are "block"
(street), "book-making" (in horse rac-
ing), "ba" (hand-bag), "cabinet making"
(furniture), "chinook" (an ocean wind),
"clipp" (clipped from an advertise-
ment), "deal," "cut" (of logs), "excel-
lent beds."

Second Concert of the Cecilia Society in Music Hall.

Program of the second concert of
the Cecilia Society, given under Mr. Lang's direc-
tion in Music Hall, was not of special in-
terest. Included were Bach's "Blessing, Glory
and Praise," Calcott's "How Sweet the
Sleeps," Miss Lang's "Love
Wings," Gounod's "Trumpet
Solo," D. Parker's "Daybreak," El-
more's "Love Dwell in a Northern Land,"
"The Lord is a Man of War" (male
chorus), Bruch's Chorus of Phaeacians,
and by Basses was none too well
known, and the performance was as that
of an important factor. The glee
was, perhaps, the most pleasing
of the selections, although Elgar's
"The Song of the Lark" was sung with fine quality
of voice and a knowledge of dynamic
effect. A passing strange that the com-
position of the moon, waning, and
then flaming "In a wild dawn,"
was carried by piano effect through
the dawn of the dawn. With the
exception of the chorus work was gen-
erally good.

Miss Fellows, a young violinist,
gave a most pure performance of the
romantic Mendelssohn's concerto. In
this she was not as successful, for the
technical assurance and
youth that are at present unknown

and Hoffman played pieces by
Rudolf Schumann, an arrangement of
the "Song of the Lark" from Mendelssohn's Scotch
manner, without much color
or overweighing fondness for the
violin. His technique was often
good, but he brought back pleas-
ure of days before the appar-
ition of modern thunder and lightning
before the sensuous hypno-

sis of the season, Thurs-
day, March 28, 1895, will be given
by the Cecilia Society, and from
the program "Parsifal" all of the
music, the entire scene under
the direction of the conductor.

PHILIP HALE

There must be a missionary at
your side, Lady Somerset,
not practice what you preach?

"The cavity in the gold reserve"
which it was a phrase from a
story.

It is of good omen to

The Duke of Orleans was "ready," but
it was not his day. By the way, did Melba
ever dream of being Queen of France?

It appears that the dying Sumner held a
hand of Judge Hoar and a hand of Mr.
Downing. Let us hope that everybody is
now satisfied.

Is it possible that Mrs. Casimir-Périer
nagged her husband into resigning, and
that he was not "Le Grand Casimir" at
home?

Mr. Edgar Fawcett, who is posing just
now as a rising young atheist, deprecates the
optimism and transcendentalism of Miss
Whiting's new book, "The World Beauti-
ful." Nevertheless, he thinks it has "strong
selling qualities," and so the world looks
beautiful to the author.

A contemporary says that considerable
gratitude is due to Dr. John T. Nagle for
his identification of "the grip" with the
disease known in 1510 by the residents of
Ireland as "the coccoluche," or "the coc-
coluco." Then it dilates learnedly on the
word existing now in French as "coque-
luche," which originally was a generic
term for any sort of cough or cold.

"Coqueluche" today means "hooping-
cough," also "favorite," "pet," "cock-of-the-
walk." In the seventeenth century there
was a word in English "cockloche," and it
meant a "mean fellow," or a "silly cock-
comb." After all, why should a sufferer
from the grip owe gratitude to Dr. Nagle
for the alleged identification, unless the
misery of the disease is lessened in con-
sequence of the discovery?

There are many lost voices in town during
this variable, perplexing weather. If the
theory of the ancients were correct, and a
voice were lost because a wolf saw the
man before he saw the wolf, the remedy
would be simple, viz.: a hair of the wolf.
But let the city dweller try in preference
the old remedy of cabbage taken internally
and as a poultice. Or here is another once
famous recipe: Boil six leeks and put
them in the juice of alicia and honey, then
add the yolks of three eggs which have
been boiled previously; keep the mess boil-
ing, and stir with a branch of dill. Be
particular about the branch of dill. The
voice will surely come back, generally with
profanity, if the prescription is rigorously
compounded.

On account of certain inquiries made by
subscribers this week, we publish here the
following paragraph taken from the New
York Recorder of the 17th: "The Oklahoma
Supreme Court has granted a rehearing of
the case involving the rights of a Probate
Judge to grant divorces. The case was de-
cided adversely to the Judge last summer,
rendering invalid over a thousand divorce
cases. A large fund has been raised to
fight the case by the many interested par-
ties."

The title of Mr. H. B. Fuller's new novel
is "With the Procession." The book will, in
all probability, be followed by "On the
Band Wagon," and "In the Soup."

Mr. Hazenplug—"Phoebe, what a name!"
—has shown in the last Chap Book how
easy it is not to imitate Mr. Aubrey Beards-
ley. Are the later Chap Books inferior
to the early numbers, or has the novelty
worn off? The mistake of mistakes was
committed when a serial story was al-
lowed to drag its slow length along. There
is no room for a long-winded and broken
tale in a Chap Book.

The folly of trusting to passionate cable
dispatches about the alleged success of
singers is again shown in the case of Miss
Sybil Sanderson. Her reputation in Paris
was due to physical equipment, not vocal,
not dramatic. Then she was fortunate in
exciting the lively admiration of Mr. Jules
Massenet, who, although a grandfather, is
nevertheless a dead game sport. For Sybil
he wrote operas; the librettos demanded a
generous display of the body. And the
Parisian critics, that is, the most honest and
fudicious, have always complimented the
figure of our countrywoman, even when
they could not praise the quality of her
voice or her dramatic endeavors.

But for a year or two the cable was red-
hot with dispatches concerning the pre-
eminence of this "artist." If we are not
mistaken, it was Mr. Harry Haynie, that
man of profound musical erudition and in-
corruptible judgment, who first discovered
that Miss Sanderson was a wonderful
singer. Now she has appeared in New
York, and it is the opinion of the critics,
kindly expressed, that she is neither a fine
singer nor an admirable actress. She is
undoubtedly what they called her in Paris—
a daring exhibitionist of nature's physical
gifts.

"Referring to the tendency exhibited of
recent years, and especially in England and
America, to push woman into competition
with man in almost every walk of life, Dr.
Strahan regards it as absolutely certain that
this will speedily cause an increase in the
female rate of suicide. Many centuries ago
Seneca and others pointed out that in pro-
portion as women indulged in the vices and
adopted the mode of life generally of man,
so she acquired disease and other abnormal
conditions which previously had been pecu-
liar to man."

Turn back the
other day from
here on -
Note from
my nephew
Johnston

There is perhaps nothing in the whole opera more
intriguing than the attempt to prove that
Cypella was secretly married to Hamlet. Pato-
lo says: "There's nothing to show that they were not
married secretly." "If that
had been the case it would have been stated," and
Cypella replies: "Not if it was a secret. The fact that
it wasn't mentioned shows that it was a secret. If
I hadn't been a secret, why conceal it?" Several
more songs are worth quoting, but one more must
sum up just now. Mr. Gilbert has long been an
authority on the feelings and the conduct of dilly-
birds and here is what Alfreddo, Teresa and Ulfie
say about them:
All—Now, ladies, pray you, listen to me,
Dilly-birds in their nest agree,
If they can do so, do so too.
And Ulfie—What has it, pray, to do with you?
Dilly-birds don't, to gain their ends,
Turn back the other day from
here on -

It's my opinion—though I own
I don't now in the new opera, Teresa says:
Children does it, the sooner does it, the better it does
making his character talk about their own beauty;
works. For instance, Mr. Gilbert is always fond of
of little things which recall the writer's previous
more marked than in "The Mountebanks." It is all
impulses himself and the habit has seldom, if ever, been
It has always been noticed that Mr. Gilbert
Now there's good girls—now there's good girls!
St. Anthony—St. Anthony,
We don't, as you pretend to be
We try to freeze—we try to freeze!
Though our emotions, as you see,
Now there's good girls—now there's good girls!
You think us chaste—now think us chaste!
These blandishments I pay you now,
I prophesies the chief of the Tamorras replies:
they have been accustomed to receive and to their
quarrel, expect the same attentions from them that
The thing is, supposing that it is still only mas-
quarreling as monks, are transformed into true monks,
pleasing to be. Thus these same Tamorras, mas-
changes them all into what they are at the moment
not right from their drinking a masquerade which
pretending to be, for various reasons, what they are
from the circumstances of nearly all the characters
The numerous situations of the opera arise of course
That is, without unnecessary risk.
Our motto is "Revenge Without Anxiety!"
We are members of a secret society,
ancient vendetta on its hand, sing:
very beginning of "The Mountebanks," when the mem-
bers are unusual. A lot of this is heard at the
intriguing quality that are as refreshing in comic opera
a brightness of execution and a time
every but because the story is usually
very interesting, not only because the story is usually
couplets a few days ago. Mr. Gilbert's books are al-
ready on Wednesday evening, was given in these
being for the first time in this city at the Garden
opera by W. S. Gilbert and Alfred Cellier, which is to
A sketch of the plot of "The Mountebanks," the new
ADAPTED BY THE CAST FOR THE OPERA
FROM MR. GILBERT'S CLEVER

If these persons could be persuaded to abandon at once and forever their anxiety to decide whether the things which they hear are good or bad; if they could but be brought to give themselves up to simple and unaffected enjoyment of the things which touch them and a frank acknowledgment to themselves that there are other things which may be fine yet which do not touch them, they would be a hundred times more near the goal toward which they now so painfully and ineffectually struggle than they will ever come by their present method. If the audiences of the Symphonies could only be content to enjoy, and could be beaten out of that silly and egotistic vanity which makes it the prevalent habit to attempt to have an opinion concerning everything which is performed; and most of all if only the good folk of this dear little city could be brought to the place where they had the courage of their artistic impressions—then would the Symphonies do their perfect work, and the artistic advancement of Boston would be assured.

That at present the artistic temper is all wrong is evident enough from the fact that only music is the fashion among the arts. When there is the genuine feeling for one art it is not confined to that art. You cannot pen reason to hope and to believe that it is far more apparent than there is real change. There is far more appearance of improvement than there is. The effect has from been far less marked than there was to be reasonable. The effect has from been far less marked than there was to be reasonable. The effect has from been far less marked than there was to be reasonable.

It is true that the Symphonies and the imagination and the taste down in that way. If there were here the love of music which is pretended there would be no need for the painters to go to New York and there would be some chance that a sculptor who trusted to the patronage of Boston would not ultimately be found starved to death in his attic. One art does not go on its triumphant way alone, since the artistic spirit is one, whatever the form of its manifestations; and if the people of Boston desire to make a really good show as genuine and cultivated devotees of music, they must contrive to make also a better showing in support of the other arts. Above all they must stop trying to find out how they ought to feel, how somebody else would feel, and how the critics have decided that is proper to feel upon any given occasion. They must stop talking about art and turn to art itself.

Of course no account is taken here of those trifling folk who attend the concerts because it is the proper thing to do, and who take of them merely a social function. Of course they are in any case hopeless from an point of view. These others of whom we speak are often thoroughly conscientious in the course they take. They are so blinded as to suppose that it is the wise and artistic thing to do as they do. They are bent on improving themselves and to improve themselves means to them to be able to say something or other about the art works to which their attention is called. They do not for a moment give themselves up to the art mood—do not allow the impression of an art work to grow upon them. They are not to be impressed. They do not understand the emotional side of art. It is not their aim to be affected by art, but to decide upon the merits of what they see or hear. They are not drinkers of tea. They aspire to be tea-basters. It goes without saying that not once in a hundred times do they get to that point of technical knowledge and cultivation where their critical opinion could be of the slightest value to themselves or to anybody else; and indeed it is impossible that the critical opinion of anybody is not keenly alive to the emotional and various qualities in art should be of any use. They come to nothing and they sacrifice everything.

APPROPOS of tenors, my esteemed and eloquent collaborer, Mr. Philip Hale, of Boston, devotes a few lines to the case of the new tenor *in spe*, Herr Döme, *olim* Fried, whose recent emergence at Bayreuth had some attention in this place last week. Mr. Hale acquaints me with the fact that Herr Döme sang in Boston in 1892, and that his performance of the air from Nessler's "Trompeter von Säckingen" and of the "Evening Star" romances from "Tannhäuser" was supplemented by his "shout-ing an outlandish dirty, the refrain of which was, 'Hi!' All things considered, I should hardly think that a baritone whose exertions called forth no higher encomium than Mr. Hale sees proper to bestow upon them, should deem it worth while raising his voice, either by means of a derick or a jackscrow, or by the more practicable leverage of drugs. I am aware that the example of M. Jean de Reszke might be cited in refutation of the general assertion that a mediocre baritone is not likely to turn out a remarkable tenor; it would be well to remember, though, that the range and quality of M. de Reszke's voice are the least important factors in that fine artist's status.

THE Boston *Journal* notes the return to the United States and the impending reappearance on the concert stage of Mrs. Julie Wymann, one of the best-equipped songstresses of light music—notably of modern French songs—American audiences have listened to in many years. Mrs. Wymann comes back, I hear, a wiser and sadder woman. Ambition, it appears, fired her brain, and the flames communicated to the upper anatomy of a Boston Macenas—Mr. J. Montgomery Sears—if common report is to be trusted. Mrs. Wymann was convinced that the splendor of Mme. Melba's star would pale before the effulgence of her own, if that luminary were permitted to rise in the European firmament; and the Boston Macenas shared the lady's certainty. So Mrs. Wymann went abroad, presumably with the encouragement of the art-worshipper, who had faith in her future. She sang in Lyons last fall under the name of Mme. Mauran, but the only printed record of her old-world triumphs is found in the ambiguous words of a *feuilletoniste* at Avignon. Now, as I said, Mrs. Wymann is once more in our midst, and a welcome presence, if her powers show no falling off. Probably the more disappointed of the two people concerned in this little episode is the Boston Macenas. "His purpose," wisely says Mr. Philip Hale, "was generous and honorable. But a great opera singer is not made in a year, nor in two years, simply by the signing of checks, even though each signing be accompanied by popular applause and low, rumbling thunder."

Sept. 20, 1894

Boston Courier Jan 24/92

New York, Dec. 13.

The week's event in the estimation of the happy handful to which such things really mean something has been the beginning of the opera season. The De Reszke brothers, now introduced to New York, are altogether present and the most agreeable to contemplate. The colorless opera, "Roméo and Juliet," was probably chosen to introduce them, because of the great success which Jean de Reszke scored as Roméo in Paris. That was on the famous occasion, two or three years ago, when Paris went to Paris and gowned himself led the orchestra. In the song which runs "Non ce n'est pas le jour, c'est l'automne, donx messages de l'amour," the Reszke filled the Parisians with the wildest enthusiasm. In fact, the applause with which he was overwhelmed quite eclipsed the demonstrations made in honor of Patti, a state of things which that high-strung lady did not care for. Jean de Reszke is not really a tenor and did not at first pretend to be. He was a baritone, but observing how rare and expensive good tenors were, he made up his mind that he would be a good, rare, expensive tenor. He worked two years to get his voice up to where he wanted it and sung tenor parts. He succeeded, and is certainly expensive, good and rare now, whether it be true or not that he is compelled to have certain tenor parts especially arranged for him. The fact that he was not always a tenor may help him with the public. There is a natural objection among men to those who are born tenors. It is probably fair to compare De Reszke as a tenor to Hasreiter as a soprano. Hasreiter's voice is not a true soprano, and it is perhaps better for that reason. De Reszke's half-way tenor is better than a genuine tenor. It is safe to predict social success in New York for the De Reszkes if they care about it. They were received in Paris, where the artist who goes about otherwise than as a paid entertainer is a very rare bird. Of Miss James, the general opinion expressed in many ways is that as a singer she duplicates Mary Anderson's acting. Rather cold, but all right otherwise.

The De Reszke brothers come of an family essentially musical and artistic in tastes and habits. They were born at Varsovie, in Poland. Jean de Reszke began to sing while he was still extremely young, and by the time he was thirteen his voice had been heard in the church of the color of Naples. After four years' study in Italy, Edouard De Reszke returned to Paris, where he continued to study under Professor Sbrighia, but his real guide and professor was his brother Jean, who never ceased to wonder daily at the marvellous progress of his younger brother. Edouard De Reszke, still very young, made his debut at the Italian Opera in Paris, in "Aida," the master Verdi himself directing the first three representations. The composer Massenet immediately conferred upon him the beautiful creation of "Le Roi de Lahore," at La Scala in Milan. He was so much admired that he was soon in demand in Turin, Genoa, Trieste, Lisbon, and everywhere he made triumphs of a high order, but above all he worked diligently at increasing his repertory, which now embraces sixty-eight operas. During six years Edouard De Reszke sang every winter at Paris, where he made a number of important creations, such as "Le Cid," "L'Attila," etc., and in the interim he was heard at Covent Garden and in other parts of Europe. The De Reszke brothers are favorite singers of her majesty, the Queen of England, who admits them at private receptions at Windsor, as Mario was formerly received. Last winter the Emperor of Russia having expressed a desire to hear them, they sang before the imperial court at the Chateau Gatchina, and were afterward heard at the opera in St. Petersburg and Moscow. His majesty, the king of Portugal, bestowed upon them, in remembrance of a private concert before the court, the orders of Santiago and Christ. The admirers of Bizet wishing to erect a statue to his memory, a delegation of the Parisian press was sent to Jean De Reszke, to request him to return to Paris to sing "Carmen," which he did with so much success that from the proceeds a great part of the expense of the monument was defrayed. The De Reszke brothers always and mutual criticism strive to improve each other's work, and in this manner it is that they have brought their leading impersonations to such a high degree of finish and artistic balance. During the summer they retired to their estates in Poland, where, in many sports of fencing and the chase, they strive to forget the theatre, and recover again the virile manliness and freshness which is one of their great charms. Both the gentlemen belong in the very first walks of life, and apart from being great artists, are men of breeding, refinement and education; they are men of the world in the fullest sense. Both are great patrons of the art, maintaining an extensive breeding establishment in their native country. De Reszke's success in all the leading tenor roles, such as "Faust," "The Prophet," "Otello," "Les Huguenots," "Carmen," "Aida," etc., was so great at the Paris Grand Opera and at the Covent Garden in London, that the De Reszke brothers made the fortune of the English manager, Sir Augustus Harris, and the season when they both sang was called the De Reszke season. Edouard De Reszke was not at first destined for a theatrical career, but for agriculture. It was his intention to scientifically improve some of the many lands owned by his family in Poland. It was only upon the suggestion of his brother that

Jean de Reszke laughed to show his contempt of money when a great social leader in New York some a young man to him with (The married ladies now all consult with the young men in regard to their functions. This is a London notion, and has money enough of his own, and can afford to laugh at Mrs. Martin's offer. He declined Rothschild's in Paris. He says that his voice is not a drawing-room organ, and, moreover, from his point of view such performances should not be encouraged by real artists. M. de Reszke also refuses large offers to sing at private entertainments in London.

It was Professor Sbrighia who decided that he ought no longer to continue this strife against nature, and that he should abandon the stage for a time in order to prepare himself for the tenor repertory. This he did. Aided by the wise counsels of M. Sbrighia, he studied earnestly for two years, and afterward made his debut as tenor at Madrid. His success was great and immediate, and opened for him the doors of the opera at Paris and at Covent Garden in London. The composer Massenet had written for him "Le Cid," and the great singer made a most imposing and successful debut at its first representation. M. Gounod revived for him his "Roméo and Juliet," and transferred it to the grand opera, its original destination. De Reszke's success in all the leading tenor roles, such as "Faust," "The Prophet," "Otello," "Les Huguenots," "Carmen," "Aida," etc., was so great at the Paris Grand Opera and at the Covent Garden in London, that the De Reszke brothers made the fortune of the English manager, Sir Augustus Harris, and the season when they both sang was called the De Reszke season. Edouard De Reszke was not at first destined for a theatrical career, but for agriculture. It was his intention to scientifically improve some of the many lands owned by his family in Poland. It was only upon the suggestion of his brother that

KETTLE-DRUMS—(S. BERNSTEIN)



TROMBONE—(J. PETERSONSONFIDELE.)



BASS TUBA—(ANTON REITER)





FRENCH HORN—(CARL PETER.)



CORNET—(ADAM SEIFERT.)



PICCOLO FLUTE—(C. KURTZ, JUN.)



BASSOON—(FEDOR BRENNHARDT.)



ENGLISH HORN—(JOSEPH ELSTER.)



CLARINET—(HENRY KAISER.)



OBOE—(JOSEPH ELSTER.)



BASS CLARINET—(HENRY KAISER.)



FLUTE.—(OTTO STORKERT)



VIOLONCELLO.—(VICTOR HENSCHEL)



DOUBLE BASS.—(L. MANOLY)

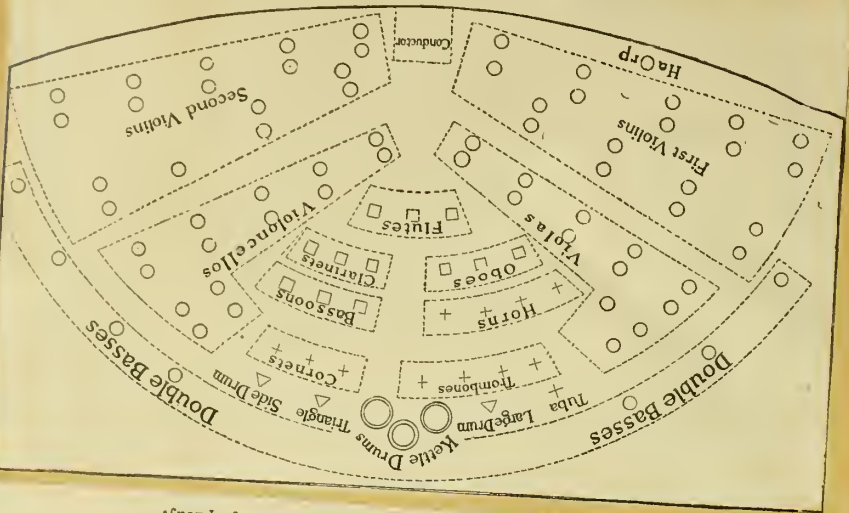


VIOLIN.—(CLIFFORD SCHMIDT)



VIOLA.—(JOHN ELDER)

SEATING PLAN OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.
The String Choir is indicated by Circles; Wood Winds by Squares; Brasses by Crosses; Battery by Triangles.



THE CONDUCTOR'S SCORE.
First Page Finale of Beethoven's C Minor Symphony.

THE LOST—(AT LAST)—CHORD.
I heard that dead "Lost Chord" pale
For some like a wall on an earthly vale
Unless I could manage to scare him,
And rattle a bunch of keys wildly
And I tapped at the window wily
I was anxious and ill at ease,
Sealed one day in my study,
For I had work to finish;
I made ambitious signals
That I wanted the tune to cease,
And I was a loss to peace;
But the rhythm only answered
With a fixed demoniac grin,
And steadily turned the handle,
And poured his distracting din.
I know not of what he was dreaming
As softly I stole aside,
And opened the window wide,
Though I judge from his satisfied snigger
That his dreams were of anything but
Of a window suddenly shut.
It may be they'll take the pieces
To his far Italian home,
And carve from his bones musical stones
Or if they don't—let the same to me,
But like I'm prepared to maintain;
That the "Chord" he started to play is lost,
And will never be found again.
(London Punch.)

IV.—THE DRUMS
The percussion apparatus of the modern orchestra includes a multitude of instruments scarcely deserving of description. Several varieties of drums, cymbals, triangle, tambourine, steel bars (*Glockenspiel*), gongs, bells, and many other things which we are now inclined to look upon as toys rather than as musical instruments, are brought into play for reasons more or less fantastic. Saint-Saëns has even utilized the barbarous xylophone, whose capital place is the variety hall, in his "Danse Macabre." There his purpose was a fantastic one, and the effect is which the music illustrates is Death, as a skeleton, seated on a tombstone, playing the viol, and gleefully cracking his bony heels against the marble. To produce this effect, the composer uses the xylophone with capital results. But of all the ordinary instruments of percussion, the only one that is really musical and deserving of comment is the kettle-drum. This instrument is more musical than the others because it has pitch. Its voice is not more noise, but musical noise. Kettle-drums, or tympani, are generally used in pairs, though the vast multiplication of effects by modern composers has resulted also in the extension of this department of the band. It is seldom that more than two pairs are used, a good player with a quick ear, like Mr. Bernstein, that Wagner asks of six drums by his deftness in changing the pitch of the instruments. This work of tuning is still performed generally in what seems a rudimentary way, though a German drum-builder named Pfund has invented a contrivance by which the player, by simply pressing on a balanced pedal and watching an indicator affixed to the side of the drums, can change the pitch to any desired semi-tone within the range of an octave. The tympani are hemispherical brass or copper vessels, kettles in short, covered with vellum heads. The pitch of the instrument depends on the tension of the head, which is applied generally by key screws working through the iron ring which holds the vellum. There is a difference in the size of the drums to place at the command of the player the octave from F in the first space below the bass staff to F on the fourth line of the same staff. Formerly the purpose of the drums was simply to give emphasis, and they were then uniformly tuned to the key-note and fifth of the key in which a composition was set. Now they are tuned in many ways, not only to allow for the frequent change of keys, but also so that they may be used as harmony instruments. Beethoven did more to develop the drums than any composer who has ever lived, though Beethoven already manifested appreciation of their independent musical value. In the last movement of his Eighth Symphony and the scherzo of his

band music are its inseparable companions, rarely from the cymbals which in vulgar phrase are played on it with the sticks of the kettle-drum, which, though definite pitch is denied to it, is now manipulated in a variety of ways productive of striking effects. Rolls of music have been given dignity also to the bass drum, which, in fact, except the Boston Symphony (orchestra) the word trumpet is merely a euphemism for the familiar leading instrument of the brass band, which, while it falls short of the quality of its tone, in the upper registers especially, is a more easily manipulated instrument than the trumpet, and is preferable in the lower tones. Mendelssohn is quoted as having said that the trombones "are too sacred to use often." They have, indeed, a majesty and nobility all their own, and the lowest use to which they can be put is to furnish a barring and noisy harmony in an orchestral tutti. They are marvellously expressive instruments, and without a peer in the whole instrumental company when a solemn and spiritually uplifting effect is to be attained. They can also be made to sound menacing and lugubrious, devout and mocking, pompously heroic, majestic, and lofty. They are often the heralds of the orchestra, and make sonorous proclamations. The classic composers always seemed to approach the trombones with marked respect, but nowadays it requires a very big blue pencil in the hands of a very uncompro-mising conservatory professor to prevent a student engaged on his *Opus 1* from keeping his trombones going half the time at least. It is an old story how Mozart keeps the instruments silent through three-fourths of his immortal *Don Giovanni*, so that they may enter with overwhelming impressiveness along with the ghostly visitor of the concluding scene. As a rule, there are three trombones in the modern orchestra—two tenors and a bass. Formerly there were four kinds, bearing the names of the voices to which they were supposed to be nearest in tone-quality and compass—soprano, alto, tenor, and bass. Full four-part harmony is now performed by the three trombones and the tuba. The latter instrument, which, despite its gigantic size, is an exceedingly tractable instrument, can "roar you as gently as any sucking dove." Far away and strangely mysterious tones are got out of the brass instruments, chiefly the cornet and horn, by almost wholly closing the bell.

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world. The primitive cave-dwellers made flutes of the bones of birds and other animals, an origin of which a record is preserved in the Latin name, *tibia*. The first wooden flutes were doubtless the Pagan dean pipes, in which the tone was produced by blowing across the open ends of hollow reeds. The present method, already known to the ancient Egyptians, of closing the upper end, and creating the tone by blowing across a hole cut in the side, is only a modification of the method pursued, according to classical tradition, by Pan when he breathed out his deflection at the loss of the nymph Syrinx, by blowing across the tynarel reeds which were that nymph in her metamorphosed state.

The flute or pipe of the Greeks and Romans was only distantly related to the true flute, but was the ancestor of its orchestral companions, the oboe and clarinet. These instruments are sounded by being blown in at the end, and the tone is created by vibrating reeds, whereas in the flute it is the result of the impinging of the air on the edge of the hole called the embouchure, and the consequent stirring of the column of air in the due of the instrument. The reeds are thin strips or blades of cane. The size and bore of the instruments and the difference between these reeds are the causes of the differences in tone quality between these relatives. The oboe and the bassoon.

Handy, English horn, and the bassoon what are called double reeds. Two narrow blades of cane are fitted closely to the instrument with silk on a small internal tube extending from the upper end of the instrument in the case of the oboe and the side in the case of the bassoon. The reeds are pinched more or less tightly between the lips, and are set to vibrating by the breath. The oboe is naturally associated with music of a pastoral character. It is pre-eminently a melody-instrument, and though its voice comes forth strikingly, its uniqueness of tone makes it Candor, artless grace, soft joy, or the grief a fragile being suits the oboe's accents," says Berlioz. "The peculiarity of its mouth-voice gives it its tone a reedy or vibrating quality totally unlike the clarinet's. Its natural tone is the English horn, which is an oboe of larger growth, with curved tube for convenience of manipulation. The tone of the English horn is fuller, nobler, and is very attractive in melancholy or dreamy music. There are few players on the English horn in this country, and it might be set down as little that outside of New York, Boston, and Chicago (since Mr. Thomas has gone with the English-horn parts are played by the oboe in America. No melody displays the true character of the English horn better than the "Ranz des Vaches" in the overture to Rossini's *William Tell*, that lovely Alpine song which the flute embroiders with its exquisite ornament. One of the noblest treasures of the oboe is the melody of the universal march in Beethoven's "Heroic" symphony, in which its tenderness has been so effectively imitative music. In Haydn's *Seasons* and also in that grotesque tone poem by Saint-Saëns, the "Danse Macabre," it gives the A for the orchestra to tune by.

The grave voice of the oboe is heard from the bassoon, where, without becoming assertive, it gains a quality entirely unknown to the oboe and English horn. It is this quality that makes the bassoon the humorist of the orchestra. It is a reedy, pass, very apt to recall to those who have had a country education the qualling tone of the homely instrument which the farmer's boy fashions out of the stems of the pumpkin-vine. The humor of the bassoon is an unconscious humor, and results from the use of its abysmally solemn voice. This solemnity in quality is paired with an astonishing flexibility of utterance, so that its games are always grotesque. Brahms permits the bassoon to imitate the "Frischled" of the German students in his *Academic overture*. Beethoven achieves a decidedly comical effect by a snubborn reticence of key-note, fifth, and octave by the bassoon under a rustic dance intoned by the oboe in the scherzo of his *Festoral* symphony; and near-ly every modern composer has taken advantage of the instrument's *naïf grotesquerie*. Mendelssohn introduces the clowns in his *Mitsumme-Night's Dream* music by a droll dance for two bassoons over a sustained Meyerbeer wanted a very different effect, in the scene of the resurrection of the nuns in his *Robert le diable*, he got it by taking two bassoons as solo instruments and using their weak middle tones, which, Berlioz says, have "a pale, gold, cadaverous sound." Singularly enough, Handel resorted to a similar device in his *Alcina* to accompany the vision of the Witches.

In all these cases a great deal depends upon the relation the character of the melody and the nature of the instrument to which it is set. A well-chosen martial fanfare may be made absurd by changing it from trumpets to a weak-voiced wood wind. It is only the string quartet that speaks all the musical languages of passion and emotion. The double-bassoon is so large an instrument that it has to be bent on itself to bring it under the control of the player. It sounds an octave lower than the written notes. It is not brought often into the orchestra, but speaks very much to the purpose in Brahms's beautiful variations on a theme by Haydn, and the glorious finale of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

The clarinet is the most eloquent member of the wood-wind choir, and except some of its own modifications or the modifications of the oboe and bassoon, the latest arrival in the harmonious company. It is only a little more than a century old. It has the widest range of expression of the wood-winds, and its chief structural difference is in its mouth-piece. It has a single flat reed, which is much wider than that of the oboe or bassoon, and is fastened by a metallic band and screw to the flattened side of the mouth-piece, whose outer side is cut down chisel shape for convenience. Its voice is rich, mellow, less ready, and much fuller and more impid than the voice of the oboe, which is better to describe by analogy as "sweet-sour." It is very flexible, too, and has a range of over three and a half octaves. Its high tones are sometimes shrilly, however, and the full beauty of the instrument is only disclosed when it sings in the middle register. Every symphony and overture contains passages for the clarinet which serve to display its characteristics. Among the most distinguished performers on the instrument that ever lived were the grandfather and father of Karl Baermann, the pianist of Boston. Clarinets are made of different sizes for different keys, the smallest being that in E-flat, with an unpleasantly piercing tone, whose use is confined to military bands. There is also an alto clarinet and a bass clarinet. The bell of the latter instrument is bent upward, pipe fashion, and its voice is peculiarly impressive and noble. It is a favorite solo instrument in Liszt's symphonic poems.

He spoke a singular patois, com-
posed of the dialect of his native prov-
ence, French, and other languages.
By his wonderful performance,
in antique fashion, summoned
and asked him to say what favor
which Napoleon could not under-
stand interrupted the speaker with, "M.
I request, then I'll surely un-
derstand your contrabass brought,

on.
elo-
the
tage
stru

With all the changes that have come over the orchestra in the course of the last two hundred years, the string quartet has remained its chief factor. Its voice cannot grow monotonous or cloying, for, besides its innate qualities, it commands a more varied manner of expression than all the other instruments combined. The viol, which term I shall use generically to indicate all the instruments of the quartet, is the only instrument in the band, except the harp, that can play harmony as well as melody. Its range is the most extensive; it is more responsive to changes in manipulation; it is conditioned more richly than any other instrument with varieties of timbre; and has an incomparable facility of execution, and answers more quickly and more eloquently than any of its companions on the feelings of the player. A great advantage which the viol possesses over wind instruments is that, not being dependent on the breath of the player, there is practically no limit to its ability to sustain tones. It is because of this long list of good qualities that it is relied on to provide the staff of life to instrumental music. The strings as commonly used furnish four members of the viol family, distinguished among themselves by their size, and the quality in the changes of tone which grow out of the differences in size. The violins are the smallest members of the family. Historically they are the culmination of a development in diminutiveness, for in their early days viols were larger than they are now. When the viol of to-day entered the orchestra (in the score of Monteverdi's opera *Orfeo*), it was specifically described as a "little French violin." Its voice, Berlioz says, is the "true female voice of the orchestra." Generally the violin part of an orchestral score is two-voiced, but the two groups may be split into a great number. In one passage in *Tristram und Isolde*, Wagner divides his first and second violins into sixteen groups. Such divisions, especially in the higher regions, are productive of entrancing effects. The halo of sound and which streams from the beginning and end of the *Lobengrin* prelude is produced by this device. High and close harmonies from divided violins always sound ethereal. Besides their natural tone quality (that resulting from a string stretched over a sounding shell set to vibrating by friction), the violins have a number of modified qualities resulting from changes in manipulation. Sometimes the strings are plucked (*pizzicato*), when the result is a short one something like that of a banjo with the metallic clang omitted; very faintly effects can thus be produced, and although it always seems like a degradation of the broad singing style, no less significant a symphonist than Tschaiakowsky has written a scherzo in which the violins are played *pizzicato* throughout the movement. Ballet composers frequently resort to the piquant effect, but in the larger and more serious forms of composition the device is sparingly

I-STRING QUARTET.

page of God's almightiness." No apparatus in music approaches the orchestra as a symbol of "the throne and eagle." No apparatus in music approaches the orchestra as a symbol of "the throne and eagle." No apparatus in music approaches the orchestra as a symbol of "the throne and eagle."

ness. Differences in quality and expressive-ness of tone are also produced by varied methods of applying the bow to the string, with stronger or lighter pressure, near the bridge, which renders the tone hard and brilliant, and over the end of the finger-board, which softens it; in a combination of the two, and detached (*staccato*). Woodwinds, in dramatic music are sometimes produced by striking the strings with the head of the bow. Wagner resorted to the means of delineate the wicked rage of the dwarf Hagen, and Meyerbeer to heighten the grandeur of *Le Châli*. Another cause of effects result from the manner in which the strings are "stopped" by the fingers of the left hand. When they are not pressed firmly against the finger-board but touched lightly in certain places called nodes by the various means, so that the segments below the nodes are permitted to vibrate along with the upper portion, those peculiar tones of a flute-like quality called harmonics are produced. These are often heard in dramatic music, than in symphonies; but Berlioz, desiring to imitate Shakespeare's description of Queen Mab, Her wagon-spokes made of long spinning-legs;
The cover, of the whir of greenish-hopes;
The trace, of the whir of greenish-hopes;
The collar, of the moonbeams' watery beams"—
to music in his dramatic symphony. "To neo and Juliet," achieved a marvelously effective by dividing his violin; and performing some of them to play harmonics. Yet little was his ingenious purpose suspected when the first brought the symphony forward. Paris, that one of the critics spoke contemptuously of this effect as sounding "like a greased syringe." A questioning in imparted to the fingers of the left hand in stopping the strings produces a tremendousness of tone akin to the *flauto* of a singer; and, like the vocal *flauto*, when not carried to excess, this effect is a potent expression of sentimental feeling. But it is much abused by solo players. Another modification of tone is caused by placing a tiny instrument called a bridge upon the bridge. This clamps the strings, makes it heavier, and checks the vibrations, so that the tone is muffled or muffled, and at times sounds mysterious. These devices, though as rule they have their maximum of effectiveness in the violin, are possible also on the viola, Violoncello, and double-bass, which, as I have already intimated, are but violins of a larger growth. The *pizzicato* is, indeed, oftentimes derived from the double-bass, where it has a much greater eloquence than on the violin, in music of a somber cast, the short, deep tones given out by the plucked strings of the contrabass. Some composers have the awkwardness of difficulty in banding the instrument, this being due to the growing thickness of the strings and the wideness of the spaces to which they must be stopped. (One effect peculiar to them all)—the most used of *lento*, produced by dividing a tone into many quickly reiterated short tones by a rapid motion of the bow. This device came into use with one of the earliest pieces of dramatic music. It is two centuries old, and was first used to help in the musical delineation of a combat. With scarcely an exception, the varied means which I have described can be detected by those to whom they are not at all familiar by watching the players while listening to the music.

Instrumental music like the cornet of bassette, bass trumpet, tenor tuba, contra-bass tuba, and contra-bass trombone are so seldom called for in the music played by the Philharmonic Society that they have no place in its regular list. They are employed when needed. However, and the horns and other instruments are multiplied when desirable effects are to be obtained by such means.

The string quartet, it will be seen, makes up nearly three-fourths of a well-balanced orchestra. It is the only choir which has numerous representation of its constituent units. This was not always so, but is the fruit of development in the art of instrumentation which is the newest department in music. Vocal music had reached its highest point before instrumental music made a beginning as an art. The former was the parent child of the church, the latter was long and otherwise. As late as the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries instrumentalists were regarded in many like strolling players. They had none of the rights of citizenship; their religious sacraments were denied them; their children were not permitted to inherit property or to be permitted to inherit property for which they had toiled and bled to the groan. After the instrument had achieved the privilege of artistic interference, they were for a long time more treated than with an insight into their possibilities for which reason he is the modern composer of the first half of the eighteenth cen-

| | |
|---------------------------|----|
| First violins..... | 16 |
| Second violins..... | 16 |
| Violas..... | 12 |
| Violoncellos..... | 12 |
| Double-basses..... | 8 |
| Flutes..... | 3 |
| Oboes..... | 3 |
| English horn..... | 1 |
| Clarinets..... | 3 |
| Bassett-horn..... | 1 |
| Bassoons..... | 3 |
| Trumpets..... | 3 |
| Horns..... | 3 |
| Trombones..... | 3 |
| Tympani (pairs)..... | 2 |
| Bass trumpet..... | 1 |
| Teor tubas..... | 2 |
| Bass tubas..... | 2 |
| Contra-bass (tuba)..... | 1 |
| Contra-bass trombone..... | 1 |
| Bass drum..... | 1 |
| Cymbals..... | 1 |
| Harp..... | 6 |

of dramatic characterization. Elsa, a dreamy, melancholy maiden, consided under the weight of wrongful accusation, and sustained only by the vision of a seraphic champion sent by Heaven to disprove her cause, is accompanied on her entrance and sustained all through her scene of trial by the dulcet tones of the wood-winds, the oboe most often carrying the melody. Lohengrin's superterrestrial character as a Knight of the Holy Grail is prefigured in the harmonies which seem to stream from the violins, and in the prelude of the bringing of the sacred vessel of Christ's passion to Monserrat; but in his chivalric character he is greeted by the military tramp in a strain of brilliant pulsance and rhythmic energy. Composers have included the voices of the instruments so long and well, and have noted the kind of modes and harmonies in which the voices are what might almost be called an instrumental language. Though the effective capacity of each instrument is restricted not only by its mechanics, but also by the quality of its tones—a melody conceived for one instrument—sometimes becoming utterly inexpressive and unmanageable by transference to another—the range of effects is extended almost to infinity by means of combination, or, as a painter might say, by mixing the colors. The art of writing effectively for instruments in combination is the art of instrumentation or orchestration, in which Berlioz and Wagner were Past Grand Masters.

The number of instruments of each kind in an orchestra may also be said to depend measurably upon the music, or the use to which the band is to be put. Neither in instruments nor in numbers is there absolute identity between a dramatic and a symphonic orchestra. The apparatus of the former is generally much more varied and complex, because of the vast development of variety in dramatic expression stimulated by Wagner. The modern symphony, and especially his symphonic poem, shows the influence of his dramatic tendency, but not in the same degree. A comparison between model bands in each department will disclose what many be called the normal orchestral organization. For such a comparison, I select the band of the Balthus Festival of 1876, brought together by Wagner, the greatest master of instrumental effects that ever lived, and the Philharmonic Society of New York, the most admirable musical organization in the United States, which next April will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation.

After much conscientious preparation for so many years, we have just listened to "Parsifal." The privilege, my mysticism and theology, have been the last month; the American and foreign news has brought their elaborate criticisms; the summer's journey has been a daily companion; the Wagner shrine, and finally we to a less excited and anticipatory frame of mind and once the enthusiast protests that the unlearned hearer the net impression made on the unlearned hearer no right to an impression. Of what value is a new world of knowledge from one who has entered that world? To appreciate Wagner's work the result of an instinct, but of a discipline. No it is simply to say that one has not been educated What right has a Philistine to judge the Prophet Children of Light? Why do the heathen rage Gentiles imagine a vain thing? I bow to this I am not only a heathen in this sacred region, but a music of "Parsifal" would be only slightly more than my judgment about any other high form of art. No one ever listened to "Parsifal" with a deeper insincerity than I. And yet even a Philistine may be able to report the ecstasy felt, even if he cannot know the ecstatic few. Even if he cannot judge the music, he may sense some sense of dramatic effect; and it is as a drama that he intended his "Parsifal" to be judged.

One must, in the first place, take Wagner's dramatic Browning's verse, not for the qualities which are but for the qualities which are; and very great things are at once seen to be. It is not to be tested rules. It is the work of an extraordinary genius many ways makes his own laws. With the words many great examples. And in "Parsifal" the orchestra and ebbs again into its cavern, is peopled sweep of sound, as it rises like a tide from the sweep of sound, as it rises like a tide from the orchestra and ebbs again into its cavern, is peopled its very full. As to the scenic effects, the concert costumes, too much cannot be said. What I did and seriousness of the performers, the concert varied groupings of the lovely Flower-maidens

administration is not so unelastic and hampered by officialism as the general reading public in this country has been led to suppose. Advocates of forestry have proved so much that they have, perhaps, produced a rigid and uncomfortable as we have been led to believe in the minds of many of our people. Things are, of course, the general principles of successful administration—such as the fixing of responsibility and holding particular persons to account for the performance of tasks—are the same everywhere. But there is a great deal of variation in applying these principles, too, of the general principles of arboriculture are fixed, but the application is elastic. He adapts of the German system was successfully by Germans in organizing the comparatively new service of India, although the soil, climate, social, and economical conditions, species of trees dealt with are diverse as possible. So, we may be led to deal with American forests in a scientific way.

Wie dunkt mich doch die Aue
 through which describes the scene, is almost
 words of Parsifal. I do not enter into
 this descriptive, didactic tone
 burdened by the strain of so much
 not pine for interludes of beauty
 only urge that the method cannot
 highest dramatic effect. The orchestra
 which has been hidden lest it be
 takes possession of the stage. The
 must be to sing the music at all, must
 They walk, sit, even set down the
 nothing to be left to the imagination
 Are we to be told at prodigious intervals
 growth, and probabilities of the plot
 therefore, that what M. Maurel is about to say to the
 world, is, to put it in the shortest possible way,
 "Little me!" Easter said thus done. We all of us
 remember how that clever conjurer, Dr. Lynn, used to
 system by which he performed his feats of legerdemain,
 "But the spectator invariably remained mystified and
 tried to do the trick himself, he failed utterly."

dependent of the question whether the highest creators were not always, and did for the sake. I to produce the accompaniment, really, as great as they, to music. Is he begins to ask, whole genesis, then in addition

The Real Clash Between the Ideal at Bayreuth.

Frau Wagner's Treatment of the Wagner Societies Has Set All Tongues a-Wagging—The Artistic Must Give Way to the Mercenary—To Whom Belongs Bayreuth?

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

MUNICH, Aug. 25, 1891. The Wagner season at Bayreuth closed with the performance on the 19th, but apparently it will be some time before a discussion of some of the phases of this summer's experience there will disappear from the columns of the musical and artistic press. There is certainly no institution whose sanctity is dearer to the German nation than Bayreuth, and anything which may tend to cheapen or prevent the influence of the Wagner shrine is certain to be put through the purging fire of unblinded discussion. Indeed I know of no other subject concerning which opinions could be expressed so untinted by local interest or private jealousy.

Things began to soothe before the opening of the season at Bayreuth. Of course, there were multitudes of Wagner's admirers and supporters who were planning in a general way to make a pilgrimage to Bayreuth. No word of the press, no official advertisement had warned them that they must select their dates and order their tickets, when, about the beginning of June, the report began to go the rounds that the tickets for "Tristan" and "Parsifal" were all gone, and that only a few tickets for three or four performances of "Parsifal" were still to be had. The dispensing of tickets in the various cities was, as usual, in the hands of certain music dealers, and, if one went to them, information could be had. But, naturally, only buyers of music were in the way to keep informed about the matter, and so it came about that thousands of the musical public, especially in the lesser cities and towns, were disappointed in their Bayreuth plans.

Any one familiar with the history of Wagnerism and Bayreuth knows that the furthering of the former and the existence of the latter owe much to

The Wagnervereine.

the Wagner societies, which exist now to the number of 193, in various parts of the world. These societies were founded through the personal influence of the master when he was struggling to bring the first Bayreuth performances to pass, and the members of them made propaganda for the Wagner idea when to do so meant sacrifice of intellectual comfort, as well as good German pennance. Curiously enough, even these societies were not informed of the early and rapidly growing scarcity of tickets for Bayreuth, so that among the disappointed ones were to be counted not a few of the Wagner evergreen members, who justly considered that they ought to be asked about their Bayreuth intentions before tickets were sent away to Tom, Dick, or Harry, who wanted wife and daughter to have a sight at "Parsifal" and "Tristan" for the fun of it. A number of tickets for the Wagner season, sold to Wagnervereine at a regular price of 20 marks, and then disposed of by lottery in the various clubs. But when that was done this year, the Wagnervereine men had to get tickets and information in the same hit or miss way as the general public.

This "devil-take-the-hindmost" principle of the Bayreuth management was emphasized in the ugliest manner by a communication of Frau Wagner to the societies, when, a short time before the performances at Bayreuth began, they sent in a protest. She coolly informed them that the task of the Wagnervereine was to propagate the writings of Wagner, and not to uphold the Bayreuth festival plays, which depended for their existence on the great money-paying public. Such a slap in the face involved return hostilities, even though the offender was a woman; and so it happened that the principal event of the regular meeting of Wagnervereine representatives at Bayreuth this year was a lively verbal thrashing of the Bayreuth management, and particularly of Frau Wagner. It was unfortunate for the cause of the protesting party that their spokesman was hot-headed and loud-mouthed. If he had presented the case in a judicious way, as the discussion since has shown, he would have done the cause of Bayreuth good in awakening Frau Wagner's hold upon its management. As it was, the "g. o. p." element and personal friends of Frau Wagner brought about the usual formal vote of support and thanks to

Her Musical Highness.

But the matter did not end there. The truth concerning Frau Wagner's treatment of the societies and the mediocrity (speaking with Bayreuth ideals in mind, one might almost say "artistic failure") of the Tannhauser performances set the press everywhere to thinking and writing. Of course, the hostile journals of Critic Hanslick & Co. seized the opportunity to mix fresh mud and throw it at Wagner's art. The workers for the good in the new, on the other hand, came to the conclusion that Frau Wagner was in danger of being false to her trust in allowing greed of gain to militate against the artistic consideration and largest usefulness of the Bayreuth performances.

Nor is it difficult to see how they came upon this idea. The one thing above all others which is to be gathered from an acquaintance with Wagner's literary and art works is a spirit of devotion to his native land. From the joyful shouts of the knights in "Lohengrin," through the wise and devoted words of Sachs at the close of "Die Meistersinger" up to the triumphant utterance of himself from the Bayreuth stage, "I will, you have a German art," he pours his devotion to Germany into his art. His last writings show a regard for Bayreuth first as a shrine of inspiration to young artists, as an embodiment of an excellence to be gradually attained throughout the land. How, then, could he be shown to have been so far from wishing to guard his work, as the curious is shown perhaps in the letter which he addressed to the Wagnervereine on November 18, 1877. I quote a word or

was to considerable as to indicate that a speculating manager might have made a handsome profit out of frequent and immediate repetitions of them. Such a plan was prevented not only by the impossibility to retain the performers longer in Bayreuth, but also by a belief which forced itself upon me, a belief that, by offering the results of our endeavors to a merely paying public, we should depart entirely from the original purpose of our undertaking. It is this consideration which prevents me from announcing a repetition of the festival drama for the coming summer, and issuing tickets for them, although my business friends are of opinion that, at the price which would now be able to set, such tickets might be sold in the farthest corners of the world."

Then follows a plan for

Subsidizing the Bayreuth Theatre.

"Two amounts necessary would be 100,000 marks per year. With this sum a corresponding number of tickets could be bought and distributed throughout the empire to those who showed themselves worthy of them. In this way our theatre would gain the character of a national institution, and the management of it would remain free from all money speculation, and solely devoted to the nourishing of the artistic purpose which prompted its establishment."

Now the repeated utterances of Wagner, of which the above is a sample, sound, perhaps, foolishly ideal, but it is the remarkable truth about the man who penned them that, erratic and extravagant as he was in many other respects, he held to them with unflinching pertinacity until the day of his death. And it is a happy sign of Germany's belief in him that the demand is at present so universal that the management shall act in accordance with these ideas.

In allowing from one-half to three-quarters of all the tickets for this season to be distributed in America, England, France, Italy, Russia, India and Australia, without even saying "by your leave" to those who, by the dead author's oft-repeated wish, should have first consideration, and, as far as possible, perfectly free access, Frau Wagner seems to have acted far more like the proprietor of a famous show than like the custodian of a sacred artistic trust. Her actions of this year, and what is rumored of her plans for the future, indicate that she wants to make the best possible business use for herself and her family of the 22 years which have yet to pass, before, by German copyright law, Wagner's works will become royalty-free to theatre managers, publishers and public.

Editor Ludwig Hartmann of the Dresdener Zeitung has had much to say on the present aspect of Bayreuth affairs. I take the liberty of quoting from an article which he lately issued:

"Frau Wagner says: The great public supports Bayreuth, not the Wagnervereine. That is, however, not exactly the truth.

The Profits from Bayreuth

are maintained by the public, but not Wagner's ideals. Of these the international public, which 'takes in' Bayreuth because it's the proper thing,' knows nothing. They find a fascinatingly new amusement there; are, perhaps, fortunate enough to drive away ennui for a time, and can afterward take part in society in a conversation concerning Bayreuth. The Wagnervereine were, on the contrary, the first true disciples of the master's ideas, and never had a thought of partnership in a business undertaking. Again, the Verein have not wished to diminish the receipts in Bayreuth by filing claims for free tickets. The contributions of these societies are the just payment for a number of places. The objecting members only desired a larger number of places reserved, and under conditions which took into consideration the honorable service rendered by the societies. In reply Frau Cosima says: The great public supports the performances at Bayreuth; she does not need the services of the Wagnervereine. The cruel meaning is that the time is past when she needs them. She has a fine eye for business. She has the money and the power, and fights with these weapons for her whole existence.

"For Frau Wagner and her children would be others if she should cease to be the leader at Bayreuth. But if she wishes to remain leader there, she must have the support of a majority. The Wagnervereine make by no means a majority which she can count upon. Conscious of their deserts in the service of Wagner and recalling their many sacrifices, they stand in the position of critics. They know about affairs, and search for their true meaning. This is always uncomfortable for the managers. The great public, on the other hand, searches for nothing of the kind. It glows with admiration when it reads in the paper that Frau Wagner maintains the tradition by sitting

In the Wings. Orchestral Score in Hand.

during the performance; or that Frau Wagner 'has just completed a work which her husband left unfinished.' The Wagnervereine have taken the matter of Wagner's work and influence in desperate earnest. Frau Wagner takes only advertising in earnest. How to reconcile the dignity of Messrs. Richter, Levy and Motil, with that of Popsa Casma sitting in the wings, reading orchestral score, acting as superintendent-in-chief, remains a curious question. These gentlemen do not play on envious part. If they yield against better judgment to the 'higher insight' of the generalissimo, they are neither true men nor true artists; if they are partners in a sort of hoax one cannot help considering it deplorable; if the score-reading lady understands the thing better than the conductors, why in the world doesn't she conduct herself?

"As we have said, the public puts up with all this charming nonsense. Friends of the cause, on the other hand, shake their heads sadly. Then away with the Wagnervereine! Hurrah for the glorious international public! But the 'antipathetic' Bayreuth party cannot be hushed up. Infidelity doctrines do not go well nowadays. The world strives after real truth. Things which are intentionally concealed breed distrust and curiosity. The advertising which was done concerning the battle in Bayreuth, and the remarkable attempt at concealment of the real relation of the Wagnervereine to the theatre management, aroused us, and the question rises to our lips: To whom belongs Bayreuth? To Wagner's wife? To a sect? To the great public?

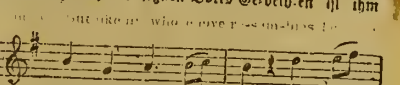
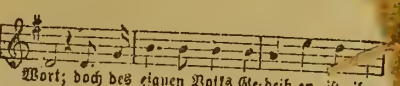
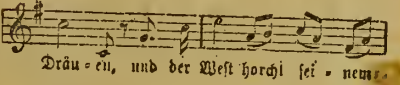
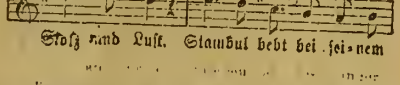
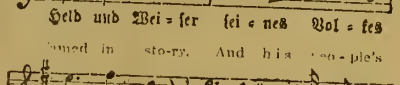
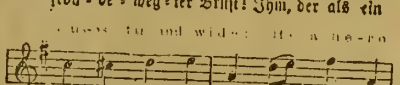
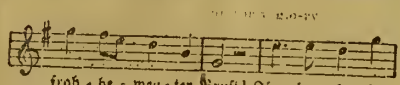
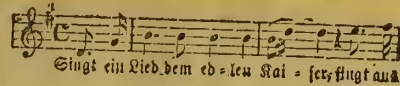
"Frau Wagner has, so far as she is concerned, placed Bayreuth at the disposal of the great public. He who can pay can see the show; he who cannot pay must stay away. Very simple, only

Wagner expressed his intention, after the painful experiences of 1876, to give performances for money 'only temporarily, by no means permanently.' His heiress has already accumulated a reserve fund of 240,000 marks (\$60,000). Yet the young artists don't come in for any large share of Bayreuth favors; only 'the paying public.'

"This shoving aside of ideal interests, and not the prominence of money interests, makes the question, 'To whom belongs Bayreuth?' an important one. Independent men should now join their powers and take the affair in hand. They might, it is true, recognize Frau Wagner's material ownership of the Bayreuth Theatre; indeed, they should do so for the sake of the dead master. But the deciding concerning the frequency of festival play seasons, and the organization of a management which does not recognize the leadership of a lady who sits in the wings; these matters should be wrested from the hands of an ambitious matron."

Such are the utterances of one of the mildest and most dignified fighters for the good cause. As is well known, Frau Wagner has decided that there shall be a Bayreuth season next summer, and it is rumored, to everybody's regret, that "Rienzi" will be performed there in 1893. The musical public will await with interest the outcome of this at present one-sided argument.

BENEDICK.



A NEWLY-DISCOVERED RUSSIAN NATIONAL HYMN.
COMPOSED IN 1837 AT RIGA, BY
RICHARD WAGNER.

ABRAHAM.—At the Handel Festival of 1834, the popular tenor, Abraham, is said to have surpassed himself. He had long been at the head of his profession as an English singer. Lord Mount Edgumbe first heard him in 1803, when the musical world in London acknowledged that his voice was not only of the finest quality, but of great power and sweetness. He possessed great versatility, a wide knowledge of music, and wrote excellent songs. He could be, when he liked, two distinct singers, adapting himself to the requirements of his audience. Thus to gain applause, Abraham sometimes condescended to sing as ill at the playhouse as he had done well at the opera. His compositions had the same variety, and he could equally write a popular noisy song for the one and its very opposite for the other. A duetto of his, introduced into the opera of "Gli Orazzi," sung by himself and Grassini, possessed great beauty, and was in excellent taste. Through no fault of his own, Abraham seems to have done much injury to English singing by producing a host of imitators. For what is in itself not good, but may be endured from a fine performer, becomes insufferable in bad imitation.

At this time, Abraham, then far advanced in life, still retained all his musical powers. His voice was considered to be as good as at his prime; it had become neither weak nor husky nor tremulous, and easily filled the vast space with the finest effect. "Nothing could have been finer than his delivery of the beautiful recitative in 'Jephtha.' 'Deeper and Deeper Still,' as also that which opens the 'Messiah.' 'Comfort Ye My People.'—The National Review.

BAVARIAN, July 22.—The greatest interest of the musical public centred in today's

production of the revised version of "Tannhäuser," which was originally performed in Paris in 1861. "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" have been played at Bayreuth in previous seasons, but "Tannhäuser" has not hitherto been attempted. The general opinion is that this year's festival is inferior, though some individual artists are good, but have come by today's rendering of "Tannhäuser," in which that all the *Lohengrin* choir had been wrongly interpreted, and that the right conception was that of a young beginner, who was incompetent from the start. The many rehearsals cost the estate.

[illegible]

...the last act was vocally the best. Heinrich's *Wotan* was a fine effort, his rendering of the splendid finale arousing enthusiasm. Schematically the whole performance cannot be compared with the Swedish production. Dramatically, *Amfortas* has seen many better performances. Which is said of how Erhan better performs his personal part than every step of the ballet; yet the result is not brilliant as in the case of the orchestra. Also in the effective, partly owing to its covering the two tableaux—"Loda and the Bull" and "Danpo on the Bull"—deserve to be praised for their beautiful grouping and games. The chorus in the procession, Krause and the colors inconspicuous. Erhan arranged the entrance of the Hungarian nobles to be in step with the music.

The Three Graces, who are to preside over the Italian page have been ennobled by three of the most beautiful the reveals in the Venus motto in season.

to be going to other theater, notably to the National Hippodrome for amateurs stage. Bay.

and relating to the dimensions of a small crushing individuality, creating artificiality with designers and carries nothing too

which they became from Western world is in danger, that the Egyptian form is in danger, The concepts of opinion expression

(disappointment) found general expression in the hatched figures.

the following the "Venus" song of the singers was admirable, but the others sang with spirit. The interesting a scene bordering on the phid-

[illegible]

field these, there are several artists new to me, about whom there is as much anxiety, some failure, but they have also been mentioned favorably by the critics. The Londoners are not so anxious, but the latter should be encouraged to continue to produce. The Londoners are not so anxious, but the latter should be encouraged to continue to produce. The Londoners are not so anxious, but the latter should be encouraged to continue to produce.

The book is written in a simple, direct style, and is a valuable addition to the literature of the subject. It is a book that should be read by all who are interested in the history of the world, and in the progress of civilization. The book is a masterpiece of scholarship, and is a work of great value to the student and the scholar alike. It is a book that is well worth the price of the book, and is a book that is well worth the time and effort that is required to read it.

St. Cecilia's System.—London, October 17.—St. Cecilia's ancient soothing system of healing the sick by music has had a success as marked as unexpected. The success of the late experiments have been indorsed by even the "British Medical Journal," which says:

"So far, the virtue has been tested chiefly in cases of insomnia; and it must, we think, be admitted with decidedly satisfactory effect. That a whole ward full of patients could have been soothed to slumber by a lullaby, that each the medical man who watched the proceedings should have felt it hard to keep awake, are striking testimonies to the soporific power of the performance. The results would doubtless have been better but for the disturbing influence of one or two accidents, and we congratulate General Alford and his devoted band of fellow workmen to the success they have achieved, hoping that they will be encouraged to push their musico-therapeutical conquests still farther.

"The medical profession would hail with satisfaction anything that promised to deliver the victims of insomnia from the dangers and degrading thralldom of morphia, and the whole catalogue of drowsy syrups."

THE MEDICAL SCALP.—"How was the musical scale first invented? That query, which has troubled the theorists of all lands, and has had its answer hitherto only in fifty-fitting speculations and unintelligible theories, the Chinese will reply to by a legend most ingenious and most appropos, which, they hold, offers a complete explanation of the mystery. In the reign of Hoang-ti, they say, there was once a Prince called Lyng-tzu, who was the most beautiful man and at the same time the most profound musician in China. He, under pain of a severe penalty by the order-loving Emperor, was commanded to arrange and regulate Chinese music on the same principle as Western Hoang-ti had arranged law and politics throughout the Chinese Empire. Full of thought, Lyng-tzu wandered to the land of Sui-jun, where the bamboo grows, leaving his son and of them, he cut it off between two of the knots, and pushing out the pipe, blew into the hollow. The bamboo uttered a most beautiful note, Lyng-tzu's in those stupor, standing miserably, the river Hoang-ho, which ran boiling by, roared with its waves, and the bamboo was in union with the note of the bamboo. "Behold," cried Lyng-tzu, "two magical birds have come from me and have saved upon some trees near, and now after the other the seven notes of the scale, starting from the tone which had been forced by the Hoang-ho and varied by the bamboo. This is a scale, say they, thus as at once intelligible, tunable and

In the second act the characters all meet in Paris, at the inn of the Golden Lion. Gregory, at the solicitation of his industrial relative, who gives him the token by which the members of Cartouche's band recognise one another, has taken the inn, and, disguised as an innkeeper, is directing the affairs. Grabbe comes to the inn to order a grand banquet for his *famille*, Donna Maria del Carme. He has brought Annette to Paris, and now, to get rid of him, offers him a post in Sierra Leone. Annette, in disgust, goes and separates. Labretschke arrives at the inn with Sylvine and Martin, and it appears that Cartouche, after marrying Sylvine in his assumed name, has suddenly left her. While Sylvine, after the fatigue of her journey, is resting, Labretschke excites the jealousy of the disguised Gregory by his attentions to Martin. When Sylvine returns Labretschke reveals to her that the man she has married is no other than Cartouche. She is in despair, but, finding there is a plot against Annette, she now loves more than ever. She accepts her position as Madame Cartouche, and takes command of the band, in order to frustrate Grabbe's designs. To Donna Maria del Carme, the bride he is hourly expecting.

In the third act she appears before him in a Mexican costume, attended by Labretschke and the other robbers, who are dressed as Mexicans, whom she passes off as members of her suite. Grabbe makes known to her all his plans. Labretschke, moreover, at her command, forces open Grabbe's iron box, in which the documents relating to Grabbe's inheritance and the inheritance itself, in the form of a treasury bond, are deposited and sealed.

Grabbe, in despair, attempts to escape, but is overpowered by his slightly wife with bonds.

the *National Courier's* Paris correspondent in his review of the *Wanderer* also mentions the fine showing the male chorus made, but he does not seem to have noticed that accuracy was in many cases attained at the expense of speed. Take for instance that most interesting and exciting of all characters that accompanies the arrival of the hero drawn by *Bismarck*. I have never heard it sung as accurately as it was! the Paris Grand Opera, but I also never heard it so slowly and so tamely. There are things in Wagner's scores which were not written to be performed accurately, but to be given effectively; in fact, some of them, like for instance the violin figure in the "*Walküre*tritt," could not be performed technically correct, even if the whole orchestra consisted of virtuosos.

In the matter of soloists I was somewhat in bad luck. *De Van Dyck*, the ideal "*Parisfal*," and who is certainly as great a "*Lohengrin*," was indisposed, and the part was taken by a Mr. *Affre*, who was simply *affreux*. *Wassillon* has the part of "*Elsa*" at her fingers' ends, both vocally and dramatically. She is evidently a fine and popular artist, but her voice has lost all velvety quality and sounds threadbare and worn out. Delmas as "*King*" is very good; *Renaud* as "*Telramund*" rather conventional and by no means remarkable for vocal strength. The "*Ortrud*" of *Flérens* was older in voice and appearance than "*Telramund's*" artful wife may be supposed to have been imagined by Wagner. The "*Herma*" was as poor as the Paris edition of the New York

cologne and Frankfurt. Do you think that countries, in the full fever of pro-
duction, as are France and Italy at the
present moment, can be considered as
"over," at least in the musical sense?
Are asked to sing in Italian. That may be
what does that prove? That there are too
many singers in Germany? How is it then
that at the Hof theater at Vienna the tenor
of the hour should be a Franco-Belgian, M.
Van Dyck, that M. Sylva (another Belgian)
is meeting with success in Dresden and
Berlin, and that Meizwinsky, the Polish
tenor, who was heard in New York under
the Mapleson *system*, ca., in your own coun-
try, put his own price on his voice?
But there is one point wherein I must
agree with you. You say that the operas
of Wagner would suffer so considerably
in idea if it seems ridiculous to you.
You must indeed be right with regard to
this assertion, for I myself know full well
what I suffer when I hear the spirit and the
accent of French and Italian operas such
as "Aida," "Faust," "Carmen," the "Hu-
dell," "Fernand Cortez," "Massenet," "Guillem-
et," "Le Prophete," "Le Freischutz," "E-
smeralda," "Les Huguenots," "Les Maestros."
I mention only the Metropolitan to re-
fute the assertion that the French master-
pieces have all written in French or Italian, and
were all composed by Moeller's, "Don Juan" or the
"Fieschi de Piere," itself drawn from the
Spanish, is certainly not Tuetonic. Sin-
cerely your admirer,
H. FURNER-MADL.

an overwhelming recall. She is a most promising artist.

in Paris on my way back to New York on the night of the suicide of Boulanger. Going from the Grand Opera House to hear "Lohen- grein," afterward on the boulevards I failed to notice about the event, no extras having been peddled as they undoubtedly were in New York, and in fact I got to know Boulanger's end only the next morning when I read the papers. Around the Nation, many of Alsace, as the Paris Grand Opera House called everything was as quiet and peaceful as if "Lohen- grein" had been composed by Gounod instead of Wagner, and as such a thing as a demonstration against its performance, instigated by a lot of crazy Boulangists and some rabble had never been known to exist. Inside of this most beautiful of all the opera houses of the world the most careful attention, alternating with the most enthusiastic bursts of applause, prevailed; in fact I have never seen a Metropolitan Opera House audience with all its assumed Wagner culture as rapidly listening as the large Paris audience for whom "Lohengrin" must at this late day have given life's revelation.

As for the performance I must say that it somewhat, but only slightly, disappointed me. Those two most important factors, the chorus and orchestra, were indeed in magnificent form, and Lamoureux handled them like the skillful conductor he is known to be. His conception, however, gave things remarkably out of gear. The *Vorspiel*, for instance, dragged unmercifully, and strove for dynamic effects which I deemed inartistic. To me the "Lohengrin" prelude has, if I may be allowed to say so, a dynamic form, thus,

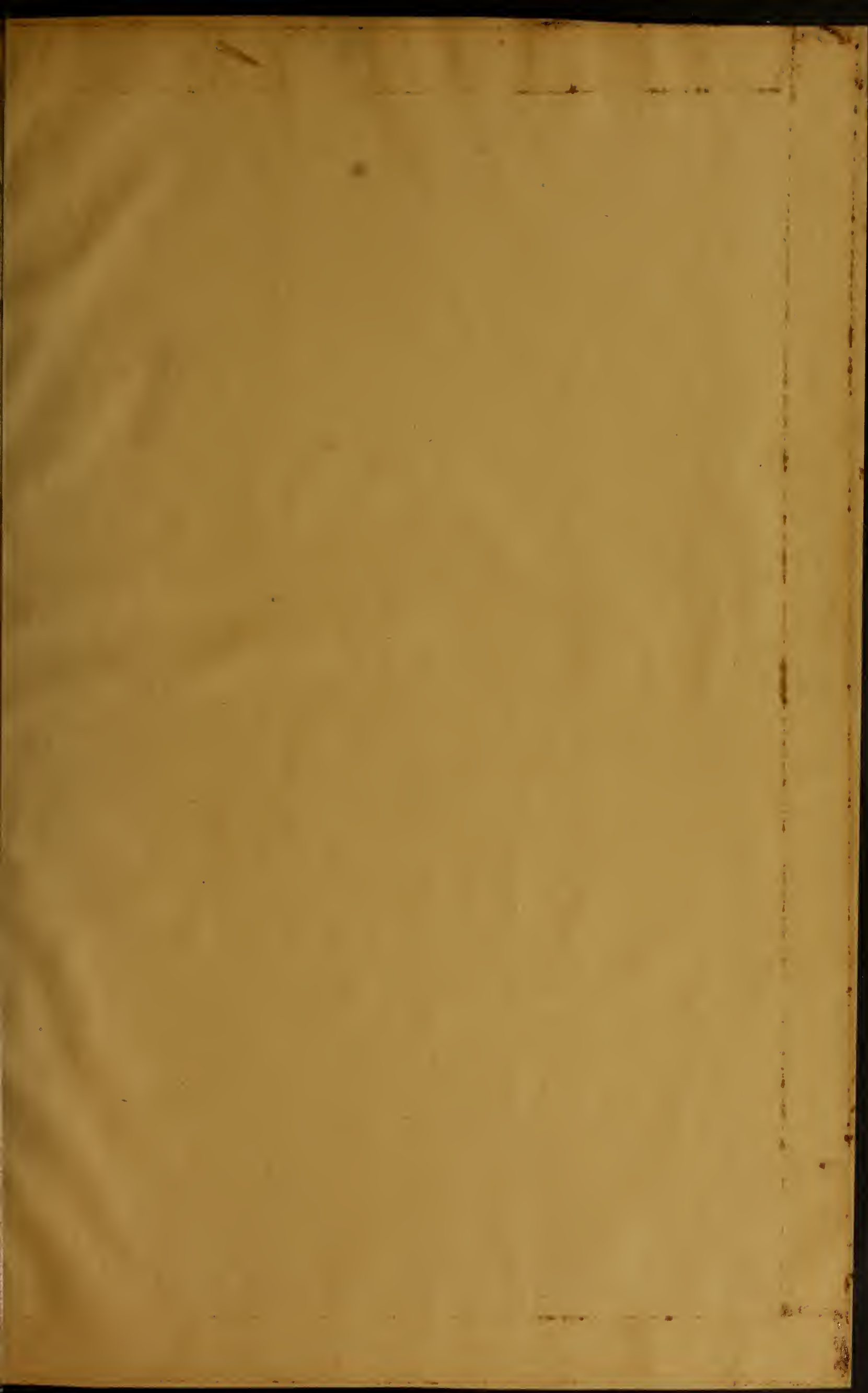
Madame Lillie Lehman, who has been just arrived here late arrival spoke in a most dignified manner about all Italian singers and Italian opera in general. Madame Tusch-Mahl has written her an open letter which is so temperate and full of truth that it is worth reprinting in full. German artifice which suddenly reared the head immediately after the Franco-Prussian war looks with disdain upon all other nations and their achievements. Art, however, cannot be limited by boundary lines, nor can music be monopolized by any nation, however great its formal strength may be. The letter is as follows:

My Dear Madame—I read in this morning's Herald a conversation held with you, in the course of which you have seen fit to annihilate all that is not either German opera or German singers. I can understand partitioners, but exclusiveness in art seems to me so monstrous a theory that I can with difficulty bring myself to believe that you really endorse it.

In spite of your assertions I must feel believe that there remain a few Italian singers, as Italian opera still finds favor in Spain, in Russia, in Berlin (at the Kroll theatre), to say nothing of the land of its birth. And it happens that at Buda-Pesth you were asked to sing in Italian it is because in that city they are accustomed to applaud Italian singers, or artists singing in that language.

No one admires more than I do the glories of the German school—the great composers, Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner—unfortunately, they have passed away and can no longer enchain us with any future productions. This is German opera's loss—far, far from being "over," other countries are forging ahead—Italy, with Verdi, who last year brought forth a masterpiece which Germany applauded. France, which you seem to ignore, and which is probably in your eyes a *quantité négligeable*, still boasts of a few composers of merit, such as Gounod, Thomas, Massenet, Meyer, Saint-Saëns, Lalo and others who are much appreciated, even in your country. "But,"

Mme. Arthur Nikisch was a poor substitute for El Puente, being a vocalist of limited voice and delivery. She sang a number of small songs (believe is the fad in Boston) which are better to the drawing room than concert stage, and very poor impression. Her most pretentious as "Know'st Thou the Land?" from "Mignon" as received with little interest although usually a fine selection. Mme. Nikisch has a voice of compass much given to vibrato. Her constant *portamento* (which in itself is very inartistic) very uncertain tone quality, often amounting to nervousness. She is without doubt a fine musician (where she may be received upon her popularity) can never be received as such. Many singers could have filled the vacancy better.



1892 Jan
1893 Mar

